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Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Shadow Christmas"

"YOU MUST NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH," HE SAID



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The Shadow Christmas *by Laura Spencer Portor*

"SNOW for all the sleds!" said the child, and looked up at his Companion, delighted.

His Companion was tall. There was, indeed, that about him which gave a sense of unusual height and space; and a suggestion almost, one would have said, of starlight. Something extraordinarily young and golden, at least, and luminous, such as the mind might associate always with all those "sons of the morning" which in and out of legend, at certain happy seasons, "dawn on our darkness" and "lend us their aid."

When he spoke—as he did now—one could hardly say whether he spoke at all, in the usual sense, or whether he did not convey his meaning, rather, as stars do, by some better, subtler means not commonly at men's disposal.

"You must not expect too much," he said.

But the boy paid no heed; his own knowledge being secure. Instead, he opened again his little rabbit-skin purse, and looked inside it, digging into it with one finger to make sure that the coins—a small silver flock of them—were there.

It was a strange thing, certainly, for him to have with him that little rabbit-skin purse—very strange really—on such a journey as he had come; strange too to have had it with him on such a long journey as he had gone a little less than a year ago; but in all the terror and tragedy of the world there is, nevertheless, room—as almost anyone must have observed—always room for tender whimsies; and the rabbit-skin purse was one of these.

His mother had given it to him, you see, among other gifts, on the Christmas before this one, and he had liked it

better than anything bestowed upon him. So soft and so convenient to the hand! So odd and so delightful!

His other gifts of that Christmas he had been able to endure parting with at night, or had been willing to have merely beside his bed; but the purse he preferred to keep in his hand while he slept; and his mother had humored him, kissing the closed fingers before she left him for the night.

And that was how he came to have it with him now. At the very last—less than a year ago—just before he had gone away, he had wanted the feel of it in his fingers, and no one had denied him. They would have humored him in anything! Everyone was trying so to keep him from going away.

They had done their best; but no!—there was interposed between them and him presently something fatefully summoning that they could not understand. We look at the heavens nightly, but there are those with us who at a certain ineffable moment catch, as it were, the eye of a star. When this is so, it is useless to try to detain them. They leave all that has been most dear to them; leave it with a strange ease, and without renunciation at all, and are gone.

But the child, you see, when his eyes had met summoning starlight, had the little rabbit-skin purse close in his hand; and, as a matter of tenderness amounting to utter heartbreak, his mother—who could not be reasoned with at all about his going, but was swept by her grief, like a willow bending white in a tempest—had nevertheless paused in her sorrow long enough to give orders that no one should take from him now the little childish gift he had loved so well. That was like her! a woman of most deep sentiment.

The other toys and gifts that he had left behind were put away by a friend of his mother's, because his mother had not the heart to touch them, in what he and his mother called the "forgettery box." In this box there had always been put from time to time, all

through the year, toys and gifts of any sort which would serve as gifts to hang upon the Christmas tree of the following Christmas. There they accumulated—almost forgotten—until the season approached.

He was thinking of this now and of what might be in the "forgettery box," when his Companion spoke again:

"Even if you should find that there was not a Christmas tree, after all," he suggested, gently, "you would not mind so very much, would you? With or without a Christmas tree, it is still a Wonderful Birthday, you know."

"Oh, I know!" said the boy, in that quite happy way in which children make necessary and generous allowance for the dullness of grown-ups, "but, you see, it's my birthday, too; and I wouldn't give you five cents for it without a Christmas tree. She always has one for me! and lots of people come!—poor children, you know, and everybody! That's why I *had* to come!" He looked up with wistful good humor, as though to apologize for any weariness of the long journey; for it was he, of course, in his winning way, who had quite insisted upon making it.

They came at last to the shops in the glowing heart of the little town. Here, for instance, was the shoemaker's shop, not altogether so wonderful as he had described it, but as snug and dark as a hickory nut, nevertheless; and old Palumbo himself like brown shrivelled nut meat sitting inside it.

"Hello, Palumbo!" he called.

But Palumbo went on with his task unheeding, tap-tapping, tap-tapping, tapping-tap-tap-tap—*tap!* Oh well, Palumbo had never been very affable, at any rate; one of those sullen-tempered older people for whom children have to make very especial allowance.

Beyond Palumbo's shop was the German candy shop, with its florid and terribly serious proprietor, with his full fish eyes and his ears set close to his head, like gills. He was standing at that very

moment, clumsily, in among the wares of the window, preparatory to unhooking one of the candy canes. The boy watched him and laughed happily.

The boy caught his eye, and waved to him; and, putting his small hands on either side of his mouth, very manfully, he shouted, "Hello, Mr. Dietrick!" so that Mr. Dietrick must have heard him.

But Mr. Dietrick gave no sign. Oh, well! he was a grown-up of still another species; not sullen like Palumbo, but able to keep only one idea in his head at a time, and that one idea at that moment was the candy cane, of course.

Just then, the boy saw Martin, the drayman, expressman and general conveyor and factotum of the town. He was, as usual, seated on the high front seat of his wagon, driving the bay and the gray. Here, you understand, was quite a different and more hearty matter. For Martin and the boy had always been fast friends.

"Hello, Martin!" the boy called, excitedly.

But Martin was busy carefully guiding the bay and the gray through the crowded Christmas-eve street, and made no response.

"Martin!" the boy called, and stepped so that he almost touched the gray. The horse reared badly and received a lash, and the boy shrank back. Martin made no sign of recognition.

The boy's Companion put out a protecting hand:

"You must try to remember. They are not expecting to see you. It is different now."

The child accepted this, a little bewildered. They had talked it over on the way, yet he hardly understood it. It had for him a certain unreality. Then, suddenly, he forgot his bewilderment in delight and certainty; for here was his destination, the delightful, the forever-interesting Five and Ten Cent Store!

Oh, the gay Christmas windows! the Christmas-tree ornaments and trumpets, tin soldiers and what not! All the myriad things that bloom so faithfully

at Christmas! And the music floating from inside, then gliding, then flouncing, rather, and whirling like a gay dancer! You can hardly think how the music added to it all. It was this music, this scene, precisely, that the boy had boasted of to those other companions of his, beside falling waters of a peculiarly silver and musical sound in those far pastures clothed in a particularly vivid and living green. Ah, well, you may approve those pastures, if you choose! Pleasant and beautiful they were, undeniably! But for him—the snow! and for him, bless you, this—this gay racket of the Five and Ten Cent Store, on Christmas eve; all of it preparatory of course to the real objective of his journey—the still better adventure of the Christmas tree farther on.

He would pause here only long enough to buy one of the little chocolate ducks that had always been his and his mother's especial delight. They were grave, self-satisfied, amusing little creatures, that he liked, really, better than any Christmas toy. He had had many of them before. It would hardly be Christmas without one.

He threaded his way through the crowd, and came at last to a sharp-faced clerk. He remembered her very well. She was writing out purchase checks in exactly her old manner, with her over-emphatic scrawny fingers holding a desperately sharp pencil as sharp as her nose. He watched her stick the pencil at last with a vicious jab into her elaborate coiffure; saw her tear off the purchase check with that same spiteful rip of the paper. Then he edged close to her.

"Will you please wait on me?" he said. "I'd like that chocolate duck—the one with the red bill."

But she was already busy attending to someone else. He waited for another spiteful rip of the paper, then asked her again. But she was bent instead on waiting on a fat red-faced woman whom he had never seen.

He looked about, trying to find some-

one else who would give him the chocolate duck. Then his Companion stooped, spoke to him once more, and made a suggestion.

Again the boy felt the sense of strangeness and bewilderment; then he followed the suggestion. He made his own selection from the whole flock of chocolate ducks with red bills; opened his rabbit-skin purse and put the money on the counter beside the sharp-faced, sharp-nosed clerk, who was paying no attention to him.

"There's the money," he said.

"She will find it," said his Companion, and they threaded their way unobserved through the crowd.

"Now *which* of you left *that*?" said the sharp-faced clerk looking around accusingly for the reprehensible person.

Her customers disclaimed all knowledge of it, though she still gave them such accusing and disapproving glances that one nervous woman looked into her purse to be sure that she was not the culprit.

As the boy came into the cold air he saw three children, of nearly his own age, looking in at the Christmas window as he had done; and instantly his heart flew to them. They were boys whom he knew—Toni, Enrico, Giovanni, poor boys, who had been invited to share his Christmas with him for the past three years. They were discussing the gifts they had received at his home last Christmas, and were having some argument about them; the argument being interspersed with adoring attention to the unattainable things glowing there in front of them behind the cold glass of the window. He took his place beside them. He noticed that they had grown. They had outstripped him by about a year.

None of them turned to welcome him. All three continued to look in the window. Yet he felt in no way rebuffed, as had been the case when he had called to Palumbo, and to Mr. Dietrick, and Martin. He knew instinctively, without the least argument or uncertainty

that he was present with them, in their very thoughts, and that as they looked in so avidly at the gay Christmas wares—Toni with his hands and nose pressed against the glass—they were thinking of their last Christmas at his home.

This certainty was openly verified at that very instant.

"D'ya think there'll be a Christmas tree this year?" It was Toni speaking wistfully.

The others did not answer, their hungry eyes being still busy with the feast before them.

The boy stepped in amongst them.

"Yes, of course, there'll be a Christmas tree! There always is."

"Maybe there'd be one, same as always," admitted Giovanni, in late response to Toni's query.

"Come along!" the boy said, almost a little impatiently. "There *is* going to be a Christmas tree!"

"Ef there was one," speculated Toni, not speaking to the boy at all, but still only to the others, "there'd be some-thin' fer us, sure."

"Aw, look here! there won't be!" said Enrico. Enrico was not one whom Life had encouraged to believe easily in good fortune. He knew a thing or two about the crudeness and disappointment of the world. It seemed to him to be his duty—as it was perhaps appreciably, too, his pleasure of a kind—to correct the absurd optimism of others; to show them the obvious if dark signposts and put them upon the right road that would lead them to grim facts and reality.

"But there *will* be!" the boy said. Palumbo had not looked up; Mr. Dietrick had not heard him; Martin, even Martin, had not been aware of him; but surely it was not possible that these three boys did not know him. He felt so at home with them. Moreover, were they not talking of last Christmas and the Christmas tree, and whether this Christmas, this very one, now, they would receive any presents? Oh, they would! they would very certainly! He

remembered how thick the presents hung upon the boughs; and those, even better, almost, that were gathered through all the year, here a little, there a little, in the beloved "forgettery box." He knew his mother too well to doubt there would be presents for everybody! Yes, yes! presents in plenty. He could hardly endure that these boys should doubt it. It seemed to put a shame upon him, that they could so mistake his mother.

Moreover, Christmas was his birthday! His mother had taken pains to explain that to him, once; had told him that whereas most grown people and children, most mothers and their little sons, had but one reason for celebrating the day, he and she had two. It was their day, you see, especially theirs, by a decree of the good God, and that was why they must celebrate it in an especially delightful manner, sharing it gaily and beautifully with others, in sweet token of their love of it.

Not that these three ragamuffins could be expected to guess all that, but at least they might take his word in the matter. Well, it seemed, rather, that they did. At least their thoughts were of the same pattern as his own, only dimmer. Whereas he knew past all peradventure that never, never could a Christmas go by in his home without a fitting celebration, they tended merely to hope that this might be so. Well, let them hope!—soon he would show them!

"If mebbe I wuz to get a elphunt," said Toni, the youngest.

"Aw, I'd ruther have a cannon," said Giovanni.

"You fellahs come along!" said the boy. It was unendurable to him to wait longer. He almost shouted. "Come along! All of you! There's going to be everything! There's going to be a great big tree all lights, and—and—and everything, the same as there was! There'll be a present for every one! Don't you remember last year?" (Ah, exactly! That was precisely what they *were* re-

membering!) "Just you come along with me! It's my birthday!"

Still they did not look at him, not more than had Palumbo, or Mr. Dietrick, or Martin; yet he knew he was dimly with them. He could see that they glanced at one another with uncertainty, hesitancy; with sufficiently evident doubt of their own possible doubts; that they were not deaf to his suggestion; that they were thinking that there would be a Christmas tree, after all.

"Come on!" he said, starting ahead eagerly, and giving them a large beckoning gesture. "I tell you there'll be presents for everybody!"

Suddenly, Enrico flung back his head: "Come on!" he said. "There won't be any! But you fellahs come on, and you'll see!"

The boy took a glance over his shoulder, to make sure of them. Yes! They had, in their own way, so much nearer to his own way, heard him. They understood! They were following! He hurried on. Already he could feel the glow of those dear rooms; already he could see his mother welcoming these boys—in that lovely way of hers, just keeping the tips of her fingers on their shoulders, while she smiled, herding them like so many woolly, happy, expectant sheep into the light and the glory.

The road outside the town was well known to them all. The stars shone with an especial brilliancy overhead and between the dark branches of the pines, so that each one they passed was a Christmas tree in itself, magically, celestially lighted, yet not so beautiful, oh not so beautiful by half, as the one that would soon delight their eyes! The snow was very crisp under their feet; yet even so, it sifted into their broken shoes. But no one was thinking of broken shoes. There is a time for all things!

They were passing by the old mill now—a place where the rushing waters of the weir frightened one a little,

even in daytime; so they ran past it. Then as the next test of their bravery, there loomed the little stone church on the hill among its cypresses, with its churchyard sloping from it. At sight of it they huddled together very close, though the boy himself and his Companion, slightly in the lead, took no note whatever of it. But the other three had certain associations with the little graveyard, and that made a difference. This was the place, you see, that had afforded them their first real knowledge of death. For it was here, on the last day of the year before, that they had stood, by their own invitation, on the edge of a small and bereft gathering, in full wintry sunlight, and had watched the strange proceedings—something lowered, lowered away from them all, with a most fearful finality. After that there was with them a dim unrealized idea; a vague acceptance of certain facts—that the boy who had lived so happily in the great house—and had a wonderful Christmas which he shared with others—no longer scampered back and forth on his pony to and from the town; and a suspicion not altogether formed that they, for all their broken shoes and squalid homes and frequent hunger, had somehow now the better of him.

These are large and strange matters, of course, for little minds; so it was not surprising that they hurried and huddled at that particular part of the road, glad and relieved to leave it behind them.

As they went on, the boy himself began to enjoy the recollection of certain places of interest. Here was where the blackberries grew in summer. There was the old oak which his mother and he called "the fairy oak." Soon they would come to the bay bushes; next to the laurel; then, at last to the gateway. Soon now! This was the final curve of the main road! His step quickened. Yes! they were almost there! A matter of only a few moments!

No one spoke. The three hurried at his very heels, trotting along happy and

assured. He had them with him now, in every sense.

There! Yes, there were the gateway pillars! The child had a lift of the heart as he came to them! So, now! on past them, up the pebbly driveway, a dozen yards at most, where the group of spruce trees, adding to expectancy, hid the house from view.

"It's all going to be lights!" explained the boy ecstatically to the starry Presence that went beside him.

"Gee! You'll see how it's lighted up!" said Toni, his words following like an echo, almost, of the boy's words.

So! hurry! hurry! Into the deep shadow of the spruce trees, and out again! and there they were at last, at last, in full view of the house.

The boy stopped suddenly. They all stopped; they grouped and huddled themselves about him, brought together by the very momentum of their arrested speed.

What met their eyes was a large house showing against the sky, the starry sky that was myriad-lighted with all the candles of heaven, but a house with never a light to be seen in it—not one! a large and darkened place.

Even Enrico betrayed his secret hopes by having nothing scornful to say. Giovanni was mutely shocked, bewildered. Something had happened! What was it! Surely everybody in the house must be asleep! But Toni was swept by a very passion of disappointment. In a wordless rage of despair, disbelief, defeat, he stooped and picked up from the driveway a handful of pebbles.

You will understand that it was best that the boy should go into the house alone. No one either suggested this or discussed it. It was a matter simple and patent enough.

He did not attempt to reason or explain. He only hurried on. The place was familiar to his feet, every inch of it. Perhaps it was that which made the whole thing so bewildering and so heart-breaking and put the hurt in his throat.

In the front hall he stood still in the darkness.

Ah, that was it! that was what made it all so fearful—the sameness, the unvaried, unbroken darkness, not a shadow anywhere. For—strangely, if you like, or not—shadows he had always loved. Nor was this wholly due to his mother's predilections and influence. She it was who had introduced him, so to speak, to a few of them; quite so! But it was he who had continued the acquaintance with the delight and fervor which were so large a part of his personality; it was he who had sought out new ones and loved them and appreciated them and rejoiced in them. The faint blurred shadows of the delicately budded trees in spring! the crisp sure ones of the winter; sunlight-shadows, and moonlight-shadows; and, above all, oh, yes, and dearer than all, the firelight shadows! And all the things that shadows do! The quaintness, and fidelity of them; and the grotesquerie of them! The way they run when you run, and stand still on the very instant that you stand still! A nimble people, so that their following of you is nearly like a game and it is impossible to catch them napping. The way, too, that they scramble in such fantastic crooked good-natured forms, hump-backed, over irregularities and rush on and waver in absurd lengths along level places. The way, too, in an utterly other humor, they move so stately slow across the lawn that you cannot tell when they move nor how; only, coming back at a later hour, you find them standing in a different place. Or, again, best of all, the way they leap and dance back and forth as the firelight leaps and dies down!

And his mother had explained to him once, in that sympathetic understanding way of hers which could beautifully account for anything, that it takes shadows to make the world a real place, a livable place, because, when you see a shadow, you know by that shadow's very presence, that there is something real and true, that you can

lay your hands upon, which makes the shadow.

So that was the dreadful part of his experience, now! No shadows! Nothing real! No assurance of reality! only the dark—unbroken, formless, fearful; the dark which like grief, and forgetfulness, and selfishness, lives for itself only, without regard for the pain or joy or suffering of others; all the world else shut out; a fearful, shadowless thing in which all the beautiful realities of life are lost and blotted out.

He put out his hand in front of him, guarding, as his mother had taught him to do; for he had a strange sense that there were things, of a sort—strange, shadowless things—all about him, not tables and chairs, against which he might strike, but *things*—he could not say what! dull things, thick things, trivial things, useless things, unlovely things, fragments of floating memory, without relation; ominous things—an ugly black slate for instance with hateful sums on it; crepe veils that floated as ladies walked, and startled and distressed the fingers with their crinkly harshness. He was aware, too, of the nearness of an impudent waiting maid, whom he had once seen stick out her tongue at his mother, when his mother's back was turned. He had gone about for days carrying that ugly knowledge about with him, ashamed to tell it; ashamed as a man of honor not to tell it; until, one day, he and Buff the collie, had gone to the garden and he had dug a hole, and had dumped the knowledge into the hole, out of his cupped hands, and had filled the earth in. And Buff had barked and yelped and wagged his tail, in the most good-humored approval. After that the thing had never troubled the boy again; but now—there in the shadowless dark—there she was again, the ugly waiting maid. There was a lie, too, that he had told, though he had not meant to; and a bird soft and limp, with its songful little throat cut by the teeth of a cat. All these things were there, though he could not see them—

there composing the dark. They *were* the dark.

He took a quick step to the newel-post, as to an island of safety in the welter of all this darkness, and breathed hard. Immediately his hand missed something. Usually, there were ropes of laurel about the post, and woven in and out of the spindles of the stairway. At this remembrance and this lack, as at a signal, the pictures of his brain, the phantasms—the things—pressed about him, a step nearer on all sides. Where was the light—the blessed, dispersing, shadow-bringing light? It should have come streaming from the big double parlors, where the Christmas tree always stood. But instead, only these doubts and fears and dark and nameless recollections stood about him, ominous, ready—ready, to take another step nearer.

Then suddenly he felt secure. The light was only a question of a moment or two longer. He believed he understood now. Of course! Was not his mother always thinking of pleasant surprises? She had planned, he felt sure, to have the tree in the great roomy nursery, where no one would expect it to be, so that he might be happily surprised. That was the way all her innocent games of disappointment ended, in delightful surprise, or in the happiest security at the last, like a quick turn in the road. How could he have forgotten that! Had she not a heart gay, like the falling of waters in the spring?

Once she had said to him:

"Timothy, I'm going to give you to your Uncle James—shall I? He wants you so. You could live with him, you know, and come to see me just once in a while."

And he had shaken his head, shocked, amazed, unwilling, frightened (how could she!) only to feel her arms about him the next instant and to know by her young kisses and her gay laughter that not for all the money in the world, nor all the pleading of all the uncles in the wide, wide world would she give him up! Oh, security again! Surely, that was it!

She was like that, a gay and unexpected fairy when she chose to be, dealing in delightful uncertainties and unlooked-for rewards. So it would be in the matter of the Christmas tree. She knew well that he would be expecting to find it in the double parlors, and not finding it there, would think for a moment there was to be none; when all the while, there it was in the nursery, grander, lovelier, than before, with all manner of surprises to make him wild with delight.

So, with this assurance he forgot the "things" in the dark, and they had no power to follow him while he made his way stumblingly, but secure and reassured, up the familiar stairs.

At the top of them was the nursery door. With a little cry, as of a child who wins in a game, he flung it open and then started back.

Darkness! Nothing but the dark. Immediately he could feel the "things," possessed anew of their power, climbing the stairs, pursuing him, an approaching and dreadful company.

He staved them off once more, remembering how his mother loved mystery, oh, yes, loved to be mysterious, for the very delight of clearing the mystery away. He would find her in her room. There she would be waiting to catch him up in her arms. He would say "Mum-Mummy! Where is it?" And she would light the lights and bring all the shadows back and would show him where it was, and he would have a real Christmas once more.

Then the fearful thought came to him that perhaps she had moved away. He had seen a small empty house, at nightfall, once—a wicked-looking place with no hope of a light in it! At the signal of this recollection all the "things" advanced once more.

He turned to flee from them. But now his hand was blessedly on the handle of his mother's door. Once safe in her room, he would know. For she could explain everything, everything! where the sun goes at night; why ducks



Painting by C. E. Chambers

"WELL, YOU DID INDEED GET YOUR FEET WET!"

on being absorbed in the matter of the candy cane; and Martin had not given his attention from his horses, to answer the old familiar salute; and the sharp-faced woman in the Five and Ten Cent Store had been as unaware of him as though he had not been there! But his *mother!* His own beautiful mother! A strange indefinable sense as of vast, estranging distances, lay between him and this sleeping form so near him. Still his reason battled with its bafflement. How could this thing happen? She might have known! She might have *known* he would come back! She always knew! She always understood! Everything! Had he ever begged for anything in vain? Was she not swift as a swallow to hear! Was she not just as quick as a bird to listen! Why, that was one of the most lovely things about her, that you put out your hand and found hers—there! He had done that in the dark hundreds of times. She was a mother you could count on! But now!—And Toni, Enrico, Giovanni, waiting there below in the snow! The shame of that! And that they should want a Christmas and that she should sleep on! His mother! His own mother! To have failed him and them, at such a moment!

He put his arm across his eyes to shut out the dark—the fearful shadowless dark—and turned and went, stumbling a little, toward the door. In his mind was the thought of starlight, remote starlight, and far distances, and his Companion! If he could but get back to him across the dark!

But just then a strange thing happened! There was a sharp, fearful, scattering, shattering sound fit to waken the dead, like the crack of artillery. It broke against that window of his mother's room which looked upon the driveway!

Toni! Toni had flung his handful of pebbles!

The boy waited, without a word. In the dark he could feel rather than see that she awoke. He knew that she rose, dazed; that she paused, as though

to get her bearings, then went to the window, with that old quick directness of hers which he knew so well. Against the dim square of it, he could see that she was looking out.

"Aw, there won't be any Christmas! There won't nobody come!" It was Enrico who spoke, Enrico who had received so many blows of so many kinds before this one. He had already turned to go away, and was only waiting for the others to be inevitably as well convinced as himself. Awaiting this, with a certain considerate patience, he was kicking the snow scuffingly, scoffingly, with the broken toe of one of his stiff worn shoes.

"Throw some more!" said Giovanni hopefully.

Toni was for agreeing. He half stooped, to gather another handful, and then he stood up straight and tense and Giovanni said "Gee!" so loud that you might have thought it was that that made the stars tremble. For there was a star moving in the dark house now—the star of Bethlehem itself could hardly have been more definite. It appeared first in the upper chamber, then glided and disappeared; then not the star itself but some wavering light from it could be seen floating, floating in rhythmic purpose down what might have been a stairway. Then, through the glass of the large entrance, the star itself again, moving, moving toward them. Then it paused and rested. What would happen next!

They huddled together close, and waited. What happened next was that the great front door swung open and then—then there she stood—the boy's mother. And then, shadowy and slim, she came down the steps quickly, quickly to them. She laid her two hands upon them in marvel and wonder—on Enrico's shoulder, on Giovanni's shoulder:

"Boys! what are you here for?"

They hung their heads.

"We didn't mean to wake you!" lied Enrico automatically.

She stooped and peered into their faces, so that they were obliged to look at her. And how beautiful she was, too, to be sure! and how full her face was of wonder!

"Enrico! Toni! Giovanni! It's the strangest thing in the world! Why, I dreamed that you were here! I dreamed that he told me!"

They did not perfectly understand, nor care to. They said nothing, only were absorbedly glad to be there.

"Come!" She guided them before her, like three silent but very willing sheep; guarding them with the lovely gesture of her arms that protected them, and the lovely touch on their shoulders of the tips of her fingers.

"Come! where it is warm!"

So, they trooped up the steps, she still herding them. So they left the cypresses and the snow and the starlight, and came to the star itself, which appeared to be a lamp which she had lighted. And she lighted other lamps as she went; and as she went the soft and lovely and attendant shadows of reality moved faithfully with her, wherever she moved. And the three boys, not less faithfully accompanied her, until they found themselves, at last, in a large warm room, unbelievably comfortable—a sort of heaven with chairs and a great table and a fireplace in it—yes, a great fireplace in it.

And she began to build a fire, and they helped, handing her the paper and the sticks of kindling, hardly knowing what they were doing, nor what it was all about.

How good the light was! the leaping light of the fire!

The boy stood among them unspeakably happy, without need of the delicate pleasure of words. Deeper satisfactions occupied him. Toni, Enrico, Giovanni and his mother! and his mother coming and going, bringing comfort, with her loving understanding. And the acting living thought of him there among them!—So! There was a real Christmas, after all, in a real world.

The terrible egotistical darkness, which knew nothing but itself; the darkness which had had possession of that house which he had loved; and the similar, not less baffling darkness of his mother's grief—these had been dispelled. There was lamplight; there was firelight; there were shadows; other people; things outside oneself; there was a real Christmas, a Christmas of shadows and reality. He emerged from these impressions to observe his mother. She had been busy with her eager ministrations. The three boys were seated now in chairs in front of the fire. She was on her knees in front of Enrico. The boy heard her say in the old way, with the old tenderness in her voice:

"Well, you did indeed get your feet wet!"

Then he saw that Enrico's shoes were being unfastened and put aside. Then he saw her gently and deftly peel off Enrico's wet stockings, Enrico looking at her in an absorbed, puzzled way. Obviously, this was not the world as Enrico knew it or supposed it to be!

Then the boy saw that she had characteristically taken up the first thing at hand—a large and beautiful silver bowl that had always stood upon the library table, occasionally to be filled with flowers, and had it beside her filled with water. Some dim association that he could not have traced, of words he had heard in church perhaps, once upon a time, stirred in him; something about a bowl or a vase—no a box that was precious and was broken in loving devotion. He saw his mother fitting onto Enrico's feet a pair of warm stockings—his! he remembered them perfectly.

Then, suddenly, he knew! He knew that the box he had in mind was not a precious box spoken of in church at all, but his mother's box and his, of course! the forgettery box! And there it was! She had brought it, too. It was on the table. When she had finished her present task she would open it. He slipped nearer in the shadows.

A moment later the boys bent over the forgettery box. He bent over it with them!

His mother pointed out one gift after another and embraced with her glance Toni, Enrico, Giovanni.

"There they are, you see! They have been waiting for you."

The three children, rendered a little solemn by all this magic, put their hands in the box to take from it, each one, something of his choice.

The boy slipped his hand in among them, too—not to take anything.

His mother's fingers passed over his own and delicate and white took up from among the other gifts a little chocolate duck with a red bill; took it up with a little swift movement of memory and surprise, one would have said with a little sob.

"Oh," she said, "I did not know there would be one of these! He loved them—better than anything!"

She held the grave, self-satisfied little toy to her heart an instant; then, with a gesture that was to him very memory itself of all that was precious and beautiful between them, she put it with an especial tenderness that was as familiar

to him as the very air—not into Toni's hand, not into Giovanni's—but into Enrico's—a special gift of favor to meet Enrico's special need.

So, it seemed suddenly, he had her back again complete, entire, like a kiss upon the lips; his mother whose heart was like the bubbling wells in spring—and who understood everything.

He felt now a desire to share all this—these riches; to tell others of these things; to boast a little, if you like, as children innocently will, of what a real Christmas may be, in the world, in the heart of a real woman and that woman his mother. He would leave them for a while presently, soon now, since in this place—the golden facts being established—he could come and go at will, with never again any fear of baffling, estranging darkness. Always now there would be light of one kind or another.

And precisely at this moment, as though they perfectly understood, and at a gay signal from the firelight, the shadows he had always so delighted in, leaped and danced in that amusing, soft-footed, friendly manner which he had always so especially loved.

WHO HAS KNOWN HEIGHTS

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

WHO has known heights and depths, shall not again
 Know peace—not as the calm heart knows
 Low, ivied walls; a garden close;
 The old enchantment of a rose.
 And though he tread the humble ways of men,
 He shall not speak the common tongue again.

Who has known heights, shall bear forevermore
 An incommunicable thing
 That hurts his heart, as if a wing
 Beat at the portal, challenging;
 And yet—lured by the gleam his vision wore—
 Who once has trodden stars seeks peace no more.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

President Emeritus, Yale University

FOR a hundred years we have been justly proud of what the American school system has accomplished. Under its influence we have developed a higher level of general knowledge than can be found in any of the larger countries of Europe. We have secured not only a greater breadth of intellectual interest, but a better understanding of the conditions which make for personal health and social order. We have trained vast numbers of immigrants to become a part of our own nation, mentally as well as politically. Nor have we forgotten the individual in our care for the mass. We have so multiplied opportunities for study that the high school pupil of to-day has far more chance for exercising his special tastes and aptitudes than had the college boy of one or two generations previous.

But there is another side to the picture, which has not escaped the notice of keen observers. Foreign critics, while generally recognizing the high standard reached by a large part of our elementary schools, in teaching, in discipline, and in hygiene, are inclined to judge our high schools and colleges less favorably. Too much has been done for the pupils, too little has been expected of them. We have not recognized that education, the *bringing out* of a man's powers, was a very different thing from pedagogy, the *leading of children*, and that great harm could be done by confusing the two. It is an unfortunate fact that a large majority of the American public tends to regard teachers of every grade as pedagogues rather than as trainers; as men whose duty it is to provide their pupils with work which is interesting and easy at the

moment, rather than to expect them to do things which are sometimes uninteresting and often fatiguing for the sake of a remote end. If a boy fails in his school or college examinations, there is a disposition to place the blame on the teacher for making the subject too dry or the paper too hard. In many sections of the country there is a tendency to treat examinations themselves as an evil; and to excuse the scholar who has faithfully learned his lessons during the year from the necessity of proving, to the satisfaction of others besides his teachers, that he can use his knowledge in an emergency.

All this tends to keep the scholar in the position of a pupil—a ward under an instructor's care; instead of making him a student in the true sense of the word—one who applies his own mind to the mastery of a subject. The result is what always follows from keeping people under wardship for too long a period. There is a loss of intellectual independence, a failure to develop powers of leadership. The boy or girl leaves school well-informed as to the ground already covered by the course of study but not always well-equipped for facing an unknown future, and meeting its responsibilities in a spirit of clear-headed self-reliance.

The experience of the American Expeditionary Force in 1918 illustrated at once the strength and weakness of our educational system. The men in the ranks averaged better than those of any other army—not only in health and in general intelligence, which was expected, but in readiness to adapt themselves to military discipline, which was a surprise both to our allies and

to our opponents. But the advantage was lost as one went higher up into positions where independent initiative was required in greater and greater degree. Company officers, though generally good, were not so conspicuously fitted to lead as the men under them were to follow. The work of field officers did not average so well as that of company officers; that of regimental commanders and chiefs of staff, in spite of some honorable exceptions, was most disappointing. Nor was this lack of fitness for higher positions to be explained wholly by our lack of military experience; for it showed itself among those engaged in the production of ships and aircraft no less than in the handling of combatant forces.

And besides this loss of independence on the part of those who are taught, our present system involves a great loss of efficiency on the part of the teacher. Not only is the product of our schools one-sided; the cost of production of what we get is unnecessarily high, and the cost of making a better product by present methods seems almost prohibitive. What would be thought of the directors of a manufacturing corporation which compelled its skilled workmen to furnish the power to drive their own machines? They would be regarded, and justly regarded, as two centuries behind the times. They could neither afford to pay proper salaries to high-grade labor, nor get adequate product from it if they did; for nine-tenths of the power which should go into the perfecting of the work would have to be spent in driving the machines. Yet the members of a school board or college corporation make precisely this mistake when they engage a first-rate man to teach arithmetic or history, under conditions which require him to use up a large part of his strength in making the scholars do their own work. To get the quantity and quality of education which the world to-day requires by the use of methods like these is as hopeless as would be the attempt to get the

quantity and quality of clothing which the world requires by the use of the spinning wheel and the hand loom.

The war has brought this economic aspect of the educational problem very clearly before the public. A great many of our best teachers, particularly college teachers, were utilized in war work—not only teachers of applied science, but teachers of history, economics, and languages. These men almost always did extremely well. Even in war time, they received somewhat higher pay for their services to the national government than they had previously obtained for their regular work in the schools; and when the war was over, business firms were ready to offer them permanent employment at compensation two or three times as great as they had hitherto received. Of the older men who already held permanent positions as teachers, the number who changed their calling was not very large. They liked it for the sake of the opportunities of service which it offered and for the associations and ideals connected with it; and they were ready to return to their chosen field at some pecuniary sacrifice. But with the men who were just entering or preparing to enter the profession of teaching the case was different. If a business concern offered them higher pay and better conditions for utilizing their power than schools or colleges were likely to give, they abandoned teaching and used their ability in other directions.

As a result there was a decided shortage of good teachers, particularly in the colleges; and a rather keen competition arose within the lines of the teaching profession itself for the services of the men that were available. College salaries of every grade were advanced to meet the increased cost of living; conditions of employment were arranged to give able men a greater chance of utilizing their powers to advantage. This process has not gone quite so far in our high schools, because outside business does not compete as actively for high-school teachers as it

does for college teachers, and because taxpayers are reluctant to have high-school salaries increased, except in case of dire necessity. But in spite of all obstacles school salaries are moving in the same direction as college salaries. In every institution above the primary grade, the budget problem is a serious one. In many of them it looks like a hopeless one.

It *is* hopeless, so long as we stick to present methods. We cannot teach the existing number of high school and college students in the way their parents want them taught without spending more money than the community is willing to pay—and perhaps more than it *ought* to pay. For there is a point beyond which further taxes cripple the life of the community more than further opportunities for education help it; and in some districts it looks as though we had pretty nearly reached that point. We certainly should not ask for large increase of appropriations for teachers' salaries until we have made sure that we have found the most efficient and economical methods of giving the public the teaching it needs. We must treat education as a problem in political economy, where it is as essential to keep down costs as to keep up values. We must approach the problem from the standpoint of the community, considering what it most requires in the way of education, how far this must be provided in the schools themselves, and how far it can be left to other agencies. When we have thus learned to separate the essential from the non-essential, and the things the teacher ought to undertake from those which he ought not to undertake, we shall find the way to give better education than we now do at less cost; utilizing a moderate staff of well-paid instructors to the best advantage, instead of paying lower salaries to a larger variety of teachers than the actual necessities of the case require.

What is Education? The answer to this question is not so simple as appears

at first sight. In fact there are two different and somewhat conflicting answers. According to nearly all the dictionaries, both English and American, the primary meaning of the word, which underlies all others, is *the imparting of knowledge*. Education is treated as synonymous with instruction. The teacher is regarded as the active agent, busy in storing the pupil's mind with the things he needs to know. In putting this meaning of the word first and giving it most prominence, the dictionaries are simply following current popular usage. It is probable that eighty per cent of the American school teachers, and ninety per cent of the American public, would approve of what the dictionaries have done.

But there is another sense in which the word is employed, which is equally important and quite different. We may regard education as a *training* for the varied work of life—industrial, social, and political—in which knowledge is not an end but an incident; in which the student is learning to *do* things; in which the teacher is no longer the sole directing agency, but one among many co-operating agencies, for the attainment of this end. To set forth this meaning of education no better words can be found than those used by John Milton in his "Tractate" nearly three centuries ago: "I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War."

Now the mere fact that the term Education is employed in two distinct senses is not surprising or unusual. Nearly every word in the English language which deals with a complex conception has more than one meaning. What is unusual and surprising in this particular case is that two distinct meanings are regarded by almost everybody, dictionary-makers included, as being mere variations of the same meaning. Training is regarded as an incidental

result of knowledge, rather than as a distinct process of learning to do things.

When two meanings of an important word like education have become thus confused in the public mind, so that instruction and training are treated as pretty nearly synonymous, it results in much loose thinking; and what is worse, in much misapplied power and profitless expense. We assume that we are necessarily training citizens when we are imparting knowledge, and *vice versa*. To check this sort of fallacious reasoning, and this waste of money and power, we must choose *one* sense of the word education as the basis of public discussion, and stick to it. We may either define education as the imparting of knowledge, and call the development of a man's power by the name of *training*; or we may follow John Milton in regarding education as preparation for citizenship, and call the imparting of knowledge by the name of *instruction*. Either method is good enough, provided we adhere to it consistently. The choice between the two must be determined by practical considerations.

If we were considering education from the standpoint of the psychologist only, it would not make much difference which we chose. But we are considering it from the standpoint of the political economist. We are concerned to find out what a democratic and progressive community like ours requires of its citizens and how the schools can help them to get it. These requirements are admirably set forth in the passage of Milton which I have just quoted. Let us therefore accept this as the basis for our definition of education and call it preparation for the varied activities of citizenship. The process of imparting knowledge we shall then call instruction. Instruction is and always will be an important element in education; knowledge is and always will be of exceptional value to the citizens of a free commonwealth. But the acquisition of knowledge is not the end of education as we are now using the terms; it is simply an

incident in the larger and more important process of training for citizenship.

In thus expanding our definition of education, so as to view it from the public standpoint, we are really going back to the primary meaning of the word, instead of getting away from it. To educate is to *educe*; to make something out of a man rather than to put something into him. Let us examine briefly how a modern commonwealth must go to work to bring out the qualities needed in its members, how far our present school system contributes to that end, and what we can do to make this contribution more effective. Let us view education provisionally as the process by which the human animal is fitted for membership in civilized society, and see where this way of looking at things leads us in the way of theoretical propositions and practical results.

Every community, however rude, must develop certain habits of discipline to make it strong in time of war, and certain habits of decency which serve to keep it safe in time of peace. Among communities which are at all civilized, the requirements of discipline take the form of a social order which affords some protection to the members of the tribe who are physically weak, and the requirements of decency make some provision for cleanness of body and mind—at least at stated seasons. A civilized community must also develop certain habits of prudence, so that the labors of the present may serve to meet the needs of the future. Order, cleanness, and prudence seem to be the fundamental things which distinguish civilization from barbarism; and for a community which is governed by an absolute monarch or by a religious oligarchy they seem to represent about all that is essential as a basis for citizenship.

But a free commonwealth needs something more than this. If a community is to enjoy civil liberty it must develop habits of self-control among the great

body of its members and habits of leadership among a considerable number of them. And habits of self-control or leadership are far harder to secure than habits of order, cleanness, and prudence. For order, cleanness, and prudence can be imposed and maintained by authority from above; while self-control and leadership have their source and their sustenance in each man's own soul. If we give a man liberty to do right we give him liberty to do wrong. The only security that the community has against the misuse of self-control or leadership lies in the vision and intelligence of its members. They must have the vision to see and feel what the community needs to have them see and feel; so that ideals of order and cleanness and upbuilding which tend to carry them forward will have a stronger and more constant appeal than the mere animal instincts which tend to carry them backward. And they must have intelligence to know how these ideals are to be compassed; so that the pursuit of their visions will lead them and their followers in the general direction in which they want to go—not backward into the wilderness but forward into the promised land. To the habit by which vision is acquired we give the name imagination; to the habit by which intelligence is acquired we give the name of thinking.

These habits are what the nations of Europe and America have had to learn, gradually and painfully; these are what their individual members have had to learn, in order to fit themselves for citizenship in the free communities of the modern world. To help in the difficult process of learning these habits, nations have developed many kinds of educational agencies. For teaching habits of order or decency, we have the family and the police. For teaching habits of prudence we have private property. For teaching habits of imagination, in the largest and truest sense of the word, we have the theater, the press, and the church. And for teaching habits of thinking we have the schools.

Of course these several fields of training are hard to define accurately; and the separate agencies will often overlap one another in their educational work. The schools have a good deal to do in teaching order and decency; partly because so many of their pupils have come from families which cannot do their work as well as it needs to be done, and partly because there are some principles of social order and decency which can be learned more easily by large groups of children than by small ones. For somewhat similar reasons a good school will do a good deal of incidental work in training the imagination. But the primary duty of the school is to teach the habit and train the powers of thinking; and if it neglects this for the sake of its secondary functions, it throws the whole educational system of society as completely out of gear as does the church when it is more occupied in teaching people what they should think than in inspiring them with its ideals, or as does the police when it is so overloaded with other duties that it fails to keep order effectively.

But how shall we go to work to teach the habit and train the powers of thinking? In answering this question American school boards and American public opinion have been constantly led astray by our habit of confusing the two different senses of the word education. Nine people out of ten believe that the way to train a boy to think is to impart as much knowledge to him as possible. They do not distinguish between the possession of information and the power or habit of thought; or at any rate they assume that if you can secure the former, the latter follows as a matter of course.

In no other field of life do we meet this confusion. No sensible man could think that the way to train a boy to ride was to give him as many horses as possible, or that if you could secure the necessary horses the riding would follow as a matter of course. And yet this way of looking at things would be as near the truth about riding as it is about

thinking. The impulse to ride is certainly quite as universal as the impulse to think. The horse furnishes the necessary basis for the rider, just as the knowledge furnishes the necessary basis for the thinker. But this does not mean that you should begin your training by giving a boy as many horses, or as much knowledge, as he can possibly want. It is better to let him really learn to ride on one or two horses—borrowed ones if necessary—and fill his stable afterward with such animals as best suit his purposes. It is better to let him really learn to think on one or two subjects—subjects which he is very likely going to forget all about—and afterward fill his mind, or even his library shelves, with the precise information which he is going to use.

Perhaps I seem to be wasting time over this point; but its importance has been brought home to me by personal experience. During each year of my life as a college president, scores of parents or guardians coming from the most intelligent classes of the community have asked me with apparent surprise whether the acquisition of knowledge was not the all-important end of a college course, for the sake of which the institution existed. These men knew enough to despise the futility of mere acquisition in all other lines of business. They knew that even in matters of scholarship the most learned man was often far from being the most useful man. But when it came to the training of their own children, they persisted in regarding the boy's mind as a sort of reservoir, into which knowledge was to be poured by different teachers in proper proportion. What actually was the proper proportion was a question on which they differed a good deal. Some thought that their boys should learn about things they were going to use in after life, because these were what they needed to know; others thought that they should learn about things which they were not going to use in after life, because these were

what they would never learn except in college. But there was pretty nearly unanimous agreement in overvaluing the subject matter taught in the class-room, as compared with that which the boy would get for himself in college and in after life if he had formed right habits of reading or thinking. There was a discouraging failure to see that if the boy was to acquire the habits of reading or thinking effectively on any line whatever he must work for it himself, and his father must expect him to work for it. A good teacher can show him how to work to the best advantage and save waste effort; he can speed up the educational process by warning against false starts and unnecessary experiments; but in learning to *do* anything, whether to ride or to think, the boy is the active agent; the teacher is only the director or at best the inspirer. Doing can be learned only by doing.

Through our failure to understand some of these cardinal principles, the history of American education represents the confused result of a series of cross-currents of opinion, in the teaching profession and outside of it, rather than a progressive approach toward a well-defined goal of public policy.

In the early years of the republic, our American schools taught only a few things. Most of their pupils got no farther than the "three R's"—reading, writing, and arithmetic. Those who could add a little grammar, geography, or history to this meager bill of fare might count themselves fortunate. Even in college this limited scheme of studies was not very much widened. The only real change was that the reading lessons were in Latin or Greek instead of in English, and that "problems" in Algebra or Trigonometry took the place of "sums" in Arithmetic. To the modern critic, this curriculum seems poor and barren. Yet with all its poverty and barrenness, the education of our grandfathers had two great advantages which went far to balance its defects. In the first place it taught

the boys habits of hard work. Whether they were writing English, or translating Greek, or solving problems in mathematics, they were doing something themselves, and usually something pretty hard, without getting very much help from the teacher—unless you call it “help” to have a prospect of being punished if the work is not done. In this school of hardship, habits were formed which enabled men to do difficult things for the sake of a remote end. “When I take a college graduate into railroad service,” said one of the best operating men in the country, “I prefer one who has had the old-fashioned training in Greek; because he is accustomed to work hard to find exactly what a writer says. If he has handled a Greek dictionary to any purpose, he does not expect a book to be easy, or think that he can guess what it means with any chance of coming out right.”

This was one thing which our grandfathers were taught; and they were also taught to regard the school or college course as the beginning of their education rather than the end of it. The actual knowledge which they learned was moderate in amount and slight in human interest. What the school or college did for them was to place instruments in their hands by whose use they could teach themselves the things they needed to know. The man who could read could inform himself on public affairs. The man who could read, write, and reckon could do his share of the world's business, and learn for himself the intellectual and moral lessons which come from the handling of property. The fact that the pursuit of practical knowledge was an “extra-curriculum activity” did not prevent our grandfathers from getting such knowledge.

For a boy with a taste for books, under a teacher who knew how to reward as well as to punish, the old system was a good one. Many of the academies of Central New York in the early years of the nineteenth century developed among their pupils a pro-

portion trained for the successful pursuit of science or letters which a modern high school with wider curriculum and larger appliances might well envy. But there are unfortunately a great many boys with little taste for books as books; and with such boys it took a very good teacher indeed to prevent the old system from degenerating into a treadmill, where the scholars hated the work so much that it never helped them to form a habit of reading or study.

To meet the needs of this wider group of students was the goal of most of our educational reformers of the nineteenth century. The first step in this direction came with the establishment of professional schools of medicine, theology, law, and applied science, where a man could be taught some of the things which he needed for the practice of his calling. The second step was the introduction of similar subjects into the curriculum of the colleges themselves—usually in the form of brief lecture courses or recitations from a text-book—so that the student might get a taste of as many kinds of knowledge as possible. The third step was the extension of these ideas downward into the high schools, and in some degree into the common schools, so that every pupil had the chance to learn something of the results of modern science, and to ground himself in subjects of practical value like bookkeeping. The fourth step was the development of the laboratory method in its varied forms, in which the student gained his knowledge and his habits of thought by seeing and handling things instead of reading about them. The fifth step was the acceptance of the elective system. The numbers of subjects introduced into the school and college curriculum had become so vast that it was impossible to allow adequate time for the thorough mastery of any. The student was therefore given constantly increasing opportunity to make a choice of a few subjects out of the large numbers offered, and was encouraged to select those which he liked best.

The order in which these steps were taken differed somewhat in different places; but the general movement, and its results for good or for evil, were felt in pretty much the same way throughout the whole country. On the whole, the good vastly outweighed the evil. The schools of 1875 aroused more interest, taught more knowledge, and gave more of the rather indefinable thing which we call culture than those of 1800 ever thought of doing. But there is a less bright side to the picture of which something has already been said at the beginning of this article. Our nineteenth-century courses of study did not always develop the habit and power of independent thinking among their students in the same way that they developed their interest and increased their knowledge. The lectures in the nineteenth-century schools of law and medicine were designed to give the pupil *information*. The curricula of the colleges and high schools were arranged with the same dominant purpose. Anybody who asked about the *disciplinary* value of a study was regarded as hopelessly old-fashioned.

But the old fashion had a good deal of right on its side. Real thinking is hard work. It is a serious discipline to form the habit; it requires a disciplined mind to keep it up. If a pupil in a kindergarten has been led to confuse work with play, and told to stop when he begins to get tired, it will not be easy for him ever to acquire that discipline. If a college student is encouraged to elect only the things that interest him, there is great danger that he will find no interest in the hard parts of thinking—examination of evidence, testing of hypotheses, rigid insistence on logic—and will choose the easy road to knowledge rather than the hard road to power.

During the last forty or fifty years we have begun to see this. Our best schools of law and medicine no longer make lectures or text-books their chief reliance, but try from the outset to train

their pupils in the habits of thought which will equip them for their profession. The most progressive colleges have abandoned the principle of indiscriminate election, and insist on choice of groups of subjects whose study shall fit a man to do something. The proper use of the laboratory as a place of research or of manual training is being separated from its improper use as an advanced kindergarten. The best examiners are no longer satisfied to make their papers tests of knowledge, and are trying to make them tests of power.

The type of education which we had inherited from the eighteenth century taught boys and girls what intellectual work meant; but it gave them so few subjects of human interest to think about that they did not generally acquire the habit of thinking, except on practical matters of business or politics which came immediately before their eyes in after life. The type of education which we developed in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century went to the opposite extreme. It furnished subjects of human interest in great abundance; but it gave the majority of the pupils no idea of the hard work in the way of intellectual effort and self-control, which was involved in really thinking about them. It made the mistake of assuming that the imparting of knowledge was the main thing that society required of the schools; that the more knowledge you gave, and the easier you made it for the pupils to get it, the better it was.

But if we can bring our minds back to the public purpose of education we shall see that much of this nineteenth-century effort went wide of the mark. Society is not concerned with what its members know, but with the use they can make of their knowledge. It wants men who can verify information, see what bearing it has on their own conduct, and act accordingly. This is thinking, in the practical sense of the word; and the habit of thinking in this sense is the thing that it is vitally essential

to have the schools teach, whatever else they do or leave undone. The acquisition of knowledge is generally a good thing, just as the acquisition of property is generally a good thing. But if a man who has not learned business habits acquires a great deal of property with comparatively little effort on his own part, it seldom does much good, either to him or to society, and often does a good deal of harm; and the same thing appears to be true of knowledge.

But, some one will say, "Where will the people get their knowledge if not in the schools?" They will get it in the same way that they now get nine-tenths of it: through observing what they see, listening to what they hear, and reading what they require in books and periodicals. The thing for the schools to do is to teach them to observe and listen, and above all else to read. Before the art of printing was invented the teacher had to give his pupils the information they needed; now that we have books and newspapers, it is enough for him to teach them how to get it and get it right. He can not train the boy to compete with the encyclopædia; he can train him to use the encyclopædia. If parents and teachers can once recognize that it is the business of the student to get the information and of the teacher to show him how, we shall have laid the foundation for a twentieth-century school system which shall combine the merits of both of those which have preceded it. For the boy who has formed the habit of reading what interests him *with care and attention* finds it easy to keep up the habit of thinking about it.

If the pupil is expected to read things for himself, we can cut from our high schools and colleges nearly all these courses whose primary object is to give information, and concentrate the teacher's power in helping his pupils to do their own reading and thinking to the best advantage. We cannot well remove all information courses from our primary schools or the grammar schools; partly

because the children in the lower grades have not yet learned to read well enough or easily enough to be expected to get all their information from the printed page, and partly because information courses, in the hands of a good teacher, may be made an effective means in helping to form habits of order and of imagination which are quite as important for the very young pupils as habits of thinking. But if we can reduce them to a minimum in the high schools and take them wholly out of the curriculum in the colleges, we shall cut down the cost of education at a point where it is now very large, both in the aggregate and per capita. We cannot put everybody through a single course of study as our grandfathers tried to do; for there are three or four different types of mind that have to be reached by different methods and developed in different ways. But we can do away with the idea that each student must have a chance to learn the particular subject he is going to use in after life, and substitute the better and more economical plan of training him in *methods* that he is going to use by subjects which he probably will not use. We can train him for the *kind* of profession for which he is fitted instead of attempting to forestall the professional school or the office in teaching him the details of its practice.

But what of the boy who, when he reaches high-school or college age, is too lazy or too uninterested to do his own part in his education, and get the necessary information by reading? To this question there is but one answer. Take him out of school and set him to work.

I am afraid that this suggestion will provoke a good deal of adverse criticism. There is a general feeling that education is so good a thing, and indoor work in shops so undesirable for growing boys and girls, that we ought to try to keep everybody in school, as far as we can, till the age of sixteen or seventeen. If going to school means education in the full and proper sense of the word,

as distinct from merely sitting at a desk and picking up information, this is probably true. But if the student is going to evade doing his part in his own education, then I say that it is better for him to work nine hours in a shop than to shirk five hours, play two hours and loaf two hours—which is about what he generally does if compelled to go to a school where he does not pull his weight in the boat. And it is not only better for him; it is infinitely better for the other pupils and for the teachers. By taking away two or three members who are a drag upon the whole body we allow far more education to be given to all the others with far less waste effort. Even if the transfer of a considerable number of young people from the school to the shop should make it necessary to have a somewhat increased force of factory inspectors, it would be far cheaper for society to employ that agency than to make use of the public school system as an asylum for the willfully uninterested. Higher education at public expense should be regarded as a privilege to be earned, not as a right to be abused.

Some progressive nations have gone even farther than this. In all commercial and technical courses in German high schools a small fee has been charged, which was not remitted except as a prize for conspicuously good and faithful work. The Germans did not adopt this practice for the sake of the income which it brings in—in fact, the sum charged represents less than a quarter of the expense of the instruction—but because the fact of having to pay a fee

prevented a boy from choosing a course for which he had no special fitness, and made sure that both he and his parents would co-operate with the teachers to see that he got his money's worth. The efficiency of the course was thus trebled or quadrupled. Whether we are prepared to go as far as this or not, it offers us a lesson which is worth considering. For the usefulness of a school or college education depends in the last resort upon the mental attitude of the student, more than upon anything which the teacher can do.

A plan which thus defines education, emphasizes its public purpose, and relieves the teacher from responsibilities which properly belong to the student promises not only to increase the efficiency of our school system but also to solve the salary problem in a way satisfactory to both teacher and taxpayer. For a reduction in the number of subjects taught means fewer teachers and larger average classes. The active co-operation of the pupil and the elimination of the shirker mean that these large classes can be handled with better effect than at present. The benefit of this increased efficiency can be so shared between teachers and taxpayers that we can pay decidedly increased salaries from a somewhat lower aggregate budget. By securing these reforms we could, for the first time in many years, claim to have put our school system on an economic basis; for we should be employing our teachers under conditions which make for maximum efficiency in their work and maximum value of their product.

THE TOILING MASSES

BY MARY S. WATTS

IN the intense, still cold all sounds sharpened, yet took on an eerie detachment, as if independent of earthly contacts; a wagon wheel squealed shrilly on the axle with the effect of a wheel turning in some great void; the voices of children skating on the packed and frozen snow in the yards reached the ear with a fantastic suggestion of disembodiment. There was no warmth in the brilliant sky; in full sunlight prisms of ice pendent from all the eaves held their shape unimpaired. It was beautiful and pitiless weather; a fanciful person would have said that winter possessed the landscape with a smiling ferocity. The morning papers uttered rhetoric scarcely less picturesque. "Medicine Hat Temperatures Prevail over Middle West." "Sixteen Below at Indianapolis and No Let-up in Prospect." "All Cities of the Natural-Gas Belt in the Grip of a Shortage."

Young Hammond remarked aloud to himself that shortage was right, with a grimace of resignation, refolding the journal and sticking it under his arm after only a glance at the headlines. He had just detached it from the frozen doormat and the details of the blizzard promised interesting reading; but so thoroughly was John daunted by the Medicine Hat temperature that he addressed himself to the door, and rather than take off a glove, rather than open his overcoat to get at his key, he rang the bell and followed up that act by drumming a measured tattoo on the upper panels, although he knew everybody to be the extreme length of the house away, huddled around the laundry stove. He thumped sedulously, marking time with his feet, and in a little while Marjorie came scurrying through the

halls. She rubbed a peephole on one pane of the side lights, which were thickly patterned with frost to the very top, like every other window on the street, and gave an exclamation, jerking the door open a crack.

"For gracious' sake, Jack, couldn't you go round to the back—oh! is that the paper?"

"Yeh. Here, let me in a minute, I just want to light a pipe."

"What does it say? Do they think the gas'll come back?"

"I don't know, I didn't stop to read, it's too cold. You've got to keep moving every minute or you'll freeze to your tracks."

"Well, they've got heat in the office, haven't they? Or is that why you came home?"

"Home's so nice and warm!" said her brother in jocose irony. "Yeh, they're all right, the office buildings are almost all on coal. But nothing doing; you know. The mail must be hung up somewhere; anyway, it didn't get in, and I guess all the telephones are out of commission—ice on the wires, or something. We've been sitting round all morning, and finally Mr. Osgood said we might as well call it a day and go home. Did the milkman come?"

Marjorie shook her head, hugging herself together in an ancient sweater reinforced by a collarette of long, straggling fur, white or ex-white, that had come off of the winter-before-last coat of one of the younger children.

"No, they don't any of them get around regularly now," she said, referring to delivery boys in general. "I suppose they simply can't make it with the snow so deep and frozen solid. We've had about a billion other men though,

wanting something to eat or just to come in and warm themselves. I thought you were another of 'em just now."

"Got a nerve, haven't they? Seems it's no trouble to get around in the snow and *beg*. Getting around to *work* is something else again!"

"Oh well, the poor things are cold, anyhow."

"All the same, I don't know that you ought to let 'em in. *You* don't know anything about them," Jack said. All this while he was filling the pipe with motions as direct and rapid as his chilled fingers could execute; and having got it going comfortably, he now turned up his collar, which he had automatically turned down on entering the house, settled his hat once more upon his brow and gathered up his gloves, preparations which moved Marjorie to inquire, though with only a slight and negligent curiosity, what was his hurry.

"Why, thought I'd go over and see how Maizie and the rest of them were making out."

It was information which his sister not improbably awaited. "I love *'the rest of them,'*" she observed in a mild and expressionless style. If Mr. Hammond's hearty young countenance assumed a richer color, it was scarcely noticeable, the keen air having already dappled him with shades of red and purple nicely blended; he appeared, however, to feel called upon for some sort of repartee, and removed the pipe to ejaculate, "Oh, *you!*" with great force, whereupon Marjorie retorted in similar vein, "Well, *you!*" and they both began to laugh. Mrs. Hammond, coming on the scene in the hall overhead, unconsciously effected a diversion; draped in a shawl, she leaned over the banisters.

"Is that you, Jack? Why, how did you happen to come home?"

It was again explained how he happened to come home. "Have they heard anything about the gas coming back?" Mrs. Hammond asked unhopelessly. Nobody really expected the gas to come back; the query had merely become part

of the day's ritual, and she received the negative answer almost with indifference. "Well, I suppose we're lucky to have the coal-stove in the laundry," she sighed. "It keeps the pipes from freezing anyhow. That *would* be the last straw! Are you going out *again*?" Jack's destination, on being revealed, hardly awoke in her the interest it deserved, Margie thought. "Oh, they'll be freezing too," was all her mother's comment. "You'll find them just the way we are, probably. Only one room in the house they can keep warm, and the whole family crammed into it! Somebody told me they had ever so many homeless men sleeping in the basement."

"That's the church, Mother, that's Saint Andrew's! They haven't got any in the parsonage!"

"Oh! Well, I shouldn't have put it past Doctor Bates—having them in his own basement, I mean. It would have been just like his socialist notions," said Mrs. Hammond in the tone of one too weary of the situation to discuss any problem of conduct arising from it. "He's an awfully interesting, brilliant man, of course, but I do think Mrs. Bates is a saint!" She turned to a question more practical and urgent from a housekeeper's standpoint. "You'll be going right by Carter's, John, and I wish you'd bring home two cans of that condensed soup. You might get bean—no, tomato, we've had bean once already—still—bean seems to make more of a dish somehow—"

"Tomato, all right!" Jack called back opening the door for a dash.

"No, no, bean! Tell him bean, Margie!"

"Bean! She says you're to get bean!" shrieked Marjorie; she danced on the threshold, with her arms wrapped about her body. "Woo! Brr!"

"All right, I'll remember! Two cans of bean!"

"I do believe it's colder than it was this morning!" said Marjorie, slamming the door. "He heard, Mother. He said bean!"



Drawn by Frances Rogers

"THEY SENT OUT A HURRY CALL FOR A PLUMBER"

"Oh, bean or tomato, it doesn't make any difference!" said Mrs. Hammond exhaustedly.

John scrunched cheerfully along sidewalks that were now miniature cañons shoveled through the drifts, now unshoveled wastes of snow knee high. In spite of what the comic papers alluded to as "all the discomforts of home" entailed by this Arctic visitation, it was not wholly unwelcome in youthful circles. Alien sports of a delightful novelty were in full swing, and work itself must be carried on with entertaining informalities. Coming to a glassy slide, John beheld mincing gingerly toward him a portly, middle-aged gentleman, bulked out with wraps of which the most conspicuous were knitted ear-caps of indecorous hue, not suited to his years; he clasped with frowning care a large white stoneware pitcher; it steamed, enhaloing him. Immediately behind toiled a colored replica, his negro butler probably, similarly equipped. The procession exchanged grins with Jack, and the head of it spoke. "Lo! You on the gas?"

This cabalistic phrase opened all conversations whether between strangers or acquaintances; however mystifying to the casual sojourner in the belt, any native grasped its meaning at once. "Yeh, in the furnace, but we've got one place for a coal fire," said Jack proudly.

"Unh! Well, you're lucky!" said the other, handling his pitcher with a kind of savage solicitude. "We're on nothing but gas, and consequently frozen up solid. Not a drop of water in the house; been going out and getting it a pitcher at a time like this from my neighbor Mr. Wardlaw over here—" he jerked his head indefinitely. "They're on coal. A couple of pitchers for my household is inadequate. You don't happen to have heard whether there is any expectation of the gas com—? Unh! Well, I didn't suppose so!"

They went their several ways. Jack's took him to a much less exalted residential district, as he himself would have called it; he had a position in a real-

estate office. Saint Andrew's presided over a street of big, commonplace, out-of-date houses built one exactly like the next in some era of meager architectural inspiration; people frequently blundered into the wrong address, perplexed by this monotony, so that Jack was not surprised to come upon another wayfarer at a stand in the middle of the drifts, consulting a bit of paper, and anon wheeling slowly to gaze up and down. By the compact cylinder of green carpet on his shoulder he was a mechanic of some sort; and at Jack's approach, abandoned the paper to hail him. "Say, cap, know where Reverend Bates lives around here?"

"Right straight ahead of you, next to the church. I'm going there myself."

"I was figuring that must be it. The office didn't put down no number," said the workman, easing the roll of tools and falling into step with him. "They sent out a hurry-call for a plumber."

"Kind of a popular man nowadays, aren't you?"

The plumber assented affably. "They keep us pretty busy. I expect the Reverend's gas's gone back on him like everywhere else. Anyhow, they want it out of the furnace, and the fixtures put back so's they can go on coal again. I don't know whether the water pipes is froze too, maybe."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Jack. "They've got hot-water heat—when they've got it!"

The plumber gave an exclamation of concern. "Hot-water? My God, I can't get them coils out all by myself! Why'n't they say it was hot-water heat? I thought it was just 'n ord'nary heat-furnace. If they'd justa said, they could 'a sent two men. Can't even 'phone and get somebody!" The information did not altogether dismay him, however, for he continued to plod along, remarking that he could take a try at it any-ways; anything was worth trying onct, and you didn't like to ditch people that was kinda banking on you to help 'em out.

"Sure you don't!" Jack agreed, warming to him at this worthy sentiment; the plumber was a young fellow about his own age, and perhaps he too had a girl somewhere suffering from delinquent gas. "I can help you anyhow. Of course, I don't know the first thing about it, but you can tell me."

"Why, yours truly!" said the plumber with appreciation. "They got a good friend when they got you, didn't they? On'y ain't there any man round the house besides?"

"No, just Doctor Bates, and I don't believe he'd be much good."

"Well, a preacher. You wouldn't hardly expect him."

The parsonage was nowise distinguishable from its fellows in the row except for one feature which as they drew near became so apparent that the plumber commented on it humorously. "Doctor ain't had his walks cleared off very good, but I guess he don't need to," said he, observing the approach to every entrance to be thoroughly trodden down. "Every bum that strikes town makes for the first minister's house he hears of; he's sure of a hand-out there. They know he's kinda gotta look out f'r 'em. Not but what Reverend Bates prob'ly would anyhow," he amended hastily, in the evident desire to do justice and avoid possible misinterpretations. "He's all right. I heard him talk onct. Not in church, I don't mean. It was at a meeting."

Jack, recalling certain gossip prevalent about Doctor Bates's theories concerning property rights, economic equality, capital, industry and so on, was moved to inquire what the reverend gentleman had said.

"Well, he give a pretty good talk," said the plumber diplomatically. "He's all right." And as no young man is devoutly interested in the wisdom and eloquence of his sweetheart's father, or indeed interested in him at all save as her father, Mr. Hammond did not press the inquiry. At any rate, they had now reached the house, and the plumber indicated a preference for the rear en-

trance, at the same time cocking an experienced eye toward the chimneys. "Don't look as if they had a fire anywheres," he said. "But the kitchen's the place where they're all at, mostly," and therewith disappeared around the corner of the ell. Jack resisted an impulse to accompany him, advising himself not to get too free and easy even at this time of relaxed conventions; it might look as if he took it for granted that Maizie and he were . . . he did not finish, even in thought. Mrs. Bates, wreathed in a muffler knitted hit or miss out of the odds and ends of gray and khaki yarn left over from war work, came and opened to him.

"Oh, it's you! I did hope the plumber had come!" she ejaculated in disappointment so frank and vehement that Jack burst out laughing; in a second she joined him heartily. The minister's wife was a thin woman with a tired, homely, attractive face; the congregation of Saint Andrew's liked her unanimately. "I don't care! Right now the plumber is the only human being I want to see—" she began to explain defensively, and interrupted herself with violent adjurations not to take his things off! "Don't, *don't!* You'll catch your death of cold! The whole house is freezing. You can't stand it, do please go away!—Dear me, I'm overwhelming you with hospitalities!"

Maizie, hearing voices, perhaps recognizing the alien one—who knows?—alertly appeared, looking like the ravishing young ladies of the magazine covers, in spite of a towel folded Red-Cross fashion about her head and down to her eyebrows, a smudge of soot across the bridge of her nose, and a pair of very large, dirty gloves with the fingers cut off in the interests of efficiency; her own small, capable fingers were none too clean, either; she had been trying to adjust an old grate in one of the parsonage's tumble-down fireplaces. "Hello!" she said cheerfully, and, brushing back a wisp of hair, embellished her nose with another smudge.

"Hello! Look-out, you're getting your face all blacked up."

"Oh, am I? Listen, Jack, do you know how you get a grate to stick in?"

"Oh, Maizie, I hoped he was the plumber! What do you suppose is keeping him? They always say they're coming right away, and then you have to wait—"

"He's here, the plumber's here, he came just as I did. There! Hear? There he is now, I guess. He's begun already!" Jack cried out; for at the instant boiler-factory clamor broke out beneath their feet, and mounted through the house in swelling volume; the gilt radiator coil in the hall gave forth a resonant hum, shuddering in unison with the blows. But Mrs. Bates shook her head.

"No, it isn't!" she screamed above the racket. "That's not the plumber. That's just a man that came—one of the unemployed, you know."

"Well, he's good and employed now!" shouted Jack. "Is he fixing your heater? Does he know how to change it over to coal, I mean?" The fusillade ceased with a disconcerting abruptness so that he found himself vociferating brutally at the two ladies in an otherwise profound silence! "Atta boy!" said he, dropping his voice to its natural level, and repeated the question. "Is he a plumber or a furnace man, when he's working regularly?"

"No—that is—I don't know," Mrs. Bates said vaguely. "He came to the door and said he was out of a job, and we gave him some breakfast, and then I asked him if he knew anything about fixing the gas, and he said he would take a look at it—the boiler and all those burners, you know. They're burning still, just a tiny bit, not enough to make any heat, but I'm afraid to turn them off. We might do it wrong and something might happen."

"Oh, you just take a wrench and turn it off at—at the main, wherever that is," said Maizie in competent superiority; she looked to the young man

for vindication. "That's what Morton wanted to do, but Moms wouldn't let him. She's all the time worrying about some of us getting asphyxiated with gas fumes, and even if we didn't turn it off right, there wouldn't be enough fumes there to asphyxiate a fly!"

"Something might happen," Mrs. Bates reiterated firmly. "All those coils and stopcocks and things—" She also looked to him. "Besides, this way, if the gas *should* come back, it would simply go on burning, wouldn't it? Isn't that safer?"

Mr. Hammond, from the heights of masculine authority, delivered the judgment worthy of Solomon that there probably wouldn't be any danger in turning the gas off or leaving it on, but that of course, you didn't want to monkey with anything you didn't know about. "Anyhow, since the plumber's got here, it'll be all right. He said he'd need another man to help, so it's kind of lucky about this other fellow being here."

"Maybe he isn't a plumber, though."

"Oh, that wouldn't make any difference. I told the plumber I'd take hold, and he seemed to think that was all that was necessary, just another pair of hands."

"Did you, Jack?" said Maizie in a tone and with a face—soot and all—that warmed the young fellow's very soul. Perhaps to neutralize the effect, she made haste to bob him a burlesque curtsy. "Kind gentleman, we thank you!"

"Aw! As if I thought I'd be doing a whole lot! Make her quit kidding me, Mrs. Bates."

"But indeed it's ever so kind of you! People are always doing nice things for us," said Maizie's mother in her simple and straightforward way that everybody found so winning. "I'm glad you won't feel that you have to now. It would ruin your clothes. The times don't seem favorable to elegance in dress somehow!" She surveyed her own more or less disheveled toilet and the girl's in good-humored derision; in the

relief of the plumber's arrival, their un-availing struggle with the cold and dirt all at once became a joke; and oddly enough as it might have appeared to anyone not a parishioner of Saint Andrew's, not one of them suggested applying to the head of the household for good counsel or any other kind of assistance. The Reverend Mr. Bates dwelt in remote and exalted intellectual solitudes; except theoretically, the everyday, mundane grapple did not interest him; and an apostolic indifference to material comforts or the lack of them was not the least marked of his characteristics. At that very moment the typewriter might be heard from behind the closed study doors on the right of the hall, clack-clacking vigorously through all the talk and movement undeterred. Mrs. Bates herself unconsciously acknowledged her husband's isolation by advising that they go into the study where it was a little warmer on account of the oil stove.

"Oh, Doctor Bates won't mind; he'll hardly know you're there," she said at Jack's demur. "He's just making some notes for his address at that meeting—that Workingman's Conclave they're going to have. It's to-night at some hall somewhere. Where did he say it was, Maizie?"

"I don't remember. It's one of those places he goes to," said Maizie without interest.

They went into the big, bare study, which, notwithstanding Mrs. Bates's wistful reliance on the oil stove, was as cold as the rest of the house. The shabby leather chairs were icy to the touch, a chill struck upward through the thin old Brussels carpet, penetrating the soles of Jack's boots like an edged weapon; the lifeless gas logs installed in place of the original coal-grate presented a perfect symbol of futility. In the middle of the desolation Doctor Bates sat over his writing, and near by a small upright cylinder enameled bright blue and enriched with nickel handles and trimmings announced the oil stove.

A kind of aura hung in the air two or three inches above it which Maizie remarked upon as being a warm smell, anyhow.

"There ought to be a kettle of water on it to keep the air right, they say," she added, and made a gesture as of casting off responsibility. "But we haven't any water, so what's the use? It isn't anybody to see you, father, it's just Jack Hammond."

For the divine, becoming aware that some non-member of the household had come in, now raised his head, examining the visitor as from a distance with a species of kindly indifference. Doctor Bates had a fine, gentle, studious face with few lines, a certain eagerness and expectancy about his expression hinting at some attitude of mind we involuntarily associate with youth and untried days. He shook off his absorption long enough to welcome the visitor. "Ah, John! You find us a little upset—this extreme weather—it's very cold outside, isn't it? I'm quite busy with this—" he indicated the mass of his manuscript apologetically—"You don't mind? I have to finish—" And thereupon the young man, together with every other person and consideration, seemed to drop out of his mind! He sat down again, and it was evident that the roomful receded, as it were, to some immeasurably distant locality outside the limits of his consciousness. "Let no man profit by another's labor; let none stand in another's light—" was the sentence upon which he was engaged. The spectacle of him conveyed such an impression of detachment that, after the first moment, Jack would scarcely have felt any awkwardness in unfolding much more personal matters to Maizie than the skating and tobogganing projects he had in mind; even Mrs. Bates did not lower her voice, nervously expressing a wonder as to what the plumber might be doing.

"The other man is as quiet as a mouse now," she said, moving toward the door. "What do you suppose he's doing?—Oh, Morton!"

Morton came noisily in from the rear entry, stamping and scuffing the lumped snow from under his insteps, and riding sundry crannies of his person behind his ears and elsewhere of further accumulations where waggish young gentlemen of his social circle had pelted him. He set down a pail brimming with some dark-colored liquid, proclaiming: "There y'are!" and incontinently darted back to the entry whence a freshly iced blast was already searching the house. Afar, they could hear challenging yodels and catcalls. "Oh-oh, you Snubby Bates! C'm on out, Snubby!"

"Can't! I gotta help the plumber!" Morton blared shrilly in response.

"Well, shut the door, anyhow! Morton please shut the door!"

"Oh-oh, you Snubby!" A snowball thudded against the side of the house.

"Here, I'll go shut it—"

"No, don't, Mr. Hammond! Morton! Morton!"

The Reverend Mr. Bates wrote on steadily! The entry door banged and a great peace settled on the house. Morton returned, hunching himself with his hands in his pockets, working his head from side to side to avoid the particles of half-melted snow that had lodged inside the high collar of his sweater. "Plumber's here," said he. "I showed him the cellarway. He said it sounded like there was somebody down there already, but I told him he needn't mind that fellow, just go ahead, I'd help him."

"The other man probably found he couldn't do anything by himself, anyhow."

"Aw, him!" ejaculated Morton in sovereign contempt. "He ain't any good. He just struck us for a meal."

"Oh, don't talk that way, son," his mother said, troubled. "The poor fellow is only out of a job."

"Job nothing! That rummy never had a job in his life. He never went after one. He's no good. He just came round with a hard-luck story, and Pop fell for it. Pop's easy!" Morton said disrespectfully. He addressed Jack as

man to man. "You can tell he's no good just to look at him. He's got one of these dish faces, you know, like this!" And here Morton, thrusting out his under jaw with a vacuous expression, achieved a truly striking representation of dullness and cunning combined. He was not really an ill-looking boy, even with his freckles, his blunt features, his perennially rough hair, the warts on his hands. Jack, observing him, noted for the first time a not unpleasing shrewdness and humor in his immature face which the reverend doctor's, by the way, conspicuously lacked; and it occurred to the young man that the opinion of a sensible boy of fifteen was worth hearing.

"What's the matter with being dish-faced, Morton?" he asked experimentally.

"It isn't just that," said Morton, readjusting his own countenance. "It's the way he talks and everything. When Moms wanted him to look at the gas he made all kinds of excuses. Said he hadn't got any overalls. Overalls!" Morton repeated disgustedly. "He's got on only about three pairs of pants, though. He's not doing anything down there, just lying around waiting for us to give him his supper, and every once in a while he lands one of the pipes a sock with the hammer to sound as if he was working. If it was me, I wouldn't stand for him a minute, but Pop!" He wagged his head resignedly and dismissed the subject; then, balancing on one foot, lightly kicked the pail with the other. "There y'are, Moms. Where do you want me to put it?"

"What is that bilge, anyhow?" Jack inquired, moved by curiosity.

Morton exhibited a justifiable indignation. "What d'you mean bilge? That's water—snow-water. I got Mrs. Casey to melt some up for us on her range. They're on coal; the house is just as warm. Casey says he's going to be comfortable, he doesn't care how much it costs."

Casey was the Saint Andrew's janitor;



Drawn by Frances Rogers

"WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? KEEP ON FREEZING?"

and while Jack meditated on this spirited declaration, wondering if the Bateses themselves had any coal or could afford to buy any, Morton repeated his question: "Where d'you want it, Moms?"

Mrs. Bates hesitated. "Why, I don't know—we'll have to cook something, we can't go without eating. But I don't believe there's enough there—" She hovered over the pail irresolutely. "Maizie dear, your face is a sight! And if your father is going to make that address to-night—it's only workingmen, to be sure, but he ought to be clean, anyhow—"

"It'll freeze again, if you don't look out," Morton reminded her, with a patient air.

"Might as well leave it here, anyhow. We can thaw it out when the plumber gets us fixed," said Maizie hopefully.

"All right!" Morton departed for the cellar without more ado. The episode reminded Jack of his earlier encounter, which he detailed to them with huge amusement. "You ought to have seen him! He had these things—" Jack outlined a pair of mutton-chop whiskers on his own smooth-shaven cheeks with fresh laughter—"and a real sporty pair of ear caps, bright red ones. He must live out there somewhere in Millionaires' Park, and here he was with his dinky, both of them sort of crimping their feet to get along on the ice with their pitchers—" He halted abruptly, taken aback to discover that Doctor Bates, whose presence he had all but forgotten, was looking at and listening to him. Mrs. Bates had left the room; and Maizie and he, not too far apart on the dusty, down-at-heel sofa, themselves sufficiently unkempt, resembled, for all the world, some couple from the doctor's favorite "masses" who had sought out the parsonage to get married! Moreover, when Doctor Bates spoke it was more to the point than would have been expected from his habitually absent speculative air.

"He mentioned Mr. Wardlaw? He is a very wealthy man. I cannot but

think a time like this of bodily discomfort is salutary discipline for men of their material outlook, their luxurious and inevitably selfish lives," he said, not without a severe satisfaction. "They need such discipline."

Something about this statement obscurely antagonized the younger man. Mr. Bates seemed alarmingly ready to launch into a discourse in his Workingman's Conclave style; but apart from that, Jack confusedly perceived what he took to be a fundamental injustice in the minister's point of view. "Well, I thought he was a pretty good old scout, helping the butler to pack water for the rest of 'em," he argued diffidently. "Some people wouldn't have done it. They'd have thought they paid the servants to wait on *them*. But he was pitching right in like anybody else, trying to help."

"Yes, as I was saying, these times bring it home to such men that we are all our brother's keeper, and that the goods of this world must be more evenly shared," said the Reverend Mr. Bates. "We cannot live for ourselves alone. We must help one another. It is well they should feel that solemn obligation sometimes, if only distantly and feebly."

He began to put the pages of his manuscript together while Jack sat looking at him with the strange sensation of having attempted to wrestle with a shadow, or run into a stone wall, the young man was not certain which. "Well, I—I thought he was a pretty good old scout," he murmured obstinately. All his desire to stand in—such was Jack's profane phrase—with Maizie's father could not bring him to subscribe to the spirit of these utterances; he could only wish that the doctor had not waked up in this uncomfortable way, but being waked, Doctor Bates seemed perversely disposed to stay awake.

"What is that, Maizie?" he asked glancing slightly at the snow-water; and being informed, remarked: "Yes, I recall Morton saying something about going to get water. Our supply is

frozen throughout the house," he added to Jack. "We have sent for the plumber."

"Jack knows. He offered to help." Maizie told him briskly. "The plumber's here now."

"Ah? It was very kind of him to come," said the divine, leaving some doubt about to whom this acknowledgment referred. At the moment there came a hesitant knock on the door, followed almost immediately by the not at all hesitant step and voice of Morton.

"Go on! It's all right!" he directed some one impatiently. The latch was fumblingly turned.

"I don't wish to intrude," intoned a melancholy voice. "On'y I feel my p'sition had ought to be explained. I believe in ev' thing open 'n' 'bove-board—" and with more dismal murmurings to the same effect, the speaker gradually edged himself into the room. He was a soiled and curiously faded-looking creature, unshaven, of indefinite age, fortified against the weather with what appeared to be several layers of garments; and by this last fact and certain vagaries of his features Jack at once identified him. Morton, hanging in the background, caught his eye with a grimace of mimicry that confirmed him; it was the unemployed. Doctor Bates, for his part, looked in mild inquiry; and in the brief pause subdued alarums and excursions became audible from the direction of the kitchen and basement.

"I don't wish to make trouble. We all got enough of that a'ready," said the new arrival mournfully. "On'y you gotta look out f'r yourself, and I can't take no chances not even if it means I gotta go without a bite to eat. I want to earn it same as any other man, but—" he made a noble gesture of renunciation—"if I can't, I can't, that's all! You know how it is. If they won't *let* me, what can *I* do?"

He paused upon this question with a manner of unhappy yet victorious conclusiveness; and indeed it proved unanswerable, for the entire speech baffled

understanding. Nobody knew what he could do, and the roomful stared blankly until Morton volunteered an illumination.

"He isn't in any union, see? And the plumber's a union man, see?"

There was another moment of silence while everybody endeavored to correlate these statements. "I don't understand," Doctor Bates said at length, laboriously.

"They can't work together, see?" said Morton; and maneuvering to the rear of the unemployed, he accompanied this explanation with a lightning flicker of his left eyelid which caused Jack Hammond, for one, to see perfectly. "As soon as he told the plumber he was non-union, the plumber said he couldn't work with him. And he's just crazy to work, just cra—"

The unemployed interposed hastily with symptoms of alarm. "I—I ain't saying I could do it, being it's two men's work, and it ain't my trade, and I got this here lame arm that's always worse weather like this. I don't want to give no wrong idea. But I could try like I says in th' beginning. I could try, but it ain't no use now," he said, dejection returning upon him overwhelmingly. "I guess I just gotta give up. Them unions won't leave you do nothing."

Doctor Bates listened with a painful straining of the mind to comprehend; the "p'sition" of this representative of the masses, however amusingly or annoyingly clear to the rest of the audience, offered to him a wholly novel and confusing problem nowhere dealt with in the catchword philosophies he studied so conscientiously. "'The unions won't let you do anything?'" he echoed. "But how can they prevent you?"

"That's just what I always says: it ain't right," said the unemployed gloomily. "But what can I do?"

As before, the question posed them all; its simplicity was masterly. And before any course of action could be suggested to him, the company was augmented by the rather hurrying and perturbed ar-

rival of Mrs. Bates and the plumber. Notwithstanding the unfavorable impression created by recent reports, the plumber had no appearance of being a dog-in-the-manger bully and despot; on the contrary, he looked like an honest and not ill-natured man trying to keep his temper in circumstances that tested it severely. The glance he cast at the other man reflected no animosity; and on his side, the dish-faced one (for he *was* dish-faced, Jack inwardly admitted, indorsing Morton's other views warmly) continued in his meek and persecuted attitude.

"William, the men say—" Mrs. Bates was beginning, when her husband spoke authoritatively.

"You are the plumber? Do I understand that you have refused to let this man work here in my house?"

"He wasn't working, Pop. You can't stop a man doing what he ain't!" Morton insinuated; a look from his mother silenced him.

The plumber cleared his throat. "Reverend, it's this way: I don't want to chisel no man outa no job," he declared earnestly. "I on'y come because you sent for a plumber. If you ruther have him than me, why, 's all right, suit yourself, on'y I gotta go back to th' office and explain to th' boss. A union's a union, ain't it? If it ain't, what's the good of it? They *gotta* have rules y' know. So what can I do?"

Again that question! But by this time Doctor Bates had reached some understanding of the point involved, and his perplexity was visibly dissolving into indignation. He got up, and spoke with energy, the color rising in his ordinarily serene face. "Do you actually tell me that your union forbids your letting this man, this brother, work with you because he does not belong to it? He is out of employment, cold, hungry, and you won't let him earn his bite of bread because of a union rule? Where is your manhood? Is it conceivable that you deliberately choose to live under such a tyranny in this free country?"

The plumber stood agape, manifestly a little alarmed. "My Lord! Reverend, he ain't my brother; I never seen him before," he said soothingly, recovering. "It's just like I'm telling you: I don't want to chisel no man outa no job. I got nothing to say about this guy working excep' I can't work with him, nor leave him help me. A union's a union, ain't it? They gotta have rules. But this here guy's welcome to this here job; he can work all he's a mind to. I just gotta go back to th' office and—"

"Never mind me, never mind!" interrupted the unemployed nervously. "That might get you in bad with th' boss—it—it would sure get you in bad, an' we all got trouble enough a'ready. It don't make no diff'rence about me. I'm used to it. I'll just be going—" In fact, he was drifting nearer to the door with every word, pardonably restive as the attention of the gathering focused on him. "I'll—I'll just be going—"

"Stop! You shall not go! Stop, I tell you!" Doctor Bates cried so imperatively that the unemployed did stop, though shifting his eyes, his feet, his whole body with movements of desperate uneasiness. The minister went on with increasing force. "I will not countenance, I will not permit this outrage on common justice, common humanity. You shall stay on the job, as you call it, you shall be given a decent chance, you—"

"Reverend, I'd—I'd just as soon go—I'd rather go!" quavered the unemployed, in a twitter. "I—I got this here lame arm—"

"But he doesn't know anything about fixing the furnace, William. Please!" Mrs. Bates expostulated. "We want it fixed. Please!"

The Reverend Mr. Bates heard nothing in the ardor of his championship. "You say you cannot work with a non-union man?" he challenged the plumber. "But you would have let this one help you!" He pointed to Jack triumphantly. "Why do you resort to this shameful device?"

"William, please—!"

"Oh, say, Mr. Bates—" Jack, began much troubled; he gave the plumber a look of appeal.

"Answer me!" shouted the clergyman.

The plumber answered, in a loud voice of determined patience, keeping his eyes fixed on a point somewhere beyond and above the other's head. "I don't know if this other guy's union or not. I didn't ask him, nor he didn't say. Any man can work alongside any other man so long's he minds his own business. Nobody ain't obligated to tell me they're union or they ain't union, and what I don't know won't hurt me." He wound up this exposition of a plain man's scheme of conduct with a statement to the effect that he didn't want to chisel no man outa no job. If the policy he outlined savored somewhat of whipping the devil round the stump, there was nevertheless an essential tolerance, an essential humanity at the base of it recognizable in varying degrees of clearness by everyone in the room with the single exception of Doctor Bates. He had the fatal regard for consistency characteristic of all his kind. After a moment of effort to grasp the other's meaning, and another moment of somberly contemplating its enormity, he spoke gravely, almost sorrowfully:

"You confess that to avoid trouble you will compromise with your principles. Young man, I believe, I *hope* you do not realize the extent and consequences of such an admission—all that it implies and leads to. You shackle yourself with the bonds of a—of—er—of an unnatural servitude, and then you seek to evade the results by an ignoble trick—"

"All right, all right, *all right!*" the plumber announced not too gently, beginning to back out of the door. "I just gotta tell th' boss, that's all! I on'y come because you sent for a plumber. 'F you got somebody else you want to put on th' job, why, suit yourself, I ain't got anything to do with it."

"No, no, we want *you!* Please, William, do let him stay, do let him keep on!" Mrs. Bates urged desperately. But the plumber was going—he was gone! Morton trailed after him; and there the rest stood, somehow discomfited by the silence falling suddenly on the turmoil. Even Doctor Bates looked discomfited, his oddly boyish, enthusiastic face clouding over; the echo of those rotund periods of his still hung in his ears, and whatever the reverend gentleman meant by them, he was not prepared for so immediate and practical a result.

"Now what are we going to do? Keep on freezing?" Maizie queried grimly. "What do you want us to do, Father?"

"Maizie, hush, dear!" her mother interposed; she too turned to Doctor Bates. "Well, William, you've—we've dismissed the plumber," she said with so gallant a cheerfulness as to move Jack Hammond with a kind of indignant admiration. "I'm afraid from what the other man says that he won't be able to—Why, where is he? I didn't see him go!"

It developed that none of them had seen him go; some time during Doctor Bates's oration or while he was occupied with the iniquities of the plumber, the unemployed must have unostentatiously removed himself from the room, if not the house. Jack sagely suspected the latter, but he said: "He's gone down cellar again, of course. Shall I get him, Doctor Bates? Do you want to speak to him again?"

"No, he was sufficiently reassured. He knows that I shall see justice done, that I shall protect him," said the divine confidently. "That was all he wanted. It is distressing to see a man so intimidated, so disheartened. But the poor fellow will be all right now." He sat down to his table once more, with a casual glance at Morton re-entering the room.

"Has the plumber gone?" Mrs. Bates asked in a strained voice.

"Yeh. I talked to him, but it didn't do any good. Of course, I couldn't say much," the boy said, shrugging philosophically. "He was pretty well worried anyhow."

"Where is the other?"

"The other? Old Dish-face, you mean? Oh, he's gone too! He went right after the plumber did."

The news surprised no one but Doctor Bates. "Gone?" he exclaimed incredulously. "But why? What for?"

"Felt tired, probably. Needed a rest," said Morton with sardonic dryness.

Doctor Bates sat bewildered. "But—but I told him—I assured him—" He pounced upon a suspicion. "The plumber must have—"

Morton interrupted brusquely with the advice to forget it! "I was right there all the time. The plumber didn't say a word to him. The plumber's got troubles of his own. His union would have soaked him a big fine if he'd worked with that fellow. Then first he gets bawled out for sticking to the union rules, then he gets bawled out for not sticking to 'em—"

"Morton!"

"Well, Moms, isn't that what Pop did? That's all I could make out, anyhow. What did you think he said?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Mrs. Bates wearily. She looked around the dingy, comfortless room, and all at once her brave spirit seemed to give way; her face trembled. "It's so cold and dirty. I am so tired of it!"

"Yes, it *is* cold," her husband assented absently, still laboring with the problem of the erratic behavior of the unemployed. He gave it up at last with a slight gesture acknowledging the necessity for making allowances. "Their habits of thought are always pathetically indirect. We cannot tell what may have influenced him, perhaps re-awakened pride, self-respect, dislike of accepting more from us in charity—who knows? It is touching how little it takes to help these unfortunates to their feet. The least show of human

interest, the least word to make them feel that somebody cares. Well, we did what we could for him." Doctor Bates settled to the typewriter again, contentedly.

Jack Hammond looked on and listened again conscious of helplessness. To the young man, there was something well-nigh monstrous about Doctor Bates's complacent conclusions; there he sat reciting platitudes while they all shivered. And who was benefiting by this piece of self-sacrifice? Why, nobody—not even the derelict for whose sake Doctor Bates had brought it on them. It was inconceivable that anyone could be at once so good-hearted and so wrong-headed. All very fine to preach human interest and helping one another, Jack said to himself impatiently, but the practical work in such crises as this and possibly in others more important was being done by side-whiskered old gentlemen lugging pitchers of water, by useful, energetic boys like Morton, by decent fellows like the plumber, by harassed and worn-out women like poor Mrs. Bates. They were the real "masses"; Doctor Bates and his Workingmen's Conclave and Dish-face did nothing and represented nothing. The fact was that Jack, who was only twenty-four years old, was confronting for the first time in his life the staggering truth that philanthropists and humanitarians of the doctor's stamp, for all their eager, generous, violent assumptions, are devoid of any actual or effective sense of responsibility.

"Here, let's go and fix that old grate," he said to Maizie with all the vivacity he could muster. "You just wait, Mrs. Bates, we'll round up all the grates, and build fires everywhere, and that'll take the edge off the cold anyhow!" He was afraid that she would break down and begin to cry in sheer disappointment and weariness; but now Morton took a hand in affairs with his usual display of executive ability.

"All right, you and Maizie go ahead with the grates, I'll be there directly,"

said he, and seized upon the pail of snow-water. "Well, Moms, you want this now, I guess. What you going to do? Have Pop wash his face or boil the potatoes for dinner?"

Mrs. Bates fell into the nearest chair in a burst of laughter; hysterical as it was, it reassured them all. She was herself again, light-hearted and courageous. "You're so businesslike, Morton, it's really wonderful! Why, we'll have to divide it, I suppose, and boil a little at a time on the oil stove if we can—"

"Of course you can! That thing throws out a good deal more heat than I thought it did at first. Don't you notice? I believe I'd better see if I can't get one for Mother," said Jack, bent on encouragement, but Morton hooted in derision.

"Heat? You can see your breath a foot away from it! Look!" He rounded his mouth on an exhalation. "Who-oosh! Whoo—" he breathed out, and mid-way halted in astonishment. "Why, no, you can't either!"

Such is the force of example that they all automatically whooshed in concert, and Maizie was just saying: "Why, it is warming up the place a little!" when

Morton flew over to the radiator; he laid a hand on it almost fearfully; he felt along the coils, raised an insane screech and dashed out of the room, through the house, helter-skelter down the cellar-stairs. And while the others stared in wild surmise like the famous group on Darien, they heard his jubilant whoopings from below. "*Eee-YAH!* She's blazing, she's blowing, she's just going it! Yi, yi, YI!" It was the truth! Against every human expectation, the gas had come back!

The short winter afternoon was drawing toward dusk as Jack, after a series of false starts, finally got under way for home. Maizie and he were to go skating that night; Morton was already out, care-free, exchanging snowballs with his clan; there were impromptu camps and bonfires everywhere, and people—on gas or coal in a happy equality—shouted comments on the glorious weather to one another as they passed. The Reverend Mr. Bates was probably the sole human being in the town unaffected by the welcome change in conditions, perhaps even unconscious of it; Jack, through the study door, caught a final glimpse of him, still writing.

COTTAGES IN ENGLAND

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

IT is of cottages that I would sing.
 Their mist-blue smoke still circles to the sky—
 And O! I pray Our Lady day and day
 That I may see them once before I die.

They stand on moors and down our little lanes,
 They cluster round the church and skirt the green—
 And I would greet their dwellers at the dusk
 To gossip of the things that I have seen.

Weary am I of stately palaces,
 Of soil that never knows the owner's hand.
 Give me a cottage, humble and obscure,
 With flowers that I have sown, on my own land.

ARE WE A HAPPY PEOPLE?

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE question wears an odd look. Idly scribbling it on the back of an envelope as a train bore me westward, I found myself uncomfortably disturbed by it. To inquire whether we of great, proud, free America are happy seemed an impudence, almost a profanation. I hastily scratched the question out with a guilty sense that I had committed an indefensible treason against the peace and dignity of the United States. Long journeys compel intensive thinking, and I found myself pondering very soberly the question that had so insolently intruded itself. From the car window I noted the bright flag of the stars waving from schoolhouses, and church steeples pointing heavenward, and motor cars dashing along highways between fields white for the harvest. I had made that same journey countless times but never before had I questioned the general joy of my fellow countrymen. Indeed, I had always experienced a certain satisfaction and elation of spirit in traveling anywhere in America. With such small talents as I possess, I had been a booster for the provinces, a defender of Main Street, and hardly less valiant in upholding against despairing moral uplifters the felicities of Broadway when the lights are bright. In short, I had regarded myself as a pretty cheerful and sanguine specimen of the patriotic American, hastening home on occasion from other lands with a grateful sense that I was returning to God's country.

Are we then, really, a happy people? It was absurd that the question should impinge so sharply upon my consciousness. It haunted impudently the cellars of my subconsciousness while I slept, and I awoke to find that the initial question had so multiplied itself that a

hundred little fiends in the shape of interrogation points were dancing mockingly through my head. Not since as an anæmic and timorous boy I had worried myself far toward brain fever with speculations as to the primary cause of all things, had I been so perturbed.

I summoned history to my aid as I went to the dining car for breakfast. Broadly considered, happiness has been the main quest of mankind; the search for it is the burden of all history. Greed and vengeance have played their part to be sure; but even there the ruthless powers resorted to violence only because this was the only way they could be amused. Behind every resistance to tyranny and every faith that has touched the imagination of man, there has been the hope and the promise of felicity. Every important political idea has promised, more or less directly, greater happiness. Under the solemn pontifications of party platforms there is the assurance that if only the people will support a certain group of declarations the happiness of the nation will be enormously enhanced. Great numbers of people have, within easy memory, manifested their confidence in the idea that a dollar split in two would become, to all intents and purposes, two dollars. The incredulous—unhappy, because they couldn't believe this legerdemain possible—caused Mr. Bryan to be thrice defeated for the presidency. Even in a democracy it is impossible for all the people to be happy more than half the time. In my own state, the much-lettered Hoosier commonwealth, where there is no point of rest in politics, the minority finds joy only in the blunders and misfortunes of the majority. No victorious candidate is long permitted

to strut in pride. By the time he has appointed the cuspidor cleaners and mopslingers and otherwise attempted to satisfy his deserving fellow partisans, he finds himself the target of so much envy, hatred and malice that he derives no delight from his job. He is grieved to learn that he is a crook and a black-guard and, if he is a sensitive being, he is likely to steal into his back yard at midnight and bury such ideals as he stupidly carried with him into politics.

My reflections upon history, ancient and modern, brought me up sharply against the Declaration of Independence. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," gave me momentary consolation, but I choked on that qualifying "pursuit." Why pursue a thing you are supposed to be born with and enjoy to the end of your days? I was sorry I had thought of the Declaration of Independence, particularly when it suggested the Constitution and the Amendments thereto, which ought to be, if they are not, a guarantee of happiness. When I tried to specify my bodily needs on the order blank I began to write, "Are we a happy people?"—when I really meant to set down coffee, ham and eggs. I wished to ask the efficient negro waiter whether he, as an American citizen, duly recognized as such in a pendant to the Constitution I was taught to revere, had realized the happiness to which he was entitled; but I refrained. I had not the heart to put the question, remembering that I, his Caucasian brother, had done, and probably, through sheer cowardice, would continue to do, precious little to widen his opportunities for attaining the happiness to be derived only from a sense of the justice and good will of one's neighbors. My appetite was so spoiled by the reflection that a man's eligibility for happiness can be determined by the chance of race or color that I felt like apologizing to the waiter for accepting his intelligent and courteous service.

Later in the day, as I passed through the dining car and found the crew "get-

ting a little harmony" as they reset the tables, I said to myself: These men, denied as they incontrovertibly are, anything beyond the mildest approximation of the guarantees of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and viewed with distrust and animosity the minute they attempt to do anything nobler than contribute to the ease and comfort of the lordly white, nevertheless do find a certain happiness. As races have served other races in an apprenticeship, learning from their masters the arts that were in turn to serve them, so may the negro be biding his time until, developed in the hard school of servitude, he takes his place as one of the great world races and joy-rides in the chariots of Pharaoh.

But this was silly. I wondered whether the vicious banging of the car at Pittsburgh had not loosened a complex in my already erratic brain. But when I sought the club car and looked down the aisle at the gloomy countenances of my fellow travelers, I questioned seriously whether the black men really haven't the best of it. Mirth and melody bubble in their souls, in spite of the fact that in certain areas of the republic they are effectually disfranchized, and in all others with which I enjoy familiarity, find themselves excluded as "damned niggers" from all places of popular assemblage—even from places where members of their own race provide the entertainment! Man, I reflected, is not after all a reasoning animal, with a passion for generosity and justice; he is merely a prejudice on two legs.

It is always a disagreeable experience to find oneself a prey to doubt. We like to believe ourselves positive characters, firmly planted on solid Gibaltars of unassailable opinions deduced by sound reasoning. Once we begin pondering what we aim at and what we achieve in our national life, we find ourselves contemplating a declining barometer. Are we not, we who call ourselves American, filled with joy at the thought of our supremacy among the nations?

Are there not, everywhere visible, incontrovertible evidences that we dwell together in a unity that is even as precious ointment upon the head or as the dew of Hermon and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion?

I do not find these evidences of happiness so insistently present as they should be if we are to be exhibited to the rest of the world as a sample of what democracy offers to mankind. We are by nature prone to experiment, and little affected by experience. Heirs of the wisdom of all the ages, we nevertheless catch at any new political device, comforting ourselves with the idea that there is something noble and courageous in the frequently heard declaration that we are willing to try anything once. It would seem that in perfecting the machinery of government, in choosing administrators of public office of the highest talent, we should find the greatest pride. It might even be assumed that the ablest men we produce would accept positions of small honor and slight emolument, merely for the satisfaction to be derived from doing a job well. It can hardly be pretended that this is the case. Once let a man of the first order present himself for an office, and he is the target for innumerable arrows. It has been my lot to know something of politics and to enjoy the acquaintance and sometimes the friendship of men who attained positions of dignity in their communities or in the nation, and their experiences have not been heartening to those who seek the best that can be got from popular government. Once I happened to call on the governor of a state who had just been advised of the malfeasance of an important official in his own party. The culprit had been to see him and had begged on his knees for mercy. The governor, still shaken by the revelation, struck his fist upon his desk and exclaimed: "It was the ambition of my life to hold this office, but, by God, I'd be a happier man if I'd been defeated!"

Even on days when the skies are high and I take an optimistic view of

the future of the race, I am distressed by a certain grimness in the faces of the people I encounter. Evidences of gayety are hard to find. In those places in our large cities where dancing is permitted and alcoholic refreshment is tolerated, it is astonishing that so few of the patrons manifest any joy in the proceedings. The men and women huddled about the tables look as if they had heard evil tidings, and when they address themselves to dancing it is with an air of determination, as though they had resigned themselves to a harsh fate and meant to go through with it if it killed them. The muse of comedy is hard put to awaken mirth in the theater. Now and then a satiric comedy scores a hit on the American stage, but, generally speaking, we prefer those entertainments with music where the comedy provided lays no heavy tax on the intelligence. The average theater audience seems to have sternly resolved to respond only with the greatest reluctance to the efforts of the players. Vaudeville audiences are, I think, the most discriminating of all. The cheerfulest people I see in the course of a year are those who patronize the offerings of the twice-daily houses. And there are funny films, of course, but one must usually suffer the untold agonies of a machine-made serious drama before the comedy relief is turned on. We have the greatest desire to be happy, but happiness is not, apparently, our inalienable heritage as children of democracy.

In a retrospective mood I wonder whether there are as many incentives to laughter these days as there were twenty-five years ago. Of one thing I am sure, and that is that in the typical American community where I have spent my life, humor is less evident than it used to be. There are fewer wits and story tellers in my town than formerly. I fear mine own Hoosier people do not laugh quite as readily as they once did. Perhaps the quicker pace of life, and fear of a reprimand from the temperamental traffic cop, kill mirth in the

soul of the citizen who in other days halted you in the middle of the street to tell you a story. I find that representatives of the new generation look at me with grieved surprise when I attempt to describe the plays of Mr. Charles Hoyt. I am warned even by my contemporaries that those farces would fall flat if produced now; and after joyfully rushing to see the revivals of "Erminie" and "Floradora," I must admit that fashions in humor do change and that it is extremely hazardous to brag to the young about plays we once thought side-splittingly funny. I might revert also to a time not so remote when a considerable number of weekly journals presented the writings of widely quoted funny men who were national figures, subordinate of course to Mark Twain, from whom perhaps in some degree they derived their inspiration. Even in Congress there appeared occasionally a member who could make the country laugh for a day. But I know as well as another that the loud guffaw does not necessarily indicate true and abiding happiness.

Happiness connotes contentment, so that my troublesome question might be altered to read: Are we then really a contented people? This established, I may blunder on toward the real purpose of my inquiry, which is much more serious than would at first appear. I am as one who, having climbed into a pulpit in a strange church, is so embarrassed by his surroundings that he stammeringly makes several false starts before jumping into his message. I beg to be indulged if I gather up, only to drop again, threads not essential to my design. . . .

Methods of lightening the burdens of life have increased tremendously. Domestic labor, for one thing, has been vastly simplified. The delicatessen shop has brought leisure to the housewife and indigestion to the husband. With the materials for supper just around the corner, it is possible to linger longer at the bridge table. Housekeeping may be done quite satisfactorily by telephone.

The gas range and the electric cooker make it unnecessary to curtail Johnny's play hours that he may enjoy the discipline of chopping kindling and filling the coal bin. Remembering what a nuisance oil lamps were—the danger of upsetting; their uninspiring bouquet, the perversity with which the chimneys smoked and cracked—I rejoice that the women of these times are emancipated from the disagreeable business of caring for them. At this point it must be apparent to the discerning reader that these reflections might easily be turned into a lament over the transfer of a vast amount of labor once requiring man power to inanimate machinery. But I refuse to enter the lists against the gods of change. In the current phrase, "I am strong for" anything that diminishes the terrors and rigors and sorrows of life. I would take from no inventor his joy in perfecting a device that will do effectually something which had previously required a human hand. The matter of finding another job for the hand thus freed raises a question not pertinent to this discussion; or if it is germane, I pass it jauntily by. Once we wander into the arid wastes of social and political science, we are likely to lose all sense of spiritual values—a deplorable thing. If pressed for an answer to the question whether we must not solve pressing social and economic problems before the American countenance registers, proclaims, and indicates happiness, I shall reply firmly in the negative. If it is not in us to be happy under present conditions, the redistribution of wealth and the complete revision of existing laws would not assist a particle.

It is the way of all who torture themselves by trying to solve the riddles of existence to seek the causes of real or imaginary perils, and I am not without my weakness in this particular. If happiness is not everywhere present; if the atmosphere in which we live is not aquiver with joy I should be spattering ink in vain if I lacked the courage or fortitude to probe for the cause. It is

a common habit to lay the blame for disturbed social conditions upon obvious and important phenomena, and consequently much is written and said about the pernicious influence of our present-day amusements, the baneful effect of the automobile upon morality, the liberty enjoyed by a generation deprived of the old checks and safeguards. A year ago in these pages I touched upon these matters in an attempt to remove from the young men and women of to-day the responsibility often and ungenerously laid upon their shoulders for every manner of evil; and nothing has occurred to change my conclusions.

There are no signs apparent of an abatement of the general restlessness. The great war is now rapidly receding; we have reached a stage where it already begins to grow dim in the haze of distance, a monstrous thing, vast in its pathos, which many of us at times fear proved and established nothing, so unstable seem the hard-won gains. We were told at the beginning of the conflict that one of the compensations for its frightfulness was bound to be a great spiritual awakening. This did not, however, prove to be the case; at least I am unaware of any impressive and outstanding evidence of it in America or anywhere else in the world. Neither do I believe that to the war may justly be attributed the lowering of moral standards so generally complained of just now, or the lessening hold of religion upon the popular imagination. The beginnings of these changes were evident to attentive observers long ago—at least, I should say, a quarter of a century ago. But by indirection the greatest of wars is having its effect upon the spirit of man. The stupid futility of a resort to violence in the settlement of disputes, now that we are bewilderedly reckoning the cost of those red years, is troubling the consciences of men and of nations. If we are not seeking a nobler way of life with all the humility and earnestness that could be desired, never-

theless a great and increasing number of people are anxious to eliminate terror and bloodshed from the possibilities of the future. Every device of torture and death binds us to the cave and the club. It is through material losses resulting from the war rather than from the horror of war itself that we seem ready to make a tangential approach at least, to a purer vision of international relationships. Truly, man does not live by bread alone, and when the bread is hard to get he is quite likely to consider ways of escape from the forces and processes by which his plate was emptied.

We need not quarrel with the necessity which impels man to seek higher ground. Let it suffice that, from the fret and turmoil of our complex existence, there does in these days appear to issue a cry for help. Great numbers of people feel a need for something not in themselves that will serve as a refuge and strength.

Wistfully as I may hark back to the great names that were potent in my youth, I am aware that they never again can exercise their old spell. It has been hammered in upon us constantly that the intensive life is the great thing—"one crowded hour of glorious life"—far likelier to bring felicity than the more deliberate and assured building with the true materials of happiness. But I find myself fingering affectionately those old coins passed along by poor wights who really believed, in their respective periods, that the world was too much with them; that, frantically making and spending, men were laying waste their powers without hope of replenishment. We are all fearful of being caught with "old stuff" in our pockets. Reluctant as we may be to believe it, our century so far has been barren of prophets and bards endowed with the vision and the faculty divine. Instead of continuing this meditation in my own fashion, I feel strongly moved to conclude at once by appending a dozen quotations that express what I want to say with a noble eloquence; but I fear

the result. The prejudice against such remote thinkers as Isaiah and Plato, Wordsworth, Newman and Emerson is too strong! There is no reason why, in my anxiety to save civilization, I should risk being stoned to death by our impious young bolsheviki cynics whose spiritual firmament is illumined only by the electric signs of Broadway.

However, it is perhaps not so bad a thing that, with fewer challenging voices to warn and cheer, there may be many who seek a better way of living, though they find difficulty in establishing communication with one another. The scolding voice of Carlyle would avail little in these days—and we know that Carlyle was wrong about many things; it is a question whether a new Emerson would so readily be enthroned with the prophets if he were to rise among us. The world will not mark time and it will not go back. Those who would rouse man to nobler thinking and finer action must accommodate themselves to inevitable change—must indeed learn to speak to restless, moving crowds.

It would appear that we have lost out of America the spiritual passion that brought to our forebears peace, security, and happiness—that fine ardor which sustained the pioneer who dared the wilderness and that moral passion which animated the men and women who saw “the glory of the coming of the Lord” through the antislavery struggle. There were flashes of this on our entrance into the greatest of wars; and I am of those who believe that time will do justice to the high mood in which President Wilson offered his League of Nations program.

Just what is it, then, with which we now chiefly concern ourselves? Little beyond the strengthening of our position as a nation in material things. There was never so marked a paucity of either political or spiritual leadership in America as now. Even the priests of the brass gods of materialism serve their altars ignorantly and stupidly. It is almost inconceivable that we are so submissive

and content with government by the second rate; that “little chattering daws of men” merely peck curiously at great matters, without the enlightenment, the foresight, or the courage to stand squarely for any definite thing or to fashion any comprehensive program designed to establish concord in the industrial world. As to fuel and transportation, so vital to prosperity, we are increasingly confronted by the most serious crises. It would seem that after so many of these experiences someone would offer a solution of the problem which would assure a long period of tranquillity, if not a permanent peace. Neither capital nor labor has any great spokesman whose voice commands general respect and attention. There is no member of Congress in either branch who can instantly challenge the nation’s interest through confidence in his sanity, wisdom, and disinterestedness.

We witness periodically lively debates as to what’s the matter with the churches. Many insist that there is nothing wrong with them; that the trouble is with erring and willful man. But the fact remains that if man—“the average sensual man”—prefers to remain outside the church it must be because he fails to find in organized religion something that he greatly needs—something, indeed, the lack of which is giving him serious concern. Discussions of the authenticity of the scriptures; moot points of textual criticism and speculations as to the trustworthiness of the stories of miracles are of no interest to him. And we have overworked a good deal the idea that the church must increase its efficiency and prove its worth in good works if it would meet its duty and its opportunity. Efforts to make the church a social center have frequently failed, chiefly because the church is obliged to compete with other agencies better equipped to do the work. A minister with whom I discussed these matters several years ago confessed that his own experiments with socialization had failed, and that in the

future he meant to concentrate upon an attempt to make of his church an inspirational center through the preaching of Christ's gospel. At the time I thought him a reactionary, but in my later cogitations I have reached the conclusion that he was right. The great need of mankind is the cultivation of the inner spirit, and the strengthening of the power of dissociation from the gross and material. For, after all, the bodies of men are not so badly cared for; the gains in this particular have been enormous. It is the spirit of man that presents the more serious problem. Education has so strengthened individualism that it is no longer possible to prescribe for large groups, or practice forced feeding upon the spiritually hungry.

It is in keeping with the spirit of the time that we demand something new, and to nothing do we lend a more attentive ear than to new interpretations or applications of the old religion. I have heard men say that their business affairs had never been so prosperous as since they embraced Christian Science. Such declarations leave me numb and unable to escape from a feeling that there is something a little gross in the idea of conforming to a faith for the material benefit to be derived from it. That faith and hope are all-potent and will even work miracles in the possessor cannot be gainsaid; but I prefer not to believe that my neighbor is appraising his religious benefits with an eye upon a balance sheet. I am not noting these as typical instances or as the basis for an indictment of that impressively large body of persons who find help in Christian Science or kindred cults. On the other hand, there is something reassuring in the knowledge that so many who have had no previous experience of religion are feeling and satisfying a need for "something" which hands cannot touch or eyes see. The knowledge which recently came to me that numbers of young business girls ask their friends—sometimes over the telephone—to "hold a thought" for them seems to me

a very pretty thing—a new manner of prayer, broadcasted in the fashion of a radio message!

It is a singular thing that at a time when we are prone to believe that science has destroyed our capacity for accepting the supernatural, many of us, often unconsciously, find ourselves ranging the infinite for even more wondrous things than we have known. The idea that we shall arrive eventually at a blank wall and sink down and perish is repugnant and hateful to most of us. We value ourselves more highly than that. In the secret recesses of man's heart it is difficult for him to believe that he is to be cast as rubbish to the void.

I have been struck during the past two years by the number of men, many of them possessing scant culture as such things are reckoned, who have in unpremeditated conversation touched upon the need of a belief of some kind. The other morning I met an old friend—one of the most practical-minded men I know, whom I had never associated with the thought of religion as the term is commonly employed. He was looking unusually well, and I knew that the conditions of his life were in every way fortunate. We stood on a busy corner for some time, and a remark of mine as to the troubled state of the world caused him to say, very soberly: "We can be sure life isn't all right here on the pavement. There's something more than this—something working all the time to make things better."

The look in his face as he turned away haunted me all day. . . . *Sat est virisse*. No; it's not enough to have lived. It is in trying to be content in the belief that the earth is all-sufficient that we find ourselves drifting on the rockbound coasts of materialism.

The mystical strain in man's blood persists. We are eager to believe in signs and wonders; science, it might almost be said, has only set higher goals for our credulity. Living as we do between two mysteries, it is inevitable that we speculate as to the nature of the

doors by which we effect our entrance and exit. In great or less degree we are all mystics. The scientist, intent upon his microscope, is not so widely separated from some brooding spirit who in a monastery cell peers into the infinite. In the course of my life I have heard but one man say flatly that he believed there is nothing beyond this life; which is not to say that I have not known many agnostics and others who accepted Christianity only with reservations. It is the commonest of experiences to "look before and after and pine for what is not"—to seek escape from those temporal things which may be seen and explore the unknown for those unseen things which Paul pronounced to be eternal. The highest happiness is not in what we have, but in what we hope to attain. My interest centers upon that very large—perhaps a preponderating number of human beings—who are carried on the books of no church, who are mistrustful of all organized religion, but who are, it may be said, intuitionists in spiritual things. They want "something"; they feel there must be—"something." It is unfortunate that there are so few guides and helps for their stimulus and that, often through sheer diffidence—and there is nothing as to which we are so secretive and sensitive as to the questionings of the soul—they walk through the world as strangers, fortunate if they ever find understanding.

The pathologist does not wholly explain those moods, the experience of many of us, in which nothing seems substantial or real, and we struggle with a vague but insistent consciousness of influences and powers that puzzle and bewilder us. Most of us keep such matters to ourselves as something precious and likely to be spoiled by analysis or exposure to discussion. And here again we are confronted by the desire of our souls to believe there is—"something."

Self-reliance has its limitations. We may strut and brag but we are not so sure of ourselves. Henley's outburst of

gratitude to whatever gods there be for his unconquerable soul does not, in a sober hour, impress me as a declaration of high courage but as a bit of swaggering bravado. The soul is not only conquerable but it is an extremely vulnerable contrivance. Man is not the master of his fate, but in a very large degree the victim or the beneficiary of circumstances over which he has precious little control. Thus it is that we never wholly escape from a sense that forces beyond our bourne of Time and Place govern human destiny.

Preoccupation with the material, the glorification of efficiency, the worship of magnitude, are not sufficient to make us a happy people. The augmentation of size and numbers only increases the burden we are laying upon our successors of establishing America in the world's eyes as a land of serenity and contentment, attentive to the cultivation of that spiritual grace which does, little as we may like to believe it, make for national greatness.

How the inner spark may be fostered and enkindled is a matter of immediate concern to all who truly love and would serve America. What part the churches of our fathers are to play in this, or whether new agencies must be devised to assist man in his gropings for things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report—what part organized religion as we now know it may have in leading man in his gropings for these things opens a wide field for speculation. The old popular conceptions of a Supreme Deity have undergone great changes; nor may we ignore the increasing impatience of creeds and dogmatic theology; but man has not yet done with God. Certain it is that in the "something" which the Hebrews deified as the Eternal who loved righteousness, and which illumined the world through the precept and example, "the sweet reasonableness" of Jesus, lies man's surest hope of happiness; and not lightly will he relinquish it.

Royance and, above all, Honora to act like fools. So, while she exchanged commonplaces with Mrs. Royance, she watched with unconcealed disapproval the other two.

They did not seem to have much to say to each other. Royance, leaning back languidly at one end of the couch, drank his stiff whiskey and water, and gazed with evident pleasure at the widespread prospect—the deep leafy valley with the river winding through, the ranges of low hills beyond, the distant mountain peaks, all wrapped now in a bluish heat-haze. Honora, curled up in her corner, sipped clear scalding tea and said a word or two occasionally, addressed to the whole company, as were her sparkling glances also. She looked happy and full of life; her peculiar charm was thrown out like a net, not over Royance alone. When Honora wished to please, no one could resist her. Mrs. Royance looked at her with a quiet recognition, an almost impersonal brooding look. And even Mrs. Rawlins admitted to herself that Honora was strangely attractive, in an outlandish way, when she wanted to be; it was impossible to deny it. With a glance, a word, she could create an atmosphere of seductive interest. All the worse, since she made no real use of it. Here she was, now, wasting it on a mere artist, and not a distinguished one, at that. . . .

Royance turned from the landscape finally and looked up at the façade of the house, in low lines and warm white plaster.

"Like it?" asked Honora lightly.

He shook his head.

"It doesn't belong, doesn't join on, looks as if it had been dropped by accident. What belongs here are those old frame or brick houses—saw lots of them on the way up."

"Oh, yes—think how you'd swelter in them on a day like this. This house is comfortable—no nasty paper and only the minimum of wood. All white inside and out."

"So is a hospital," said he. Then he looked at Honora and smiled. "I don't mean it isn't very nice and pleasant, but I shouldn't call it beautiful, you know. A house ought to fit into the landscape, and this sticks out, you see it from everywhere about, can't get away from it. It ought to be hidden in trees. Just a glimpse of it over a high wall, between cypress and stone-pine. . . . And houses like this are no good when they're new. I like them in Italy when they're aged. But this house won't age; it will crumble in twenty or thirty years. I know how they build them—expensive architect, cheap brick and so on."

"I hate old houses," said Honora calmly. "Each generation ought to build its own houses, and then—let them crumble. The house I took in Italy had four hundred years of old dead memories in it—so thick they'd smother you. I like everything new and fresh and clean."

Royance smiled again, looking curiously at her.

His long slim figure, the shape of his head, his thick close-clipped chestnut hair, were boyish almost. But his face looked worn, for all its youth; the narrow blue eyes too vivid, with a seared look about the temples; the finely cut lips too pale. His physical aspect was one of great delicacy, sensitivity—vital but with something hindered, broken, in its brightness, with a suggestion of recklessness, of violence, somewhere—but all subtle and fine. Beside him Honora looked immensely ponderable, tangible.

With her brilliant willful eyes upon him, she said:

"There's a thunderstorm coming up. Would you like to see the garden before it breaks, or would you rather go up now?"

She turned to include Mrs. Royance, who said gently:

"I think I'll go and rest—the heat has tired me rather."

In fact she was looking white, almost haggard.

"Yes, dinner at eight," said Honora.



"YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, MOTHER. WHY SHOULDN'T I?"

"Ring for Assunta when you want her. Mother, you'd better rest, too."

"Thanks, I shall," said Mrs. Rawlins tartly.

They all went into the hall, and Royance said:

"I'll just go up and see Marcia comfortable, and then let's have a look at the garden before the storm."

Honora nodded and watched him, with his arm under his wife's, aid her slow ascent. Mrs. Rawlins, when they had gone up, gave a sigh of relief.

"I hope you've got some other people for to-night," she said.

"Oh, yes, several, and the Bicknells come to-morrow, so it won't be so bad for you."

"That woman looks ill. I don't see why she wanted to come at all. I wouldn't in her place."

"I guess she wanted to," said Honora indifferently, and she strolled out to wait for Royance in the loggia.

Mrs. Rawlins, longing to be upstairs and get into a loose gown, yet stood there looking at Honora's figure against the darkening sky. The air was close, stifling. Lightning flashed in the black clouds to the west.

"You'd better not go out, you'll get drenched," she called.

But just then Royance came running down the stairs like a boy and passed her with a slight bow. He joined Honora and they went together out across the terrace, down the steps.

From her window Mrs. Rawlins could see them sauntering along an alley, then down more steps, for the garden was terraced on the side of the hill; and finally they sat down upon a stone bench.

She wondered angrily, what possessed Honora anyway? There was something the matter with that girl; she was queer, like her father before her, always doing something unreasonable. The people

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she liked. . . . They were queer too, and her whole idea of life. It wasn't life at all, as M. S. Rawlins understood it. There was nothing orderly or estimable or cumulative about it. Honora was a rolling stone, and seemed to gather nothing except undesirable experiences. She did not accumulate money, on the contrary, she spent all she could lay her hands on. Nor had she achieved social distinction; she didn't care about it and preferred to associate with nobodies—people without even good manners or good clothes, sloppy people. . . .

And this latest adventure—this was worst of all. It displeased Mrs. Rawlins in every possible way. Not only was it immoral and mean—to set out deliberately to carry off that man from his poor helpless wife—but there was no conceivable profit in it.

It occurred to her that Mrs. Royance might be put upon her guard, if she were not already aware of danger. Of course, she must have seen what was going on, but not knowing Honora, didn't realize how serious it was. She might think it only a flirtation. But Honora never flirted. When really interested in a man, as she was in this one, she was always bound to marry him. Nothing less would do. . . . Yes, thought Mrs. Rawlins grimly, it would be just as well to explain this to Mrs. Royance. She might have some means of self-defense . . . though, to tell the truth, the situation looked pretty hopeless.

Those two sat there on the bench till the black storm-cloud swept up and split above them with a blinding crash and the rain poured down. . . .

To make her garden Honora had transplanted everything that could be moved, even full-grown trees; she could not wait for the slow sure growths of time. Now she was bent on a more audacious project—to transfer a man's life, already matured, perhaps deep-rooted, to her own domain.

That night she was radiant, and had even "dressed" in silver tissue with a

green-jeweled band round her head. She was no more talkative than usual, but glowed at the head of the table, gave her guests a good dinner and plenty of champagne, and let them amuse themselves.

Her small dining room held twelve comfortably, and that number accordingly sat about the narrow table bare of napery and reflecting in its black polished surface dull gleams of silver and colors of Venice glass. Mrs. Royance appeared in black tulle and Mrs. Rawlins in mauve. The other women were gayly dressed as became the wives of men sure of public favor.

Mrs. Rawlins felt at ease with these people. They talked shop somewhat but in a jesting manner, and they could talk stocks, sports, and scandal also. They were what she recognized as sensible people, and if they wrote or painted, took care to get something substantial out of it. They amused her, and she knew she could get a table of bridge after dinner. So she looked good-humored, though she had Honora, with Royance sitting at her right hand, in mind, and felt obliged to watch them. They were somehow conspicuous even though they did nothing but exchange occasional glances which indicated that they shared some private source of entertainment. . . . Royance and his wife certainly did not contribute much to the public stock of that article; except that Royance was flirting with the very pretty woman on his other side, and Mrs. Royance, being paired with the only bore present, listened attentively to him and prevented him from boring anybody else.

Toward the end of dinner, Mrs. Royance began to watch her husband; he had been drinking steadily and showed it, though not unpleasantly. In fact, excitement—cause perhaps rather than effect of his drinking—made him more attractive, even to Mrs. Rawlins' eye; burned up that languor which she disliked in his manner. He was a brilliant-looking creature, she admitted

to herself. But no reasonable woman would want to marry a man for his looks. Mrs. Royance had, perhaps; but if so, she now had reason to regret it. And Honora—yes, Honora might do that or anything else unreasonable. . . .

They went out to the loggia for coffee. Then Mrs. Rawlins made up her bridge-table and resolutely dismissed everything else from her mind. The others stayed outside; the storm had swept the sky clear, and the moon was shining in clear pellucid air.

It was midnight when the dinner-guests departed in a body; and Mrs. Rawlins, exchanging perfunctory remarks with Mrs. Royance in the hall, waited for Honora and Royance to come in from the portico. But they did not return. Vittorio, the Italian, was putting out the lights in the rooms beyond. Mrs. Rawlins went out and called Honora; there was no answer.

Coming back, she found Mrs. Royance starting slowly upstairs, and following her, said, in a voice unsteady with emotion and peremptory:

"I'd like very much to talk to you. . . . Do you mind coming in to my room for a few minutes?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Royance. "I'll come with pleasure."

Mrs. Rawlins plunged angrily into her subject.

"I don't want you to think that I back up my daughter or approve of the way she's acting. I've told her exactly what I think of it. But Honora has never paid any attention to what other people think. Even as a child she was hard to manage, and now she's impossible. All she thinks about is to do exactly as she wants, no matter what the consequences are, to herself or others."

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Mrs. Royance listened to this exordium with attention, looking quite unmoved. She sat with her hands folded quietly, relaxed and pensive.

"It's very kind of you to want to talk to me about it," she said gravely. "Of course I know they are behaving—unconventionally. But I don't believe you need be seriously worried."

"But I am!" cried Mrs. Rawlins. "And so would you be, if you understood Honora. She isn't flirting with your husband, she's in love with him, infatuated!"

"Well, plenty of others have been, too," said Mrs. Royance with a reflective smile. "He's a very attractive man."

"But don't you see that he's in love with her—at least, if I know the signs, and I think I do!"

"Oh, he is," agreed Mrs. Royance. "Not a doubt of it."

Mrs. Rawlins gazed in stupefaction at that quiet low-voiced woman, who



HONORA WAITED IN THE LOGGIA

showed no disturbance, though she was serious enough as she added:

"He's been in love with others, too. It's quite natural."

"Perhaps you want to get rid of him," suggested Mrs. Rawlins blankly.

"No. He's what I live for. If he left me I shouldn't have any particular reason for living."

"Well, then, I can tell you that Honora is determined he *shall* leave you."

"Oh, is she? . . . I thought it quite likely. She looks like a very willful person."

"Well, she is! Honora wouldn't stop at anything to get what she wants, I'm sorry to have to say it, but it's true."

"I don't doubt it. But, you see, that isn't the point. The point is, what *he* wants. She could hardly carry him off against his will, could she?"

"I don't know! She's really a dangerous person. . . . I've seen things. . . . And you say he's in love with her?"

"Oh, yes. You can hardly blame him. She is quite extraordinary. I can realize her charm, especially for a person like Charles. She appreciates him, and understands him—up to a certain point."

"Well, what point?"

"Where I come in," said Mrs. Royance with a sudden smile that irradiated her face. "She doesn't know what use I am to him."

"No, she doesn't know that. I don't think she's considered it."

"Well, she wouldn't, unless she knew him much better than she does. She would just think us a very ill-assorted couple. Certainly we are, superficially."

"She thinks," pursued Mrs. Rawlins grimly, "that he's unhappy."

"'Cribb'd, cabin'd and confined'," suggested Mrs. Royance smiling, "Well, he is unhappy a good deal—but not because of me. He knows that he's perfectly free, so far as I am concerned."

"Free?"

"As much as anybody can be. He's free to make love to anybody he likes, and even to drink too much, though

that's bad for him. And if he ever wanted to leave me, I shouldn't put out a hand to stop him."

"What's he unhappy about then?" demanded Mrs. Rawlins.

"It's his temperament to be," said Mrs. Royance meditatively. "He's too much mixed up, inside himself. He has too many conflicting impulses, and each one has a string to it, so every time he starts anywhere he gets pulled back."

Mrs. Rawlins listened to this impatiently and even with scorn; yet a dawning respect for the calm personality before her softened somewhat her comment.

"Doesn't know his own mind, eh?" she inquired crisply.

"He knows it but he doesn't trust it too far," said Mrs. Royance. "He has to have something outside himself to trust. So he trusts me."

"Must be rather hard on you," observed Mrs. Rawlins dryly.

"Yes, at times. But I knew what it would be when I married him. I was willing to pay the price. It was worth it, to me," she said softly.

"You're very fond of him, then."

"I'd do anything for him. *Anything*," said Mrs. Royance. "Even give him up, if necessary. And he knows it."

"No, you oughtn't to do that," said Mrs. Rawlins with reawakened alarm. "I'm sure you can make him happier than anyone else could, and you ought not to—"

"Don't be worried. You see, he thinks that too."

"Thinks what?"

"That he's better off with me. He knows he is . . . and he's quite wise, in some ways. He's rather canny, Charles is, for all his reckless ways."

Mrs. Rawlins pondered this for some moments, then she cried with sudden indignation:

"Do you mean he's just playing with Honora, leading her on to make a fool of herself while he doesn't mean anything? . . . She's serious—she plans to marry him!"

"Well, she had better ask him and see what he says!"

For the first time Mrs. Royance's gray eyes flashed and her tone had an edge. But at once she became calm again.

"No, you mustn't think that of him. He's serious, too, so far as he goes—and he'll go as far as she'll let him, perhaps. Only I don't think he'll leave me to marry her. Charles really isn't the marrying sort."

"I suppose these are modern ideas," said Mrs. Rawlins irately; "but I didn't expect you to take this attitude."

"It's the only one I can take," said Mrs. Royance calmly. "I haven't any theories about it. I just do the best I can for Charles, and other people must look out for themselves."

Mrs. Rawlins reflected gloomily.

"You mean, if you hold too tight a rein on him he'll break away," she suggested.

"Yes, perhaps. But I think really

I don't think so much of myself as I do of him. He needs to be taken care of and—indulged."

"Spoiled, eh?"

"He needs to feel that no matter what he does, there's something, someone who will never fail him—who will understand and love him just as he is."

Mrs. Rawlins gazed blankly at that woman's face, flushed and illumined by passionate feeling.

"You treat him like a child," she said.

"So he is. But he's also a very sophisticated, experienced man—and an artist, through and through. He can't live conventionally."

Mrs. Rawlins emitted a wail of disgust.

"Oh, I'm so sick of hearing that! . . . as if an artist couldn't live like other people! . . . Perfect nonsense!"

Mrs. Royance smiled, still with that rapt ecstatic look.

"No, you don't understand. Probably you never lived with an artist."



"BUT DON'T YOU SEE THAT HE'S IN LOVE WITH HER?"

"Certainly not! But I know what you mean well enough. My first husband was queer—Honora's father. I daresay he would have behaved like yours, if he had had the chance. But I didn't allow him to."

"Ah," said Mrs. Royance softly. "How was he queer?"

"He retired from business when he was fifty and spent his time collecting old books and writing poetry. The books weren't so bad, they proved to be quite valuable. But the poetry!—"

"And Honora is like him?"

"She's the image of him almost—only she has more energy and gets her own way. But she's every bit as unreasonable as he was. Impossible to reason with either of them."

"Well, I don't suppose I shall try to reason with her. In fact, reason has nothing to do with matters of feeling."

"It ought to have," said Mrs. Rawlins sharply. "I've always applied it myself and I find it works generally. And people who won't apply it are apt to come to grief."

"Do you mean me?" inquired Mrs. Royance smiling.

"No—no," said Mrs. Rawlins slowly. "I don't like some of your ideas—but at bottom I think you're reasonable enough—practical. Perhaps it *is* the way to manage him—give him plenty of rope. You may be right, as you want to keep him. Perhaps, as you say, it's the only way you *could* keep him."

Mrs. Royance shrugged her shoulders and got up, looking very tired.

"I think I'll go to bed. I have to be a bit careful, my heart is weak."

"Indeed?" cried Mrs. Rawlins solicitously, rising too. "Then you certainly must take care of yourself! I hope this talk hasn't worried you. If I had known—"

"Oh, not at all. But I'm afraid it hasn't been very satisfactory to you."

"Well—I don't know but it has. It looks to me as if Honora wouldn't have it all her own way. . . . And if she

finds she can't marry your husband she won't waste time on him. All or nothing is her motto."

"I don't believe it will be all," was Mrs. Royance's final word—gentle, with a touch of irony.

Mrs. Rawlins now rested on her oars for a time. During the week, the house was constantly filled with guests, some staying there, others coming for lunch, tea, dinner. Honora always lived thus, in the midst of a changing crowd, and always appeared the fixed central figure. Only now, along with her there was Royance—always with her and perforce conspicuous, in the limelight. It was plainly Honora's purpose to leave no doubt in anyone's mind as to the meaning of his presence there.

The guests amused themselves with the two cars, riding-horses, a tennis court blasted out of the side of the hill, dancing. Honora did not share in these amusements, but spent long hours with Royance in a gardenhouse which she had made into a studio. He did a series of drawings of her, in black and white, and a few fantastic ones in color. Mrs. Royance went motoring and was available for cards or conversation, and Honora was nice to her, attentive, never slighting her personally.

But Honora drew a circle round Royance and herself and ignored any relation he might have to anyone outside it. Mrs. Royance was an admirable person, even interesting in her way, but she had nothing to do with it: that seemed to be Honora's attitude. No malice, no desire to mark Mrs. Royance as a deserted wife—nothing like that. Just an arrangement, a re-arrangement, by common consent, without any fuss—that was all she wanted.

Mrs. Rawlins watched her with a certain reluctant admiration. She disliked completely what Honora was trying to do, but could not but be impressed by the cool unscrupulous way she did it. Mrs. Rawlins too was high-handed and strong-armed; but she had faith in her



"I THINK THESE DRAWINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL," SAID HONORA

own objectives and none in Honora's. She knew all the elements in the situation now, except one. Royance was the unknown quantity.

She watched him, with simple wonder that two such women should be contending for him; with unshaken conviction that from an unprejudiced point of view he wasn't worth it. The men whom she respected had some obvious usefulness: they raised families and "did something" which induced their fellow-citizens to reward them largely. She knew that there were other qualities which seduced the youthful imagination—had not she herself been taken in by the romantic appeal of Honora's father? But she had been only eighteen when

she married him. Honora was old enough to know better, to say nothing of Mrs. Royance. What could they see in Royance?

He was not even very good-looking—much too pale and nervous. He might turn out a nervous wreck on their hands at any time, especially if he kept on drinking. No doubt he drank because his conscience bothered him for the way he was treating his wife, as well it might. But he hadn't the physique to stand it. . . . Mrs. Rawlins admitted a man's right to drink as much as he could stand—but no more. If he drank enough to hurt him or got into a situation he couldn't handle she had no sympathy for him. Thumbs down.

Both these women thought Royance a genius, apparently. His wife coddled him, partly on that ground, and Honora had said he could do a lot if he had the right environment (meaning hers). Mrs. Rawlins did not profess to be an authority on art, it did not interest her enough. She owned a good deal of it, bought in Europe to decorate her various houses; but she wouldn't have given house-room to a single one of Royance's productions.

One day she invaded the studio, to tell Honora that a party of her own friends, motoring through, had telephoned they would like to come to lunch (and to see what was going on there anyway).

"Why, of course tell them to come," said Honora coldly.

"I did," said Mrs. Rawlins.

Honora, with that blank repellent gaze, could freeze out almost any unwanted person, but not her mother. Mrs. Rawlins walked over and inspected the drawing on the easel. Royance laid down his chalk, rose and moved away

sulkily. Honora was sitting crosslegged in loose drapery like a Buddhist idol, and the black scrawl on the pasteboard represented angularly this unseemly pose. Mrs. Rawlins looked at it for a few moments, without comment, then her light sharp eyes roved round the studio, noting Royance's aloof figure by the window, and finally meeting the level gaze of Honora with a clash. She said, seating herself calmly:

"Let's see the finished ones."

In the depths of Honora's eyes stirred an unwilling flicker of amusement. She said with sardonic resignation:

"All right. Show them, Charles."

In silence Royance complied, setting out in a row a dozen large chalk drawings. Then he lit a cigarette and turned away to the window again.

"What do you think of them?" inquired Honora gravely.

"I think they're hideous," said Mrs. Rawlins frankly. "Of course you won't mind my saying so, as you know I'm a philistine."

"Exactly—we don't mind," said Honora. "It's much better than to



HONORA'S DARK UNWINKING EYES WERE FIXED UPON HIM, BUT SHE SAID NOTHING

pretend you like them and try to say something nice."

"No one would ever guess from those that you are a good-looking woman, Honora. But if you don't mind, I don't suppose anyone else should. I could never understand these modern things."

"Bougereau is about as modern as you like them, isn't he, mother?" inquired Honora tolerantly.

"Well, at least he doesn't make a pretty woman look like a scarecrow," returned Mrs. Rawlins. "I don't see any use in pictures unless they have some beauty in them—but everyone to his taste."

"I think these drawings are beautiful," said Honora. "But as you say it's a question of taste. The eye has to be educated, like everything else."

"Well—it's nearly lunch time. I suppose you'll be on hand promptly? . . . I do wish, Honora, you'd come now, and put on a dress. These people that are coming are conventional, and—"

"Well, you go and pick out anything I've got that you think will meet their approval and I'll put it on. I'll be along pretty soon. I'm posing now, you see."

"Yes, I interrupted you, I know," said Mrs. Rawlins grimly, rising. "And I see Mr. Royance is annoyed, as he hasn't addressed a word to me."

Honora with a swift motion stood up, and descended from her seat.

"Now you're both cross and the sitting's spoiled," she said. "I'll go dress and leave Mr. Royance to make his peace."

Royance obeyed this command, threw away his cigarette and came forward as Honora disappeared.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rawlins. I was annoyed at being interrupted. You see, I work seriously, though you don't think much of the result."

"I understand that. But I didn't interrupt you out of mere idleness," said Mrs. Rawlins.

"No, I'm sure you had a purpose." Royance took his drawing from the

easel and set it away with the others in a corner.

"Yes . . . I really have been wanting to talk to you. You see, after all, I'm Honora's mother and I feel I have to look after her—meddle, she calls it. I've made up my mind a number of times to wash my hands of Honora and let her go her own way, but I never do. I'm attached to her."

"Well, so am I," said Royance with a disarming smile.

His ill-humor had vanished. He came and sat down on the dais near Mrs. Rawlins.

"I think she's a most fascinating woman," he said warmly. "I like to be with her, she suits me. I never knew anybody more intelligent than she is about things. She has flashes of positive genius. She's extraordinary."

"Oh, I know that," said Mrs. Rawlins. "So was her father, in a way. But nobody could live with him, he was an uncomfortable person—and so is Honora."

"Well, comfort isn't the main thing in life, is it?" asked Royance.

"I don't know but that it is. It's one of the main things anyway. . . . What do you think is the main thing?"

"Adventure," said Royance promptly. "Indeed?"

"Yes, surely—to venture all you have, yourself—tempt Fate. What's the use of trying to play safe in this world?"

"I don't see any use in playing the fool, what you call tempting Fate," was Mrs. Rawlins' concise retort. "People ought to be sensible, after a certain age anyway."

"Oh, no. I think they should be a bit mad."

"Am I to understand that you and Honora have made up your minds to be mad?"

"No, when you're mad you don't make up your mind. It makes you up. We haven't made up our minds."

"Well, perhaps you haven't, Mr. Royance, but I can assure you Honora has."

"It wouldn't be quite fair to tell me about it, would it? I'd rather hear it from her."

"If you haven't heard it I'm surprised. . . . I think you're trifling with us."

"No, honestly, I'm not. But it's difficult to put human relations into words, for me anyway. You want me to give an account of my intentions—but I can't."

"Haven't you any?" demanded Mrs. Rawlins.

"Only to be swept away if it happens."

"If what happens?"

"If there is anything strong enough to do it."

"Bless my soul!"

Mrs. Rawlins fixed an indignant and suspicious gaze upon the young man.

"You don't care what happens to your wife then or to anybody else?"

"No, you've no right to say that. I care enough. But she understands."

"A man of your age and position oughtn't to be looking for adventure. He ought to have responsibility."

"Responsibility is a big adventure. Look at yourself, now, see what you are getting into—trying to influence the lives of three individuals. Who knows where it will take you? . . . You may be sorry, Mrs. Rawlins."

"Not so sorry as you will be if you let yourself be swept away, as you call it. Take my advice and stay where you're well off."

"Perhaps I'm too well off. You don't understand the instinct for self-destruction."

"I should hope not . . . but Honora would be flattered. She wants to take care of you."

"No, she doesn't. Just the contrary . . . she'd destroy me."

"You want to be a silly moth then, flying into a candle?"

"If only the flame is bright enough—what does the moth care?"

"Oh, nonsense!"

Mrs. Rawlins got up, her face flushed with anger, and at this moment the

noiseless Vittorio appeared at the open door and announced that the Signora's friends had arrived and *collazione* was ready. When he had bowed and vanished Mrs. Rawlins prepared to follow him, but Royance detained her a moment.

"Honora told me to make my peace . . . but you're angry with me, you think I'm insincere, posing perhaps."

"That, or worse."

"However, I told you the truth, as far as I can. I can't help it if you don't like me."

"My good man, why should I like you? I don't see anything about you to like."

Royance laughed at that, with genuine gayety.

"Well, I like you," he declared, his blue eyes gleaming joyously.

Thus the week of the Royance's visit came to an end. On the last evening Royance came into his wife's room as she was dressing for dinner and inquired:

"Marcia, would you mind staying a few days longer? . . . I don't want to go yet."

"Well, you know we're engaged to the Melvilles," she said.

"But you could put it off, couldn't you? . . . I'm in the midst of some work I'd like to finish."

"I shouldn't like to put them off. I want to get the visits over and go down to Annisquam. . . . But I could go on, and you could join me there."

"Would you? I think I can finish in two or three days."

Marcia smiled, a shadowy smile at the mirror.

"All right," she said quietly.

Royance was moving restlessly about the room, taking up in his long delicate fingers some bits of bric-a-brac, putting them down again, turning over the books on the table, with troubled glances at the calm figure before the mirror.

"Don't you worry, Charles," she said suddenly. "It's all right."

"No, it isn't," he broke out. "It's

worse than ever. . . . Can't I see what this is doing to you?"

"Worse?" she said. "You mean—perhaps—it's the real thing at last?"

"I don't know how real—oh, it's real enough," he said angrily. "But I don't like it, the way it affects you."

Carefully Marcia put in another hair-pin or two; then she took up her black tulle dress and slipped it over her head.

"Could you fasten this for me? It's a nuisance," she said.

Royance deftly hooked the dress up the back, frowning the while.

"I don't like that dress; I wish you wouldn't wear black," he muttered peevishly. "I don't see why you should dress like a widow."

"Poor Charles! Worrying about my looks!"

"Good reason to. You look like a ghost in that black thing. I'll bet your heart's bothering you to-day—is it?"

"A little. . . . I think it's the hot weather."

"No, it isn't the hot weather! . . . What's the use, Marcia? You know, and so do I, that you can't stand a strain."

"Well, I have got to stand it," said Marcia with decision. "I won't pretend you don't worry me, because you do. But we can't help it."

"We ought to—I ought to. I suppose I ought to leave you."

"Don't suppose anything about it. . . . You'll have to make up your mind, Charles dear. I've had ten years."

"Ten years of trouble."

"Ten years of life."

Her fingers were trembling as she fastened a small bunch of flowers at her waist, but her face remained quite calm. Only her lips were white.

"I do look ghastly," she murmured, and sat down on the chair before the long mirror. "Get me a glass of water, will you? And those tablets, over there on the bureau."

He brought them, she glanced at his stricken face. She took the tablets, drank the water; and closing her eyes, sat perfectly still for a few minutes.

Slowly a faint color came into her cheeks and lips; it seemed by an effort of will she brought it back. When she opened her eyes they were shining. She smiled.

"I shouldn't wonder if you think I do this on purpose—do you? It wouldn't be a bad idea!"

"No, I don't think so," said Royance somberly.

A tap at the door, and Vittorio was heard murmuring his formula.

"Sure you feel able to go down?" asked Royance.

"Oh, I'm all right now."

She got up, looked at herself in the glass, bit her lips to make them redder, and added:

"I believe you're right about my wearing black. And I ought to get some make-up—no use looking like a funeral. . . . Come on, Charles, and don't look like a lost soul. . . . You know what I told you when we married. . . . No matter what happens, I don't regret anything—I never shall. I've had more than most people—I've had more than I expected. I certainly shan't complain."

He looked at her strangely as she passed him, and Marcia caught that look and carried it with her. It startled her. She pondered it in her heart while pretending to listen to her neighbors at the dinner table; glancing occasionally at Honora, darkly brilliant in a Chinese vermilion-colored coat, smiling her restless enigmatic smile.

"What did it mean? . . . Is he angry at me for being so good, so reasonable, for not making a scene? Do I make him feel like a brute? . . . But he knows I never make scenes, I can't afford to, my heart is too weak. . . . But perhaps he wants a scene. He doesn't like me to be too reasonable, too ready to let him go. . . . Oh, my dear!"

Mrs. Rawlins heard that evening that Mrs. Royance was leaving and her husband staying on. She was so angry that she felt like leaving herself, but of

course it was impossible for her to do so. Propriety demanded that she stay and chaperone Honora. Propriety! Honora had torn it to shreds, but she must stay and save the fragments.

"I hope you realize," she said harshly to Honora, "that you put me in a very unpleasant position. Obligated to stay here and apparently condone your behavior! . . . when you know that I have other engagements, and much more amusing ones, too."

"I know," said Honora. "It's nice of you to stay, and really it *does* look better. Not that I care about that especially. . . . But it will be only a few days, you know, then Marcia will be coming back."

"She will? I thought he was to go on and join her."

"Well—I don't believe so. He doesn't want to go there."

"Of course, he couldn't do anything he didn't want to, could he? . . . He's the most spoiled person I ever knew—unless it's you, Honora."

"Well, then, we'll be well matched," said Honora smiling. "We won't spoil each other, anyway."

"I wish you joy! . . . It's a match then, is it? You've got it all settled?"

"Oh—no. He feels so badly about leaving Marcia that sometimes I think he won't do it."

"Humph! I don't believe in his fine feelings. He's only looking out to do the best he can for himself. I don't doubt he wants your money, Honora."

Honora laughed indulgently.

"You don't understand him a bit. He doesn't care a hoot for money. He hates upholstery, his tastes are Spartan."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Rawlins with profound scepticism, "champagne, for instance."

"He doesn't drink for material or sensual reasons. He's a spiritual person; he lives by the spirit."

"Spirits, you mean," said Mrs. Rawlins with an irritated chuckle. "I notice he likes old whiskey."

"He drinks because he isn't satisfied with his life or himself; he isn't happy."

"Yes, I know, that's the usual excuse. And you intend to make him happy, I suppose, if you get him away from his wife."

"No, I don't think he'll ever be happy. I like unhappy people better than happy ones, anyway."

"Yes, because you never tried living with one. Just wait. I almost wish you *would* get him. It would be a judgment on both of you."

Honora laughed again.

"You are awfully amusing, mother—you are so moral! . . . How did I ever come to be your child?"

"Don't ask me. . . . Your father's to blame, I presume."

It was a good deal like chaperoning a honeymoon couple, Mrs. Rawlins often thought angrily during the ensuing week. Royance and Honora were so absorbed in each other that they hardly seemed aware of her, or of casual visitors. They spent the morning in the studio and frequently went off in a motor for the afternoon. There were always guests for luncheon and dinner, otherwise, Mrs. Rawlins felt, she could hardly have stood it; it was all she could do, as it was. And she wouldn't have stood it but that she was convinced that nothing "wrong" was going on; except that of course the whole situation was wrong. But Honora *did* draw a line, she was sure, and thus those remnants of propriety could be saved, although of course everything was lost but honor. She imagined the gossip of the colony! But Honora never had cared about gossip.

Sometimes, she was pretty sure, they quarrelled. Royance would be moody and silent; and Honora would look at him with baleful eyes. Honora could look thoroughly malign, if she didn't get her own way. Evidently she wasn't getting it, entirely. He was resisting, perhaps . . . Mrs. Rawlins got considerable satisfaction out of her observations. These two people, trying to please

themselves without regard to anyone else, were finding it not so easy. Morality and commonsense were vindicated by their difficulties.

However, they always seemed to part reluctantly at night and to meet eagerly in the morning. They were having a good time, she had to admit.

She dropped in at the studio often, and always found Royance at his drawing. He had done a lot more of those black scrawls. She wondered what he expected to do with them. Probably Honora would buy them. No—she found, on inquiring of Honora—that they were to go on exhibition in the fall. Actually! And Honora didn't mind!

Reluctantly, she felt at times a certain softening of her well-regulated heart toward Royance. She hardly ever liked anyone whom she could not esteem. But in this case—well, she began to be a little sorry for him, perhaps. Or was it that he had the knack of getting round women? He did not seem to try to. Yet, ever since her first talk with him in the studio she had felt a sneaking kindness for him—that was how she put it to herself. No doubt because he had brazenly declared that he liked her, practically—but his attitude assumed a certain friendliness between them and she was propitiated by it. Yes, he was an attractive man, she would admit that much.

But still, too sharp and fragile. As she looked at him she was reminded of profiles cut on antique gems—fine enough, too fine. This she supposed was what Honora meant by "spiritual". . . . Mrs. Rawlins liked jovial lusty men, who lived to a green old age with full-bodied enjoyment, men who drank not because they were unhappy but because they liked their liquor.

However, she foresaw that if she became Royance's mother-in-law she would probably grow fond of him, and would certainly take his part against Honora.

Those two had some subject of disagreement, beyond a doubt. And Mrs. Rawlins had not much doubt as to what

it was. Honora was trying to impose her will on Royance. And he—evidently he had not yet been swept away, nor swallowed up in that flame he talked about. He might be, as his wife had said, "canny." He might get off after all!

But when at the end of that week the situation remained unchanged except for a growing tension and exasperation, Honora developed other resources. She secured Marcia's return. It had become clear to Honora that upon Marcia, after all, the whole thing depended. For some reason, mysterious to her, Royance could not of his own will make the necessary separation. Soft-heartedness, force of habit, lack of initiative? . . . She did not know what ailed him. He didn't know either. He was simply unwilling or unable to act. Probably Marcia had sapped his will and energy; lapping him in that atmosphere of adoration and acquiescence. Honora was growingly indignant with Marcia. But she couldn't express this feeling to Royance. One or two essays in that direction convinced her that Royance would hear no criticism of his wife. He had the sort of attitude about her that men ordinarily have about their mothers. She was sacrosanct. He was loyal.

This irritated Honora to the point where, when Marcia did return, a frank explanation between them was inevitable. Marcia perhaps felt it so, had returned for that purpose. At any rate she fell in easily with Honora's arrangement of the interview at the studio, where they would not be interrupted. Mrs. Rawlins was disposed of by an afternoon motor trip; and Royance—reluctantly, suspiciously—went somewhere to play tennis. Marcia had urged him to go. He left the two women together with a parting look, uneasy, but more deeply sardonic. . . . They were going to dispose of him too, were they?

Honora showed Royance's recent work, and Marcia agreed that it was perhaps better than anything he had done before.

"All he needs," said Honora earnestly, is the right atmosphere to work in—the right element rather—for it seems to me he needs a sustaining environment, something more like what water is to a swimmer."

"I have thought so, too," said Marcia.

"But he hasn't got it," put in Honora quickly. "I think what you do for him is to lull and soothe him, and he doesn't need that, it's bad for him. He needs to be stimulated, to struggle, to overcome something—not just to drift along, taking life like a play! Here he is, over thirty, and with all his talent and perception what has he *done*?"

Marcia smiled rather sadly.

"I doubt if he will ever do much, in the obvious sense," she said.

"That's exactly what I mean. You don't believe in him, and so you depress him instead of stimulating. You depress life. You don't enhance it!"

"And you believe that you would enhance it for him?" asked Marcia with gentle gravity.

"I do believe it," said Honora firmly.

She was pale and nervous, making quick gestures, smoking one cigarette after another. Her dark eyes looked bigger, more intense than ever.

"I'm sure," she said, "you want to do the best for him, whatever the consequences might be to yourself. I'm sure you love him unselfishly."

"Well, perhaps I do," said Marcia. "It's a question of what *is* best, you know."

"But, surely, you can see—it isn't a life for him, as he lives now. There isn't enough in it. Just to be taken care of isn't enough."

"Does he think so?" asked Marcia.

"I suppose he does. . . . You don't think he's happy, surely—or satisfied."

"Oh, no. I don't think that. Does he think he would be more so with you?"

"I don't know what he thinks. But I know he won't break away from you of his own accord."

"He won't? Why not?"

"I don't know. He can't. He's

attached to you and of course he feels remorseful."

"Ah!" Marcia seemed to meditate. "Well, don't you think, perhaps, he ought to decide for himself?"

"No, I don't think so!" Honora's eyes flashed. "He's incapable of it. Even if he knew it was best for him to leave you, he couldn't do it!"

"Ah. You think then . . ."

"That you ought to leave him. Certainly I think so."

Marcia gave a slight start at the impact of these words, direct and remorseless as a bullet. But she remained calm, her meditative gravity unchanged.

"You think you and I ought to arrange his life for him, then? But isn't that treating him too much like a child?"

Honora had hardly an instant's pause.

"He *is* a child. And you have made him so. It's time he grew up. He never will with you."

Marcia sat quiet, her hands folded, her head bent.

"And you—do you love him?" she asked.

"I *want* him!" flashed Honora.

"You don't claim then to have an unselfish love for him."

"No, I think he's had enough of that."

Honora was losing self-control. That calm, with its faint suggestion of irony, infuriated her, made her want to break through it brutally, to hurt.

"I think unselfish love is a bad thing," she said bitingly. "It's a luxury for the one who loves, but bad for the other one. You've spoiled him. Sometimes you see a man who's so bound to his mother by that kind of love on her part that he's unable to love or marry—tied to his mother's apron strings all his life! Well, that's what you've done to Charles. You've taken his mother's place. You wanted a child. Not a husband—so you've made him a child. . . . It's pitiful!"

"Men *are* children," said Marcia impersonally.

"Of course they are, if you *let* them

be—they want to be! But a good mother helps them to grow up, she knows how to cut them loose from her; doesn't keep them at the breast all their lives! . . . Unselfish? You've been anything but that, I should say!"

Honora's eyes blazed, her breath came quick.

"It would be unselfish of me to leave him, then—wouldn't it?" Marcia asked, still in that meditative aloof tone.

"Yes, that would be!"

"But you don't believe in unselfishness—you think it's bad, for the recipient?"

Honora stared.

"Wouldn't it be a lot better if he left me? . . . That would be his action, you see, not mine—that would show conviction, initiative on his part. . . . I really think you'd better get him to do that."

"But supposing he *can't*!" cried Honora.

"Well, I suppose you *have* tried it," mused Marcia.

She looked at Honora's baffled and angry face, then gazed past her out the window, apparently lost in thought. She had shown no sign of emotion, except increasing pallor and difficulty in breathing. Now she put her hand on her breast with a look of pain.

"My heart—I believe I'll have to lie down," she murmured.

"Here," said Honora, getting up from the couch and piling the cushions. "Can I get you anything—water—your medicine?"

"No—I'll go back soon."

Marcia fell back on the cushions, breathing jerkily.

"It's a leaky valve. . . . It would be best perhaps for me to die now, wouldn't it? That would leave him free . . . to grow up." Her bluish lips smiled faintly.

"We needn't be melodramatic," said Honora curtly.

She cast a glance of scorn at the recumbent figure. Why, yes, it would be best, probably. But things didn't arrange themselves that way. You had to arrange them.

"You haven't much heart, have you?" gasped Marcia. "But then, you don't pretend to have. I like that."

"Most people are too soft," said Honora frowning. "I don't like softness."

"Your world is like Gautier's . . . gold, purple and marble. It's interesting. I see why Charles likes it—the artist in him. . . . But you know, Honora, that's partly why he has liked . . . living with me. I mean, it was calm, in a way aloof. I didn't . . . make scenes. I didn't bind him. He was more free with me than he would be with you. . . . Would *you* let him make love to another woman?"

Honora's laughter was abrupt, harsh.

"All pretense! . . . you *do* bind him . . . you hold on to him like grim death . . . you wouldn't leave him for anything! . . . Don't you think I can see it? . . . You tell him he's free, so as to put all the responsibility on him! Why can't you be honest—admit you won't let him go?"

Honora stood over the prostrate figure of her rival like a menacing Fate.

"You're angry because you can't get him," gasped Marcia smiling faintly. "You know he'd go if he wanted to enough . . . but he doesn't, you see. . . . I don't blame you for being angry. . . ."

She gave a choking cry; gasping for breath—her whole face turned blue.

Honora, of course, rang for assistance, and helped take Marcia to the house and put her to bed. She sent a motor for the doctor and ordered a nurse, and telephoned for Royance to return. When he came tearing up in a borrowed car, the doctor was giving a hypodermic of strychnine. Honora, after one glance at Royance's terrified face, left the room. He had not noticed her. She sent Assunta to wait in the hall, ready to fetch anything that was wanted; and went downstairs and flung herself on a couch in the loggia. Vittorio came with the tea service but she waved him away

and then remained motionless, staring out across the sunlit valley.

It was nearly dark when Mrs. Rawlins came back and demanded an explanation.

"Oh, we were just talking in the studio and she got ill," said Honora darkly. "That is, if she wasn't putting it on."

"Putting it on! And the doctor still working over her! Assunta says they thought she was dying."

"Not she," said Honora.

Mrs. Rawlins looked down upon Honora with something like fright in her gray eyes.

"My goodness, Honora! you don't want the woman to die, do you?" she asked quaveringly.

Honora flung herself to the other side of the couch.

"It makes me furious that she gets ill like this!" she cried. "It's too awfully convenient for her. I believe it's more than half-faked. She does it to work on him!"

"Well, what do you want to make her ill for then?" demanded Mrs. Rawlins. "You know excitement's bad for a weak heart. . . . Maybe you did that on purpose?"

"I had to talk to her," said Honora coldly. "But she doesn't want to play fair. As to wanting her to die—no, I don't exactly want her to—but it wouldn't be at all a bad thing. But she won't. People who are in the way never do."

"He would never forgive you or—himself—if she did," said Mrs. Rawlins emphatically.

Honora made no reply.

Dinner waited. Finally the doctor came down, made his report, and went away. The immediate danger was past, but should there be another acute crisis . . .

Royance did not appear. Honora sent up a tray to him, and then she and Mrs. Rawlins assumed to dine. Mrs. Rawlins was profoundly irritated. She hated having her dinner hour disturbed

and it was hard to eat at all, with a face like Honora's opposite. Honora was not a good loser. Of course, she would not admit yet that she had lost—but Mrs. Rawlins had her opinion. She was silent, however—there were times when even she felt it was better not to talk to Honora, times when Honora looked too foreign for anything—looked like Lucrezia Borgia distilling poison from each pore of her anatomy.

"On the warpath," reflected Mrs. Rawlins with alarm. She was pretty sure now that Honora *had* upset Marcia on purpose. A great mistake. But it would be well to get Marcia out of the house as soon as possible. Well in every way, thought Mrs. Rawlins peevishly.

"I'd rather have no dinner at all than one kept waiting an hour," she declared suddenly. "It's poison!"

She refused dessert gloomily.

"You always *did* have an uncomfortable house, Honora!" she burst forth finally. "No regularity—things always happening—no management. . . . I suppose these people will be going now?"

Honora looked at her but made no reply, did not seem to hear.

Royance finally came down, looking ten years older. Lines of acute anxiety seamed his face; his eyes still had that look of terror. He took a cup of coffee, his hands shaking like an old man's.

"Well, thank heaven, the danger's past," said Mrs. Rawlins.

He dropped limply into a chair.

"Yes—for this time—if we can keep her perfectly quiet—I must take her down to Boston as soon as possible—her doctor there. . . ."

His voice trailed off, exhausted.

Honora's dark unwinking eyes were fixed upon him, but she said nothing. He avoided looking at her.

"You can take her down in the touring car pretty comfortably," said Mrs. Rawlins. "Honora's man is a good careful driver; it will be easier than the train."

"Yes—thank you," muttered Roy-
ance.

"Does she often have these attacks?"

"Never so severe as this before. She must have had some nervous shock."

Now he looked at Honora. She met that look with her fixed watchful gaze, ironical, even disdainful. "Infirm of purpose, give *me* the daggers," she might have said.

But the time was past. Mrs. Rawlins could see that. The man was "scared blue." . . . Now of course he would come down on Honora for all that had happened, all, even his own share in it, especially that perhaps. Yes, he would try to ease the sting of conscience by putting the blame on Honora. Mrs. Rawlins judged it a good time to leave them alone together.

It was not very late when Mrs. Rawlins heard Honora go up to her room and dismiss Assunta with a blast of close-clipped *dialetto*. Then, listening outside Honora's door, Mrs. Rawlins heard sounds which led her to go straight in, rejoicing. Honora was lying across her bed, weeping with rage, like a naughty broken-hearted child. Mrs. Rawlins sat down beside her, but Honora twitched herself away, hid her face and went on sobbing convulsively.

From time to time Mrs. Rawlins patted her shoulder and slid in a word or two.

"You'll soon get over this, Honora . . . only a fancy. He isn't worth it, that's one comfort. . . . You'd have got tired of him very soon. . . . And *two* divorces . . . think of the bother of it, to say the least. . . . I'm glad it's turned out this way. . . . I never liked it. Not enough *to* him. . . . Pleasant man and all that, but not to marry. . . . You want something solid. . . ."

"I want *him!*" came in smothered tones, and then with violence, "I *want* him!" And a wild burst of sobs.

"Yes, I know," soothed Mrs. Rawlins, "You do, just now, mainly because you

can't get him; but it'll wear off, and you'll be glad you didn't get him. See how he turned round on you. He wasn't serious. . . . Now let this be a lesson to you, Honora. You can *never* tell how much a man is tied up with his wife. He may act as if he wasn't and all that, but . . . you could see, he was simply scared to death at the idea of losing her. . . . You don't understand people very well, Honora. You just smash ahead. You haven't got any softness yourself and you don't understand the affections. . . ."

"That woman . . . spoiled his life . . . he can't *have* any life," came in Honora's choked voice.

"Well, then, he certainly wouldn't be any use to *you*—"

"She's a liar! . . . She said she'd let him go if he wanted to."

"Ah, but you see he *didn't* want to!" cried Mrs. Rawlins. "When it came to the point, he didn't—"

"He did! He did!"

"No, Honora, he didn't. He was afraid. I never saw a man so scared . . . he's a mollicoddle."

Honora sat up, her face red and swollen with crying, and Mrs. Rawlins maternally supplied her with a fresh handkerchief.

"You can't do anything with a man like that, Honora. No backbone. . . . I suspected it when I heard him talking about adventure and risks and getting burned up in candles and so on. . . . All *talk*. See how he ran back to his wife's skirts. Why, if she died, he'd be lost, he wouldn't know what to do. . . . He isn't a man, he's a baby."

Honora looked sullenly at her mother's alert and cheerful face.

"And that woman. . . . Now, Honora, you underestimated *her*. . . . You're apt not to think enough of women. She's got strength of character . . . smart too, she knows how to manage him. . . . Well, I wish her joy. What did he say to you, Honora? . . . Well, I can guess. Laid all the blame on you, of course. They all do that,

even the best of them. I shouldn't worry. Don't you want to take the small car and go off somewhere for a few days? I'll stay and see them off—and then I'll go on up to Dublin. Eh, Honora? . . . You won't want to stay on here now. . . .”

Mrs. Rawlins grew more and more maternal. She always softened to Honora on those rare occasions when Honora cried. Honora then looked just like a child—a naughty miserable child—and Mrs. Rawlins felt sorry for her and could lecture her, Honora was too crushed to object.

Triumph sat on Mrs. Rawlins' brow. Not offensive—no, she was feeling most kindly toward everyone involved. But how nicely it had all cleared up. Morality had triumphed. The would-be sinners were discomfited. Sin—breaking the laws of God or man—had always seemed to Mrs. Rawlins mere childishness, simple folly. You could get all that was necessary without. So she talked to Honora as to a child—a silly child who had gone and eaten green apples and got a stomach ache.

“Now you see, Honora, why I warned you—told you it wouldn't do. You have no *sense*, Honora. You don't understand. Marriage now—you seem to think it's an easy thing to break. It's easy for you, because you don't get tied to anything, you don't get any roots. . . . But most people have got roots, you can't dig them up and move them around to suit yourself. . . . When people have been married ten years—well, a woman must be a fool who can't hang on to a man if she wants to. . . . And I must say, Honora, you were very simple to believe what she said—that she was willing to let him go. Why, Honora! to think you didn't know any better than that! Why, she would have died first! Nearly did die, I guess—and, you see, that fetched him in a hurry. . . .

“And, of course, she had a perfect right to him. When a woman has lived with a man ten years, and put up with

all his nonsense, she's certainly entitled to keep him if she wants to. Nobody has any business to interfere with her. It doesn't *pay*, Honora, trespassing on other people's property.

“Just think what that man could say about you, if he liked . . . and I don't doubt he will. To his wife, anyway. . . . You really don't know, Honora, how men talk to their wives—you weren't married long enough. He'll tell her that he never meant anything serious—that you led him on and it was all your fault. . . . And I must say I think it was. But even if it wasn't he would say so. Queer thing about them, they can't take any blame, not to their wives. All alike . . . and conventional, too. You may say what you like, Honora, a woman who isn't good, a lawless woman, hasn't got any real lasting hold on them. That's why a wife, if she behaves herself, is so strong. That's why Mrs. Royance can hold on. Old, plain—yes—but she's got everything behind her. Don't you see? . . .

“A man can talk all he likes about freedom and adventure, but what he wants is to be held down, taken care of. You can't believe what he *says* . . . I guess you've found that out, Honora. But you're so blind. . . . That's because you never think about other people, only about yourself and what you want. Just grab anything that strikes your fancy. . . . Selfishness doesn't *pay*.”

Mrs. Rawlins ended in high good-humor, with Honora and everyone else, including herself. She wasn't sure how much Honora had been listening—sitting there crumpled up on the bed, with brooding blank eyes—but no doubt something would sink in.

She rose and with a blunt caressing hand touched Honora's tumbled hair. Odd how fond she felt of Honora when she had given her a good lecture. Her voice was quite tender as she said:

“You'll feel better in the morning. . . . Now you better take a bromide and go to sleep.”

DAMAGED SOULS. I: AARON BURR

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

When planning this series of articles the author wrote: "How would it be to do a group of somewhat discredited figures and not endeavor in any way to rehabilitate or whitewash them, but to bring out their real humanity and show that, after all, they had something of the same strength and weakness as all of us?" The Editors feel that Mr. Bradford has succeeded most admirably.

HE was a man who came into the world to amuse himself, and he early conceived that the richest sources of masculine amusement are the love of women and the domination of men. Perhaps he was right; but it is impossible to deny the justice of John Quincy Adams's grave comment: "Burr's life, take it altogether, was such as in any country of sound morals his friends would be desirous of burying in profound oblivion."

You may regard his career, even more than most, as a series of big and little losses. He was born in 1756. With Jonathan Edwards as his grandfather and the president of Princeton College as his father, he might seem to have inherited an almost suffocating odor of sanctity; but he soon lost it. He lost his parents in early childhood, and he was brought up under what his Edwards uncle regretfully called "a maple-sugar government." As a mere boy, he went with Arnold to Quebec, and followed this with other military distinction; but he lost his health and the favor of Washington and with these the chance of becoming a great soldier. He practiced law successfully, but was drawn into politics and showed a wonderful gift for the seamy side of them. He lost the presidency in 1801 by a tie vote with Jefferson, and was thus shifted into that graveyard of greater hopes, the vice-presidency. He lost the governorship of New York, chiefly through the activity of his constant opponent, Hamilton. Whereupon he fought and killed Hamilton, and by so doing lost the respect of most respectable people. He then schemed to create an empire in the

Southwest by robbing Spain and possibly ruining his own country. He lost this vast dream-hope, and though he was acquitted of treason in a famous trial, he lost what general confidence had been left to him. Money he was always losing, by extravagance, by generosity, by indifference, by windy speculation. He spent four years, from 1808 to 1812, in the most disreputable Bohemian European exile, and at length crept home. Long before, he had lost a charming and beloved wife. He now lost his grandson, whom he worshiped, and the exquisite daughter who worshiped him. It might seem as if he had nothing left to lose. But he kept on for twenty-five years longer, losing what little trifles life could still take from him. At the very end he married a rich widow and lost first her money and then her affection. And before his death, in 1836, he lost even the use of his limbs. Yet in this crowding, mountainous accumulation of losses, he rarely lost his patience, and never that heaven-bestowed gift of amusing himself.

Through all these busy and tumultuous years Burr loved humanity, all humanity, men, women, and children, and they loved him, especially the women. I have no desire to rake up dusty gossip and forgotten scandal; but to understand such a soul as Burr's, a large analysis of his relations with women is absolutely necessary. Among the various classes of great lovers it is easy to pick out certain types to which Burr did not belong. He had nothing to do with the melancholy, world-weary type, jaded with indiscriminate satiety and restlessly indifferent to anything

but the tormenting satisfaction of unappeasable desire, the type which has been so fully and admirably dissected—and illustrated—by Sainte-Beuve. "He experienced the incurable disgust for all things, which is peculiar to those who have abused the sources of life" would be ludicrously inept as a description of Burr.

Nor was he a longing, absorbed, soul-devouring, romantic lover. I do not believe he ever lost a night's sleep or a day's work in vainly dreaming of a woman. The supreme line which expresses such a state of mind,

"I was not save it were a thought of thee"

would have been meaningless to him, and his daughter brands the romantic as something "which, thanks to my father on earth, I am cured of."

Again, though here some critics would differ, I am convinced that Burr did not belong to the group of the bitter, cynical lovers, the Lovelace class, who pursue from vanity and conquer with contempt, blighting virtue and innocence merely to prove that they have no existence. Burr had a naïve vanity which led him to take a considerable satisfaction in his popularity with women. But it seems solidly proved that he did not boast of individual triumphs; and, while we can never place implicit trust in the many verbal statements that are attributed to him, I believe that in a general way and with reasonable allowances there was truth, at least of intention, in the remark: "Nor did I ever do, or say, or write anything which threw a cloud over a woman's name."

In short, however indiscriminate and disreputable were Burr's amours, there seems to have been nothing perverse or abnormal about them. His pleasure in his relations with women was mainly part of the entertainment he derived at all times from the society of his fellow human beings. The sting of sex added a peculiar and enchanting piquancy; but the entertainment was general and inexhaustible. He liked people, liked

to be with them, and to watch them, and to talk to them. He entered into the lives of others, laughed with them, played with them, wept with them: "You, who can so well and so singularly bring home to yourself the feelings of others, and adopt them when they are quite strange to you," said his daughter, admirably. Above all, he had the delightful gift of making others' amusement his own, and his is the charming and perfectly human phrase, "It is a luxury to see people happy."

His charm for grown men was undeniable and was exercised all over the world. He made innumerable devoted friends of all sorts, friends who faced great sacrifices for him. From the strange vicissitudes of his life, and, alas, from his own fundamental selfishness, he lost most of them; but he found it incredibly easy to make others.

And if Burr attracted men, it is certain that he was even more attractive to children, and again because he evidently loved them. The truth is that he was in many respects a child himself, though sometimes a rather sophisticated one; and he was always ready to leave the great matters of the world to romp and frolic with congenial playmates. Burr's letters and journals are full of bits showing this pure and kindly sympathy with the childish heart. How pretty is his account of the little German girl, six years old, with the guitar, whom he snubs: "To be sure I did give her a gooden groschen, which was probably much more than she expected; but I was unkind."

This tender regard for children is everywhere obvious in Burr's own domestic affairs. His daughter Theodosia was one of the great delights and interests of his life. He devoted much time and thought to her education and aimed to give her an intellectual training far different from what fell to most of the women of her day. His letters to her show him at his best and are full of practical and moral advice most excellent in quality, if a little surprising

from such a source. He prides himself upon his influence over her, which was undoubtedly great; but she was the stronger nature and it is probable that she had even more influence over him. When she married the wealthy South Carolinian, Joseph Alston, her only son, Burr's namesake, became almost as much an object of affection and solicitude as the mother was.

If Burr was fond of his daughter, it was partly because she resembled her mother, and as a husband he is no less attractive than as a father. The marriage was one of affection. The elder Theodosia was older than her husband, and was neither rich nor strikingly handsome. Burr was attached to her because he appreciated the singular grace, dignity, and elevation of her character and mind, and all his life he spoke with reverence of her charm and of the value of her influence upon him. Yet it is notable that her loss, when he was well under forty, seems to have made no very profound impression, and still more notable is the difference in tone between her letters and his. His are affectionate, considerate, thoughtful, helpful. Hers have a rare and high intensity of passion which he never knew.

In fact, Burr's love for his wife was only part of his love for all her sex. And it must at once be recognized that this love did not stop short of unlimited licentiousness. His biographers proclaim a touching confidence in his marital fidelity. As Ariosto says of his heroine in a similar connection: "It may be true, but it is extremely improbable." Parton, endeavoring to contradict Davis, who would have saved his hero's political character at the expense of his moral, even insists that Burr was virtuous before his marriage. But Parton had not seen the unedited version of Burr's Journal. Anyone who has read that ingenuous document, even though it deals with later life, does not find it difficult to believe the stories as to Jacataqua, the Indian girl, on the march to Quebec, as to Margaret Mon-

crieffe, or any other stories. It is not necessary or possible to emphasize this utterly dissolute side of Burr's character further than to point out that he seems to have had no idea of moral scruple in such matters. Indeed, his complete absence of compunction gives his dealings a singularly demoralizing charm, which is suggestive of Sterne; and I wish I could embellish these decorous pages with the gay adventure of the fair Madame D. in the crowded inn at Rotterdam, an adventure which seems to have danced airily right out of the last chapter of *A Sentimental Journey*.

The curious thing is that his wild, illicit relations did not, as is so often the case, destroy or diminish Burr's perfectly innocent pleasure in the society of virtuous persons of the other sex. In all his eighty years he never made the ghastly discovery that a pretty woman can be a bore. He would meet a charming stranger, chat and flirt with her for an hour, kiss her hand respectfully, sigh over her departure, forget her, and be ready for the next. All fashions and all types suited him. The plump, the thin, the dark, the fair, the gay, the grave, even the plain, so they were merry, or witty, or tender, or tantalizing—all alike had a fascination for him.

And as he found all women attractive, so they responded with an almost unanimous cordiality. One cannot say what the secret was: one seldom can in these cases. He was not strikingly handsome, though his courtly and gracious manners, his sympathetic voice, and his intense, quick eyes may have helped. The solution was just the plain old one of Victor Hugo's verses:

*Comment, disaient-ils,
Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtils?
Aimer, disaient-elles.*

Burr liked women, and women liked him: that was all there was to it. The gay loved him to laugh with him, the pious to reform him, both with the same ardor, though not with the same success.

When he met a siren, he asked kisses, when he visited a convent, he asked prayers. Prayers and kisses both were accorded with celerity and accepted with gratitude.

What Burr's fundamental opinion of women was is not easy to ascertain. He was not a brooding analyst of himself or of others, and no doubt he preferred to enjoy rather than to explain. He often puts himself forward as the defender of their intelligence, and he remonstrated against the shallow education which was all that most women of that day received; but I suspect that in the depths of his heart he regarded them as the most amusing toys in an amusing world. When one of them asked him, "But, Colonel, have ladies no sense, then?" his gentle answer was, "All sense, Madame; yet it is better to talk sweet little nothings to them."

Whatever he thought of them, they played a huge part in his life. If we can believe Parton—alas, so often we cannot—his very last faintly whispered dying word was "Madame." And after his poverty-stricken death the monument which his careless and indifferent executors had neglected to place over his grave was set up in the anonymity of night by the orders of a woman who had loved him.

Thus we have established that Burr was a man who adored women. If it be thought that this is incompatible with a life of strenuous activity and at least attempted achievement, we should remember Sainte-Beuve, who adored women, but snatched time from them to write sixty solid volumes, and Dumas père, who adored women but snatched time to write twelve hundred and to make himself conspicuous in many ways besides. I have dealt thus largely in beginning with the element of feminine amusement in Burr's life because I believe, that, though he owed his place in American history to far other pursuits, the key of amusement is just as important in interpreting these as in understanding

his lighter hours. The efforts of practical life, and he was capable of mighty ones, were to him not stages in an ideal structure of vast achievement, but mere diversions, like the kiss of a girl, and hardly more engaging.

Nevertheless, he did great things, and was closely entangled in far greater. In his youth the Revolution made him think that the highest of human amusements would be to be a soldier, and he bade fair to be a brave, discreet, far-seeing, and successful one. He made his little, frail body iron by stern temperance, discipline, and self-control. He made his soldiers work, fight, and love him. I think perhaps the greatest amusement, and certainly the noblest, of his life was bearing the body of his dead general, Montgomery, off the field, in the blinding snow, with the British guns threatening to bring him down at every moment. But over-exertion and health tried beyond all limit cut off this career too soon.

Then there was law, a fascinating, stimulating absorbing amusement. And there was work in it, no doubt, enormous work. But the work might be made amusing also, especially when it led to a brilliant triumph. Even Burr's admirers do not insist that he was a profound or philosophical lawyer. His respect for the profession is indicated in his cynical comment on law as "Whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." But he worked hard, his energy and his industry were as intelligently directed as they were untiring, and it is remarkable that law is the one phase of his career in which he did not lose. Well would it have been for him had he stuck to law altogether, and not abandoned it for other forms of amusement, perhaps no more diverting and certainly less profitable.

Unfortunately, the fascination of politics, so baneful to the lawyer in a democratic government, soon drew him into its snare. For a certain kind of political career Burr was admirably fitted. He was not troubled with an excess of

moral scruple, and if the phrase, "Great souls care little for small morals," was not correctly attributed to him, it might have been. He was an able organizer, or at any rate manipulator. And he was a cunning and a mighty adept in the art of molding and kneading the souls of men.

Yet the gifts were unavailing. It would be impossible to analyze here the complex tangle of Burr's political life. Suffice it to say that after ten years of it, he came out in 1805, completely and generally discredited and distrusted by all parties alike. In 1801 he lost the presidency by the tie with Jefferson. In 1804 he was defeated in the contest for the New York governorship, then almost as great an office as the presidency. Through all these political struggles the chief obstacle to Burr's success was the bitter and increasing opposition of Hamilton, founded partly on personal jealousy but mainly on a well-grounded belief in Burr's dangerous and unscrupulous ambition. In the spring of 1804 the rivalry between the two grew so fierce that Burr determined to end it by mortal combat, for which Hamilton himself admitted that he had given excuse. The duel took place on the eleventh of July. Burr shot to kill and inflicted a mortal wound. Probably Hamilton discharged his pistol with a convulsive pressure as he was struck; but the bullet flew far wide of his adversary. On that July morning on the Heights of Weehawken Burr tossed his future in the air and shot it to pieces like a clay pigeon: just from a whim of spite, or was it really from a notion of honor? Either way, it was thoroughly characteristic of the man.

Only a very brief time after the duel was required to show Burr that, however it might be judged as a matter of morals, it was ruinous as a matter of policy. A howl of horror rose from all the Federalists and indeed from nearly all decent people; and Burr was obliged practically to seclude himself for a time. Yet in these months of wandering and

distress his letters to Theodosia show no regret, but everywhere his eternal disposition to amuse himself, and I am not aware of any sign of remorse for Hamilton's death.

By the autumn of 1804 things had, however, quieted down sufficiently for Burr to resume his place as President of the Senate. Many people dreaded and avoided him, but no one cared to attack him; and his extraordinary fascination was as widely exerted as ever. He presided with dignity and impartiality at the impeachment of Judge Chase, and on the second of March, 1805, he delivered a farewell address. It was a noble, a dignified, a perfectly appropriate speech and contained the striking and possibly prophetic words so often quoted: "If the Constitution be destined ever to perish by the sacrilegious hands of the demagogue or the usurper, which God avert, its expiring agonies will be witnessed on this floor." But the sentence that impresses me most is one that would not have been preserved to us except for the record of John Quincy Adams, who watched the whole ceremony with profound attention. Burr enjoins upon Senators the importance of adhering to their regular rules of order; for, he says, "on full investigation it will be discovered that there is scarce a departure from order but leads to or is indissolubly connected with a departure from morality." Think of these words from Aaron Burr, who cared just as much for morality as he did for order! And is it not a delightful bit of irony that the passage should have been handed down by Adams, poor, gaunt-souled John Quincy Adams, eaten up by conscience, who had never known an hour of amusement in his whole life! Adams and Burr!

Within two years this ardent eulogist of order and morality was busily conspiring against the peace, if not the existence, of his country, whose dying agonies he was content to leave for exhibition on the floor of the Senate, or anywhere else. The snarl of efforts

and accusations and individualities and passions involved in the Burr Conspiracy is too intricate to be elucidated in a brief portrait, if it can be elucidated at all. Henry Adams's narrative shows Burr directly aiming to break up the Union. Doctor McCabe would have us believe that this was all a pretense, that the enthusiastic loyalty of the West would have made such an attempt ludicrous, and that Burr's designs were directed only against Spain, with the whole West in entire sympathy. Even the plain facts are exceedingly difficult to get at. But it is certain that during 1805 and 1806 Burr studied the western country carefully, attached to himself a considerable number of adherents, conspicuous among whom were the deluding Wilkinson and the deluded Blennerhasset, provided himself with a decent excuse in the purchase of a vast tract of land for ostensible settlement, and in the autumn of 1806 set out with a handful of followers to descend the Mississippi toward New Orleans, and accomplish—something, what, we shall never know. Twice he was hindered on his way by the authorities, was tried and triumphantly acquitted. But at last the government was so thoroughly aroused that he found it expedient to desert his followers and attempt to make his escape. The attempt failed, and he was arrested and taken to Richmond to be tried for treason.

Through all this parti-colored Odyssey what Burr really planned to accomplish still remains obscure. Probably it was obscure even to himself. He had a certain childlike love of mystery, which showed all his life in a taste for enveloping even simple matters in cipher. His celebrated cipher letter to Wilkinson has a flavor of comic opera, though it deals with life and death. In short, he was a conspirator rather than a statesman, and great undertakings are not built on conspiracy. From the conflicting and concurring pieces of evidence we gather that he dreamed of a cloudy

empire, founded on the ruins of Spanish power in the Southwest, an empire that should give modern progress and civilization to those oppressed people and incidentally a glittering throne to himself, to be transmitted by inheritance to his daughter. If this seems utterly fantastic, we must remember that Napoleon was then at the top of his success, with no shadow of approaching overthrow, and that scores of military adventurers like Burr were stimulated by his example. What moves me more than all the elaborate testimony is one brief phrase of Theodosia's, which shows the hopes and dreams and schemes the two had talked over together. Writing later to her father in Europe, she says of difficulties affecting Mexico: "It is generally believed that we shall have trouble very soon. Thank God I am not near my subjects; all my care and real tenderness might be forgotten in the strife." It is these little touches that betray the secrets of the heart.

What chiefly wrecked Burr's Mexican scheme was the lack of money. He begged, he borrowed, he inveigled, and plundered rich fools like Blennerhasset, he even had the delightful audacity to ask the Spanish government for funds to destroy itself. All was to no purpose. What he got was pitiful, and even that slipped through his fingers. Money always slipped through his fingers: it was the tragedy of his life, except that he made it a comedy. He was often accused of dishonesty, and as he refused to justify himself—he never would justify himself—the accusation stuck. Perhaps he deserved it, indirectly at any rate. But the main trouble was an utter incapacity for dealing with money at all. He had a good gift at earning. He had an enormous gift at spending. He liked to spend for himself. He liked to spend for others, regardlessly, indiscriminately. Any beggar could fool him. He liked speculation of all sorts, liked to make cloud fortunes, and squander them generously and recklessly. Was there ever a prettier picture of milkmaid's visions

than this? "Now if I can get a passport to Bremen and Amsterdam," he writes to his daughter at a later period, "I will send you a million of francs within six months; but one half of it must be laid out in pretty things. Oh! what beautiful things I will send you. . . . Home at ten, and have been casting up my millions and spending it. Lord, how many people I have made happy!"

So, in casting up his millions and spending them and making people happy and inventing huge visionary amusement, he landed himself in Richmond and was being tried for his life. The trial was a historical spectacle; but it was a farce. Everybody, from the chief justice to the slightest witness and the prisoner himself, seemed to be thinking of something besides his guilt or innocence. All the same, the ignominy of it set the stamp upon his immense and terrible failure. He had failed in politics, he had failed in the conception of empire, simply because he was not big enough, because he did not take life or death or other men or his own ambition seriously enough. Perhaps, after all, he was quite as happy. He had the temperament of happiness. Even in destruction and disaster there were elements of amusement, if you knew how to look for them. Theodosia writes of her stay in Richmond during the trial: "Indeed my father, so far from accepting sympathy, has continued animating all around him. . . . Since my residence here, of which some days and a night were passed in the penitentiary, our little family circle has been a scene of uninterrupted gayety."

And this was the man who so narrowly missed being President of the United States. We do not know what sort of a President he would have been; but we do know something of what, as Vice-President, he was. And there is always that sentence in the farewell to the Senate: "On full investigation it will be discovered that there is scarce a departure from order but leads to or is indissolubly connected with a departure from morality." A grave sentence,

an admirable sentence; but coming from those lips, it too much recalls the old adage about Satan reproving sin.

O Aaron Burr, O Aaron Burr, you amused yourself, and you were the cause of endless amusement—and misery—in others!

After being formally acquitted of treason and even of misdemeanor, Burr sailed for Europe in 1808, partly because his enemies and his creditors made America unpleasant and partly in the shadowy hope of furthering his Mexican schemes. He was received at first fairly well in England and Scotland and had agreeable social relations. But the government soon became suspicious of him, and he was driven into a forlorn Bohemian exile over the Northern part of the continent. The record of his four years' wandering is contained in his singular *Journal*. And it ought to be a record of despair. Not only had he left great hope behind him, not only had the wealth and glory and power he had dreamed of utterly faded away, while all he loved was separated from him by a thousand leagues of barren sea. But he was beset with every sort of petty trial and discomfort. He knocked in vain at the portals of the great, or shivered in their antechambers and endured the insults of their lackeys, soliciting aid or favor or even tolerance. He had spells of sickness, of sheer physical exhaustion, with nobody to tend him. He endured discomforts of cold, discomforts of heat, discomforts of wet and filth and vermin. He was wretchedly poor, so that he was often near his last penny, forced to borrow of servants and casual acquaintance, forced to sell the petty and treasured remembrances of brighter days. He writes to Theodosia: "So, after turning it over, and looking at it, and opening it, and putting it to my ear like a baby, and kissing it, and begging you a thousand pardons out loud, your dear, little, beautiful watch was—was sold."

Well, in spite of this hideous accu-

mulation of great and little miseries—the little so often harder to endure—the record is not one of despair at all. On the contrary, there is an un-failing, sunny, imperturbable cheerfulness, which is quite irresistible. And this cheerfulness is not stoical, is not a matter of discipline and theory. No doubt Burr's theory supported his practice; but the practice was constitutional and did not require any theory whatever. There is no regret for the past, hardly even a thought of it. There is occasional preoccupation with the future, but not often to the point of anxiety. There is always recognition of the golden sufficiency of the present, and the wisdom of making the most of it by keeping one's thoughts outside of one's self.

And note that the ordinary greater spiritual consolations and resources are not so much what Burr depends upon. He was never an absorbed or arduous thinker, and he did not divert himself with the problems of philosophy. He took little interest in art, though his quick susceptibility responded to it for the moment. When he hears a concert, he is more interested in the audience than in the music. And the natural world, also, is little more than a background for humanity. As for religion, it is hardly to be supposed that he looked to it for comfort. In his youth he threw off inherited Calvinism once for all. In his age he spoke of the Bible with respect, but nothing suggests a daily perusal. In general, his attitude is that of a polite acquaintance with God, such as he maintained with all gentlemen, but of no particular intimacy. I don't know what can better sum up his religion than his delicious remark: "I think that God is a great deal better than some people suppose."

But he did not need these greater and more difficult means of spiritual support because the mere casual amusement of every day and hour was enough. He lived on the surface of his own soul, and the bright, varied, shifting, scintillating surface of life afforded him inexhaustible

diversion. When he was cold and half-sick and poverty-stricken indoors, he could go to a theater on the boulevards and laugh and cry like a forgetful child. He could walk in the fields on a sunny morning and meet a gay company of peasants and chat with them and take part in their simple sports and make them think he was as gentle and innocent as they were, and in a sense he was. Or, if he had to take a long dark ride in a crowded coach, with the wind chilling and the rain beating, he could wrap himself in his cloak, and snuggle up for warmth against the stout farmer beside him, and smile, and fall asleep.

And the inward cheerfulness was reflected in an outward kindness and courtesy, which won hearts even if it could not always keep heads. He was ready to receive favors, and when he could, to return them, to give money when he had it, and to give smiles, which he always had. His hope was no greater than his benevolence, which was extraordinary, considering his evanescent means, often no doubt indiscreet and foolish, but immensely attractive. How charming is the story of the half-pence: "Have left in cash two half-pence, which is much better than *one* penny, because they jingle, and thus one may refresh one's self with the music." Yet a little later he finds himself penniless, "for I had given my two halfpence to Gonin's little girl."

Then there are the women, women innumerable, unfailing, and amusing always. There is that strange multiplicity of indiscriminate street adventures, which are saved from utter sordidness only by the grace and sunshine of his spirit. On a higher level there are entanglements like that with Madame de Reizenstein, and the escape from her, described with such picturesque vividness: "Felicitate me, my dear Theodosia, on my escape from the most critical danger of my life. . . . I do really believe that De Reizenstein is a sorceress. Indeed, I have no doubt of it; and, if I were president of the

Secret Tribunal, she should be burned alive to-morrow. Another interview, and I might have been lost; my hopes and projects blasted and abandoned. The horror of this last catastrophe struck me so forcibly, and the danger was so imminent, that at eight o'clock I ordered posthorses; gave a crown extra to the postillion to drive like the devil, and lo! here I am in a warm room, near a neat, good bed, safely locked within the walls of Erfurth, rejoicing and repining." But with high and low, rich and poor, virtuous and sordid, there is the same cordiality, the same gayety, the same lavish waste of money, and the same easy oblivion.

The Journal which contains all these edifying bits is a curious production. Professor Channing calls it "the most disgraceful journal in existence." To lovers of Pepys this must seem rather strong. At the same time, though Pepys is more luxuriant in detail, Burr distinctly excels in the complete absence of that conscience which was always teasing and towing and tormenting poor Pepys after his indecorous excesses. In other respects the diaries oddly resemble each other. Both are broken, frank, direct, almost incoherent notes of the day's intimate experiences, without any attempt at literary finish. Both show that singular and unexpected yet intensely human disposition to disguise misdoing under a veil of polyglot shyness, and in both the use of foreign languages is as careless as it is chaotic.

The strangest, most inexplicable thing about Burr's Journal is that it was explicitly and solely intended for Theodosia's reading. Biographers have tried to make out that she was to have an expurgated duplicate, but the evidence of the diary itself tends to disprove this assertion. The only possible way to explain the difficulty is to remember Burr's extraordinary, childlike candor, and the peculiar independence of Theodosia's bringing up; but even so the problem is troublesome enough. At any rate, the existence of the Journal proves

what an immense place the daughter occupied in her father's thought; and it serves to remind us that during these terrible European years he had at least the vision of her and of an old age passed in her company. What that company was, what an influence her intense fragility and beautiful, noble courage had on a nature so difficult to influence is obvious everywhere in the many letters she wrote to him, letters which show a character subtler, stronger, more framed to fill a great place in the world than his. And yet, as so often happens, the very strength of the higher nature showed itself in an adoration of the lower, which is almost overwhelming in its passionate ardor: "Often, after reflecting on the subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me." The eternal tragedy of deluded affection has no more pathetic victims than Margaret Arnold and Theodosia Burr, and with what scorn would they both have resented the word!

So, when Burr, in 1812, finally succeeded in slinking home from Europe, he had at least this love and that of his grandchild to look forward to. Then the hope was blighted by sudden and appalling disaster. A few weeks after Burr landed in New York his grandchild died. This blow was serious enough: it completely prostrated Theodosia. But at least she and her father could be together. On the last day of 1812 she sailed from Charleston for New York, and was never heard of again.

It seemed as if life could hold no more wretchedness. Even Burr's serenity was shaken for a time, and he admitted in despair that he "felt severed from the human race." Yet the wonderful elasticity of that wonderful spirit brought him up again, and for twenty-five years

he lived on in New York, presumably very much the life that he had lived before. He was shunned by society and coldly regarded by other members of his profession; yet he practiced law with the same old vital vigor and with notable success. His immense physical activity continued almost to the end; and in the main the cheerfulness, the kindly interest in people about him, the endless faculty of finding and imparting amusement persisted unimpaired. Also, his wild and unrestrained dealings with money increased, if possible. He had found out long before that "this 'giving' is a very unprofitable business, and I have twenty times determined to quit it, yet am perpetually seduced into the perpetration of it." He gave right and left, whenever he had anything to give, without discrimination and without regret.

And when he was seventy-eight he married. The affair was as picturesque as everything else about him. The lady, Madame Jumel, who was rich and by no means young, had some natural hesitation. Burr laughingly told her that he would come on a certain day with a clergyman, prepared for business. The day came, and Burr, and the clergyman, the same who had married him to Theodosia fifty years before. The lady yielded and the marriage took place. But, alas, the conjugal felicity lasted little longer than the wooing, and the wife soon left the husband to his old, familiar, discreditable solitude.

There is little more to the strange story: paralysis shattering the body, but not great or grave enough to perturb the dauntless spirit, and the self-forgetful care of a woman who was willing to face slander and obloquy to ease the last days of her father's old friend. On the fourteenth of September, 1836, Aaron Burr died.

Apparently he had little fear of death by steel, or bullet, or disease. When a lady was complaining to him that some misery would kill her, he said, "Well, die then, madame: we must all die;

but bless me, die game." He died game. When he was in Paris, he thought he had been poisoned, and remembered the fate of a friend, who "having taken a dose of medicine, some time after drank a glass of cold water, and in an hour was dead. It seemed to me that I was about to follow his example; and, being in good company, and feeling no pain, there could not be a more charming occasion for an exit. I became very gay, and F. said I was never *si aimable*." In his last illness a reverend gentleman asked him if he was sure of his salvation through Christ. He replied that "on that subject he was coy." Is not the phrase admirably characteristic of the man, so that you feel sure you have his very words? And is it not delicious? He replied that on that subject he was coy. Shouldn't you think he might have been? He had murdered his rival, conspired against his country, deserted his followers, robbed his friends, made an utter mock of female virtue; and really one shudders to think where he must have gone to. Yet he had done it all in the most amiable spirit. "Revenge, you know," he says, "is not in my nature." And he referred casually in company to his great adversary as "my friend Hamilton—whom I shot." Wherever he went, it is difficult to think of him as not enjoying himself, and one is constantly reminded of the charming remark of Fowler in "The Witty Fair One," when he thinks he is in hell: "If I be dead, I am in a world very like the other; I will get me a female spirit to converse withal, and kiss, and be merry, and imagine myself alive again."

Once more I recur to that inimitable sentence in the Senate speech: "On full investigation it will be discovered that there is scarce a departure from order but leads to or is indissolubly connected with a departure from morality." It is said that Senators wept. I imagine the angels wept also. Fortunately not even the tears of angels can ever blot out that sentence.

FOUR FERINGHEES IN INNER ASIA

II. THROUGH THE LANDS WHERE HISTORY BEGAN

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

THE Assyrian who piloted our baggage car was so eager to get on to Kermanshah that he piqued my curiosity, for eagerness to get anywhere in a hurry, or to do anything which involves effort, is not a characteristic of the peoples who inhabit the plateau of Iran. I dismissed the matter with the assumption that a pair of dark eyes and red lips were awaiting him, but later in the day, in a burst of confidence, he explained that a man whom he knew was to be hanged the next day in Kermanshah, and that, if the Sah'b and his friends would graciously consent to start from Hamadan a little earlier than usual the following morning, we should probably arrive in time to witness the hanging.

As a matter of fact, executions are so common in Kermanshah as scarcely to provoke comment. A frontier town, it stands amid the foothills of the Zagros Range, which not only forms the borderland between Mesopotamia and Persia, but is also the borderland between two of the most warlike tribes in all this region—the Kurds and the Lurs. From time beyond reckoning it has been the custom of these fierce highland clansmen to support themselves by swooping down upon the caravans as they wend their toilsome way through the rocky defiles, and to loot them or collect from them tolls in the form of money, merchandise, or camels. These practices were scarcely calculated to encourage trade, however, and frequent repetitions of them had resulted in the British authorities in Mesopotamia sending such a peremptory message to the Persian government that an expedition had been despatched against the bandits. After some weeks

of ineffectual skirmishing in the hills, and the expenditure of much ammunition, the expedition had returned to Kermanshah in triumph, bringing with it a score of prisoners. Now it was common gossip in the bazaars that these prisoners were not bandits at all, but inoffensive goatherds and villagers, whom the commander of the expedition had brought back in order to placate his superiors.

In traveling from Tehran down to railhead you should plan to break your journey at the American mission stations at Hamadan and Kermanshah. We imposed on the hospitality of the missionaries in both of these places, both coming and going, to say nothing of spending a fortnight with their colleagues in Tehran, and in no country have I received a warmer welcome or been made to feel so much at home. The mission stations in Persia bear such a strong general resemblance to one another that a picture of one is a picture of them all. They usually consist of from five to a dozen acres of ground, in the residential section of the town, well wooded and, if possible, with running water, encircled by a high mud wall. Once within the gate of a mission compound and Persia is left behind; you are back in America again. Broad-verandaed, substantial-looking houses obviously built from American plans stand in the midst of fragrant, old-fashioned gardens. There are winding, shaded walks; young people are playing tennis on a dirt court, and usually there is a swimming pool. In the big living room there is an open fireplace, for the winters on the Persian uplands are bitterly cold; a Morris chair (made by a local car-

penter) is drawn up beside a table heaped high with three-month-old newspapers and magazines; and there is, of course, a phonograph and a pile of records—Caruso, Harry Lauder, and “Nearer My God to Thee.” There is something of the pathetic in the attempts of these lonely exiles, far from home and friends, to reproduce in this distant corner of the world the atmosphere of the homeland. And there is no trouble to which they will not put themselves for visitors, particularly Americans. They not only entertained us in their homes for many days at a time, often at great inconvenience to themselves, but they engaged motor cars for us, and hired drivers, and arranged for supplies of oil and petrol, and sent telegrams, and cashed checks, and, in short, performed the countless services for which, in civilized countries, one turns to Thomas Cook & Son.

I might add that, contrary to popular belief at home, proselytism plays a very small part in American missionary work in Persia—first, because a campaign which had for its avowed purpose the conversion of the natives to Christianity would instantly arouse the hostility of the Persian government, and, secondly, because Mohammedan sentiment is so strong throughout the country that a Persian who renounced it for Christianity would certainly suffer social ostracism, if he escaped assassination. By this I do not mean to imply that there is no evangelistic work, for there is, but it is carried on mainly among the Armenians, Assyrians, and other sects of Oriental Christians, who, I might add, need it much more than the Persians. But the energies of the missionaries are devoted for the most part to educational and medical work, in pursuance of which they have established a chain of schools and hospitals across the whole breadth of northern Persia, from Urumiah, on the frontier of Kurdistan, to Meshed, on the Afghan border. In spite of their limited facilities—several of the hospitals for example,

have not been able to afford X-ray apparatus—the value of the services rendered to humanity by the American medical missionaries is beyond calculation, as can be testified by thousands of natives who have received treatment at their hands. Nor is it an exaggeration to assert that the hope of Persia lies in the boys and girls who, in the American mission schools are not only acquiring a modern education but are being trained as enlightened, patriotic citizens. Persia owes to these courageous, unselfish, hard-working men and women of the American missions a debt which she can never fully repay. To them I lift my hat in respect and admiration. I am proud that they are Americans.

I never realized before I went there how high Persia is propped up above the rest of the world, or that part of the world lying to the west of it, or how difficult a matter it is to get into or out of it. On the Mesopotamian side there is only one place where it can be done—the eight-thousand-foot Tak-i-Girreh Pass, through which the road from the north crosses the Zagros Ranges on its way down to the plains beside the Tigris. Before the Great War it was little more than a caravan trail, impracticable for anything save mules and camels, but when, in 1917, Britain despatched to North Persia an expedition under General Dunsterville—known as the “Dunsterforce”—in an attempt to take the Turks in the rear and relieve the pressure against the demoralized Russians, the historic highway, which had shaken in turn beneath the tramp of the legions of Cyrus and Darius, of Xerxes and Alexander, was repaired and broadened, forming, indeed, General Dunsterville’s only line of communications.

The road is in reality a ladder, leading from the lofty Iranian plateau down to the Mesopotamian plain; and it is a ladder which requires a cool head and a steady hand on the steering-wheel to descend in safety, for it is none too wide at best, while in places it is merely a narrow

shelf blasted from the face of the cliff. The signs erected by the British—"Danger! Test Your Brakes!"—still admonish the traveler, and, if these warnings are not sufficient, he has only to peer over the brink of the dizzy precipice to see the twisted and rusting skeletons of scores of motor vehicles strewn the rocky slopes below. Between Hamadan and railhead we passed at least a dozen great motor cemeteries, where the thousands of cars, camions, and ambulances used by the British, and no longer fit for service, have been assembled, stripped of all that was worth salvaging, and abandoned. Fully nine-tenths of the cars used on the Mesopotamian and Persian fronts were manufactured in Detroit. I don't remember the exact number, but it was something incredible—far up in the tens of thousands. In fact, I was told by a British general in Baghdad that Britain could never have won the Mesopotamian campaign had it not been for Ford.

We had been warned, before leaving Kermanshah, that in the pass we might encounter brigands, so we were not taken by surprise, upon rounding a shoulder of the cliff, to see, perched on a great rock which commanded the road, a trio of ruffianly looking Kurds leaning on their rifles. Their high black *kolas* were bound about their foreheads with scarves of gaudy silk, buccaneer fashion, their resemblance to the late Captain Kidd being completed by the suggestive handles of ivory, wood, and silver which protruded from their bulging girdles. The top of our car was up, so that they could not see us, and I imagine that they supposed they had only a party of terrified natives to deal with, for, when the car stopped short and four helmeted *feringhees* sprang out briskly, the butts of businesslike automatics peeping from their holsters, the astonishment and chagrin of these Kurdish Captain Kidds was positively ludicrous. When they had regained their self-possession they scrambled down from their rock and salaamed profoundly and wished us peace

and explained that they were guarding the pass and protecting strangers like ourselves from bandits. They were so naïve about it all, and so obviously disappointed at having drawn a blank, that after they had posed for a picture, I bestowed a few *kran*s upon each of them, whereupon they salaamed again and called down upon us the blessings of Allah. I think that Sherim was disappointed that the episode ended so tamely, for he had spent four years as a gun layer on the Western Front and was secretly hankering for excitement.

The Muscovite who was driving our Benz had the most original method of descending a mountainside that I have ever seen. Instead of putting his clutch into second gear, he would shut off his power entirely and then go charging downward at terrific speed, the big car lurching from side to side of the precipice-bordered road like a runaway locomotive. The ordinary curves he took on two wheels, presumably to save rubber, but when we were within a few yards of one of the hairpin turns with which the road abounded, with nothing but emptiness ahead, he would suddenly jam on foot and emergency brakes simultaneously, thus locking his rear wheels and causing the stern of the car to skid around the corner. And sometimes, at the narrower places, where the outside of the road ended in "a drop into nothing below you as far as a beggar could spit," he would give us an extra thrill by gripping the steering-wheel with his knees so that he would have both hands free to light a cigarette. I do not think that I am a particularly nervous person, but I am frank to say that I heaved a sigh of relief when we reached the bottom. There were several moments when I wondered if I was going to see the Statue of Liberty again.

The climatic change from the great tableland of northwestern Persia to the Mesopotamian lowlands is as abrupt as it is enervating. When we left Kermanshah we shivered in spite of our rugs and greatcoats, and the air had the

exhilarating quality of dry champagne. But when, a few hours later, we drew up before the customs house at Kasri-Shirin, the heat was like a blast from an open furnace door and so savage was the sun that we felt as though an unseen hand was pressing down upon our helmets. At our backs rose the purple mountains of Kurdistan; before us, far as the eye could see, stretched a tawny waste above which heat waves danced and flickered. Threading an archipelago of low brown hills, we dropped down into a *nullah*, climbed the other side, and found ourselves confronted by a barrier of barbed wire. Beyond it stood three or four mud hovels, a box car without wheels, and a small cluster of khaki tents over which flew a red-black-white-and-green banner--the flag of 'Iraq, as Mesopotamia is now known. And there, its twin lines of steel stretching to the horizon's rim, was the railway.

There is something peculiarly comforting and reassuring in the sight of a railway upon emerging from a land which has never echoed to the hoot of a locomotive. For a railway, no matter how poor an affair it may be, nearly always leads to newspapers, and ice plants, and electric lights, and the other things that stand for civilization. We knew that this railway, for example, would bear us to Baghdad, where we could make connections with another railway for Basra, and from Basra there are weekly sailings for Bombay, which, as everyone knows, is only a step by P. & O. from Rome and Paris and London. We hadn't the slightest intention of going home by any such prosaic route as that, of course, but it was pleasant to know that we *could* go home that way if we chose.

From Tiaruq, which is the name of the railhead station, to Baghdad North is only about one hundred and twenty miles, but the journey takes from noon of one day to six o'clock the following morning. This works out at about six and a half miles an hour, which gives the Mesopotamian Railways the dis-

tinction of operating what is probably the slowest train on earth. The rolling stock consists of carriages discarded by the Indian railways; judging from their condition, they must have seen their best days when Victoria was still on the throne. The carriages are divided into two compartments, each of which contains four leather-covered lounges, the two upper ones being hooked up out of the way when not in use. The passengers provide their own bedding and insect powder. Attached to the train is a "restaurant carriage," as it is called by courtesy, which is in reality nothing but a box car stocked with beer, soft drinks of various kinds, tinned biscuits, and cucumbers, the latter being a favorite article of food in this thirsty land.

Though the line from Tiaruq to Baghdad runs across a sandy and monotonous waste, broken here and there by *nullahs*, or gullies, we found it interesting because of the measures for defense against Bedouin raids which were everywhere apparent. The stations consisted of small block-houses of adobe, encircled by systems of trenches and barbed wire, with machine guns mounted on their roofs. Close by each station a small detachment of 'Iraq gendarmerie was encamped, and at one or two points on the line battalions of beturbaned Indian soldiery were living under canvas. When the train stopped at night at the lonely desert stations I could make out the dim figures of troopers of the Camel Corps outlined against the stars, and now and then smart-looking 'Iraqian officers in *keffieh*s and khaki, spurs, bandoleers, and pistol jingling, would stride briskly along the train. There was an air of suppressed excitement about it all which showed that the danger of attack was by no means imaginary, and which brought home to us in vivid fashion the thrills of railway travel during Indian days on our own plains.

Seen from a distance, Baghdad is very beautiful, with its peacock-colored



THREE KURDISH CAPTAIN KIDDS

mosques and minarets framed by the lofty date palms and the noble river in the foreground, but the moment one sets foot within the city, and sees the narrow, filthy streets and the miserable houses built of crumbling mud, the illusion vanishes. Situated in a region where there is no stone and practically no timber, Baghdad was built, like all the cities of the Babylonian plain, of brick and tiles. Like Tehran, it is a mud-brown city, this effect being emphasized by the thick layer of dust which lies over everything. The only spots of color are provided by the mosques, which are the city's sole redeeming architectural feature, their splendid domes and slender minarets being covered with glazed tiles of blue and green and yellow, laid in charming arabesque designs, so that they look for all the world like enormous pieces of cloisonné. But, with a few exceptions, they are all comparatively modern. Of the magnificent city which was Harun-al-Rashid's capital; which, at the height of its fame and prosperity, had a population of two million souls; which, in literature, art and science, divided the supremacy of the world with Cordova; and which was the religious capital of all Islam, and the po-

litical capital of the greater part of it, at a time when Islam bore the same relation to civilization that Christianity does to-day—of this city, made famous by *The Thousand and One Nights*, virtually nothing remains.

The original city of Baghdad was built on the western bank of the Tigris, but this is now, and has been for centuries, little more than a suburb of the larger and more important city on the eastern shore. The river, which at this point is nearly three hundred yards across and so swift as to well justify its name of "the Arrow," is spanned by two pontoon bridges, one in the suburbs, and the other, known as the Maude Bridge, in the heart of the town. The traffic on these bridges, which are too narrow to permit of vehicles passing one another, is as rigidly controlled as the traffic on Fifth Avenue, flags by day and lanterns by night indicating when the long lines of waiting vehicles may go and when they must stop. The streams of traffic which flow unceasingly over these creaking, swaying structures provide a scene of inexhaustible fascination—long files of stately camels, desert-bound; strings of sturdy pack mules, gayly caparisoned with beads and tassels and colored

leathers; droves of diminutive donkeys, jingling with bells; only their ears and tails showing beneath their enormous burdens, creaking wagons drawn by lumbering buffalo, their elephant-like hides caked with yellow mud; restive, wiry polo ponies ridden by Indian *syces* with bundles of polo mallets under their arms; clanking field batteries, the helmeted gunners clinging to the swaying caissons; armored cars with the slim barrels of machine guns peering from their turrets; ponderous army trucks, bearing the broad arrow of the War Department, piled high with supplies and ammunition; snorting motor cycles piloted by despatch riders whose bare knees and arms are tanned to the color of a much-smoked meerschaum; queer two-wheeled mule-carts with Indian drivers, belonging to the Army Service Corps; lancers of the king's bodyguard on well-groomed Walers; dilapidated gharries—the public conveyances of Baghdad—drawn by half-starved ponies, their harness eked out with rope; and motor cars of every size and model, from lordly Rolls-Royces, with red-

tabbed staff officers lounging in the tonneaus, to bustling, self-important Fords loaded to the guards with natives in skirts and turbans. Nowhere else in all the world can one witness so colorful or varied a panorama.

Running through the very heart of Baghdad, straight as though laid out with a ruler, is the hideous thoroughfare known as New Street. It was cut by the Turkish commander, Khalil Pasha, on the advice of the Germans, and was ruthlessly done. It looks, indeed, as though a giant shell had ripped its way through the busiest quarters of the city, shearing off the fronts of the houses so that their interiors are immodestly exposed, and leaving in its wake a swath of debris and destruction. No more unpopular thing was ever done in any city, for no attention was paid to the rights of the property owners and great suffering and financial loss ensued, yet, on the whole, it was a good thing to do, for such a thoroughfare was needed. Since the war, what with Arab revolts, and native unrest, and uncertainty as to the length of the British occupation, con-



THE MOSQUE OF HAIDAR KHANE IN BAGHDAD



STREAMS OF TRAFFIC FLOW UNCEASINGLY OVER THE PONTOON BRIDGES

ditions in Baghdad have been in such a state of flux that the property owners along New Street have hesitated to erect new buildings or even to patch up the old ones. In fact, barring the rather imposing British Residency, there is not a really substantial building in the city. The British and Indian merchants who followed the armies of occupation have opened their shops in basements or storerooms, with the goods displayed on packing-cases or on counters improvised from saw-horses and planks. Even the leading banks occupy hole-in-the-wall quarters, reached by alleys so dim and squalid that you wonder if there can possibly be anything respectable at the end. As a result, the stranger receives an impression of impermanency, as though everyone was ready to pack up and clear out at a moment's notice, as, to tell the truth, they are. Were it not for its many beautiful mosques, Baghdad the one-time magnificent would bear a striking resemblance to a Western boom town.

Baghdad possesses the unenviable reputation of being one of the hottest

cities in the world, and I can vouch for the fact that its reputation is fully justified, for it was our misfortune to arrive there at the beginning of the hot season. Sometimes, in the months of June, July, August, and September, especially when the simoon is blowing, the thermometer at break of day is known to stand at 112° while at noon it rises to 120° , and about two o'clock to 125° , dropping to 115° by sunset. In order to endure such heat, the population is compelled, during the four months of the hot season, to spend their nights on the roofs and their days in the cellars. By cellar I mean the *serdah*, a basement sunk considerably below the level of the ground, its half windows filled with the prickly thorn known as *agul*. Several times a day water is sprinkled on these thorns, as well as on the tiled floor of the *serdah*, the moisture thus formed creating a sort of fictitious coolness. Lady Cox, the wife of the British High Commissioner, told me, however, that the only way to keep a room habitable during the hot season is to close the windows and doors entirely in the early morning, and to

keep them closed until nightfall, thus shutting out the hot air. But towards sunset these closed-up rooms become unbearably close, and then the entire city mounts to the flat housetops, where it eats and sleeps. The hours spent on the roofs are almost as wearisome as those spent in the cellars, however, for it is impossible to read or write, as the presence of a light attracts armies of mosquitos, while one has to arise at day-break and descend into the *serdah* in order to escape the dangerous rays of the morning sun. This sort of life naturally results in revolutionizing social customs. For example, I well remember accompanying the American Consul on a round of official calls at Grand Bairam, which is the Mohammedan Easter, when we started at six o'clock in the morning; and when the Emir Feisal was proclaimed King of 'Iraq in August, 1921, the coronation ceremony began before it was fairly light. As might be expected, Baghdad is not a healthy city to live in. Cholera and plague, those two most dreaded diseases of the East, are common; heat apoplexy is not

unknown: to drink unboiled water or uncooked vegetables is to invite death from typhoid; and few Europeans, no matter how many precautions they may take, live in the city for any length of time without contracting that disfiguring parasitic growth known as the "Baghdad button."

But one overlooks the discomforts of life in the ancient city in the glamour and never ending variety of its street scenes. Stroll with me along New Street at twilight, when the population emerges from its *serdahs* to obtain a breath of air. The throng which fills the dusty thoroughfare from curb to curb forms a human kaleidoscope whose like can not be found anywhere else in the world—haughty, hawk-nosed Arabs, their keen eyes peering out from beneath *keffieh*s, which are bound in place by enormous *agals* that look like hanks of brown yarn; Hebrew women, covered from head to heel by gorgeous silken *abahs* brocaded in gold and silver, their features hidden by curious black visors, from beneath which one occasionally gets a glimpse of languorous, alluring



THE MOSQUE OF KAZEMAIN, ONE OF THE MOST SACRED MOSLEM SHRINES



THE ENTRANCE TO A BAGHDAD MOSQUE

eyes; swarthy, swaggering Kurds with towering *kolas*, the same curious head-dress as depicted on the Babylonian tablets of three thousand years ago; Bedouins from the desert, their braided hair hanging down before their ears, like the pigtailed of schoolgirls; Moslem *imama* in flowing robes and snowy turbans; Jews in red tarbooshes and misfit European clothing; barefooted coolie

women with voluminous carmine skirts and silver anklets and turquoise-studded nose-rings; patriarchal-looking Turks with yellow scarves wound about their turbans, denoting that they have made the *hadj* to the Holy Places; descendants of the Prophet, wearing green scarves and girdles (I counted seventeen of them in a ten-minute drive); dignified, upstanding Sikhs, their black beards

braided and tied beneath the chin, about their turbans razor-edged steel bracelets; stocky, slouch-hatted Ghurkas, wearing at their waists the terrible broad-bladed knife which is their national weapon; rosy-cheeked British Tommies in shorts and spine-pads and quilted helmets; dandified young officers of the Royal Air Force, strolling along as though they were on Piccadilly; British merchants in pipe-clayed shoes and pipe-clayed topées and immaculate suits of starched white linen; staff officers of the army of occupation, boots and belts gleaming like mahogany, their breasts ablaze with campaign ribbons; white-faced European women, under gayly-colored sunshades, dashing by in cars or dog-carts on their way to the Sports Club for tea and tennis; Parsee traders from Bombay, Arab merchants from Bahrein and Muskat, negro slaves from East Africa, Russian refugees, Armenians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Circassians, Lurs, Hindus, Egyptians, Persians, Levantines, world without end, Amen. . . .

Before shaking the dust of Baghdad

from his feet, every visitor who has reveled in *The Thousand and One Nights* should make a little pilgrimage to an ancient Mohammedan cemetery which stands on the western bank of the Tigris, in the edge of the desert. At the far end of this cemetery rises a conspicuous and curious object, which appears, from a distance, to be an enormous pine cone balanced on top of a handbox. This is the tomb of Zobeide, the favorite wife of Harun-al-Rashid. Here she lies buried, within sound of the city where she lived and laughed and loved, but her devoted husband, instead of sleeping beside her, as he would have wished, has his last resting-place a thousand miles away, beneath the great dome of the Imam Musa shrine in Meshed.

Follow the sandy highway which parallels the Tigris and, three or four miles beyond the tomb of Zobeide, you will come to the famous Mosque of Kazemain, that beautiful shining thing which is the first object to catch the eye of the traveler bound for Baghdad, no matter from what direction he ap-



THE ANCIENT MINARET OF SAMARRA, ON THE LINE OF THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY

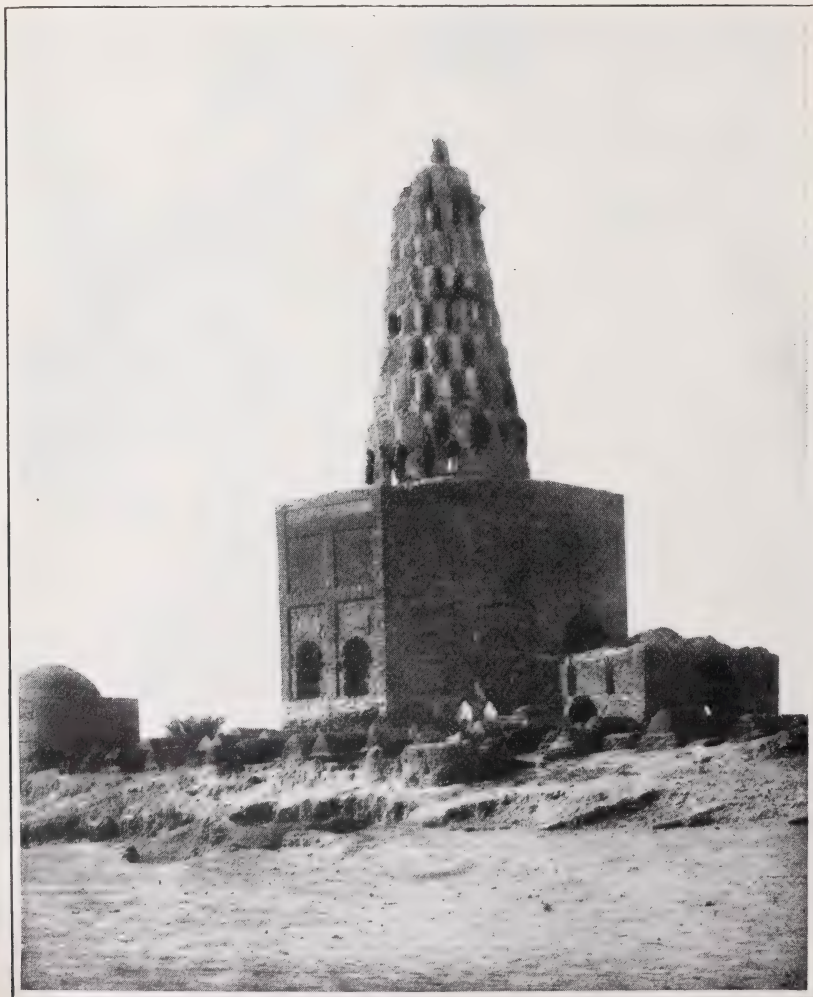


THE MOSQUES LOOK LIKE ENORMOUS PIECES OF CLOISONNÉ

proaches. Its two great domes, the five lofty minarets, and part of the façade are overlaid with gold, the gift of Shah Nasr-ed-Din of Persia, at a cost, it is said, of a pound for every brick. From all over the East pilgrims come to pray at this shrine, which is one of the most sacred spots in the Shiite world, bearing offerings which have given the mosque a colossal revenue. Christians are not permitted to enter its precincts, and the population of the Kazemain quarter is so fanatical that it is difficult and even dangerous to approach it.

Mesopotamia, or 'Iraq, to give it its new name, might be described as a king-

dom which has been made to order—cut from Turkish cloth. Comprising the three former Turkish vilayets of Mosul, Baghdad, and Basra, it has about the area and population of California. According to the terms of the Treaty of Sevres, Mesopotamia was recognized as an independent state under a mandatory power, the mandate being allotted to Great Britain. Thereupon Great Britain found herself faced with the thankless and discouraging task of organizing this "independent" state; of establishing a government which would receive the support of the people and at the same time could be depended upon to carry out British policies; and



THE TOMB OF ZOBEIDE, THE FAVORITE WIFE OF HARUN-AL-RASHID

of backing up that government with an army. The first step toward accomplishing this was taken in 1920, when a Council of State was formed, as a provisional measure, to conduct the administration of the country under the supervision of Great Britain; the second in the summer of 1921, when there arrived at Basra a British cruiser bearing the Emir Feisal, second son of King Hussein of the Hedjaz, who, on the twenty-fifth of August, was proclaimed by the British High Commissioner King of 'Iraq. That the move was an unfortunate one, no one who is familiar with 'Iraq and its inhabitants will attempt to deny. Though King Feisal is an Arab, as are the majority of his new subjects, he comes from the opposite side of the peninsula, having, in fact, never set eyes on Mesopotamia before. To complicate matters still further, his father, King Hussein, as Grand Sherif of Mecca, is the head of the Sunni sect of Mohammedans, while the vast majority of the inhabitants of 'Iraq are Shiah, who hold the Sunnis in even greater detestation than they do Christians. In order to give their puppet ruler all the trappings of royalty, the British designed for him a uniform, half Arab and half European; provided him with a court, complete from grooms to grand chamberlain; organized a bodyguard of lancers; presented him with a palace, a motor launch, and a fleet of motor cars; raised, drilled, and equipped a miniature army; and designed a flag, a set of postage stamps, and an order of knighthood. The latter, I was told, was to be called the Order of the Lamp, which, in view of the fact that the country's chief source of revenue is its oil fields, seemed highly appropriate. The scheme of government which has been worked out by the British appears entirely practicable on paper, but it has proved unworkable because neither the king nor the people will accept British dictation. 'Iraq, with hostile mountain tribes on the north and hostile desert tribes on the west and south, and with a

hostile population, is a difficult country to hold, as the British have already discovered. The truth of the matter is that the vast majority of the country's inhabitants want the Turks back, and it will be well for the peace of this troubled region when they return. One thing is certain: were it not for its wealth in oil, the British would evacuate Mesopotamia to-morrow.

I had brought with me from Damascus letters to King Feisal from certain of his Syrian adherents, and, presumably because he wished to learn from an unprejudiced observer how things were going in Syria under the French mandate, he sent me word by an official of his household that he would like to meet me. The audience took place in the Serai, formerly the palace of the Turkish governor, a large and rambling structure standing on the bank of the Tigris and distinguished rather for extent than for grandeur. After a brief wait in a spacious anteroom, where Arab Staff officers in British uniforms, frock-coated officials of the household, and bearded *mollahs* in flowing robes and snowy turbans conversed in undertones as they sat on the low divans, I was ushered into the cabinet of the King—a small room, furnished like an office, its windows overlooking the swiftly flowing river. From behind a large, flat-topped desk a slender, dark-bearded man in the middle thirties, a man with frank, pleasant eyes and a peculiarly winning smile, rose to receive me. I recognized him at once from his pictures—it was his Majesty Feisal I, King of 'Iraq and Prince of Arabia. Instead of the picturesque and becoming Arab dress which he usually affects in public, he wore a khaki service uniform with scarlet tabs, evidently patterned on that of a British field marshal, and on a table rested his headdress, a curious combination of the Arab *agal* and the British helmet. King Feisal is one of the handsomest men that I have ever seen, with the straight limbs, small hips, and slender hands of the high-caste Arab. His skin is a clear olive; his eyes

are as large and lustrous as a woman's; and, unlike most Arabs, his features, when he is engaged in conversation, reflect great animation. His arched, distinctly Semitic nose, his high cheekbones, and the fashion in which he trims his beard give him a most striking resemblance to those ancient rulers whose effigies appear on Babylonian tablets and coins. And, when you come to think of it, he *is* the successor of that long line of sovereigns—Sargon, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Harun-al-Rashid, to name but a few—who once ruled in this land. But, unless I am vastly mistaken, he would willingly exchange his historic throne, and the galling restrictions which his British guardians have thrown about it, for a black tent on the desert and the care-free life of a nomad.

Before leaving Tehran we had telegraphed to Sir Percy Cox, the British High Commissioner in Mesopotamia, asking if we could obtain passage by one of the airplanes which twice monthly carry the mails from Baghdad to Cairo. The journey occupies about seven and a half hours, including a brief stop for petrol, at Amman, in Transjordan, and the charge per passenger is one hundred and fifty pounds, or about seven hundred and fifty dollars. Upon our arrival in Baghdad we learned that the War Office in London, to which our request had been referred, had cabled its consent, but we were also informed that we would have to wait in Baghdad for at least a fortnight before a plane with four seats would be available. Now two weeks in Baghdad, at the height of the hot season, is anything but an agreeable prospect, so we reluctantly abandoned our plans for flying from the Tigris to the Nile on a modern Magic Carpet and decided, instead, to follow the course of the Euphrates across the northern desert to Aleppo by motor. True, we could find no one who had actually made the journey, but the British military

authorities assured us that we would be tolerably safe from molestation within the British zone, and the French consul told us that, according to his latest advices, the Arabs were comparatively quiet in French territory. In motoring language, the road was "passable but unsafe."

Thus it came about that one sweltering June evening found us boarding a ramshackle train at the Baghdad station of that historic line, the Berlin-Baghdad Railway. The section between Baghdad and Samarra was completed by the Germans during the war, and since then the British have pushed the railhead northward as far as Schergat, about seventy-five miles south of Mosul, where we had arranged for cars to meet us. As our train slid slowly out of the station I felt that one of the dreams of my boyhood was about to be realized. The land through which we were journeying reeked with romance and adventure; it was peopled with the ghosts of the history-makers. To our right, between the gently swaying date palms, I could glimpse the Tigris shining brightly in the moonlight, and, quite close at hand, the cone-shaped tomb of Zobeide, the beloved of Harun-al-Rashid, loomed against the stars. Within a few hours we should behold the Euphrates, that Biblical river which formed the boundary between Assyria and the Land of the Hittites. We should stand upon the ruins of Nineveh; we should pass the sites of Nimrod's feats and Nebuchadnezzar's feasts; we should traverse the regions where history began.

"Do you realize," I said to my companions, as we sat in the Turkish-bath atmosphere of our compartment, "that we are traveling through the cradle of the human race?"

"It may be a cradle," Hutchings remarked dryly, as he mopped away a rivulet of perspiration that was coursing down his face, "but to me it appears more like an incubator."

(To be continued)

THE PORTRAIT

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

"PICTURES," said Mr. Bigger, "you want to see some pictures? Well, we have a very interesting mixed exhibition of modern stuff in our galleries at the moment. French and English, you know."

The customer held up his hand, shook his head. "No, no. Nothing modern for me," he declared in his pleasant northern English. "I want real pictures, old pictures. Rembrandt and Sir Joshua Reynolds and that sort of thing."

"Perfectly." Mr. Bigger nodded. "Old Masters. Oh, of course, we deal in the old as well as the modern."

"The fact is," said the other, "that I've just bought a rather large house—a Manor House," he added in impressive tones.

Mr. Bigger smiled; there was an ingenuousness about this simple-minded fellow which was most engaging. He wondered how the man had made his money. "A Manor House." The way he had said it was really charming. Here was a man who had worked his way up from serfdom to the lordship of a manor, from the broad base of the feudal pyramid to the narrow summit. His own history and all the history of classes had been implicit in that awed proud emphasis on the "Manor." But the stranger was running on; Mr. Bigger could not allow his thoughts to wander further. "In a house of this style," he was saying, "and with a position like mine to keep up, one must have a few pictures. Old Masters, you know: Rembrandts and what's-his-names."

"Of course," said Mr. Bigger, "An Old Master is a symbol of social superiority."

"That's just it," cried the other beam-

ing, "you've said just what I wanted to say."

Mr. Bigger bowed and smiled. It was delightful to find some one who took one's little ironies as sober seriousness.

"Of course, we should need Old Masters only downstairs, in the reception room. It would be too much of a good thing to have them in the bedrooms, too."

"Altogether too much of a good thing," Mr. Bigger assented.

"As a matter of fact," the Lord of the Manor went on, "my daughter—she does a bit of sketching. And very pretty it is. I'm having some of her things framed to hang in the bedrooms. It's useful having an artist in the family. Saves you buying pictures. But, of course, we must have something old downstairs."

"I think I have exactly what you want," Mr. Bigger got up and rang the bell. 'My daughter does a little sketching'—he pictured a large blonde barmaidish personage, thirty-one and not yet married, running a bit to seed. . . . His secretary appeared at the door. "Bring me the Venetian portrait, Miss Pratt, the one in the back room. You know which I mean."

Miss Pratt nodded and disappeared.

"You're very snug in here," said the Lord of the Manor, looking round the room. Mr. Bigger's sanctum was austere, luxuriously, "Business good, I hope." He genuinely did hope it. He liked this fellow. He was sympathetic. He understood things almost before you had begun to explain. He seemed to have known you for years.

Mr. Bigger sighed. "The slump," he said. "We art dealers feel it worse than anyone."

"Ah, the slump." The Lord of the Manor chuckled. His round, red, shining face shone with mirth. "I foresaw it all the time. Some people seemed to think the good times were going to last forever. What fools! I sold out of everything at the crest of the wave. That's why I can buy pictures now."

Mr. Bigger laughed, too. This was the right sort of customer. "Wish I'd had anything to sell out during the boom," he said.

The Lord of the Manor laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He was still laughing when Miss Pratt re-entered the room. She carried a picture, shieldwise, in her two hands, before her.

"Put it on the easel, Miss Pratt," said Mr. Bigger. "Now," he turned to the Lord of the Manor, "what do you think of that?"

The picture that stood on the easel before them was a half-length portrait. Plump-faced, white-skinned, high-bosomed in her deeply scalloped dress of blue silk, the subject of the picture seemed a typical Italian lady of the middle eighteenth century. A little complacent smile curved the pouting lips, and in one hand she held a black mask, as though she had just taken it off after a day of carnival.

"Very nice," said the Lord of the Manor; but he added doubtfully, "it isn't very like Rembrandt, is it? It's all so clear and bright. Generally in Old Masters you can never see anything at all, they're so dark and foggy."

"Very true," said Mr. Bigger. "But not all Old Masters are like Rembrandt."

"I suppose not." The Lord of the Manor seemed hardly to be convinced.

"This is eighteenth-century Venetian. Their color was always luminous. Giangolini was the painter. He died young, you know. Not more than half a dozen of his pictures are known. And this is one."

The Lord of the Manor nodded. He could appreciate the value of rarity.

"One notices at a first glance the influence of Longhi," Mr. Bigger went on airily. "And there is something of the morbidezza of Rosalba in the painting of the face."

The Lord of the Manor was looking uncomfortably from Mr. Bigger to the picture and from the picture to Mr. Bigger. There is nothing so embarrassing as to be talked at by some one possessing more knowledge than you do. Mr. Bigger pressed his advantage.

"Curious," he went on, "that one sees nothing of Tiepolo's manner in this. Don't you think so?"

The Lord of the Manor nodded. His face wore a gloomy expression. The corners of his baby's mouth drooped. One almost expected him to burst into tears.

"It's pleasant," said Mr. Bigger, relenting at last, "to talk to somebody who really knows about painting. So few people do."

"Well, I can't say I've ever gone into the subject very deeply," said the Lord of the Manor, modestly. "But I know what I like when I see it." His face brightened again, as he felt himself on safer ground.

"A natural instinct," said Mr. Bigger. "That's a very precious gift. I could see by your face that you had it; I could see that the moment you came into the gallery."

The Lord of the Manor was delighted. "Really now," he said. He felt himself growing larger, more important. "Really." He cocked his head critically on one side. "Yes. I must say, I think that's a very fine bit of painting. Very fine. But the fact is, I should rather have liked a more historical piece, if you know what I mean. Something more ancestor-like, you know. A portrait of somebody with a story—like Anne Boleyn or Nell Gwynn or the Duke of Wellington or some one like that."

"But my dear sir, I was just going to tell you. This picture has a story." Mr. Bigger leaned forward and tapped

the Lord of the Manor on the knee. His eyes twinkled with benevolent and amused brightness under his bushy eyebrows. There was a knowing kindliness in his smile. "A most remarkable story is connected with the painting of that picture."

"You don't say so?" The Lord of the Manor raised his eyebrows.

Mr. Bigger leaned back in his chair. "The lady you see there," he said, indicating the portrait with a wave of the hand, "was the wife of the fourth Earl Hurtmore. The family is now extinct. The ninth earl died only last year. I got this picture when the house was sold up. It's sad to see the passing of these old ancestral homes." Mr. Bigger sighed. The Lord of the Manor looked solemn, as though he were in church. There was a moment's silence; then Mr. Bigger went on in a changed tone. "From his portraits, which I have seen, the fourth Earl seems to have been a long-faced, gloomy, gray-looking fellow. One can never imagine him young; he was the sort of man who looks permanently fifty. His chief interests in life were music and Roman antiquities. There's one portrait of him holding an ivory flute in one hand and resting the other on a fragment of Roman carving. He spent at least half his life traveling in Italy, looking for antiques and listening to music. When he was about fifty-five he suddenly decided that it was about time to get married. This was the lady of his choice." Mr. Bigger pointed to the picture. "His money and his title must have made up for many deficiencies. One can't imagine, from her appearance, that Lady Hurtmore took a great deal of interest in Roman antiquities. Nor, I should think, did she care much for the science and history of music. She liked clothes, she liked society, she liked gambling, she liked flirting, she liked enjoying herself. It doesn't seem that the newly wedded couple got on too well. But still, they avoided an open breach. A year after the marriage Lord

Hurtmore decided to pay another visit to Italy. They reached Venice in the early autumn. For Lord Hurtmore, Venice meant unlimited music. It meant Galuppi's daily concerts at the orphanage of the Misericordia. It meant Piccini at Santa Maria. It meant new operas at the San Moise; it meant delicious cantatas at a hundred churches. It meant private concerts of amateurs; it meant Porpora and the finest singers in Europe; it meant Tartini and the greatest violinists. For Lady Hurtmore, Venice meant something rather different. It meant gambling at the Rudotto, masked balls, gay supper parties—all the delights of the most amusing city in the world. Living their separate lives, both might have been happy here in Venice almost indefinitely. But one day Lord Hurtmore had the disastrous idea of having his wife's portrait painted. Young Giangolini was recommended to him as the promising, the coming painter. Lady Hurtmore began her sittings. Giangolini was handsome and dashing, Giangolini was young. He had an amorous technic as perfect as his artistic technic. Lady Hurtmore would have been more than human if she had been able to resist him. She was not more than human."

"None of us are, eh?" The Lord of the Manor dug his finger into Mr. Bigger's ribs and laughed.

Politely, Mr. Bigger joined in his mirth; when it had subsided, he went on. "In the end they decided to run away together across the border. They would live at Vienna—live on the Hurtmore family jewels, which the lady would be careful to pack in her suitcase. They were worth upward of twenty thousand, the Hurtmore jewels; and in Vienna, under Maria Theresa, one could live handsomely on the interest of twenty thousand. The arrangements were easily made. Giangolini had a friend who did everything for them—got them passports under an assumed name, hired horses to be in waiting on the mainland, placed his

gondola at their disposal. They decided to flee on the day of the last sitting. The day came. Lord Hurtmore, according to his usual custom, brought his wife to Giangolini's studio in a gondola, left her there, perched on the high-backed model's throne, and went off again to listen to Galuppi's concert at the Misericordia. It was the time of full carnival. Even in broad daylight people went about in masks. Lady Hurtmore wore one of black silk—you see her holding it, there, in the portrait. Her husband, though he was no reveller and disapproved of carnival junketings, preferred to conform to the grotesque fashion of his neighbors rather than attract attention to himself by not conforming. The long black cloak, the huge three-cornered black hat, the long-nosed mask of white paper were the ordinary attire of every Venetian gentleman in these carnival weeks. Lord Hurtmore did not care to be conspicuous; he wore the same. There must have been something richly absurd and incongruous in the spectacle of this grave and solemn-faced English milord dressed in the clown's uniform of a gay Venetian masker. 'Pantaloone in the clothes of Pulcinella,' was how the lovers described him to each other; the old dotard of the eternal comedy dressed up as the clown. Well, this morning, as I have said, Lord Hurtmore came as usual in his hired gondola, bringing his lady with him. And she in her turn was bringing under the folds of her capacious cloak, a little leather box wherein, snug on their silken bed, reposed the Hurtmore jewels. Seated in the dark little cabin of the gondola, they watch the churches, the richly fretted *palazzi*, the high mean houses, gliding past them. From under his Punch's mask Lord Hurtmore's voice speaks gravely, slowly, imperturbably:

"The learned Father Martini," he said, "has promised to do me the honor of coming to dine with us to-morrow. I doubt if any man knows more of musical history than he. I will ask

you to be at pains to do him special honor.'

"You may be sure I will, my Lord.' She could hardly contain the laughing excitement that bubbled up within her. To-morrow at dinner time she would be far away—over the frontier, beyond Gorizia, galloping along the Vienna road. Poor old Pantaloone! But no, she wasn't in the least sorry for him. After all, he had his music, he had his odds and ends of broken marble. Under her cloak she clutched the jewel case more tightly. How intoxicatingly amusing her secret was!"

Mr. Bigger clasped his hands and pressed them dramatically over his heart. He was enjoying himself. He turned his long foxy nose toward the Lord of the Manor and smiled benevolently. The Lord of the Manor for his part was all attention.

"Well?" he inquired.

Mr. Bigger unclasped his hands and let them fall on to his knees.

"Well," he said, "the gondola draws up at Giangolini's door, Lord Hurtmore helps his wife out, leads her up to the painter's great room on the first floor, commits her into his charge with his usual polite formula, and then goes off to hear Galuppi's morning concert at the Misericordia. The lovers have a good two hours to make their final preparations.

"Old Pantaloone safely out of sight, up pops the painter's useful friend, masked and cloaked like every one else in the streets and on the canals of this carnival Venice. There follow embracements and hand shakings and laughter all round; everything has been so marvelously successful, not a suspicion roused. From under Lady Hurtmore's cloak comes the jewel case. She opens it and there are loud Italian exclamations of astonishment and admiration. The brilliants, the pearls, the great Hurtmore emeralds, the ruby clasps, the diamond earrings—all these bright glittering things are lovingly examined, knowingly handled. Fifty thousand sequins at the

least is the estimate of the useful friend. The two lovers throw themselves ecstatically into each other's arms.

"The useful friend interrupts them; there are still a few last things to be done. They must go and sign for their passports at the ministry of police. Oh, a mere formality; but still it has to be done. He will go out at the same time and sell one of the lady's diamonds to provide the necessary funds for the journey."

Mr. Bigger paused to light a cigarette. He blew a cloud of smoke, and went on.

"So they set out, all in their masks and capes, the useful friend in one direction, the painter and his mistress in another. Ah, love in Venice!" Mr. Bigger turned up his eyes in ecstasy. "Have you ever been in Venice and in love, sir?" he inquired of the Lord of the Manor.

"Never farther than Dieppe," said the Lord of the Manor, shaking his head.

"Ah, then you've missed one of life's great experiences. You can never fully and completely understand what must have been the sensations of little Lady Hurtmore and the artist, as they glided down the long canals, gazing at each other through the eyeholes of their masks. Sometimes, perhaps, they kissed—though it would have been difficult to do that without unmasking, and there was always the danger that some one might have recognized their naked faces through the windows of their little cabin. No, on the whole," Mr. Bigger concluded reflectively, "I expect they confined themselves to looking at each other. But in Venice, drowsing along the canals, one can almost be satisfied with looking—just looking." He caressed the air with his hand and let his voice drop away into silence. He took two or three puffs at his cigarette without saying anything. When he went on, his voice was very quiet and even.

"About half an hour after they had gone a gondola drew up at Giangolini's door, and a man in a paper mask,

wrapped in a black cloak and wearing on his head the inevitable three-cornered hat got out and went upstairs to the painter's room. It was empty. The portrait smiled sweetly and a little fatuously from the easel. But no painter stood before it and the model's throne was untenanted. The long-nosed mask looked about the room with an expressionless curiosity. The wandering glance came to rest at last on the jewel case that stood where the lovers had carelessly left it, open on the table. Deep set and darkly shadowed behind the grotesque mask, the eyes dwelt long and fixedly on this object. Long-nosed Pulcinella seemed to be rapt in meditation.

"A few minutes later there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, of two voices laughing together. The masker turned away to look out of the window. Behind him the door opened noisily; drunk with excitement, with the gay laughable irresponsibility, the lovers burst in.

"Aha, *caro amico*. Back already. What luck with the diamond?"

"The cloaked figure at the window did not stir; Giangolini rattled gayly on. There had been no trouble whatever about the signatures, no questions asked; he had the passports in his pocket. They could start at once.

"Lady Hurtmore suddenly began to laugh uncontrollably; she couldn't stop.

"What's the matter?" asked Giangolini, laughing, too.

"I was thinking," she gasped between the paroxysms of her mirth, 'I was thinking of old Pantaloon sitting at the Misericordia, solemn as an owl, listening —' she almost choked, and the words came out shrill and forced as though she were speaking through tears—'listening to old Galuppi's boring old cantatas.'

"The man at the window turned round. 'Unfortunately, Madam,' he said, 'the learned maestro was indisposed this morning. There was no concert.' He took off his mask. 'And so I took

the liberty of returning earlier than usual.' The long gray unsmiling face of Lord Hurtmore confronted them.

"The lovers stared at him for a moment speechlessly. Lady Hurtmore put her hand to her heart; it had given a fearful jump and she felt a horrible sensation in the pit of her stomach. Poor Giangolini had gone as white as his paper mask. Even in these days of *cicisbei*, of official gentlemen friends, there were cases on record of outraged and jealous husbands resorting to homicide. He was unarmed, but goodness only knew what weapons of destruction were concealed under that enigmatic black cloak. But Lord Hurtmore did nothing brutal or undignified. Gravely and calmly, as he did everything, he walked over to the table, picked up the jewel case, closed it with the greatest care and saying: 'My box, I think,' put it in his pocket and walked out of the room. The lovers were left looking questioningly at each other."

There was a silence.

"What happened then?" asked the Lord of the Manor.

"The anticlimax," Mr. Bigger replied shaking his head mournfully. "Giangolini had bargained to elope with fifty thousand sequins. Lady Hurtmore didn't, on reflection, much relish the idea of love in a cottage. Woman's place, she decided at last, is in the home—with the family jewels. But would Lord Hurtmore see the matter in precisely the same light? That was the question, the alarming, disquieting question. She decided to go and see for herself.

"She got back just in time for dinner. 'His Illustrissimos Excellency is waiting in the dining room,' said the majordomo. The tall doors were flung open before her; she swam in majestically, chin held high—but with what a terror in her soul! Her husband was standing by the fireplace. He advanced to meet her.

"I was expecting you, Madam," he said and led her to her place.

"That was the only reference he ever made to the incident. In the afternoon he sent a servant to fetch the portrait from the painter's studio. It formed part of their baggage when, a month later, they set out for England. The story has been passed down with the picture from one generation to the next. I had it from an old friend of the family when I bought the portrait last year."

Mr. Bigger threw his cigarette end into the grate. He flattered himself that he had told that tale very well.

"Very interesting," said the Lord of the Manor," very interesting indeed. Quite historical, isn't it? One could hardly do better with Nell Gwynn or Anne Boleyn, could one?"

Mr. Bigger smiled vaguely, distantly. He was thinking of Venice—the Russian countess staying in his pension, the tufted tree in the courtyard outside his bedroom, that strong hot scent she used (it made you catch your breath when you first smelt it), and there was the bathing on the Lido and the gondola and the dome of the Salute against the hazy sky, looking just as it looked when Guardi painted it. How enormously long ago and far away it all seemed now! He was hardly more than a boy then; it had been his first great adventure. He woke up with a start from his reverie.

The Lord of the Manor was speaking. "How much now would you want for that picture?" he asked. His tone was detached, offhand; he was a rare one for bargaining.

"Well," said Mr. Bigger, quitting with reluctance the Russian countess, the paradisaical Venice of five and twenty years ago. "I've asked as much as a thousand for less important works than this. But I don't mind letting this go for seven-fifty."

The Lord of the Manor whistled. "Seven-fifty," he repeated. "It's too much."

"But my dear sir," Mr. Bigger protested, "think what you'd have to pay for a Rembrandt of this size and

quality—twenty thousand at least. Seven hundred and fifty isn't at all too much. On the contrary, it's very little considering the importance of the picture you're getting. You have a good enough judgment to see that this is a very fine work of art."

"Oh, I'm not denying that," said the Lord of the Manor. "All I say is that seven-fifty's a lot of money. Whe-ew! I'm glad my daughter does sketching. Think if I'd had to furnish the bedrooms with pictures at seven-fifty a time!" He laughed.

Mr. Bigger smiled. "You must also remember," he said, "that you're making a very good investment. Late Venetians are going up. If I had any capital to spare—" The door opened and Miss Pratt's blonde and frizzy head popped in.

"Mr. Crowley wants to know if he can see you, Mr. Bigger."

Mr. Bigger frowned. "Tell him to wait," he said irritably. He coughed and turned back to the Lord of the Manor. "If I had any capital to spare, I'd put it all into late Venetians. Every penny."

He wondered, as he said the words, how often he had told people that he'd put all his capital, if he had any, into primitives, cubism, nigger sculpture, Japanese prints. . . .

In the end the Lord of the Manor wrote him a check for six hundred and eighty.

"You might let me have a type-written copy of the story," he said as he put on his hat. "It would be a good tale to tell one's guests at dinner, don't you think? I'd like to have the details quite correct."

"Oh, of course, of course," said Mr. Bigger, "the details are most important."

He ushered the little round man to

the door. Good morning. Good morning. He was gone. A tall pale youth with side whiskers appeared in the doorway. His eyes were dark and melancholy; his expression, his general appearance were romantic and at the same time a little pitiable. It was young Crowley, the painter.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," said Mr. Brigger. "What did you want to see me for?"

Mr. Crowley looked embarrassed, he hesitated. How he hated having to do this sort of thing! "The fact is," he said at last, "I'm horribly short of money. I wondered if perhaps you wouldn't mind . . . if it would be convenient to you . . . to pay me for that thing I did for you the other day. I'm awfully sorry to bother you, like this."

"Not at all, my dear fellow." Mr. Bigger felt sorry for this wretched creature who didn't know how to look after himself. Poor young Crowley was as helpless as a baby. "How much did we settle it was to be?"

"Twenty pounds, I think it was," said Mr. Crowley timidly.

Mr. Bigger took out his pocketbook. "We'll make it twenty-five" he said.

"Oh, no really . . . I couldn't. Thanks very much." Mr. Crowley blushed like a girl. "I suppose you wouldn't like to have a show of some of my landscapes, would you?" he asked, emboldened by Mr. Bigger's air of benevolence.

"No, no. Nothing of your own." Mr. Bigger shook his head inexorably.

"There's no money in modern stuff. But I'll take any number of those sham Old Masters of yours." He drummed with his fingers on Lady Hurtmore's sleekly painted shoulder. "Try another Venetian," he added. "This one was a great success."

POEMS BY W. H. DAVIES

LEAVES

PEACE to these little brown leaves,
That strew our common ground;
That chase their tails, like silly dogs,
As they go round and round.
For though in winter boughs are bare,
Let us not once forget
Their summer glory, when these leaves
Caught the great sun in their strong net;
And made him, in the lower air,
Tremble—no bigger than a star!

LOVE, LIKE A DROP OF DEW

WHEN I pass down the street and see
The people smiling so,
'Tis clear enough that my true love
Was there awhile ago.

Her lips that, following her two eyes,
Go smiling here and there,
Seem newly kissed—but 'tis my faith
That none but I would dare.

Love, like a drop of dew that joins
Two blades of grass together,
Has made her mine, as I am hers,
Forever and forever.

LOVE'S PAYMENT

ALL fish, and fowl, all fruit, and all you drink,
Lie at the bottom of my purse, and I
Demand at will two kisses for my one;
This is my certain charge—I swear it by
Our honest cows, that turn those meadows white
With mushrooms, where they passed a summer's night.

Whether it is the seal or silver fox,
The sable, silk, or plain white calico—
Two kisses for my one I charge at will,
Since by my power these charges come and go:
I swear by sheep, that let the brambles pull,
In payment for their leaves, some soft white wool.

JOURNALISM AND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

WHAT is a journalist? The first definition which occurs to the mind is this: A journalist is a man who writes for the papers. Unfortunately, this definition, like all definitions which come immediately to the mind, is no definition at all.

We must try to find something better. You remember, perhaps, the very witty and not absolutely inaccurate definition of the Frenchman traveling abroad, especially in Anglo Saxon countries where bread appears on the table always in infinitesimal quantity: "A decorated gentleman who is asking for bread." This is also a very good definition of the diplomat: "A gentleman appointed to lie abroad."

Nobody I am sure, would venture to call the journalist a gentleman appointed to lie at home, which would be, of course, absolutely untrue. I think, on the whole, we might call the journalist a man who, for the sake of many readers, publishes some news or expresses some opinion. Such being the case, we find that there were journalists before newspapers came into existence. It may be affirmed without any paradox that the journalist existed before journalism.

Voltaire, for instance, was a great journalist, and at the same time a great international one. He possessed all those qualities that go to the making of the born journalist: a mind keenly on the alert, the art of keeping in touch with men and things in spite of his secluded life, the longing to vent his opinions on those men and their doings, the wish and the power to influence public opinion.

Instead of writing for the papers, which did not exist in his time, Voltaire

used to write books and letters to his numerous correspondents scattered throughout Europe. But his letters were passed from hand to hand. "*On se les passait sous le manteau*," as we say in French, namely, secretly; they were read, re-read, commented upon, thus differing little from the present-day newspaper article.

The influence of those letters on the public mind was even of greater duration than that of a newspaper article of our own days, which is very often no sooner read than it is forgotten.

We need only recall the courageous campaign undertaken by Voltaire in the famous Calas trial to see that he was endowed with all the virtues of a great journalist. Calas was a Protestant from Toulouse who was condemned and executed for the supposed murder of one of his sons. Thanks to the plucky intervention of Voltaire, that iniquitous case was retried and the memory of Calas rehabilitated.

We could easily find numerous examples to show that Voltaire's influence was tremendous, not only in developing public opinion in France, but in that of other countries as well. The same could be said about the French encyclopedists, Diderot and d'Alembert.

There lived at that time an extremely clever and even genius-like monarch, Frederick II, King of Prussia. No one better than he grasped the fact of the great influence Voltaire and other Frenchmen of letters exerted on public opinion, owing to the widespread knowledge of the French tongue throughout Europe. He spared no pains, no trouble, to win them over to his side. He flattered, complimented, and enticed them to the Berlin Court.

Except for a short-lived quarrel with Voltaire, Frederick II's efforts were crowned with success. He became in many ways the idol of the French writers of that period. He passed for being a most enlightened ruler, very intelligent, and one who encouraged the spread of the new ideas. That infatuation lasted until a few years before the French Revolution. Under the title of *Monarchie Prussienne*, Mirabeau published a detailed and lengthy study that was in reality one long panegyric of the monarch.

Bismarck, the founder of modern Germany, the direct successor of Frederick the Great, made the most of that great influence of newspaper men on European politics. In that most interesting work, *Les Souvenirs de Bismarck*, Bush in almost every page clearly shows that. Bismarck summoned Bush to his side, making use of him before, during, and after the war of 1870, to influence international public opinion. Fully realizing the importance of that influence, Bismarck, in spite of his many duties, often took the trouble to give the outline of those articles, sometimes even writing them himself.

The pretext used for forcing France to declare war in 1870, the wording of the famous telegram of Ems, was a stroke of genius on his part. It was merely by the suppression of a few words that Bismarck completely changed the meaning of that telegram, so as to render it insulting to France, and force the French Government to retaliate by a declaration of war. Bismarck's successors tried the same trick in 1914, but luckily for the Allies they were not nearly as clever as Bismarck, and the whole thing failed miserably, Germany being obliged to declare the war herself.

Journalism had made great strides after 1870. To form an idea of the importance of its influence on international politics, and the spirit in which it was exercised, we need only study the life of a great journalist of the period, Blowitz, who was for many years the

Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. His is an extremely interesting personality, as much so as was the *milieu* in which he lived and wrote. Blowitz has also left a volume of memoirs, which he had intended as a sort of manual for the use of young candidates to the journalist profession. He was always ready to give them advice, and to show them what lines to follow to lead to success. If there had been a school for journalists at that time, it would have been the great ambition of his life to be appointed one of its professors.

Born in Bohemia, Blowitz, before 1870, had been a professor in several French provincial towns, more particularly in Marseilles. He had married a French woman, and become naturalized in France. After the War and the Commune, Thiers, who knew him and greatly appreciated him, wanted to appoint him Consul General at Riga. But the opposition of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs delayed the nomination so long that Blowitz, who had quite accidentally made the acquaintance of the *Times's* special envoy in Paris, who was just then requiring an assistant, undertook the post himself. He began by sending in all the facts and interesting matter he could find, for he had hit upon his true vocation. From the very start he achieved great success.

His perfect knowledge of French, the numerous acquaintances he had learned to cultivate in political spheres, his great activity of mind, what we call in French "*l'entregent*"—that is, the remarkable facility in making friends with many able people, all enabled him to obtain the most brilliant results.

Blowitz had a most remarkable memory, which is perhaps one of the chief virtues of a journalist. One day when in company of the editor of the *Times*, who was in Paris on a short stay, Blowitz heard Thiers deliver a great speech at the Chamber of Deputies in Versailles, and he was able to telegraph that speech nearly word for word that very evening to London.

Blowitz was a very intelligent man and a keen psychologist. All young newspaper writers should read his book. For instance, he gives the following piece of advice, the truth of which each one of us has been able to prove on more than one occasion:

"When a man gives a correspondent an important piece of news, the latter should continue to remain with him for some time but change the conversation and not leave him until it has turned upon something quite insignificant." Blowitz explains why. "If the correspondent," he says, "takes his departure abruptly, a flash of caution will burst upon his informant. He will reflect rapidly and will beg the journalist not to repeat what he has said till he sees him again. The information would be lost, and the correspondent would suffer annoyance that might have been avoided had he known nothing. For," adds Blowitz very wisely, "a newspaper has no use for confidential information it cannot transmit to its readers."

At the Berlin Congress in 1876, which for a time settled the Eastern question, Blowitz was present as special correspondent of the *Times*. He did not accept the task without much hesitation. An important diplomatic congress so often proves to be the journalist's stumbling block. Failure is so much easier, so much more probable than success. Blowitz realized that in Berlin he would be in quite a different atmosphere, in one in which nothing indiscreet would transpire. "In Paris the very fish talk, in Berlin the parrots themselves are mute."

Anxious to succeed, however, he managed to get a young friend of his appointed secretary to one of the political men attending the congress. Thanks to this young man, he had someone on the spot. The chief thing was to avoid compromising the man who thus gave him information, never to appear with him, and to act as though he did not even know him. Blowitz explains the ingenious manner in which he managed

to correspond with him. Every day at the restaurant the young man put the information he was able to obtain in the lining of his hat. Blowitz took the hat, leaving his own in its place.

Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs show the prominent part played by Blowitz in the Congress.

If one wants to see how great the influence of so important a man as was Blowitz can be over international politics, one need only recall the famous incident of 1875.

In an article that caused a great stir throughout the world the *Times* showed up the warlike intentions of the military party in Germany, who, under the impetus of the General Staff and of the old Count Von Moltke, seeing that France was recovering too rapidly, thus constituting a menace to Germany, were keen on recommencing the war, so as to crush and bleed her to death.

The article, revealing the state of mind of the militant circles in Berlin, caused a great stir in the diplomatic world. Public opinion, the governmental parties of England and Russia, were very disturbed. The Tzar made a personal intervention in Berlin. The German government was plainly given to understand that were Germany to commit the crime of making war against France without any reason at all, France would not be abandoned. Bismarck got into a perfect rage, and naturally pretended that all those rumors were without any foundation, and that Germany had never thought of making war. But the danger had really existed, and it was thanks to the *Times's* article, which had done more to eliminate it than anything else, that the danger was avoided. That article had been written by Blowitz from the precise facts furnished him by the French foreign office. The story is told in full detail in Hohenlohe's memoirs. It is a striking and convincing example of the influence which a really great journalist can exert on the international politics of his time.

That a single article, written by the right man, at the right time, in the right place, could have produced such far-reaching, such momentous effects, seems very extraordinary and confounding. For the first time it may be said that a new power has appeared in the history of the world. A new force has been created whose influence was becoming greater and greater every day.

About half a century earlier, during the famous Congress of Vienna after the Napoleonic wars, Talleyrand, the French representative, by far the most clever man of the Congress, would have been immensely surprised had he been told that a simple writer of the most obscure condition, being neither a prince nor a count nor a baron but a poor Bohemian Jew, could by a single column in a newspaper stir up the whole of Europe, prevent a possible great war, manipulate the most powerful factors in history.

Talleyrand, clever as he was, would never have believed such a prophecy. He would have called it a mere impossibility, a miracle.

Well, that very miracle had just taken place. In the last quarter of the last century international politics as well as national politics were no more directed by ministers, ambassadors, kings, or emperors alone, but also by the press. And the influence of the press was sometimes greater than the influence of the diplomats and the kings.

Is it a good or a bad influence? One might answer the question in the same way as did the famous *Æsop*, when questioned about the tongue. He said, that the tongue could be at the same time the very best and the very worst thing in the world.

Well, a newspaper has the power not only of a single tongue but of thousands and hundreds of thousands of tongues, so that the saying of *Æsop* might be applicable to journalism, but multiplied by thousands or by hundreds of thousands.

The last war was above all a war of the nations. The Press, that powerful organ whose influence is everlastingly growing, was mobilized like everything else. Each country did its level best to get the most out of it in order to make it help on the final victory.

In that, as in many other ways dealing with war, Germany led the way. Already long before the war, one may even say since Bismarck, the German Press had been militarized, corporalized. The first press bureau that ever existed in Europe was to be found in the Wilhelmstrasse.

From the very beginning of hostilities, Germany had tried to bias international public opinion, to sway it in her favor through the columns of her newspapers. From the very outset she had founded organizations with that aim in view. She had lavished huge sums of money on them, just as she had on her spying system. That expenditure amounted to a tremendous total.

My friend, M. Barrere, French ambassador in Rome, told me the way Germany in Italy had set about trying to influence public opinion so as to bring pressure to bear on the government, to force it to remain neutral. A big German advertising agency had signed contracts with the majority of the Italian newspapers. By this most advantageous contract for the papers, the German agency became to a large extent the master of their destiny. It could ruin the majority of them. From the first day of the war they were informed that all publicity would be suppressed were they to refuse to publish information favorable to Germany. Similar methods were used in Rumania and in Spain, and also in America.

The Allies were obliged to resort to the same means. They were forced to found similar press bureaus. It is from that time that the word "propaganda," first came into general use.

At the time of the Peace Congress, all those bureaus, all those propaganda organizations existed and even flourished.

Most of them were, moreover, determined not to die. It was in such an atmosphere that the Peace Congress took place. Each delegation had its chief of the press bureau, who was entrusted with the task of giving more or less fictitious information to the newspaper correspondents.

The independent and disinterested Press, endeavoring to rise above those petty quarrels, to view matters from a higher standard, could with difficulty hold its own under such conditions. The newspaper men, whether willingly or not were forced to follow suit. Even had one of them tried to sound an independent note, the censor was there to prevent it.

I can still remember the curious feeling I myself had when after four years of absence, I left off my captain's uniform to reassume the direction of Foreign Politics at the *Figaro*.

I called on the ministers and on the delegates so as to become rapidly acquainted with the situation. Then I set to work to write my daily articles. But I must confess that I felt I was not an entirely free agent. The general atmosphere was as uncongenial as possible for the expressing of personal opinions. It was just as during the war one had to serve and defend a cause one had not the right to criticize, any more than the soldier or the officer was allowed to dispute the orders given from above. More than once I had the intimate conviction that for some problems we were on the wrong tack. Questions were tackled in a happy-go-lucky sort of way, without any fixed plan or method. The Conference seemed to wish to settle everything at the same time, which was the surest way of not settling anything.

It struck me as ridiculous that one day, for instance, they would take up the question of the Czechoslovakian frontiers, and on the following day that of Poland and Dantzig. Why not have discussed the two principal questions of the German frontier and reparations

at once? The less important problems could have been treated later on.

I went to see my old friend, M. Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, one of M. Clemenceau's chief collaborators, who had known me for some twenty years, and to whom I was attached by very old ties of friendship. I frankly gave him my impressions. I told him I thought things were taking a wrong direction, that it would be much more sensible to settle two or three of the big problems before attempting to solve any others. He gave me what appeared to be but very feeble reasons for so doing. I replied. He got angry, which, as I have often had occasion to remark was the sign in a very intelligent man like himself but of somewhat weak character that he felt incapable of convincing me. "M. Clemenceau has reasons that I am not at liberty to disclose," he said finally. "Have confidence, and let him act." What could one say, and how refuse to accept such an imperious command? There was nothing else to do.

The same kind of thing went on in each of the subsequent conferences, at Boulogne, Spa, at San Remo, London, Cannes, Genoa, etc. I was present at some of them. The least I can say about them was that they were no places for independent journalists. Nothing can be more painful to a conscientious writer who is fairly familiar with the problems on hand, which he has studied both on the spot and in books, and about which he has done his best to come to some equitable conclusion, than to see his chief of the Press services, its captain, as one may say, summon his squadron of journalists and give them more or less fictitious accounts of what has taken place or of what has not taken place, thus drowning the opinion of the world with the din of that orchestra of a thousand voices. An intelligent journalist, one of independent mind, does not feel very proud of belonging to such a profession under those circumstances. As for me, after

having taken part in two of those conferences—at Spa in 1920 and at London in the spring of 1921 I vowed that I would never assist at another one. Nor have I broken that vow.

Nothing good or useful can come out of such methods of procedure. They ought to be condemned and suppressed, and likewise those erratic conferences where in indescribable confusion all questions are discussed together, and where the political leaders who take part in them act more often than not out of purely internal political reasons, which, when dealing with foreign politics, is one of the best ways for doing things badly. The sooner all those press bureaus and propaganda services, as at present organized, are done away with, the better. There were reasons for having them during the war, one of the chief being that they had to counterbalance the German propaganda. The war over, they are not only of no use but of some danger.

How then, is it possible to organize in every country political information for the native journalists as well as for the foreign correspondents resident there?

The Ministers, no matter what their rank, can and ought to give official and non-official information to the papers. The Secretary of State or the Premier ought to make it a point of honor to receive those journalists duly accredited, daily, or as often as possible. It is, I believe, the custom in America, and one that is becoming more popular in France, where very often the Prime Minister is the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to give audience to the big newspaper men at the end of each day. I believe it is a very good plan, being at the same time democratic and moral. It does away with the intermediary, who is nearly always more or less prejudicial, leaving the full responsibility to the chiefs of the government, who are themselves responsible for what they say. It is the best way of maintaining that contact between State and Public which is indispensable. The journalist on his

side, being thus to a certain extent associated with the responsibilities and confidences of the statesmen, feels that that responsibility creates duties for him. I have often been present when M. Poincaré or M. Millerand very frankly explained to a dozen or so newspaper men the difficulties of their task, acquainting them with the intricacies of the problems to be solved, and often confiding very important news, simply asking them for state reasons not to divulge it. I do not know of a single instance when a journalist proved unworthy of those confidences.

There is no doubt that every government, every ministry has the journalists it deserves. If you wish them to behave as gentlemen, you must treat them as gentlemen. It would be most desirable for the ministers not only to receive their own journalists, but those of other countries as well. Certain Secretaries of State in France have begun to do so, and it is to be hoped that this custom may become general everywhere.

Nothing can be more important, nothing more beneficial under present circumstances when the world has just emerged from the most terrible of wars, than for one country to keep the other informed of the exact state of affairs. Agencies and papers are the only means we possess for doing that. Every country, every government has the right and the duty to see that the essential facts, the news of the most important events should be brought before the public abroad without distorting the truth. But its initiative should stop there. It is none of its business to try and take the place of the Press, by founding press bureaus, more or less in disguise, so as to sway public opinion. That is the prerogative of the Press and its members. If they do not fulfill the functions of their profession as they should, the papers who employ them would soon know it, and would not be long in replacing them by other and better qualified men.

The importance attached by the newspapers to the foreign policy, to the news from foreign countries, is always increasing, which is a very good sign.

When I entered journalism, twenty years ago, the room devoted to the foreign news in most of the papers was very small indeed: some lines, perhaps half a column, for many of them, and no more. Now in some of the papers, you will find many whole columns devoted to the subject.

The number of special reporters sent abroad is greater every day. Every day, the papers publish one or two articles on foreign politics. The great difficulty of this kind of journalism is to find clever and well-educated men, who really know the subjects upon which they are expected to write. Those men are not to be found all of a sudden; they do not grow like mushrooms in a single night. On the contrary, they need careful training, education and experience. Nothing is more difficult, nothing calls for greater qualities of mind, brain and character than press inquiries in foreign countries.

Yet, strange and paradoxical as it may appear, this training, this technical education of the future journalist, is not to be found anywhere either in the universities or in the colleges.

This is a rather curious thing. If a man wants to become a professor or a lawyer or a doctor, he is obliged to study for that profession. He is obliged to get a technical and professional training. But to become a journalist no study of any kind, no technical or professional training is required. And yet, apart from the personal and natural gifts—that is, the art of writing—there is a certain amount of knowledge which a journalist must absolutely acquire if he wants to achieve success: history first of all—especially contemporary history, economics and politics, foreign languages, literature.

I am sure it would be a very useful and valuable thing if in some colleges or universities a course of study for

candidates to journalism should be organized. America in this respect has taken the lead. I understand that in some big universities, especially in the Middle West, there exist schools of journalism which are proving very successful. The institution ought to be developed especially in Europe, where we need it very much.

I remember the director of the French paper *Le Temps* saying to me not long ago that he experienced some difficulty in finding clever and well-educated young men able to do their job as beginners. I replied to him that the best way to get them would be to train them. "Well," said he, "we have no time to do that. We are not school teachers."

One of the reasons perhaps why there are not many candidates willing to join the journalistic profession is that the average salary of a newspaper man has not been increased to meet the tremendous increase in the cost of living. I am speaking of European countries, France, Germany, and, to a great extent, England.

In France, for instance, the cost of living is at least three times more than it was before the war. The salaries of journalists—and the same could be said about writers, artists, and the intelligent classes—have not been increased in the same proportion. The consequence is that many of the journalists or writers are having a considerably more difficult life than they had before the war. It is no wonder under these conditions that the young people are not so much attracted by these professions. Very often a young journalist earns at the start less than a taxi driver. There exists at this moment in France, in Germany, and the whole of Europe what we call in France an *intellectual proletariat*. While the proletariat is no longer found among the workmen, who have managed by the power of their trade unions to get increased wages, it is found among some people of the middle classes, and very

often among the cleverest and most cultivated. The existence of such a proletariat is in itself a great injustice, and, also to a great extent, a danger. It is to be feared that a part of that element, finding the struggle for life too difficult, may be tempted to join the revolutionary or bolshevistic faction, and to add to those destructive forces all the power and influence of their intellectual capacity.

I understand that in America the material condition of the newspaper men has been, these last years, bettered to a great extent. I think it is a very important factor, because if you want to have good journalists the first condition is to pay them well enough to allow them to make a decent living. That condition is particularly necessary for the foreign correspondents who are obliged to live abroad in large cities like London, Paris, and New York, where the cost of living is extremely high. It is perfectly useless for a paper to have a correspondent sent to those capitals if he is not provided with sufficient means to enable him to maintain a good standard of life, in order to be admitted into the best society, to come into touch with the most important men of the country. The foreign correspondent has in some respects the position of an ambassador. If the newspaper cannot or will not pay him well, it is much better for that newspaper to have no correspondent at all.

In the great democracies in which we all are living, I am sure the influence of the newspapers is bound to become

greater and greater every day. One may deplore this, but it is so. Whether this influence is good or bad, I think it is perfectly useless to discuss that question. It is a fact, and the first thing is to face the fact.

For the largest numbers of people, for the great majority of the citizens, the daily newspaper is the only source of education. To this source of education one might perhaps add another, the "movies," which, as far as the present moment is concerned, do not raise very much, I am afraid, the standard of education. The people who are obliged to work so as to make their own living, the workmen from the big cities, the peasants and the farmers from the country, have not much time to read books. The newspaper, perhaps some popular magazine on Sundays—those are the only resources they possess to cultivate their minds.

As a whole it may be said that the importance of these newspapers is a capital element in the evolution of democracy. It is as important as the school in some respects; if I am permitted to say it, almost as important as the church itself. This importance, this influence, is still greater in international than in national politics.

At a time when the big problems derived from the war are yet to be solved, and cannot be solved without the co-operation of all, the formation of international public opinion depends largely upon journalism. It is journalism almost exclusively which creates that opinion.

THE MATING OF OBY SHORTS

BY IDA E. MELSON

LONG before he was Peg-holes to the jocular part of his community, he was Oby to everybody, and some thirty years earlier, he had been, to the family Bible at least, Obadiah. Everybody had, of course, forgotten that, as everybody was apt to forget what concerned Oby, for he never reminded people of himself. He was most apt to be discussed the day he hauled his cotton crop over Oak Mountain to Shiloh and deposited the proceeds in the Citizens' Bank.

"He don't waste no time in talk," said Maggie Bates's father at the supper table one Saturday evening. "All his time fuh gassin' he puts in hoein'."

"He ain't apt to have no interruptions livin' in that God-forsaken hole," said Maggie contemptuously. The frown between her big dark eyes was becoming to her pretty face.

"It ain't but seven mile off the big road."

"Seven mile! Rocks an' mud an' mud an' rocks! Nobody but a queer fish'd live there, shut off from ever'-body."

"Hit ain't bad to live shet *in* with cotton stalks higher'n yo' head," said Bates.

"There ain't a buggy in Peck county could make it 'cept durin' a July drought."

"Oh, come now, Mag, you're stretchin'. Cotton gits over hit now. Seven bale hauled an' three more to gin—to say nothin' of cawn in his bottom lan's. Look out, my girl, that you don't keep waitin' fuh a higher tree than you is yo' self."

"You're in a mighty big hurry to git rid o' me."

"Not-a-tall, not-a-tall," Bates looked

at her not only with affection but with proprietary admiration for her girlish beauty.

"I don't want to git shed o' you, but time's slow to you an' fas' to me—an' yit I know hit's the same old time."

Maggie tossed her dark head, not in scorn of her father's loving advice but because of an imaginary audience in Oby Shorts. "You may know how to grow cotton, an' you'd be good to anything in petticoats," she was thinking in effect, "but you're meek an' mild an'—Lord! Oby Shorts, I'd suffocate with you!"

Two hours later she sat on the edge of her bed in her nightgown and brushed her long hair. Some one had told her that a hundred strokes every night would put a fine gloss on it. At the hundredth stroke she crossed the room to an old-fashioned bureau. The mirror was very small and there was a crack near the top. Maggie planted her elbows on the marble slab and dropped her round little chin into upturned palms. She wanted her face below the crack. To appraise the flash in her eyes without noting the glint of hardness, of her cheeks, in the redness of her lips, but to be blind to the slight coarseness a daintier eye would have detected—this was Maggie's happiness. So serene was her satisfaction that her mood became almost exalted. A seraphic face looked back at her. Once, so childlike was her intensity, she even spoke to the vision:

"You do like pretty things, Maggie Bates, you know you do."

And then, as if the observation had released troops of mundane thoughts, the seraphic mood was dissipated. An almost cunning expression marred the

pretty face. Maggie turned from the bureau.

"Cotton's cotton," she said with a little laugh—and blew out her candle.

The next day the usual monthly meeting was held at White Oak church. While Oby Shorts was hitching his mule to a sapling in the surrounding grove, he noticed the Bates's buggy. He shook his head ponderously to the accompaniment of a long-drawn-out whistle, which may have meant that high fruit is not for short men. But a surprise was in store for him. From an advantageous position in the choir, Maggie let fall upon him a heartening smile. Oby felt as if he were suddenly the center of a white radiance thrown by a spot light. Delightfully, uncomfortably warm, he looked about to see if anyone else had noticed the effulgence. After the sermon she sought him out. She pressed him to have picnic dinner in the grove with her and her father.

"I specially want you to sample my dried-peach fritters," she urged.

Oby was as much astonished as if the sun had come down from the heavens and asked for the special privilege of warming *him*. Not until after dark did he unsaddle his mule Dick at the "lot." Jeff, the thirteen-year-old negro boy who was his man Friday, was serving Daisy the cow a supper of cotton-seed porridge. Oby felt almost as if Dick had been his partner in prosperity. Then, after the fashion of simple folk who live much alone, he suddenly spoke aloud with reverence in his voice:

"She'd light up the old place like a torch-light percession!"

Jeff supposed himself addressed. "Yas, suh," he said agreeably, "she sho would, Marse Oby"—and then in a lower tone to the cow, "Who she, Daisy? Who she?" But Daisy chewed on, well content to be for the present the most important female on the place.

Every Sunday thereafter for four months, Oby saddled Dick and rode to old man Bates's farm. Five-sixths of the time Maggie was gracious. The

occasional coldness merely spurred Oby to work for the seasons of warmth. He had hope that they would some day be continuous. At the insistence of old man Bates, the marriage was set for the third Sunday in February, when farm work was slack.

"Winter's as good time as any fuh spoonin'," he said, "but you better save spring fuh ploughin'."

Oby's idea of spooning was practical preparation for his bride. He bought a fine buggy, the initial trip of which was to be on the occasion of the bride's home-coming. Dick was good enough for him, but he liked to take a good look at the shiny blackness of the buggy when he fed the stock at night. A month in advance he brought a negro woman from the adjoining county to do the cooking. He wanted her in time to learn the ways of the house, that Maggie's path might be made easy, but because he was so little used to personal service, he avoided her as much as he could. A cook was an extravagance, but his mind often dwelt on the whiteness of Maggie's hands. He had also timidly suggested buying new furniture, but Maggie had answered that she preferred choosing it afterward, and Oby had experienced a sweet sense of relief. He felt that the course of his love was running very smooth indeed.

However, on the day that had been scheduled, the second from the last of the lover's visits, Oby spoke of an impending obstacle in the winter rains. "White Oak Creek bridge is gone," he said, "an' me an' Dick jes' was able to ford it down below. I heerd there ain't a bridge lef' in Peck county. Hit may be, Maggie, I can't git here nex' Sunday."

"Swim!" said his sweetheart with asperity.

Oby looked at her with pained eyes. "I can't swim, but even if I could, looks like you wouldn't want me to. I wouldn't have no dry clothes to set in arterward, an' what with the current swif' like it is now, there's ev'ry danger of bein' drowned."

"Drownded nothin'! Whut if"—and then she closed her pretty lips too closely.

"Whut if whut?" her father prompted. Maggie refused to say, but after Oby had gone, she told old man Bates.

"Whut if it's still floodin' Sunday two weeks? But I wa'nt goin' to put nothin' in his head. He's got to think out somethin' fuh hisself."

Meantime Oby, on his way home, was turning over and over in mind his sweetheart's intonation when she pronounced that single word, "Swim!" He couldn't understand why it had lashed him so. "An' she might a-finished that 'Whut if'," he thought. "She looked right dangerous when she helt up her words like that."

Just before he was to turn off the big road, he met a fellow farmer, Tim Mason, in a big two-horse wagon. He had been taking his wife's people home.

"Heerd 'bout the accident?" shouted Tim.

"No," said Oby, drawing rein. "Whut accident?"

"Ben Hunter's done shot Sally Timmons in the eye!"

"In the eye!" echoed Oby.

"He wuz havin' Sunday dinner at her house." Tim tried to draw a long face but the satisfaction of the messenger with a startling tale unnerved him. He almost smiled. "They wuz settin' out on the po'ch in the sunshine a leetle after dinner—they wuz so glad to see the sun—an' he wuz a-showin' her his new rifle. He'd brought it 'long to show Doc Norris on his way home. Sally didn't like it.

"Is it loaded?" says she.

"Naw', says Ben.

"They never is," says Sally.

"An' then it went off—all in a second. Grazed the side o' her face an' tuk her lef' eye. Ben rode like a streak o' lightning to Shiloh fuh a doctor. He says her face'll git well all right, but the eye's got to come out. Ben's plum' crazy."

"I'd think he would be," said Oby. "Pore Ben!"

As he resumed his ride, the cloud in his own sky of love grew lighter.

"I' rather git snapped up by my girl than to shoot her," he thought. As he turned into his own place his mood was almost that of self-congratulation. He even patted Dick on the head.

"Look like things ain't divided even," he said to his friend and companion. "Pore Ben!"

True to Oby's prophecy, the heavy rains continued. By Sunday White Oak Creek was a torrent, and the usual visit to Maggie's was given up. Short dark days and long black nights, all exactly alike, would have tried his patience if it had not been storm-proof. Because the post office was on the far side of the creek, he did not even get his weekly paper. Once only he left home. That was when he rode to the Timmons' place to inquire about Sally. Ben was sitting in the front room, his head in his hands. Not even the continued downpour had prevented his coming every day to talk with his stricken sweetheart. He looked up only when Oby laid a hand on his shoulder. The bandages, he said, were to be removed within a week, and then he fell to reproaching himself.

Oby assayed some comfort: "You c'n make it up to her, Ben. You c'n make it up to her."

But Ben was afraid not.

In the clear skies that came at last, Oby read the augury of a happy wedded life. The creek was still so high that it was necessary for him to seek the long route by Shiloh, but even if the case had been less extreme, he would have thought the inconvenience worth while. He wanted the hitherto unchristened buggy to reach Maggie without defilement. As a protection from evil chance, he allowed himself a margin of twenty-four hours. Thirty miles out of his way rode Oby Shorts to greet his bride.

In a state of humble exaltation, he

neared Maggie's home. He wondered why he had been deemed worthy to live this day. Not until he was close upon the house did he so much as notice the lack of expected festivities. No horses or mules were hitched in the grove. No facetious guests sat outside ready to joke the bridegroom the moment he approached. Oby had dreaded that ordeal, but he suddenly found himself warmer and weaker than any barbed witticism could have made him. He dropped the reins in the bottom of the buggy, mounted the steps, and knocked weakly. A heavier silence settled over the house of Bates. Once he thought he saw a shade move, then he concluded that he had been mistaken. Just as he turned away—he had an idea that he might think more clearly at a greater distance—the door opened to reveal Maggie, not in wedding garment. She found no difficulty in staring silently. This method forced Oby to find words. He attacked the question indirectly, as one is apt to do in crucial moments.

"Where's the folks, Maggie?" He didn't care where they were, but their absence had been the first stimulus to his fear.

"We didn't have no place for 'em to sleep."

"To sleep!" echoed the mystified Oby.

"You ain't but seventeen hours late, Oby Shorts. This here's Monday."

The enlightenment was horrible. The sharpness of Oby's pain stimulated him to sense the worst sting of the affront to Maggie.

"Did the folks come?" he asked miserably.

"Yes, plenty of 'em—all but the bridegroom. Pity you couldn't swim," she added.

The mock sympathy in her voice was withering. So Maggie thought he had quailed at the creek. He snatched at the straw.

"It wa'nt that. I started in time. I—oh, Maggie, I must-a made a mistake in the day o' the week. I come all the

way roun' by Shiloh. I started whut I thought was early Saddy mawnin'. I don't know how come I done it." He paused. He did not know himself the effect absorption in a beloved dream may have upon the mechanism of days that differ not a hair's breadth from one another. Then he concluded lamely, "I must-a got behine."

"You must-a."

"I could shoot myself fuh a fool, Maggie. I could."

"Don't trouble—Pa's gone to find you now."

"I'll miss 'im," said Oby obviously. He meant nothing, for he was too unhappy to choose his words.

"I ain't so sure," said Maggie with judicial cruelty—and slammed the door.

She knew perfectly well that Oby was not a man who feared his own kind. She understood, too, that her father would listen with a tolerant ear to the recreant bridegroom's explanation. But she was anxious that he suffer the length of time due her.

On the long ride home he met no one except a negro, who told him that it was now possible to ford the creek a mile below the spot where the bridge had been. Regardless of the sacrilege, Oby plunged the cherished buggy into the muddy water. Not for a moment was his gloom penetrated by any thought foreign to the catastrophe until he reached the Timmons' farm at the cross-roads. Sally was sitting near the road on a horse-block fashioned from the stump of a big tree. With a small stick she had cleared a space of all twigs and now at random was absently drawing strange characters in it. Her uninjured profile was toward the road—a dainty face, strong enough, and usually made piquant by a generous mockery, but now unutterably sad. She was so intent that she did not hear Oby's buggy wheels. He drew rein, then realized that it was possible to escape notice, and turned into his private home road of "mud and rocks." Far down the main road he sighted a man on horseback.

Nobody else in the community sat a horse so well as Ben. The conjunction of the lovers had focussed Oby's thoughts to a point of coherence.

"I'd ruther *miss* my girl than *shoot* her," he reflected. "Pore Ben!"

Oak Mountain was, at this particular time, too deep in mud for the jokers at Oby's expense to torture him so cruelly as he had expected. But he assisted the bad weather in its good office by sticking close to the farm. Even there he fancied that Jeff's grin had a trace of impudence in it, and when the silent cook from the next county asked whether she should stay on, only the long habit of patience prevented his heaving a stick of wood at her head. Once, too, Tim Mason drove by and asked to see Oby's calendar. He was short, he said, on the day of the week. But Oby saw nobody else for ten days, and when he did emerge he found that honors were easy among the lovers of Oak Mountain. Ben was going to Texas in a wagon—without Sally!

Everybody was recalling his devotion after the shooting—the tragic manner that had become him so well, the gifts of birds, the Florida fruit shipped from Atlanta. True to chivalric practice, he had fashioned a tale that was to throw dust into the eyes of Oak Mountain. But Sally had refused to countenance the lie.

"He jus' don't like the result o' his handiwork," she was reported to have said in explanation.

"That don't sound like Sally," was the verdict of Oak Mountain, "but she's been druv to it."

Oby recalled the day she had sat on the horse-block with the pretty side of her face toward the road. As he thought of her, he became convinced that on that day she had learned the cruel truth. "She looked plum' down an' out," he thought. "Me an' Sally's both been hard hit. Pore Sally!"

Propelled by sympathy, he called on her. To be sure he made it a family visit, but the old folks left the room

early—her father to get the cows in and her mother to make ready for the milking. When Oby first came, he sat in a chair that afforded a full view of the wounded side of her face, but she made an excuse to change her seat so that he looked chiefly at the pretty profile. She tried not to turn her full face toward him. This seemed to Oby very sad, so that he talked to her in a soothing tone, as if she had been a little child. He had never before found it so easy to talk. Suddenly she looked at him with a keen smile.

"You're a good man, Mr. Shorts," she said.

"No." Oby was emphatic. "I ain't."

"Why not?"

"'Cause if I wuz," he confessed, "I wouldn't wish I wa'nt."

"Why, Mr. Shorts!"

"I've heerd that all my life." He had grown bold enough to be volubly introspective. "Sometimes I think folks 'ud like me better if I wuz a leetle wickedder."

"I don't want you no wickedder," said Sally bitterly. "There's wicked folks enough."

Oby couldn't help feeling that if Ben had heard that, he'd give up Texas. Also, he felt remarkably shrewd. Sally had not confused him at all. Encouraged by reward for zeal, he actively entered the mission field. He undertook to remonstrate with Ben himself, whom he met at the station when he rode nine miles for his weekly mail.

"Looks like you're boun' tuh put up with that eye-socket," he argued, "seein' 'twuz yore gun went off."

"It ain't in the boun's o' natur, Oby. It ain't in the boun's o' natur. I love her now so's it hurts—when I ain't with her. But I'm made so I can't stan' it. Even when I wa'nt no higher'n this"—Ben indicated an impossibly diminutive infant—"I'd shut my eyes to keep from seein' ugly things. I can't help it. I'm made that-a-way."

"But hit do look like there's some ways we wouldn't be even if we wuz

made that way." Oby had entered the realm of the metaphysical.

But Ben was a fatalist.

"It's that-a-way," he repeated. "There ain't no gittin' roun' it. The second I seen her without the bandages, I knew it'd be that-a-way. Look here, Oby, I ain't talked free like this to nobody else. It don't look jus' right itself."

Then the train came, with the usual paper for Oby, and also a letter—which was very unusual. The next day Ben went to Texas in a big new shiny green wagon. But Oby had ceased to think acutely of him. His letter was from Maggie!

She wrote to say in substance that she'd been thinking the matter over, and was no longer of the opinion that to make an honest mistake is to be branded a criminal. It did seem to her—and Oby winced at the words—as if a man couldn't get mixed up on *that* day. But she implied—and Oby groaned under the burden of the reproach—that a simple girl couldn't be expected to understand the strange ways of men. At any rate, she was willing not to hold it against him any longer. If he wanted to come talk things over Sunday, she would see him.

At the post office Oby instantly stuffed the letter into his pocket, lest some one discern its contents. But on the way home he stopped Dick three times when there was no audience but the friendly trees, and in the lot, while Dick ate fodder with gusto, he sat on the unstable side of an overturned barrel and read it a fourth time. By slow degrees the happiness which had gripped him became a thing to be feared. The recall was too good. He had been a fool once. Soon Oby Shorts was shaking in the throes of self-distrust. Always he had fallen into the very ditches he feared most. If worst came to worst where would succor be? Jeff knew nothing. He spent his days talking to the live stock. As for the silent cook, she would have been dismissed ten days

before if her employer had not been afraid of her. Oby puckered his lips into a thinking whistle. Finally he rose, then kicked the barrel behind him so vigorously that it rolled six feet, and disappeared in the barn. He emerged bearing an auger, with which he bored in the side of the barn seven round holes. He sat once more on the barrel to whittle a peg which should be a neat fit. This being a Wednesday, he plumped the peg into the fourth hole.

"Jeff"—Oby spoke with unwonted severity to the small darky, who had slipped up behind him and was watching operations with wonder-lit eyes—"if you ever tech that, I'll wear you out."

Jeff backed away in discreet silence and caught his dog Rufe by the neck. "Whut's de mattah wid Marse Oby, Rufe? Whut's dem holes fuh?" he whispered.

Oby's plan was that every morning, while the sky above the barn flaunted a red and gold dawn, and Dick and Daisy were being served breakfast of sweet-smelling corn and furry-coated cotton seed, he would shift the peg. With the inevitable coming of another day and the hunger of live things to remind him, he could not make a mistake.

On Sunday Maggie was thoroughly satisfactory. Somehow, by managing to keep her injury before him all the time, she ran up her own value without losing in personal agreeableness. It was one of the days when her voice was "downright furry." She suggested Sunday two weeks for the marriage, but preferred that it be very quiet.

"It's awk'ard," she explained, "for a girl to invite folks a second time."

Oby put his soul into an apologetic face.

"That's right," agreed old man Bates. "Mag's right. But hit do seem like a pity fuh the comp'ny an' the ceremony to be handled sep'rate. Hit's like havin' a fun'ral preached long arter the deceased's under the groun'. Sarcumstances sometimes deman's hit, but you



Drawn by Mead Schaeffer

"YOU AIN'T BUT SEVENTEEN HOURS LATE. THIS HERE'S MONDAY"

can't git the same flavor in the sarvices."

There was nothing worse than forgiving reproach in the smile Maggie leveled at her lover. As for Oby himself, he was open to any suggestion. One small flaw there had been in the day. As he road toward home Oby pondered on his tongue-tied condition. He remembered how glib he had been at Sally's.

"I jes' seemed," he thought, "to git right in the flow o' conversation."

He concluded, however, that the secret lay in the shining qualities of his deity. "You can't look at the sun right straight," argued the loyal Oby. It must have been this excess of power to dazzle that kept him from grieving more about Maggie's prohibition regarding a visit the next week. She had an engagement, she said. Sorry as Oby was, he felt that things were safer as they were. It was so easy for him to make a mistake.

Morning after morning the sun rose to splendor over the barn, Dick and Daisy buried their noses in delectable buckets, and Oby adjusted the lover's peg. On the afternoon of the day that was the ninth from Oby's visit to Maggie, Jeff came from behind the barn with his dog Rufe in time to catch a glimpse of their sworn enemy. This was a black cat, commonly denominated a "wild cat," because, having no established habitation, she was obliged to forage for a living, and had consequently developed manners that betrayed a grave distrust of all living creatures.

"Hi dah!" shouted Jeff. "You ole black witch-ha'nt-cat! Sic'er, Rufe! Sic'er!"

Rufe plunged into the fray. The cat dashed up a ladder leaning against the barn. With abominable lack of interest in free play, Jeff seized the ladder and thrust it to the ground. The friendless cat shot diagonally between two rounds of the ladder and fastened her claws in the rough logs of the barn itself. For one second she

paused for balance with her left hind foot on Oby's guarantee of success in love. The vainglorious Rufe, certain of victory, leaped wildly, closed his teeth on his enemy's late prop, and clumsily tumbled back to earth.

"Lawdy! Lawdy!" said Jeff between a chuckle and a groan. "That ain't no cat's tail you got and that ain't no cat's foot!"

Admonishingly he shook the peg in the dog's face. "Whut hole did dis heah peg come out'n ob, Rufe? Whut hole me an' you gwine put hit back in?"

Rufe appeared willing to be helpful.

"I'll tell yo', Rufe." Jeff's brain was working. "I's gwine pat yo' back an' say 'Good ole dawg! Good ole dawg!' an' how many times you wags yo' tail attar I quits, dat's de hole I's gwine put Marse Oby's peg in."

Under the given conditions, Rufe enthusiastically moved a stumpy member four times and paused for more evidence of affection. This was on a Thursday.

The next morning, Oby, in the act of adjusting the peg, scented trouble. He pondered deeply, reviewed the events of recent days, and shook his head. "I made sure," he thought—and then he shouted, "Jeff!"

The boy, accompanied by Rufe, answered the summons. He eyed the peg with dawning suspicion. But his master was no detective. Oby pointed with threatening forefinger.

"Did you take that peg out? Yes or no?"

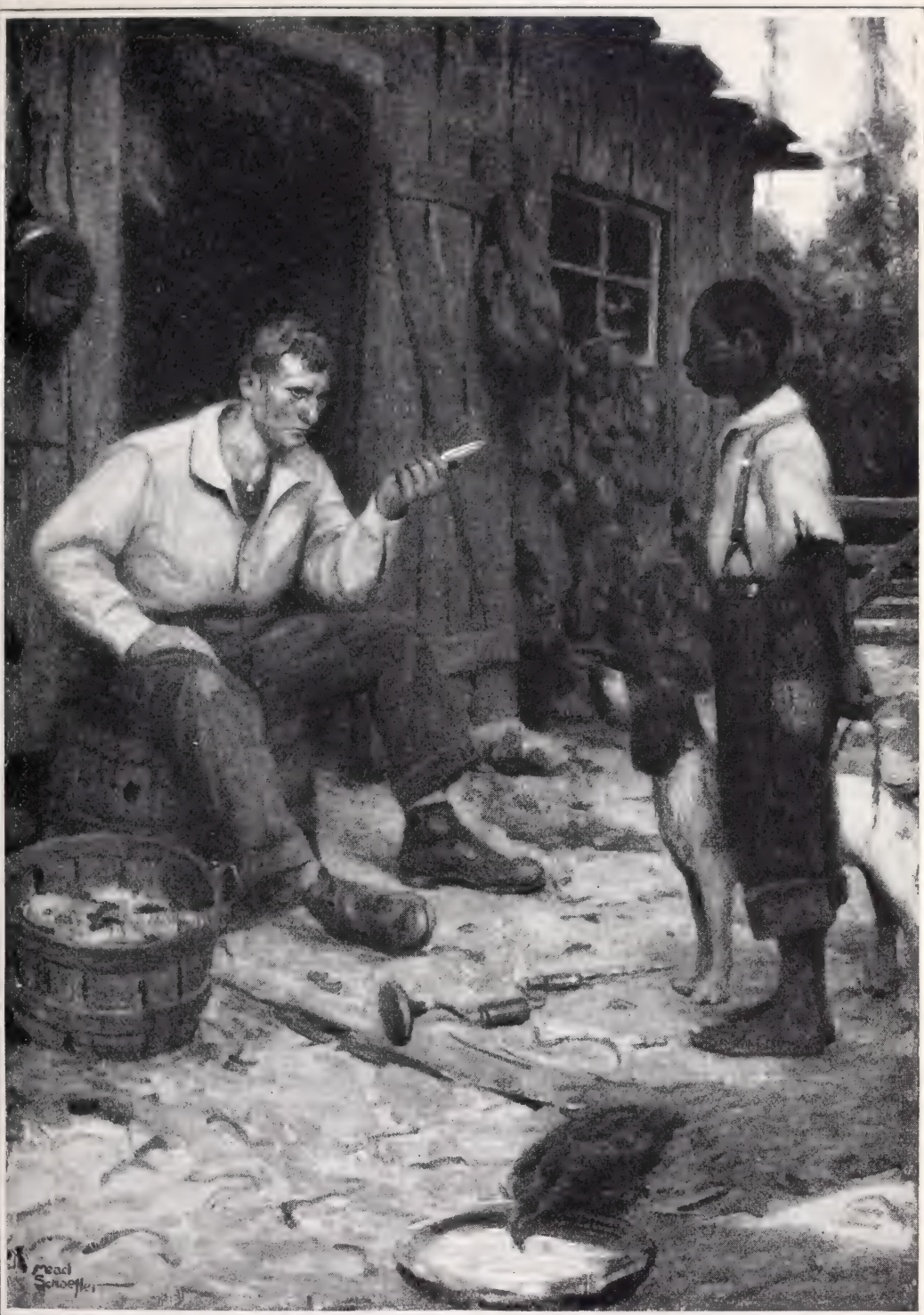
"Naw, suh, Marse Oby, Naw, suh!" The boy continued shaking his head long after he had ceased a verbal denial.

Oby's arm dropped. The ways of the majestic were not for him.

"If," he continued, "you tell me the truth, I won't wear you out, but if"—he knew so little how to word a terrible threat that he left it suspended.

"I's tellin' you de troof, Marse Oby. I sho is. I nebbah tuk hit out."

The trial closed, Jeff scuttled behind the barn, where he addressed his ally.



Drawn by Mead Schaeffer

"JEFF, IF YOU EVER TECH THAT, I'LL WEAR YOU OUT"

"I ain't tuk hit out. You tuk hit out, Rufe. I put hit in."

Meantime Oby, seated on the barrel of meditation, considered the question from all sides. The conclusion he reached was about like this:

"I made sure—but I'm mighty on-reliable—hit don't look like Jeff'd keep on lyin' w'en I talked soff to' im—I might go to Shiloh an' notice about"—but he could not think of any feeler to put forth that would not give his already enlightened world too good a chance. "Anyhow—if hit's wrong there'll be time to straighten hit out."

In the due course of days the candidate for matrimony again presented himself. Lack of festivity at the Bates's place of course neither confirmed nor alleviated his fears. He knocked with many misgivings. Maggie, who had sighted him at the bend of the road, opened the door.

"Well?" Her tone was undoubtedly forbidding. Even Oby understood. For a passing second he contemplated a lie. But he was a poor hand at fiction. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Did you think it was Sunday? I 'spose you did." Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes big and hard.

"Not—not—exactly," said Oby.

Maggie knew nothing of shades in the days of the week.

"What on earth's the sense in that?" she demanded.

Oby thought of how easy it would be to explain to Sally.

"Oby Shorts, I do believe you're jest about as near a fool as I ever seen."

Denial, in the face of outstanding facts, seemed futile.

"You can't even talk."

"I druv seven holes an' made a peg," he began, but the explanation was complicated beyond the use of the English tongue.

"I don't want to hear about no holes an' pegs!" His sweetheart's curiosity was drowned in anger. And then she made a long, long speech. She did not

pause for words and her effects were exactly in line with her intentions. Oby heard himself called a fool in at least seven different styles. After that he lost desire to explain.

"I'll write you," he said, "how 'twuz."

"Save yo' stamps!" was Maggie's parting shot.

If he had heard her remark as she turned her back, he would not have understood it.

"That's up," said Maggie Bates. "Cotton or no cotton!"

But he did write—he felt that he owed it to himself as a gentleman, and because nothing but the truth could occur to him, he told with naïve simplicity of the peg-holes. However, as he sealed the letter, his reflection assumed a new decision of character. "I ain't goin' tuh try no more to marry you. The Lawd's agin it!"

This time Oak Mountain shook with the story. The tragedy of Ben and Sally was sufficiently remote for the comedy of Oby and Maggie to hold the stage. Maggie herself told of the peg-holes. She also told many times what she had said to him, and at every recital she added a new witticism that caused the admiring verdict: "Mag's a case, she is!" Everybody quoted, too, old Mrs. Pottle, who put her philosophy into a nutshell: "Looks like Oak Mountain can't pull off nothin'." But as I says to Mary—Mary was an oldish unmarried daughter—'Mary, po' chile,' I says, 'don't worry. Take hit from me, there's more's marryin' than's doin' well.'" Old man Bates wondered how a man with so much cotton sense—but he always stopped just there. Apparently he was lost in the enigma. As for Oby himself, he stuck close to his farm work, lost in woe, not suspecting even that Sally's mother was proving his friend.

"He's a good catch," said the old lady. "None better. Any girl'd be safe with Oby Shorts."

"Oh, yes, safe!" returned the daughter.

"Some day w'en you're ole you won't think safety's sech a measly thing."

"I don't think safe *folks* are measly now."

"He likes you a whole lot, Sal. Looks like Oby's at his bes' with you."

Sally laughed a hard, un-Sally-like laugh. "An' you think I lost some ambition along with that eye, don't you?" But she was sorry the minute after. "You're right, ma," she said. "There's no call for anybody to laugh at him. He's a good man, and good men are sca'ce."

After a while the "good man" regaled his soul with a visit to Sally. He chose a "court Saturday in Shiloh," when he knew that most of his male acquaintance would be away. He came home in a pleasant flow, for he had the consciousness of having acquitted himself well. Sally had a wise way—only it seemed at the time not wisdom at all—of making the other fellow talk. A second time and a third Dick was hitched at the Timmons' gate—Oby felt a prejudice toward the buggy. He noticed with relief that the flesh wound in Sally's cheek was rapidly disappearing. Soon there would be only the bad eye. Then he fell into a state of abstraction. Once he stopped the plough in the middle of a furrow. "I c'n set on the side o' her that's all right," he observed to the great-out-of-doors.

Dick looked back to see why business had been held up.

At the next visit disappointment slapped him in the face. Sally was in Atlanta, her mother said. The old lady was exasperatingly noncommittal, but she made Oby welcome. She served cider and sponge cake and bade him come back. This he did within the week.

Afar off he discerned, in front of the house, a pink dress which he hoped would resolve itself into Sally. The gods were with him.

"Set on that hoss-block," he urged.

"Why?"

"I remember a day you set there

once a-fore," said Oby solemnly. He himself sat on the ground. He forgot entirely to ask about the recent trip to Atlanta, for he had cast to the winds the banal trivialities of ordinary intercourse. Such was the steady and yet expanding influence of Sally.

His own old love affair was mentioned. He opined that all things are for the best.

Sally admitted: "It ain't a bad thing for things to happen that shows up folks like they are. It makes us 'preciate a good man, too." Still, she thought it was going a little too far to say that all is as it should be. There are things done that can't be undone.

"I c'n see fuh the two o' us, Sally, Oby averred.

His literalness invoked a flash of her old gayety, touched by tenderness toward the new values Oak Mountain escapades in courtship had been teaching her.

"An' I'm a good hand at keepin' up with the days of the week," laughed Sally. But there was no sting in her merriment.

Suddenly she whirled about on the block. "Oby, you ain't looked square at me yet. Look hard."

Oby looked, his heart in his eyes.

"It's glass! Oh, Sally, hit don't laugh like the other, but barrin' that, there ain't much dif'unce."

"There won't be to you, Oby, 'cause you won't be lookin' for it." Her use of the future tense was unconscious.

"There won't be to nobody," said Oby with loyal obstinacy. And then he added with a sad soberness, "You done got yo' defeck fixed up better'n I has mine."

"Oby," said Sally with firm seriousness, "from now on, shan't nobody say nothin' ag'inst you to me, not even you yo' self." And then she clinched the new relation with a bit of didacticism which Oby cherished. "Set a right value on yo' self, Oby, an' folks'll be glad to pay up."



THE LION'S MOUTH

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I INVITE your attention this morning, ladies and gentlemen, to the life and works of Rowland Hill. I know very little about Rowland Hill; but I have just learned from a study of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* that he was the man who said, "Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?"

Bartlett tells us that Rowland Hill lived from 1744 to 1833. That is all. He does not even report in what work of poetry or prose that line occurred. Apparently, Rowland Hill never said or wrote anything else that lived. For all we are told by Bartlett, Mr. Hill may have been a member of Parliament, with the sacred privilege of asking questions of the ministry, and that may have been one of his questions. One can imagine the stir on the floor of the House. It must have been a nervous evening for the Prime Minister. Or he may have been a humble citizen of Boston, pious but liberal, watching from the curbstone a Fourth of July parade and just able to re over from the shock of hearing a melody of unmistakably theatrical origin played by the band as it went by. Mr. Hill, it seems, turned to his neighbor and said quietly, "Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?"

His neighbor was struck dumb with admiration. "By Cæsar," he replied, "but that's a good line! That ought to become a familiar quotation. What's your name?"

"Hill," replied that worthy man. "Rowland Hill."

The crowd began to take it up. One could hear the murmur going around

that this fellow Rowland Hill had asked, "Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?" A reporter from the *Boston Gazette and Commercial Chronicle* took out his pencil and made a few notes: "Questions Rights of Satan. Boston Man Resents Monopoly of High-Grade Music."

"And your dates?" pursued Mr. Hill's neighbor.

But here the Boston theory breaks down. For you see, Bartlett gives both dates. So Mr. Hill cannot have been so utterly obscure. He must at least have made a sufficient reputation so that when he died in 1833 it was remembered that he had once got off a very good one. Probably both theories are wrong, and he was a writer.

Yes, I prefer to think of him as one of us writers. A poet, perhaps; in fact, one of the most prolific of the Romantic poets. Coleridge and Keats excelled in quality, but Rowland Hill had it all over them in quantity. He lived in a garret in Fleet Street or thereabouts, and wrote a poem a day. Many of these poems he sold; others came back with rejection slips. One day he was feeling particularly fit. He embarked on a lyric to be entitled "The Lament of a Londoner Compelled to Reside for a Brief Portion of Time at a Watering-Place on the English Channel." It was a typical romantic lyric, about fifteen pages long. Nothing shorter would have been considered by the editors. Mr. Hill wrote busily for some hours, stopping from time to time to think. At about 11.45 A.M. he tossed off rapidly the following verse:

I said as I sat by the edge of the sea,
A music-hall show would look bully to me;

I thought as I walked by the edge of the dunes,
Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?

Mr. Hill didn't realize that anything special had happened. He kept right on. By 5 P.M. he had finished his fifteen pages, and he called it a day. During the remainder of his life he wrote fourteen volumes of piffle. Just that one line stuck. It was a deathless line; a familiar quotation. I feel sure that there is a profound lesson of some sort in this for all of us.

One cannot study the pages of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* for long without wondering just what it is that makes a line deathless. So many of the quotations seem to have hit the target of fame by such a narrow margin. Take for instance Thomas Morton (1764-1838), a contemporary of Rowland Hill. Mr. Morton wrote the line, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed" (*A Cure for the Heartache*, Act V, Sc. 2). I seem to have written sentences much like that myself, in letters of introduction, and I never realized that I was treading on the very threshold of greatness. For example, there is my letter beginning, "This will introduce to you Mr. Cuthbert Jones, who has written a lot of short stories which Professor Smith tells me are good ones. As you know, when Professor Smith says a thing like that it means a whole lot." There. Put that beside Morton's line, and what is there to choose between them? Morton got ahead of me, that's all.

Or take Morton's other claim to fame, the line "Push on—keep moving" (from *A Cure for the Heartache*, Act III, Sc. 1). The similarity between this and the well-remembered phrase of Mr. Theodore Shonts, "Watch your step," or the golden words of the conductor who first said, "Push right up to the front of the car and step lively," is provoking. Morton's phrasing may have been more apt, but I think his chief advantage lay in the fact that he beat them to it.

We chaps nowadays are handicapped by living so late. Not only are the steam-engine and the phonograph already invented, but the line "Push on—keep moving" has been appropriated by Thomas Morton.

There is an advantage, of course, in being prominent to begin with. There is Daniel Webster, for another example. He gets into Bartlett with "I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American." You and I have to write many things like that when we apply for a passport or fill out an income-tax blank, and we have to be even more specific about ourselves. These questions about nationality are simple beside questions on the color of the hair, such as I was asked the other day when I applied for an operator's license. "Color of hair," said the blank. "Do not say light or dark; give color." That is the kind of question that, if one's hair is not black or white or red but simply hair-colored, makes one chew one's pencil. The point is that if you or I were taking out a passport and wrote in the blank space opposite the word nationality, "I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American," the examiners would merely think us fresh. But Daniel Webster put on a profound expression and said it in a speech, and the line crashed into Bartlett.

A footnote in Bartlett compares it with that deathless line of Patrick Henry's, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Here is another of fame's caprices. Only a few days ago I said to a few friends, "I'm legally a resident of Massachusetts, but I certainly enjoy New Hampshire," and nobody was even interested enough to take the thing down in shorthand. Yet if I were President of the United States and there were a furious dispute going on in Congress over the relative merits of sea-bathing and mountain air, that sentence, incorporated in an address before both Houses, might go far.

Those footnotes in Bartlett are tricky things. They show the authors up. Bartlett has a way of quoting an immortal line by some perfectly good poet, and then of saying quietly in a little footnote, "See Shakespeare, page 144"; and you begin to think that the poet ought to have stayed with his father in the furniture business after all. Of course you recall Albert G. Greene (1802-1868). No? Well, he wrote "Old Grimes," and the stanza quoted by Bartlett runs as follows:

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
We never shall see more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

So far, so good. Up to this point, Albert G. Greene appears quite the lyricist. But hold—there is a footnote. It quotes first an Inscription in Matherne Churchyard, to the memory of John Lee, who died May 21, 1823:

John Lee is dead, that good old man,—
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old drab coat
All buttoned down before.

The plot thickens. And Bartlett is not done with our friend Albert. The footnote goes on to cite from Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, page 60:

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,—
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttoned down before.

There Bartlett leaves us, without a decision. He doesn't tell us the date of Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, or how old Albert was when he wrote that stanza, or anything else that we want to know. He just puts in those footnotes, and we read them and say to ourselves, "Seems like dirty work somewhere, and I'm looking right at you, Albert G. Greene"; and then we are whisked off to survey the contribution of Lydia Maria Child (1802-1880) who once took a deep breath and wrote, "England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter

the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland."

There is delightful variety among familiar quotations. Run through the index of Bartlett with me, and survey the list of characterizations of life. Life, says Marcus Aurelius, is a battle. According to William Browne, however, it is a bubble. Life is sweet, says James Russell Lowell. Life is one demd horrid grind, says Dickens. Joseph Henshaw declares that life is like unto a winter's day. Richard Henry Wilde, on the other hand, qualifies for Bartlett at one stroke by likening it to a summer's rose. After a careful study of that page of the index one feels that almost anything said about life will get by. The temptation to shoot a few arrows into the air with the hope of hitting the target of fame is almost irresistible. Life, one thinks, is like a tune played in a minor key. How's that? Life is like golf; most of us are duffers. Life is—but why go on? That will do for to-day. It is something to lay down one's pen in the comfortable assurance that one has this day evolved at least two familiar quotations.

THEOLOGICAL FRAGMENT

BY C. A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time there were two men. One of them was Righteous; the other was Wicked. In spite of this they were friends; although perhaps it is hardly fair to give the name of friendship to the perverse tie which bound them. The Righteous man was always trying to reform the Wicked man, and the latter was forever trying to annoy the reformer.

The Righteous man was assiduous in his devotion to virtue and a model of missionary zeal. His life was an unremitting pursuit of the Ideal. Nevertheless, or perhaps one should say therefore, it was not happy, for, all said and done, it was nothing but a pursuit. So

he fell into a way of seeking spiritual refreshment in the thought of Heaven, where the assurance of victory and, with it, rest, would be his portion. "I'm but a stranger here," said he to himself.

Of the Wicked man it could hardly be said that he pursued vice: it came to him almost naturally. And he enjoyed it so heartily that he succeeded in making it look attractive. This was what, indirectly, brought the fly into *his* ointment, for this was the one thing the good people could not stand. Reformers, critics, and censors swarmed about him. So *he* wasn't happy either. He longed for Hell, where there would be none of the reforming tribe. His sentiments on the subject were those of Aucassin.

The Righteous man died and went to Heaven. The Wicked man also died and went to his place.

After some time—how long cannot be computed, for in eternity the passage of time makes no difference—they met in a morally neutral place one Halloween when the souls have a cosmic holiday.

"Well," asked the Wicked man, "how are things?"

Things, it appeared, were not all they might be. At first, all had been ecstasy itself, but, after a time, a breath of ennui had entered this Paradise. The Righteous man had found himself longing for a little excitement, a little risk—just one tiny temptation to make sure that his moral will had not lost its cutting edge.

"In fact," said he, "I have to confess that there are times there when I don't feel at home at all."

"Just what I always said," remarked the Wicked man. "That just shows you're not so good as you thought you were."

"And how about yourself?" asked the other.

Hell, it then turned out, was not all it had been cracked up to be. There was a certain monotony about life there. No one disapproved of him; no one

tried to reform him. All the inhabitants were automatically evil. Vice seemed to create a kind of vacuum in which it was impossible to preserve any sense of independence or originality.

"In fact," said the Wicked man, "there are times when I'd be glad to be out of it."

"Just what I always said," remarked the Righteous man. "That just shows you're not so bad as you thought you were."

But there was one point on which they were agreed. "All we ask," they said, "is an abiding city."

SMALL TOWN STUFF

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

OUR country suffers periodically from dearth—sometimes of coal, sometimes of cotton, or wheat, or labor, or money. Somehow it manages to worry along each time until the supply is renewed and optimism is fully restored. But there is one product of our soil that it is harder for us to do without than any of these things—Common Sense—and I fear an approaching shortage of it.

Every great reasoner puts one and one together and makes two; though some of them now and then combine the wrong ones. In my own case, I have noted the falling off in the crop of common sense, and at the same time I have been informed that there is a serious social movement from the country to the city; and I find in these two things a logical sequence.

Whether you define it as wisdom about commonplace things, or such sane reasoning as is the common heritage of mankind, common sense surely is the product of a wide variety of common experiences, followed by plenty of opportunity for reflection. Perhaps it takes more than one generation of such enriched meditation to develop it to any uncommon degree, but originally it must be from the rural districts.

The herding together of great numbers of human beings destroys all time for

reflection, or else makes specialists of men; and over-specialization is a great foe of common sense. Not that one should disparage the expert, or lack a proper veneration for all devotees of special research. Civilization cannot progress without these. But for the moment my thoughts are focussed upon a more generalized sensibleness for which I have an even greater respect.

"To succeed here you must specialize," says the veteran doctor to his young friend. "Get to know a little more about the duodenum than anybody else in the city, and your fortune is made." So the young man moves forward up a straight and narrow road of learning whose summit and crown is the duodenum and all that pertains immediately and directly thereto. Other roads may lead to epiglottises or vermiform appendices. Such roads and all the by-paths leading into them he must avoid. The result is that he becomes a great practitioner in a great city. All sufferers as to the duodenum are sent to him, if they can afford it. Great practitioners upon the stomach or the eyeball or the something-or-other-gland refer to him as "my distinguished colleague." It seems almost sacrilegious to refer to him as a big toad in a little puddle, and yet think how small his puddle is! It is no bigger than the duodenum. A patient who comes to him with a commonplace well-located pain must either be persuaded that that pain really arises from the duodenum, or he must be sent to Dr. Jones up the street, whose highly trained and uncommon sense about such pains makes him the only other man in the city to see.

The old-fashioned country doctor whose chief asset was his common sense may be as out of place and impossible to-day as the little red schoolhouse of legendary memory. A more complicated civilization is making greater demands than either can now supply. And yet even to-day the best type of small-town doctor is a better diagnostician than many of the great specialists who have

bought their special knowledge at the cost of their common sense. The ignorances of the one may be balanced against the "accidents" of the others.

There is no reason why I should pick out the medical profession in order to pick on it. One may talk to some great metropolitan leader in the business world and find that he lives in a little puddle of dollars, and his judgments upon questions outside his own field are warped by an utter lack of perspective. For common sense is a sort of perspective. One who travels in a deep rut, up a narrow road, toward a point which is not a true summit obviously can never gain perspective, either on the way up or at the top.

Your great city magnate once had in him the makings of a greater *man* than he is. Perhaps he could not be much greater as a financier. The fault with him lies in the fact that he has done one kind of thing far too long, to the exclusion of other things; his only measuring stick is marked with dollar signs. I would prescribe for him a thorough dose of rural citizenship. He had it as a lad, and it gave him momentum, but now he has forgotten too much. In the great city he is just a financier. In the small town he might have been a financier, though perhaps not so great a one, as his kind define the word great. But at the same time he could have been a church deacon, a volunteer fireman, a member of the school board, a selectman, and even a justice of the peace, and then he might, with all his natural gifts, have grown to be wise.

Contentious readers may cite at once half a dozen great leaders, specialists in this or that field of manufacture or control, who are notable for the shrewd common sense which helped to earn them their greatness. True; and in nearly every case they got that sense in the rural districts and took it to the city, where it was at a premium. Then note what happens. An urban public assails them, with a cultivated gluttony

or sheer talk. And the great inventor makes final pronouncements about higher education, and the great settlement worker talks about European battlefields, and the great manufacturer settles questions about Jews, and Universal Peace, and American History; and the great politician talks about God knows what; and common sense flies out of the window.

Some years ago I was fishing in a little pond in Maine. A bit of conversation occurred on its shores that I can hear again even now—the pleasant soft twang of it, with the humorous, kindly glint in the keen eyes of the old man with whom I talked. I was untangling a fish line, sitting on the mossy bank of the little road by the pond, and puffing on my pipe as I worked. The old man, who was landlord and guide in one, came and sat beside me. For a time he pulled at his pipe in silence. At last he said, between puffs, “You’re from New York.” He knew that this was so, and I knew that he knew it, so no answer was necessary, and we continued to smoke for some time in silence. At last he remarked, “What’s beyond New York?” I didn’t know just what he meant, and was sure that the future would reveal, so I said nothing, and we both continued our meditations for some time longer. At last he took his pipe completely out of his mouth, rested it on his knee, and became garrulous.

“Folks wonder,” he said, “why I don’t fix up the corduroy road that runs in to this place.” He had, by the way, seven miles of the worst old broken-down corduroy road in the United States. “The reason I don’t is because I got all the people now I can take care of. The same folks comes here year after year. Good fishin’, good cookin’, good care, that’ll make folks come to any place. I got all I can handle ’thout I put up some more cabins and build bigger kitchen quarters. I’m makin’ all the money I need. If I fixed up that road, folks would come in

automobiles, and we’d begin to get more money than we could spend. Then that boy of mine he’d want an automobile, and my wife, she’d get kind o’ restive, and they’d want me to start a hotel out to Central City. Good cookin’ is what makes a hotel, and we’d get more people at Central City than we could handle there, and we’d make more money, and I’d have to start a hotel down to Portland. If a man gets rich in Portland in the hotel business, he starts one down to Boston, and if he gets too much money there, then he goes to New York. An’ I want to know, what in hell’s beyond New York?” Then he put his pipe back in his mouth.

The old gentleman is still running a fine place, for all I know, the best of its kind—and he is content. But I like to think of him particularly because of the common sense that entered into all of his judgments. Among his visitors were bankers from Boston and politicians from New Jersey and college professors from any old place, in as great numbers as he cared to accommodate, and then no more. He discussed with them all of the things in which they were interested, and had shrewd judgments upon their affairs that would stand almost any test.

Undoubtedly, it is well to be a great specialist in steamship shares, or the greatest operator upon the duodenum, but I suspect that when it comes to the business of marking a ballot, the function of citizenship is most common-sensically exercised by that householder on the little lake in the pine woods.

When I put a certain one and one together at the beginning of this meditation, I deliberately shut my eyes to a few obtruding facts. My mind gazed toward such phenomena as the governments of our great cities and the futility of legislatures and the mad acts of mobs. Contrastingly, I saw in my mind’s eye certain meditative woodsmen that I had met, and wayside black-

smiths, and men on lonely farms, and some country parsons, and the like. And I wished that the world had more of them and would push them up into higher places—for men of their sort seldom push themselves. But here are the facts I was putting aside: that no mobs are more lacking in common sense than small-town mobs; and the most futilely behaving congressman or state senator may as like as not represent a rural constituency. After he has failed to exercise whatever common sense he owns upon any public question, and has used his great opportunity solely for the bedevilment of the opposition and for the extravagant misuse of reams of good wrapping paper by turning it into *Congressional Record*, he can then talk himself back into office by platitudes and promises that every sensible person knows he could not possibly fulfill.

I fear that my problem is not simple addition, but something more like an equation. Men have not necessarily common sense because they live in the country. Wherever there is too much talk and men are letting others do their thinking for them, the common-sense crop begins to fall off. But the cities seem to have more than their proportionate share of talkers. Mass-meeters, cart-tail spell-binders, after-dinner speakers, agitators, pulpit orators, talk, talk, talk.

Too much undigested opinion comes out of the cities, unmasticated with the saliva of common sense. The country is properly suspicious of the product.

I do not claim that much rural meditation necessarily produces common sense. It must be meditation that follows upon a great variety of commonplace experiences—of close personal acquaintance with the outworkings of all

sorts of natural laws. Our pioneers produced our greatest crop of common sense; and we are perhaps largely dependent now upon what is left over from their harvesting.

So I am coming back to my assertion that there is a direct relationship between the shifting of population from country to city and the alarming dearth of common sense. There is only slight compensation to be had from the fact that the city is providing specialists for the advancement of science and the increase of personal comforts and all that sort of thing. The extreme specialist is the only man who can get along really well without the possession of common sense, and alas, he too often does.

But the bulk of us common folk are being stupefied by too much talk, with no time for thought in between sentences. The United States senator who can talk for six hours at a stretch, at public expense, explaining a vote that explained itself, is emblematic of our national decline. He should be upon a high pedestal marked "E Unibus Plura" or something to that effect. Would that even now he were carven in dumb stone! Truly from this melting pot of ours arise many noxious gases.

It is so easy to be pessimistic. The development of transportation and the coming of the movies are taking away from the rural citizen much of his time for meditation, and now the radio will try to do his thinking for him. The city dweller who goes "back to nature" is over-prone to take a cook and a chauffeur with him and hire several guides to meet every possible emergency due to the outworkings of natural laws.

Heaven send us a new influx of pioneers—shrewd prospectors who may find the way though great silences to some mother-lode of common sense!



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AS Christmas comes again it ought to bring to our troubled world some better news than it has had of late, and there is a prospect that it will. Our world is very troubled. Europe in matters economic has improved, but in matters political has seemed to be going from bad to worse for many months. There are times when one says things must be worse before they can be better, and that rather gloomy suggestion has been the mainstay of observers who hope for better things. Things political got suddenly worse when the Kemalists thrashed the Greeks and captured Smyrna, which was burned in consequence, leaving hundreds of thousands of homeless refugees. Then came the advance of the Turks to the neutral zone of the Dardanelles, the resistance of the British, and the general taking of counsel which is going on at this writing, with the results still uncertain but promising.

So perhaps that worse, which must precede betterment, has happened. One thing that makes it look so is the disturbance in the minds of the organized churches in the United States at the massacres, killings, burnings, and deportations that have attended the Turkish advance. The church people in this country, with something like general accord, have remonstrated at the failure of our government to take effective measures in deprecation of these doings. The newspapers have reported that the State Department and the White House were flooded with remonstrances. Why aren't you doing something? the church people asked Secretary Hughes, and his answer was that he had done all that

he had power to do, and that the only way to do more was to get more power from Congress. That brought home to many minds afresh and with energy the drawbacks of the policy of isolation from the affairs of Europe. It can be argued, and it is argued, that the whole Turkish uprising is a consequence of the absence of the United States from the counsels of Europe, an absence that dates from the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles by the Senate. Over and over again we have been assured that the recovery of Europe was doubtful and would certainly be long deferred if the United States did not help about it. Month after month we have seen that assurance coming true—France and England, rivals for power and squabbling in their rivalry; Germany driven toward bankruptcy, and now the Turks taking advantage of the discord among the late Allies to renew political pretenses that the war had seemed to quench for all time. Europe has drifted along: We have drifted along. Suddenly come these Turkish massacres, and the American churches seem to wake up and want something done.

Another important group wants something done. The bankers at this writing are holding a great meeting in New York. The most important message that is brought to that meeting and distributed from it over the United States is that we must bear our share of the troubles of Europe and help to cure them, and in that opinion the bankers and the church people seem to be of one mind. They both want to save the world, the church people for spiritual reasons, the bankers for eco-

conomic reasons, though many of the bankers are pious men, and spiritual reasons have weight with them too.

All this news of a growing agitation of the public mind in very important groups in the United States on the subject of our relations with Europe and our duty to the Eastern hemisphere, is good news. If enough Americans realize that this country must do something, something will be done. There are people who have thought that Europe and Asia were no concerns of ours; that their misfortunes were their own fault, and that with power to help them we were justified in holding back and leaving them to reap the harvest of their infirmities. But we are not justified in any such course. In so far as we have the power to help and do not use it, we may expect our own system to be poisoned. It is by helping others that we best help ourselves. That is true in business, in banking and in all the work of the church. It is even true in politics, which is nothing more than the governmental end of all these other activities.

A great wave of revolution is sweeping through the world and preparing it for new things. To block it is impossible, but to check and guide it is feasible if we all take hold. The work of revolution is mainly destructive. If it goes too far, the good and the bad go down together in the crash. Revolution in the present world has gone about far enough. It is time to save the pieces of civilization before the whole fabric is destroyed, and for that work the appeal is to the United States beyond any existing nation.

Listen to the closing words of the speech of Mr. Thomas Lamont to the assembled bankers on October 3d in New York. He talked about the state of Europe politically "in the wilderness," economically better because the people were at work raising crops and saving money. Then he considered international debts, and especially the ten billion dollars and more that was owing to

the United States. Of that sum he said about one half was lent to the Allies after we entered the war. We could not send troops, but we sent money, and gave large credits for war material and supplies. Mr. Lamont did not say that this part of the debts due us should be canceled, but that was evidently his opinion. He invited the bankers to think about this five billions from us that went into the war after it had become our war, and consider what should be done about it.

A part of the debt due to us, he said, could never be paid, and as to that he did not hesitate to say it should be canceled. Of what was collectible some time or other, he made that distinction between the debts incurred before we got into the war and those incurred after we got in. Undoubtedly, it was Mr. Lamont's opinion, as a banker and as a patriot, that Europe's obligations to us should be scaled down, and not from sentimental motives but because it was the part of wisdom and of sound banking, sound politics, and sound business to lighten the burdens of Europe so far as we could. He said finally:

Do not forget that as the nations of Europe face great dangers America too is facing a crisis, though of a different order. We have gained great power. With the power goes weighty responsibility. Have we discharged it? For the period of the world war my answer is yes, a thousandfold yes. For the period since the armistice can any one of us search his heart and answer yes? We have, it is true, offered criticism to the nations of Europe. We have shouted advice across to them. But we have been timid and fearful of petty entanglements. Now we have, it would seem, come to the parting of the ways. Shall we meet the responsibility that has come with our power or shall we fail? Shall you and I give our mind, our understanding and our sympathy to these problems or shall we stand aside and add to our national stock of gold? Shall we urge upon our National Government active co-operation in the counsels of the Mother Country and of the Old World? Or shall we keep silent?

Nineteen hundred years ago it was that St. Paul said: "For unto whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required." And a little before there was One who said: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." What shall we measure for ourselves? Shall it not once more be the courage that is America's tradition? Shall it not be the generosity as well as the justice that, among all the nations of the earth, will in truth and name make America first?

No sounder message than that to the American people can come from anyone, and no more fitting message for the Christmas season. If we believe in peace on earth, we must believe also in good will to men. There is plenty of it in this country, the problem is to get it moving and give it wise direction. The church people are useful agents in getting it going: in present circumstances the bankers may be very useful agents in giving it right direction. When the church organizations stormed the State Department in clamors to fight the Turks, their feelings did them credit but their energies were not directed to the right spot. Europe can handle the Turks if the nations of Western Europe can get together. The great errand of the United States is to help them to harmony; to help them to put aside national contentions and work together to save the civilization of Europe. If we can help them appreciably by scaling down the debts they owe us, that seems to be the first step that we should take. We can help them still further and perhaps still more by entering their counsels and being represented by competent delegates in discussions that concern the management of the world.

The last seems to mean that in some way or other we should get into the League of Nations, the organization that in these days is the sanest and most useful council that Europe affords. Of course that is a hard task. We tried to get into the League and our effort fell through. It has been proposed lately

that we might enter it as we entered the war, not as an ally but as an associate. When we went into the war we were not bound by any of the interally treaties. Our errand was simply to help win the war by any means we could. We bargained for nothing, we demanded nothing. That position worked very well in the war. If we went into the League of Nations on the same basis, we might be useful there again. That is a detail proper for discussion; a plan that may be good or may not. But somehow we must be quit of isolation. Almost every thoughtful person who has been in Europe this summer has come home with the feeling that it belongs to us to have a hand in what is going on there and that we shirk a duty by keeping out. Congressmen who have been abroad have returned impressed with this sentiment, which they did not have when they started.

It all comes to this, that our greatest Christmas obligation this year is to the world beyond our borders. We have plenty to do at home; we always do have, but our home duties and our foreign duties are all tied up together and we cannot do justice to either if we neglect the other.

Our great political problem is the problem of labor. We have had a great coal strike and a very considerable railroad strike and we shall be reminded all winter, every time the mercury sinks low, of those disturbances. The effect of the lack of the usual supply of coal will vary from annoyance, as at present, to hardship in extreme weather. We have learned something from these strikes, but the knowledge has been very costly. The railroad problem may have made some advance toward settlement; the coal problem has had nothing but a temporary medication. In all these matters we want a fair deal. We consumers do not want to be over-ridden either by labor or by capital. We do not want labor to terrorize capital, we do not want capital to oppress labor. We want the means for profitable and

progressive living to be within the reach of all industrious people who will work for it. These great matters of employment cannot be settled without brains and authority, but neither can they be settled without good will. It may be that to some extent they have to be fought out, but that is a very costly way of settlement and questions settled in that way are apt not to stay settled. Intelligent discussion is very much better, and it was that which contributed most to the settlement of the big strikes this year.

Besides the case of the miners, the railroad men, the mill hands and all the other employees of the great industrial machine, there is the case of the farmers. They have had a bad time. Their great basic industry is not as profitable just now as it should be, and the pay of the farmers does not compare well with the pay of the industrial workers. The farmers' predicament is part of the predicament of the world in general. Europe finds her buying power impaired, surplus crops of the United States lose part of their market, and prices run low in consequence. Perhaps if the farmers can have it brought to their attention that the state of the world outside of the United States has an important bearing on their incomes, they may become a useful force for the general improvement of mundane concerns. But there are a great many farmers, they have never been unionized except on a limited scale and they are slow to see in what their interest lies and to work together to get it.

The great thing the world needs, as always, but preëminently this year, is religion: the understanding and application of the great Christmas message. All the great problems before it—reparations, international debts, participation in the councils of the League, strikes, labor problems, and farmers' profits are full of thorny possibilities. The temper in which they are ap-

proached is everything, and that temper depends upon the ideas about human life, its purpose and conditions, that are in the minds of the men who confer. The materialists,—the people who believe that men can live by bread alone, and that more bread and more of other material accessories is the great aim of human effort,—will never bring peace to earth. That great achievement, in so far as it is ever accomplished, will be the work of a different order of minds, of the minds that put spiritual things—righteousness, courage, justice, kindness, love—above all the material things, and believe that if they can attain and possess the spiritual valuables, the other necessities will be added to them. The great thing that is going on in the world now is the demonstration that that idea of life that puts spiritual things before material things is sound; that not only good morals depend upon it, but good business and the welfare of states and people. There is an old saw "Be good and you will be happy," but what all the world is finding out now is that it cannot be happy unless it is good, and that it cannot make up for lack of goodness by any kind of advantage it may procure by strength or wiles.

And goodness implies, not merely correct deportment, not merely observance of the law and impeccable morals, but good will and helpfulness and the courage to take responsibilities that belong to one. The neutral kind of good will, which merely lets things alone, is not enough in these days. What is needed, and what at this season and this year the circumstances of all the world demand from the United States, is that more positive good will that sees a need, that assumes a duty, and helps for the sake of helping, without too keen an eye for immediate profit or loss, but with the conviction that true prosperity for any nation can only come out of service to its neighbors.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



"IF YOU'LL HAVE ME MY DEAR, WITHOUT PAYMENT I'LL SHEAR YOUR FAM'LY FOREVER."

ROMANCE IN A BARBER SHOP

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

LORETTA ESTELLA MALONEY one day
Decided, "My tresses need clipping.
I'll go to a bobber and pay the old robber
A dollar, the price of a snipping."

She headed for Billy the Bobber-shop Man
That very same evening (or morn),
And, seating herself on a shaving-cup shelf,
She waited her turn to be shorn.

The bobber was giving a chap a shampoo
While Loretta looked on, a bit vexed,
For the process was long and she yearned for the song
That is known the world over as "Next!"

When he'd finished shampooing, Sir Billy began
The Customer's features to lather,
Which drew from Loretta, "He's going to get a
Shave also, O bobber, I gather."

"Why not?" he responded. The maiden replied,
"I cannot wait longer, I fear."
Said the bobber, "I hate to make busy girls wait,
Why didn't you tell me, my dear?"

And taking the half-lathered man by the arm,
He assisted him out of the chair,
And making a bow to Loretta, said, "Now
We'd better start bobbing your hair."

"O wonderful bobber! O cavalier! Knight!"
Loretta exclaimed out of breath.
"Oh, I'm in your debt and I shall not forget
This deed till the day of my death!"

"Don't mention it, madam, here ladies are first,"
Sir Billy remarked with a smile;
"Nice weather we're getting these days, though I'm betting
We're due for some rain in a while."

Loretta sat back in the chair and prepared
To be bobbed by this prince of a man,
And smiled on him sweetly (she loved him completely)
And sighed as he deftly began.

The bobbing completed, the time came to leave
The store of the bobber-man brave,
And, hating to go, she kept murmuring, "Oh,
How I wish I could order a shave!"

But what could she do? With a fervent "Good-by!"
And a "Sir, you are gracious and kind!"
And another "Good-by!" and a tremulous sigh,
She left—with a scheme in her mind.

The scheme? The next day she returned to the shop
With her sister Eliza (age eight).
With a smiling "Good day!" she remarked, "Clip the hay
That you find on this cannibal's pate."

And Billy said, "Thank you! How are you to-day?"
The maiden replied, "I am well."
Eliza was shorn and the very next morn
Loretta brought young sister Nell.

She'd fallen in love with that bobber, by gosh,
 And she couldn't, poor girl, keep away.
 Ere another week passed he was bobbing the last
 Of her sisters (the two-year-old May).

Of course, it was nonsense (shear nonsense) to bob
 The locks of so tiny a child,
 But a maiden in love is quite capable of
 An artifice even so wild.

Then she came with her mother, her grandma, and aunts,
 And Billy de-tressed 'em in turn,
 And said to her, "Miss, I am grateful for this;
 A fortune you're helping me earn!

"Another three hair-cuts and I'll have enough
 Mazuma to marry, I will;
 If you'll have me, my dear, without payment I'll shear
 Your fam'ly forever!" . . . "O Bill!"

With the maid's exclamation they clinched, as you know,
 They were wed in a fortnight at most,
 And their honeymoon spent (a delightful event)
 Somewhere on the Barbery Coast.



The General Store—Podunk Centre

PROPRIETOR: *"Just a minute, stranger, I'll wait on you, after I marry this couple."*

Binkie

LAST Sunday when I sat all dressed
 With mother in my very best,
 I heard a funny sound I knew—
 And there was Binkie in our pew!
 He put his paws up on my knee,
 And wagged his tail, and looked at me.

And mother dear got very pink
 And said, "I don't know what to think!"
 And Deacon Jones came squeaking by
 Upon his tip-toes—just as sly!
 (He's got a great big purple nose
 And right in sermon time, he *blows*!)
 He grabbed up Binkie awful hard
 And kicked him out into the yard.
 Poor Binkie made a yelping sound,
 And everybody looked around.
 I had to stand with all the rest,
 And sing—"With milk and honey blest—"
 But oh, my heart was black and bad,
 And all the Angels knew I had
 A *wicked* feeling in my bones,
 And pleasant hate for Deacon Jones!

CAROL HAYNES

Who Was "Boss"?

A COUNTRY youth about to embark on the sea of matrimony asked his father, "Who should be boss, I or my wife?"

The father smiled and said:

"Here are one hundred hens and a team of horses. Hitch up the horses, load the hens into the wagon, and wherever you find a man and his wife dwelling, stop and make inquiry as to who is the boss. Wherever you find a woman running things, leave a hen. If you come to a place where a man is in control give him one of the horses."

After seventy-nine hens had been disposed of by the youth he came to a house and made the usual inquiry.

"I'm the boss o' this place," said the man.

So the wife was called, and she affirmed her husband's assertion.

"Take whichever horse you want," was the youth's reply.

So the husband replied, "I'll take the bay."

But the wife did not like the bay horse and called her husband aside and talked to him. He returned and said:

"I believe I'll take the gray horse."

"Not much," said the youth. "You get a hen."



THE JUDGE: "What's the charge, officer?"

THE POLICEMAN: "Usin' bad language, your Honor. He was sittin' on the sidewalk, tellin' a banana peel what he thought of it."

A Tactful Answer

A CERTAIN woman is blessed to an unusual degree with both discrimination and tact. The first of these admirable qualities she has displayed by her two marriages. Her first husband was a minister, a most delightful man. He died, and after a lapse of some years, she married his only brother, a successful lawyer.

Now on her library desk stands a picture of the first partner of her joys and sorrows, and one day a curious caller asked who it was.

"That," said the hostess, with evident emotion, "is a picture of my husband's brother, who died some years ago, and who was very dear to us both!"



MEDUSA: "I want my hair bobbed, please."

Off His Job

"MOTHER," said Bobby, "what does Pop go down town for every day?"

"To work, so Bobby can have a good dinner every day," mother replied to her youthful son.

A few days later when Bobby sat down to dinner he viewed the table with a critical eye. Not seeing his favorite dishes, he disdainfully shrugged his small shoulders and grunted, "Hum! Pop didn't do much to-day, did he?"

A Useless Sacrifice

AMINISTER, who was staying at a house where many good things had been prepared for his coming, disappointed his hostess by declining most of her delicious dishes, giving as an excuse that he never could eat just before he preached, as it hindered his oratory. She herself did not go to church, but her husband did, and when he returned, with the usual feminine curiosity about the new pastor, she called out before he could mount the stairs: "Well, how did he preach?"

From the floor below the answer was shouted, "He might as well have et!!"

Why Give Thanks?

MOTHER always had little Tommy say grace before meals, and she made no exception to the rule when she took him to luncheon with her one day at a restaurant. After the luncheon had been served, she said, "Now, Tommy, say grace, please."

"But, mamma," he objected, "we're paying for this, aren't we?"

Spontaneous Applause

A POLITICAL orator addressed in English a club of Italian voters. To his surprise and satisfaction his listeners paid strict attention and applauded at the proper

places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech, the orator took his seat beside the chairman.

He whispered that he was delighted with his reception, and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience.

"Ha-ah!" replied the chairman. "I fix all-a that. I hol' up one-a finga, evera man say-a 'Hurrah!' I hol' up two-a finga, evera man say-a 'Viva!' I hol' up t'ree-a finga, evera man say-a 'Bravo!' I hol' up whole-a han' evera man say-a 'Hi-yi!' like one great yell. I fix-a all that."



"See that fat guy? They say he is not all there."
"Well, most of him is."

The Price He Paid

A SCOTCHMAN and his wife were spending a vacation at the shore near an aviation field. One day the couple went over to the field and asked:

"How mooch do you charge for the ride?"
 "Fifteen apiece for ten minutes," was the reply.

After much arguing they reached an agreement: should the passengers speak even once during the trip the fare would be fifty dollars; if they kept silent, it would be free.

The couple got in and were soon in the air. Up they went to ten thousand feet then came a loop-the-loop—and not a word. A vertical bank, a tail slip and a nose dive brought no sound.

In despair, the pilot landed and said to the Scotchman, "Well, you win."

"But there was once when I nearly spoke," replied the passenger.

"When was that?" was the question.

"When my wife dropped out."

A Judge of Character

"WHAT do you know of the character of the defendant?" asked a Mobile magistrate of a colored laundress subpoenaed in an accident case of a white man arrested for careless driving of a motor car.

"It's tolerable," Maria said.

"Had you seen him drive the car before?"

"Yassah."

"Would you consider him careless?"

"Well, jedge, as fo' de car—dat little thing ain't gwine to hurt nobody, but being us is all here, I might as well tell yo' dat he sho' is careless 'bout payin' fo' his wash!"

Wasted Time

MRS. NEWLEIGH was growing accustomed to power. She enjoyed it, and was irritated when any one presumed to differ from her opinion. When the sailing party, of which she had been a member, landed on the shores of the lake, rain-soaked and frightened, she was the only one who cared to talk.

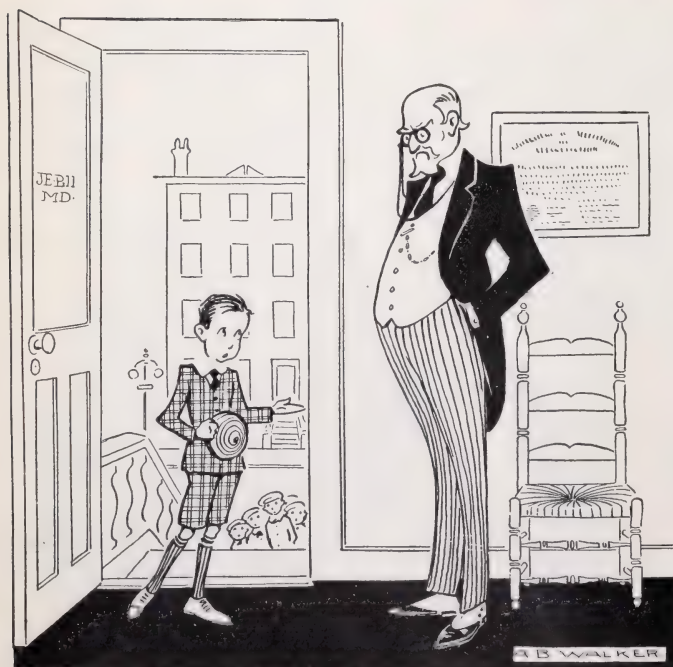
"It all could have been avoided if that captain had done as I told him," she said, between the chattering of her teeth, as the party stood huddled under a small shelter.

"When I saw that cloud coming from that corner of the lake, I said to him, 'I think you'd better make straight for home and not spend any more time tacking;' but he paid no more attention than as if I hadn't spoken!"

Confused Anatomy

THE greatest wonder was excited in the mind of little Harold when he beheld an elephant for the first time.

"Oh, dad," he exclaimed as they passed before the zoo pachyderm, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth, eating hay with her tail!"



Graft

"How about coming across, Doctor? I'm the boy that started measles in this town."



An Uncrowded Occupation

Purchasing Agent of hair-mattress factory dogging a prospect

Parental Solicitude

MRS. PEARSLEY, a visitor from the country, looked out of her friend's window and shuddered. "Oh," she gasped, "I should think you'd be dreadfully worried to let your little Georgie out on those crowded streets!"

"I was dreadfully worried at the beginning," Mrs. Devinor admitted, "and I must tell you how I felt the first time Georgie went to the grocery store. It is nearly half a mile away, and to reach it he had to cross Madison Street and Washington Avenue, both double trolley tracked, and Wyoming Boulevard, with its streams of recklessly driven automobiles. I didn't know Georgie had gone—the cook had sent him—but when I found out I was frantic, and just couldn't keep myself from walking the floor, wringing my hands, and imagining the most terrible things that could possibly happen. It seemed as if the boy never would come back, but when he did and I held him in my arms once more, I determined I wasn't going to let him be the cause of such a spell of worry again. And so, that very afternoon, I took him down town to the office of the indemnity company, in the Fidelity Building, and had his life insured."

A Social Distinction

THE negro barber on a Western express train recognized in the man he was shaving a well-known merchant. He worked with especial skill, and was rewarded with a substantial tip.

Hastening to tell the other employees on the train of his good luck, he announced pompously:

"That Mistuh Smith is a mighty fine gemman, jest as nice a man as you'd want to meet. I've often been in his store in Chicago, but, of co'se I nevah met him socially befo'."

A Typographical End

A FRIEND was telling a Washington physician of an acquaintance who undertook to diagnose his own ailments by reading medical books.

"This man's case reminds me of an observation made by a distinguished German doctor years ago," said the Washington physician. "He, too, knew of a chap who pored diligently over medical works in order to prescribe for himself. 'Be careful, my friend,' said the doctor, 'or some day you'll die of a misprint.'"

Higher Mathematics

JAMES MULLIGAN was the only man in the village who could be hired to saw and split wood or to use a lawn mower, and he never lost a chance to impress this fact upon a casual listener.

"I've got to get this job through for your ma quick as ever I can," he announced to the small son of one of his employers. "I'm losing sixty cents an hour right along every minute I'm here. There's three people waiting for me now, and I don't know how they are going to get along till to-morrow without me, any one of them."

"Why, Mr. Mulligan," said the boy, respectfully, "I don't see how you are losing sixty cents an hour when mother pays you twenty, and you couldn't be but in one place and—"

"Have you got as far as geomthry in your studies?" inquired Mr. Mulligan, coldly, resting his arms on the handle of the lawn mower.

"No," admitted the boy.

"Whin you do you'll understand a good many things that's hid from you now," said Mr. Mulligan, resuming his leisurely progress over the lawn.

Out of the Mouths —

THE Davidsons were entertaining at dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Warren, just returned from their honeymoon, and looking the part. Six-year-old Doris, dining at a smaller table, found herself more or less excluded from the conversation and proceeded to recite bits of nursery rhymes in a shrill voice for purposes of attracting attention to herself. No one paid much attention to her until, during a pause at the head table she began in a high-pitched sing-song: "Needles and pins, needles and pins, when a man marries—" she hesitated, striving to recall the remainder of the couplet. Suddenly her brow cleared. "When a man marries, the cradle will rock!" she finished triumphantly, and wondered why she was sent out of the room.



THE BURGLAR CONSULTING HIS CHRISTMAS LIST: "Let's see; I've got something for Maggie, and Bill and Agnes and Gertie. There's only Hank and Sally now."





Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Illustration for "Arab Stuff"

"HERE I WAS IN MY GRAND SCENE, AND EVERYTHING WRONG-END-TO"

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"THE LAND OF THE FREE"

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT is platitude that you never know what you think of your own country until you leave it, and it is almost a convention for returning Americans to greet Bartholdi's statue with joyous exclamation. A sojourn in Europe has been supposed to enhance the pleasures of American citizenship, even to poignancy. Of course there have been denatured Americans who preferred Europe and were sorry to come home; but they have not been typical. Most of us, even effete easterners, have found something to prefer in our own land—if only the mysterious sense of "being at home."

The war was a great gap in the European experience of many of us. On account of it a lot of people, I venture to say, have remained more unbrokenly under the Stars and Stripes than was their habit or their desire. That liners have been full since 1919 has nothing to do with the case. From 1914 to 1919 people in general did not go to Europe except on urgent business. They stayed at home; they were perforce steeped in national traits and concerned daily with national phenomena.

To people unmitigatedly accustomed

to their native soil, the slightest shock of change may be illuminating; merely to exist, for ten days, under the flag of another sovereignty, a vital experience. Latent perplexities sharpen into a perception of actual differences; and though you are only "over the border," a certain pressure is removed—the multitudinous pressure of citizenship, which in his own country a serious person never escapes. You are an outsider, as at home you can never be. The result may be envy or it may be nostalgia; in either case, you achieve a perspective on your own Americanism. What was subjective becomes objective. You test the quality of your patriotism. The easy journey, the equal utility of American and Canadian currency, the familiar types and the familiar speech all about you, do not destroy the efficacy of the adventure. That is maintained by the mere fact that whenever you lift your eyes, they salute not Old Glory but the Union Jack. For all its familiarity, this is as much a part of the British Empire as New Zealand or South Africa. Big Ben could not more definitely place you as a foreigner. The very fact that Montreal or Ottawa,

Quebec itself, are unexotic to the American eye, but makes the brain keener to register likenesses and differences.

The writer certainly pretends to no special intellectual equipment for travel. Moreover, we were on a holiday, though a brief one, and we did only what, in such conditions, we always do: let ourselves go irresponsibly, seeking the flavor of the new town, wandering exhaustively, guide book *not* in hand, taking tramcars instead of taxis, pretending to be residents, not tourists, reading the newspapers even to the advertisements and the social notes, neglecting monuments for shop fronts, and everything else for the peopled streets.

What emerged presently from the Canadian air, for one of the travelers at least, was a very present sense of freedom and a sharp prospective nostalgia. I knew, days before in Montreal, that I should mind being back at Rouse's Point, precisely as much as I did, in the event, mind it. It was not the mere charm of Montreal itself—one of the few delightful towns I have ever found it safe to go back to after many years—for neither Quebec nor Ottawa has the charm of Montreal, yet in Quebec and Ottawa, equally, one felt a free person destined presently to resume servitude. It was not regret at having to end a holiday so soon. It was the sharp and by no means welcome conviction—as sharp and irresistible as one of those electric signs that leap at you by night on Broadway—that in the British Empire you are free, as in the United States you are not. It was as if after much vain probing, a finger had been placed on the ailing spot, a diagnosis had been straightway made, and, after years, one knew at last what was the matter with one.

The matter was that one had been steadily losing one's liberty, and along with it, one's dignity. Here one was walking in a world of people who were—comparatively speaking—free. They had kept the tradition of which we had

kept the windy rhetoric. Ever since adolescence many of us had been regretting something. Now, the lost piece of the pattern slipped into place. What we had been regretting was the political ideal which we had been brought up to cherish, to die for, if necessary, and which had vanished. Our fervid patriotism had been living on history alone: we were reduced to pretending that America was still what America started out to be. In the end, some part of one's mind and heart had begun to ache: there was a feeble but chronic pain.

No one, I think, in modern times, is more patriotic than the good American. Just because of the newness of our origins, we have fingered them and delighted in them. What some nations take for granted, or cynically smile over, we never tire of mentioning. Nor do I refer to the blatancies of the uninformed citizen or the interested demagogue: the self-advertising, the "God's own country," and all the rest of it. Most of us middle-aged Americans grew up with a deep and secret sense of the nobleness of American institutions; felt the romance as well as the rightness of the War for Independence; believed that in those days there were giants in the land who prepared our glorious destiny. Perhaps we talked less about it than the politicians; but we were quite as sincere in feeling it. Europe could not spoil it for us, even when we got our Europe young, and took it passionately. We were patriotic to the core of us. Some minor American differences we might regret, but of the main American differences we were immitigably proud. Many of my general clan would not, perhaps, agree with me; yet I cannot explain my own feeling about my country better than by stating that George Washington remains for me, still, the greatest and most beloved figure in history. The idea of Washington's pre-eminence is exploded now, I suppose, even for Americans of the old rock; you hear far less about Washington, in these days,

than about Lincoln. I am not attempting to judge as between two great men; I would point out only that the Americanism, the patriotism, I was bred up on found the warrant for its quality in the earlier rather than the later statesman. Washington focused in his own person the ideals, the wisdom, the traits, the conduct, that *were* America. George Washington is seldom quoted nowadays, except in regard to entangling alliances. That is perhaps natural, since he was obviously not planning a policy for the United States as they have become. Few politicians turn to Washington for statement or sanction of their principles, and doubtless his name has lost some of the magic that it had preserved even thirty years ago. Any stick will do to beat the League of Nations with; so "entangling alliances" is brought in. But George Washington has ceased, for most people, to be the incarnation of the American spirit.

For some of us, the passing of Washington has been only indicative of the passing of the American spirit as we were taught to understand it. As far as we knew how, we were the kind of American Washington would have had us be. When we discovered that a new kind of Americanism was necessary, we were a good deal to seek. And it hurt—no question that it hurt. No one who has been, from infancy, patriotic, and a good American, in all sincerity and soberness, likes to perceive that the popular meaning of those terms has so altered that they no longer apply to him. Yet there it is. The basic fact of American institutions as we were taught to conceive them was liberty: the freedom of the individual under the law. America is not really a free country, in the old sense; and liberty is, increasingly, a mere rhetorical figure. Even now, I should shrink from calling myself unpatriotic; yet the fact remains that there are not the same things to be patriotic about. For patriotism is more than emotional adherence in time of stress to a familiar flag, more than

blind allegiance to the soil of one's birth. It is approval of, understanding of, deliberate loyalty to, one's native institutions; and when the thing that you were consciously faithful to alters, you can no longer, in the same way, be faithful. You can stand by your parents though they break all the Ten Commandments—and you can fight for your country though you know it to be in the wrong. But that *is* precisely emotional adherence. We are not discussing how you will act, in a sudden crisis; but how you will feel, within yourself, day by day. No man whose political gospel is freedom can love a country whence freedom is rapidly passing, except with the irrational, personal, sentimental, largely selfish love that makes us prefer our own roots to other people's.

The effect of living unbrokenly at home, through the last momentous years, was to make one feel that the world, indeed, was changing, and that new roles were being created for all the nations. You might not enjoy the American change, but you took it that America was merely sharing a world-catastrophe, perhaps a period of world-degeneration. You laid a good deal of it to the war, of course; and inclined to believe that we were better off in proportion as our part in the war had been small. The United States were bad enough, but other places would be infinitely worse.

Then—perhaps—you went to Canada. You entered, at all events, the British Empire.

What you found there was startling, in its unexpected relieving of a pain that had been chronic. Irony beyond irony, to discover that the old American spirit finds its freest scope nowadays under the dominion of Great Britain; that it takes the descendants of George III to unloose the chains riveted upon one by the successors of George Washington! Yet that is what it amounts to. I am not a political animal, or politically sophisticated. But anyone knows the difference between breathing freely and

not breathing freely, as a fish knows whether it is in the water or not. Here, one was breathing freely again. All the old, passionately credited phrases meant something once more; convictions were again on speaking terms with life. Here, one could live simply, and unironically.

The first thing that came to me was that I was in a land of free speech. I do not know by what subtle roads that sense reached me; I cannot tell you the precise instant at which I became aware of it. Yet, as no one will believe me without instances, let me give one. Canada, as you know, is much pre-occupied at the moment with her immigration policy. So, for that matter, is the United States. During those days, Dominion ministers—members of the Dominion cabinet—were traveling about the country and speechifying. One of them (I forget which portfolio he holds) had just announced to the public that—though they frankly want immigrants more than they want anything else—they wanted no immigrants save those who were “British, white, and Christian.” Those were his words. I do not ask you to imagine the effect if Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hoover made such a statement in a public speech, because Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hoover obviously could not. Canada’s policy is not ours. I ask you only to imagine the effect if any prominent private citizen of our own country should state publicly that, in his opinion, it would be a good thing for the United States to admit no one who was not “British, white, and Christian.” The man who said it would be done for, even though he were only registering his personal, unofficial thought. What a storm of reproach and insult would burst upon him! Some one, be sure, would want him legally dealt with. For it has come to the point, with us, where a man has to conceal many of his serious opinions or he gets into trouble.

Our land is large and heterogeneous, and when we develop mob rule, we develop many mobs, each large enough and

powerful enough to control public utterance in its section or its sphere of influence. The Anti-Saloon League whips the politicians into line on the subject of prohibition; organized labor is powerful enough in most parts of the country to prevent any man with political ambitions from criticizing it adversely; and you do not have to credit the authenticity of the Protocols to realize that few forums are open to the man who believes in a Jewish peril. In Kentucky, statement of a belief in evolution is becoming unprofitable if not dangerous; and God knows what a man may safely say or do in regions where the Ku Klux Klan rules. They are still, in New York, doing their best to shut up the Rand school; and we all remember the affair of the socialist members of the New York Assembly. Does any one, I wonder, in the San Joaquin valley, dare to stand up for the Japanese? True, our very size and heterogeneousness protect us to some extent. In the multiplicity of fanatical mobs lies a measure of safety. I can say things, in New Jersey, that I probably could not say in Texas; on the other hand, I could probably say, in Texas, what I cannot say here. Mr. Villard can publish in New York City what he could hardly publish in Birmingham, Alabama; and in Dearborn, Michigan, Mr. Henry Ford prints things that he could perhaps not get printed elsewhere. Governor Edwards of New Jersey may speak, in Trenton, words that Topeka, Kansas, would not stand for. The police of one city arrest a soap-box orator for speeches that he could make with impunity somewhere else.

The point is this: that, while you and I may be personally safe, we keep our safety only by avoiding certain subjects. No thinking citizen, I venture to say, can express, in freedom, more than a part of his honest convictions. I do not of course refer to convictions that are frankly criminal. I do mean that everywhere, on every hand, free speech is choked off in one direction or another.

The only way in which an American citizen who is really interested in all the social and political problems of his country can preserve any freedom of expression, is to choose the mob that is most sympathetic to him, and abide under the shadow of that mob. At that, he will have to hold his tongue a great deal. Thinking men, in the present state of world-imperfection, are not all going to agree on any matter of policy, domestic or foreign. The only safe, as well as the only decent, thing is to let them have it out, when, how, and where they will, as long as they keep themselves rigidly from acts that all sensible people agree are criminal. It was not only organized labor that was appalled by the phrasing of Mr. Daugherty's injunction: it was every American who had been brought up on the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. There is not a penny to choose, for political righteousness, between Mr. Daugherty's injunction and sabotage itself.

What most citizens suffer from is, of course, not Federal interference. Most men and women rub along comfortably enough at present without bringing up subjects that might get them into difficulties with the government. But with our increasing American tendency to write our prejudices upon the statute books and to turn personal preferences, if we can, into law, we are jeopardizing our ancient freedom more and more seriously. Legislatures can be momentarily frightened into doing almost anything. We have passed almost as completely from the days when a Congress was elected in order that it might decide questions according to its own best judgment, as we have passed from the days when the electors met for the purpose of electing a president. Nowadays, every fanatic considers himself in duty bound to carry his ideas into the realm of politics. The spirit of coercion is strong among us; and we are developing the principles, if not the manners, of the

Inquisition. That, I think, was not in the minds of the gentlemen who founded the Republic.

Take—as another instance—the whole question of social and artistic censorship. The extraordinary fact is that, while everyone is wailing, all over the place, about modern laxity, the average citizen is less free than he was, twenty-five years ago, when flappers had not been invented, and syncopation had not been imported. When my generation was young, people were laughing at Anthony Comstock. Yet his activities were mild and ineffectual—as I remember them—compared with the present activities of the Society for the Suppression of Vice and the boards of film censors. Whatever they may accomplish or not accomplish, *people do not laugh at them*. The fact is, my dear friends and fellow citizens, we have learned fear. You and I and our friends may smile together over Mr. Sumner's strictures on Petronius Arbiter; we may see the joke of Petronius's getting a column to himself, two days running, in the *New York Times*. But no one is making up comic songs about Mr. Sumner as they did about Anthony Comstock. We know that almost anything can be put over on us, because, already, so many things have been. People laughed about Carrie Nation; they do not laugh about Messrs. Anderson and Wheeler. Why? Because fanatics are no longer negligible. They have learned how to capitalize ignorance and hysteria, and to crush with votes people who cannot be crushed by bad logic or false political theory. In company with your most intimate friends, you may lift amused eyebrows over the Fundamentalists, over the Ku Klux Klan, over the anti-cigarette organization, over the film censors, over the people who wish to shape our foreign policy in the interests of Methodism, or the people who wish to cut the "Merchant of Venice" out of school editions of Shakespeare. But it is only in company with your most intimate friends that you can do this. If you do

it in public, you are going to be, to some extent or other, persecuted. You are sure, at the very least, to be called "un-American." "Un-American," nowadays, means whatever any particular mob dislikes. That it should be held un-American to register a preference for citizens of the white race and the Christian faith would certainly have puzzled Washington, Adams, and Hamilton. Yet that would be the first epithet hurled at you if you did it.

Most of us are so constituted that we think other people's political principles vicious when they are the precise opposite of our own. Do we not hold our opinions because we consider them righteous? But between disagreeing with the other fellow and gagging him, there is surely a difference. To my mind, a publication like the *New York Nation*, a foundation like the Rand school, can do nothing but harm, as far as they can do anything at all. If the popular epithet of "un-American" is to be flung about freely, I should say they were probably good candidates for it. But what is certain is that if I gathered a group of people together to attempt to suppress them, I should be really and fundamentally un-American, according to any definition of un-American that I was taught. Suppression of free speech, terrorization of people with whom you do not agree, are about as un-American as anything can be. For real Americanism is not holding this or that political opinion; it is a certain spirit of fair play, and a respect for individual liberty as well as for law. Unfortunately, we are now playing the game of who will be able to hit hardest to make his personal prejudice prevail, and to cow his opponent, by whatever means, into silence; of who, in the race for the statute books will get there first. The anti-vivisectionists, the Fundamentalists, the anti-cigarette people, may each be too small a crowd to get their way with the rest of us. But they would if they could. They have no desire to be lenient with anyone who be-

lieves in vivisection, or evolution, or the use of tobacco. We have returned, as I said, to the spirit of the Inquisition, and it is only a question of which group can prevail sufficiently to constitute itself the Holy Office.

The result of all this is that, as there are many groups, all animated with like intolerance, the average citizen is, on one occasion or another, gagged. He may be a good prohibitionist, and yet a scientific skeptic. Then he may air his views on alcohol, but had better keep quiet about Genesis. You can multiply illustrations to suit yourself. We have got to the point, socially, where we avoid controversial topics, largely because we have got to the point where every difference of opinion seems to us a moral matter, a sheep-and-goats affair. Such stifling of opinion, whether in the interest of actual safety or of mere social pleasantness, is a deadly thing for any people. We are becoming a land of censors. Nearly all of us want to gag somebody. As we all want to gag different people, large numbers of individuals go ungagged—but only so long as their opponents are not numerous enough to use the strong arm.

Anyone who is rash enough to write a serious article for publication knows the kind of vituperative letter he is sure to receive in consequence. I once praised Mr. Kipling in print, and got a vaguely threatening letter from an avowed Bolshevik in Idaho, ending with the "Ha!" of the stage villain. A year or so ago, I ventured, in print, the suggestion that you could not turn the Slovak, the Syrian, the Hun, into a bona fide American overnight, because you had a few thousand years of racial tradition—little matters of history and anthropology—to deal with. In other words, that "American" really meant something besides the possession of naturalization papers, and that to Americanize people really involved assimilating them. I do not know how many angry letters I received from Jews in Maine, Jews in Ohio, telling me that I

was "un-American" and a disgrace to the land of my inheritance. One man of British stock, whose ancestors had fought on the American side in every war since 1812, wrote me furtive congratulations; he added that he could not speak as freely on such subjects as he should like, because, if he did, the Ku Klux Klan would do for him. As I, myself, produce chiefly fiction, the strangers who wish to express their disapproval, usually do it on grounds of taste. How dare I write anything so unpleasant? How dare any editor publish it? Well: how dare I, indeed? And how does any editor dare anything?

We have mentioned the fact that Petronius Arbiter has recently been dragged into the New York courts. It is a great pity that he could not have known about it, for the pen that dealt with Trimalchio would have dealt delightfully with the Society for the Suppression of Vice. But Petronius does not concern most of us; and the remarks of the judge were both temperate and wise. I have not read most of the recently suppressed books. They did not sound important when they were first issued, and I am not of those who are willing to pay an outrageous price for a book merely because it is said to be shocking. *Jurgen* did happen to come my way. Why that dull and unsuccessful imitation of Anatole France should have been considered worth suppressing, I do not know. But until recently it was suppressed on this side of the Atlantic, though you could get an English edition by paying fifteen dollars for it. The folly of censorship, in its actual working, is so apparent to any intelligent person that one always has hope it will not go very far. At the same time, it would have profited almost any American citizen to read an article published a few months ago, in some magazine (I forget which) by Mr. Will Hays, on film censorship. It was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole business. Imagine the troubles of producers and distributors, when a film is released, and

Rochester, New York, Akron, Ohio, Tulsa, Oklahoma, each with its own board of censors, cut a thousand feet from that film—and each board of censors cuts a different thousand. The moral sense of Syracuse may operate quite differently from the moral sense of Utica—but both must be served. Surely it will not be long before some one comes to the usual solution: let it be done for the whole country in Washington, by a Federally appointed committee, whose status and powers shall then be written into the Constitution of the United States. Of course, they would have to have enforcement officers in every town; but money, as we know, is no object, when it has once been decided whose peculiar conception of morality is to prevail.

For ten days we got away from this sort of thing. I do not mean film censorship, which they may have in Canada, for all I know; I do not mean prohibition, which they certainly have in the province of Ontario. I do mean that in the British Empire one gets away from the oppressive sense of a mob rule that silences discussion and destroys the individual's intellectual liberty. It was good once more to walk the streets and see, on every hand, people of one's own kind. In those bilingual cities of Quebec, folk might be French or English, Catholic or Protestant: it did not matter. Minor differences of type are hardly noticeable to anyone with the habit of New York, which has, by contrast to Montreal, the aspect and the sound of a seaport of the Levant. "Free among one's peers" was the phrase that came; free among one's peers, as of old in the United States. Certainly that counted, to anyone long resident on our northern Atlantic seaboard. But that was by no means all; and what one felt most was indefinable, inexplicable, perhaps. The crowds that stood, keen and sober, in front of the bulletin boards to learn of the grave developments in the Near East, were experiencing, and quietly voicing, reactions that you and I under-

stood. This was, or presently might be, their business. New Zealand had offered troops; Canada, it was rumored, would be invited to do the same. Comment on the street corners and in the tram-cars was free but unhysterical. The bell boy in the hotel was deeply interested in Mustapha Kemal. He was a citizen: not a squalling, shrieking ward of the state, just released from the sorry nursery on Ellis Island; nor yet a provincial partisan, preoccupied solely with how it would affect the price of land in Chippewa county, or some mission school building which his own particular sect had spent good money on. The bell boy did not want to go to Constantinople or Chanak—he pulled up his trouser-leg to show us why. Neither did some of the men in the tramcars; though we gathered that they would, in the end, if it seemed desirable. The soap-box orators had their crowds, but no policemen seemed to be lurking about, fearful of their saying something “un-Canadian.” The whole port and demeanor of men and women was that of free and sober citizens, privileged to think and speak as they chose, so long as they kept their hands clean of injury to others.

Moreover, they looked happy. Have you ever noticed that no one looks happy, in our cities? I have not seen them all, of course, but I have seen a fair share, both east and west, and I know of no American city, except San Francisco, where the man in the street looks cheerful and contented, as if he had a right to the pursuit of happiness. And in San Francisco the climate may be the answer. No—again—it is not The Quebec Liquor Commission, because people look just as happy in Ottawa, and Ottawa is “dry.” It is the happiness, one would say, of the man who has inherited those conditions of free and dignified citizenship that make—personal sorrows apart—for happiness. A respect for privacy has always been British, in contradistinction, of late decades, to American con-

tempt therefor. Has not the Britisher always built a wall about his garden, tiny though the garden might be? I have seen much bad feeling engendered in American towns because a man chose to enclose his own little domain. I have heard residence streets commended because everyone’s garden melted into his neighbor’s and no one could step off his porch without being raked by all eyes. I remember, many years ago, great bitterness of feeling because a house owner with a large stretch of side lawn spoke of putting up a hedge at the far end. His neighbors at the far end were fast friends of his, and a good bit richer than he; they knew there was no “spite fence” and no snobbery about it. Merely, they liked it all to look like one big lawn. His desire for privacy, for freedom within his own grounds, seemed to them an ungenial, a despicable thing. If it had not been so many years ago, they would probably have called him “un-American.” As it was, their arguments must have prevailed, for he never put up his hedge or enclosed his garden, and he died not long after, achieving—let us hope—just such measure of privacy as his soul legitimately craved. Well: the gardens on Pine Avenue, in Montreal, are as private as walls can make them.

Until you guarantee a man individual liberty you may make him a loyal slave, but you cannot make him a good citizen. Unless his house is his castle he will not be a good citizen. I am well aware that in so far as the American tradition was developed out of theocratic democracy, it developed away from privacy—that priceless ingredient of freedom. But the original American in us called a halt before some of the less lovely traits of Puritanism. In England, of course, Puritanism never had full sway for any great length of time. In England, as in America, the majority must rule in the end; but even by coming out temporarily on top, a majority does not become sacred. Political majorities are a political fact, to be

politically opposed or accepted. It is the unofficial majorities that make life difficult here: the mob of the place, the mob of the moment, to whom the other man's freedom means nothing. Englishmen can disagree with one another violently, and no bones are broken. It is perhaps easier in England, or Canada, or Australia, than in the United States, because the striking coal miner (let us say) and the recalcitrant employer are both British, with a British psychology. Here, it is more difficult for people to understand one another. Yet certainly the hope for our heterogeneous nation is tolerance as well as insistence on the laws of the land. The very conservative person might argue that you cannot allow free speech to a Russian Jew as you would allow it to a sixth-generation New Englander. I think the conservative person would be wrong. Let the Russian Jew talk—even though he be Trotsky. As compensation, I would request the Russian Jew to permit American children to read Shakespeare in the public schools—even though it be the "Merchant of Venice."

The spirit and practice of coercion are not only highly inexpedient, but completely un-American in any original sense of the word. Yet among my acquaintance are people who, before America entered the war, were either pro-German in sympathy, or so pacifistic that it—paradoxically—amounted to the same thing. When America entered the war they suppressed their sympathies, whatever they were, and mobilized themselves immediately for the service of our government. Needless to say, their conduct was unexceptionable from the beginning. But they found, by September, 1914, that they had either to hold their tongues or be socially boycotted. I admit that, between August, 1914, and April, 1917, one associated preferably with people who were as pro-Ally as oneself. But that did not justify us in treating the people whose intellectual sympathies lay with Germany—their conduct as Ameri-

can citizens being, as I say, unimpeachable—as if they were traitors. Traitors to what, in God's name? Not half so much traitors to official American neutrality as most of my women friends who, in 1914 and 1915, refused to make Red Cross bandages except under the explicit guarantee that none of the work of their hands should be given to the Germans. Traitors to the opinions of the mob: that is all. In 1914 and 1915, they could have found plenty of respectable mobs that would have cherished them; but they had the misfortune to live on the north Atlantic seaboard, where such mobs were few. Even intelligent, educated, presumably broad-minded Americans have grown inquisitorial in their habits. If a woman reads a novel that shocks her—I speak of popular novels, which the Society for the Suppression of Vice has taken no notice of—what does she do? Quietly refrain from recommending it to her friends? By no means. She collects a few sympathizers if she can, and betakes herself to the public library with the demand that it be removed from circulation. It never occurs to her that the public may have a right to judge for itself the book that she personally disapproves of. She does not even remind herself that her husband is not the only taxpayer in town.

These are unimportant instances, it may be said. Multiply them by ten thousand, and they are not so unimportant. These things could not be the stuff of everyday life except in a country whence the idea of personal liberty is rapidly passing. We are becoming a nation of Vigilantes; and, whether or not lynch law in the physical sense is decreasing, lynch law in the moral sense is making a tremendous and appalling growth. The multiplicity of mobs is the only thing, as we were saying, that saves us. The decision of the Chicago judge, a year or two since, in a hip-pocket case, that "trousers are a vehicle," is perhaps merely amusing. Yet the phrase might stand for a symbol of our danger. A

man's garment, when he is wearing it, comes very near being the man himself. When a man's clothing is rated as if it were a taxi, a trolley car, or a train, you can practically say that personal inviolability is gone. Not only is his house not his castle; the public holds a perpetual writ of habeas corpus for his own body.

Is it un-American to insist on the freedom of the law-abiding individual to hold and express his honest opinions? Evidently it is. The Attorney-General apparently thinks so, and he ought to know. What wonder that some of us, who were taught a different definition of Americanism, are glad to escape now and then to a less hysterical and freer land? I have never made any special preparation, hitherto, for entering Canada. Hereafter, I shall. The next time, I shall read, before my train starts, the Declaration of Independence and the original Constitution of the

United States. Then I shall be sympathetically prepared for the atmosphere of a British commonwealth.

In case any editor should print this—which is fairly doubtful—let me state at once that I never answer, and do not always read in its entirety, the kind of letter which is mere personal insult. Also that I am too good an American to mind being called “un-American,” because I know, through and through, the kind of person who uses the term as a label for anything he happens to dislike. Nor am I open to the suggestion that I should become a naturalized British citizen. In the first place, I could not if I would, since my husband is an American citizen and intends to remain one. In the second place, I still preserve a sentimental devotion to the country of which George Washington was the Father, and where, even as late as my own childhood, he was still “first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

CYNTHIA

BY MARGARET GROSVENOR HUTCHINS

THERE stands Cynthia, gray-eyed Cynthia,
 Clothed in wakefulness, poised, aware—
 A curve of silver against the green
 And the young crescent moon in her hair.
 The fir-tree bough reluctant bends,
 Taut in the grasp of one white hand.
 Under that whiteness, strong young muscles
 Strain in the leash of her command.
 The stag in his covert quivers in dread,
 Sensing the huntress, knowing her fleet.
 Woodbine, swing in her flying hair!
 Ensnare those following silver feet!
 Fierce young Cynthia, gray-eyed Cynthia,
 Tumult sleeps in the cool gray sea,
 Quiet the rain, but the lightning follows,
 Within the peril, oh, wild and free!
 Fly as you will in the gathering dusk,
 Endymion waits on the Latmian steep.
 Peace to the wood—this night she rests—
 The huntress, shepherdess of sheep.

WHISPERING LEAVES

PART I

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

IT was fifteen years ago to-day; yet I can still see that road stretching through vinelike shadows into the spring landscape.

Though I was never in Virginia before, I had been brought up on the traditions of my mother's old home on the Rappahannock; and when the invitation came to spend a week with my unknown cousins, the Blantons, at Whispering Leaves, I was filled with a delightful sense of expectancy and adventure. None of my family had ever seen the present owner of the place—one Pelham Blanton, a man of middle age, who was, as far as we were aware, without a history. All I knew of him was that his first wife had died at the birth of a child about seven years ago, and that immediately afterward he had married one of his neighbors, a common person, my mother insisted, though she had heard nothing of the second wife except that her name before her marriage was Twine. Whether the child of the first wife had lived or not we did not know, for the letters from the family had stopped, and we had no further news of the place until I wrote from Richmond asking permission to visit the house in which my mother and so many of my grandmothers were born.

The spring came early that year. When I descended from the train into the green and gold of the afternoon, I felt almost as if I were stepping back into some old summer. An ancient family carriage, drawn by two drowsy black horses with flowing tails, was waiting for me under a blossoming locust tree; and as soon as my foot touched the ground I was greeted affectionately

by the colored driver, who still called my mother "Miss Effie." He was an imposing, ceremonious old man, very nearly as black as the horses, with a mass of white hair, which is unusual in a negro, and a gay bandanna handkerchief crossed over his chest. After an unconscionable wait for the mail, he brought the dilapidated leather pouch from the office, and tossed it on the floor of the carriage. A minute later, as he mounted over the wheel to his seat, he glanced back at me and remarked in an encouraging tone, "dar ain' nuttin' to hinder us now."

"How far is it to Whispering Leaves, Uncle Moab?"

The old negro pondered the question while he flicked the reins over the broad swaying backs of the horses. He was so long in replying that, thinking he had forgotten to answer, I repeated the words more distinctly.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Whispering Leaves?"

At this he turned and looked back at me over his shoulder. "I reckon hit's sum un like ten miles, or mebbe hit's gwine on twelve," he responded.

"When did you leave there?"

Again there was a long silence while we jogged sleepily out of the deeply shaded streets of the little village. "I ain' been dar dis mawnin', Miss Effie," he answered at last.

"Why, I thought you lived there?"

I was so accustomed by this time to the slowness of his responses that I waited patiently until he brought out with hesitation, "I use'n ter."

"Then you are no longer the family coachman?"

He shook his head above the bandanna handkerchief, and I could see his deep perplexity written in the brown creases of his neck. "Yas'm. I'se still de driver."

"But how can you be if you don't live on the place?"

"One er dem w'ite sarvants brungs de car'ige down ter de creek, en I tecks en drives hit along de road," he replied. "I goes dar in de daytime," he added impressively after a minute. "Dar's some un um ain' never set foot dar sence we all moved off, but I ain' skeered er nuttin', sweet Jesus, in de daytime."

"Do you mean that all the old servants moved off together?"

"Yas'm. Ev'ry last one un um. Dey's all w'ite folks dar now."

"When did that happen?"

But, as I was beginning to discover, time and space are the flimsiest abstractions in the imagination of the negro. "Hit wuz a long time ago, Miss Effie," replied Uncle Moab. "Pell, he wa'n much mo'n a baby den. He wuz jes' in dresses, en he's done been in breeches now fur a pa'cel er Christmas times."

"Pell? Is that the child of the first Mrs. Blanton?"

"Yas'm. He's Miss Clarissa's chile. Miss Hannah Twine, she's got a heap er chillun—dar's two pa'cel er twins en den de baby dat wuz bo'n las' winter. But Pell, he ain't 'er chile."

I was beginning to see light. "Then Pell must be about seven years old, and you moved off the place while he was still in short dresses. That must have been just four or five years ago."

"Dat's hit, honey, dat's hit."

"And all the colored servants moved away at the same time?"

"De same day. Dar warn' er one un um lef dar by sundown."

"And they've had to have white servants ever since?"

"Dey's all w'ite ones dat stays on atter sundown. De colored folks dey goes back in de daytime, but dey don't stay on twell supper. Naw'm, dar ain'

noner dem but de w'ite folks dat stays on ter git supper."

While I questioned him the drowsy horses trotted slowly through the sun and shadow on the dun-colored road. The air was fragrant with mingled wood scents and honeysuckle. A sky of flowerlike blue shone overhead. Now and then a redbird, flying low, darted across the road, and far off in the trees there was the sound of a joyous chorus.

"I never saw so many redbirds, Uncle Moab."

"Yas'm. Dar sutney is er plenty er dem dis yeah. Hit's a bird yeah, sho nuff. Hit pears ter me like I cyarn' put my foot outside er my do' dat I don' moughty near step on er robin, en I ain' never hearn tell er sech er number uv blue jays. De blue jay he's de meanest bird dat ever wuz, but he sutney is got er heap er sense. He knows jes ez well on w'ich side his bread is buttered ez ef'n he wuz sho nuff folks. Hi! Don' you begin ter study 'bout birds twel you git to W'isperin' Leaves. Hit seems dat ar place wuz jes made ter drive folks bird crazy. Dey's ev'rywhar, dose birds. De wrens en de phoebes dey's in de po'ch, en de swallows dey's in de chimleys, en de res' un um is calling ter you en pesterin' de life outer you in de trees."

Well, I liked birds! If there were nothing more dangerous than birds at Whispering Leaves, I could be happy there.

While we jogged on there crept over me the feeling of restlessness, of wistful yet indefinable desire, which is the very essence of spring. It was as if my thoughts had been brushed for an instant by that magic spirit of beauty; and I saw the wide landscape, with its flushed meadows sinking into the grape-like bloom of the distance, as if it were a part, not of the actual world, but of a universe painted on air, as transparent as the faintly colored shadows across the road. In the thick woods on the left delicate green appeared to rise and fall like the foam of the sea. Accus-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HER FEATURES WERE IRRADIATED BY A PASSION OF TENDERNESS

tomed as I was to the late northern season, there was an intoxication in this spring which was as flowery as June. A bird year, the old coachman had called it; but a miraculous spring it seemed to me, with its bright soft winds, as sweet as honey, and its far serene sky. And from the fragrant woods and rosy meadows, there floated always the joyous piping of invisible birds; of birds hidden in low thickets; of birds high in the misty woods; of birds by the silver stream in the pasture; of birds flying swiftly into the impalpable shadows.

"I thought birds were quiet in the afternoon, Uncle Moab?" For the first time it occurred to me that there was an unnatural note in the joyous piping.

"Dey ain' never quiet heah, honey. Dey chatters even in de night time. Dey don' hole dere tongues fur nuttin', not even w'en de snow is on de groun'."

Gradually, after what seemed to me to be hours of that monotonous pace, the light on the road faded slowly to a delicate primrose. The sun was setting beyond the rich woods on the horizon, and a thin clear veil, like silver tissue, was dropping over the spring landscape. Presently, as we came under the gloom of arching boughs, the old negro turned the heads of the horses and scrambled down from the coachman's seat.

"I don' go no further den dis, Miss Effie," he explained; and then, as the gate swung open, I saw that a young white man had run forward to unfasten it. When the old negro, with a pull at his front lock, had shuffled off in the direction of the sunset, the young man made a bound into the driver's seat and jerked up the reins.

"Does Uncle Moab live near here?" I inquired.

"About a mile up the road, miss. Mr. Blanton gave him the cabin at the fork when he moved away."

"I wonder why he moved?"

The young man broke into a cheery laugh. "When a darkey once gets a notion in his head, the only way to get

it out is with an ax," he retorted; and a minute later he added. "I reckon you don't know much about the darkeys up North?"

"Very little," I conceded, and we drove on in silence.

The road into which we had turned was a narrow private way, very steep and rocky, which led between rotting "worm" fences and neglected fields to a dense avenue of cedars on the brow of the hill. As we went on I wondered why the fields so near the house should be abandoned. The remains of last year's harvest still strewed the ragged furrows, and against the sky line on the top of the hill, there was a desolate row of corn stubble. Presently, as the carriage jolted over the rocky road, I heard the sound of barking, or, as it seemed to me at that somber hour, a kind of baying that hounds give voice to on moonlit nights. Then, when we reached the high ground at last, I found that two black and yellow hounds were sitting amid the naked cornstalks and barking at our approach.

"Won't these fields be planted this year?" I asked in surprise.

"We can't get any of the darkeys to work here," replied the driver. "They are too near the house."

As we came to the brow of the hill the dogs ran to meet us, and then, after a few barks of welcome, turned and padded on noiselessly beside the horses. Between us and the beginning of the cedar avenue there was a clear space of road, and when we reached this the veil over the sunset parted suddenly like a curtain, and a glow which I can compare to nothing except clouded amber, suffused the horizon and the abandoned cornfields. In this glow I discerned the gigantic shape of an old mulberry tree near the avenue; and the next instant I made out, amid the foliage on the high boughs, the lightly poised figure of a little boy in a blue cotton suit, with a mass of streaming ruddy curls.

"Why, he might slip and fall," I



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"DON'T YOU SEE HER AT THE STILE OVER YONDER?"

thought; and the words had scarcely formed themselves in my mind, when the little figure turned sharply as if in terror and uttered a cry of alarm.

"Mammy, I am falling!" he called out, as his feet slipped from the bough.

I had already made a spring from the carriage, with the sunset dazzling my eyes, when an old negro woman emerged swiftly from the underbrush by the fence, and caught the child in her arms. In that instant of terror, while my eyes were still filled with the sunset, I observed only that the woman was tall and straight like an Indian, and that her face, framed in a white kerchief, was as brown and wrinkled as a November leaf. Then, as she placed the child on his feet, I saw that her features were irradiated by a passion of tenderness which gave it a strange glow like the burning light of the sunset.

"You saved his life!" I started to cry; but before I could utter the words, she vanished into the shadow of the mulberry tree, and left the boy standing alone in the road.

"You might have been killed," I said sternly as I reached him, for I was still trembling from the fright he had given me.

The boy looked up with a strange elfin glee—there is no other word for it—in his face. "I knew Mammy would catch me," he responded defiantly.

"Suppose she hadn't been there?" As I spoke I looked about me for the old negress.

At this the child laughed shrilly, with a sound that was like the ironic mirth of an old man. "She is always where I am," he replied.

He was a queer child, I thought as I gazed at him, ugly and pinched, and yet with a charm which I felt from the first moment my eyes fell on him. There was a defiant shyness in his manner, and his little face under the flaming curls was too thin and pale for healthy childhood. But, in spite of his strangeness, I had never in my life been so strongly

attracted, so completely drawn to a child.

"You must be Pell!" I exclaimed, after a pause in which I had watched him in silence.

He stared at me critically. "Yes, I am Pell. How did you know?"

"Oh, I've heard about you. Uncle Moab told me on the way over."

At the name of Uncle Moab his face grew less blank and hard. "Where is he?" he asked turning to the driver. "I was going down to the gate to meet him. I want him to mend my kite."

"Uncle Moab went on to his cabin," answered the young man, and I noticed that he subdued his tone as he might have done to an ill person or a startled colt.

"Then I'll go after him," replied the child. "I am not afraid."

With a bound he started down the steep road, running in springing leaps, with his bright curls blown out like an aureole round his head. The two black and yellow hounds, jumping up from the stubble, followed, as noiseless as shadows, on his trail; and in a few minutes the three shapes melted into the obscurity of the fields.

When I was in the carriage again I remarked inquiringly to the driver, "For a delicate child he does not appear to be timid."

"Not out of doors. He is never afraid out of doors. In the house they have a good deal of trouble with him."

"Do the other children look so thin and pale?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. The other children are healthy enough. They don't get on well with this one, and that's why he stays out of the house whenever they'll let him, even when it is raining. Pell is the child of the first Mrs. Blanton."

"Yes, I know. Were you here in her time?"

"No, I came afterward. The year the darkeys moved away. But anybody can see how different she must have been from this one, who was the daughter of old Mr. Twine, the miller.

she kept house for Mr. Blanton after his first wife died."

This was news to me, for I was absolutely ignorant of the family circumstances. I was eager to learn more of the story; but I could not gossip about my relatives with a stranger, so I said merely:

"Then she brought up the child—Pell, I mean?"

Though the driver's back was turned to me, I could see by the stubborn shake of his head that my question had aroused an unpleasant train of reflections. "No, Pell's mammy took care of him until he was five years old. She had nursed his mother before him. I reckon she belonged to the family of the first Mrs. Blanton and came to Whispering Leaves with the bride. I never saw her. She died before my time here; but they say that as long as the old woman lived Pell never knew what it was to miss his mother. Mammy Rhody—that was her name—had promised the first Mrs. Blanton when she was dying that she would never let the child out of her sight; and they say she kept her promise to the dead as long as she lived. Whenever you saw Pell there was Mammy Rhody, sure enough, with her eyes on him. She slept in the room with him, and she always stood behind his high chair when they had him down to the table. Darkeys are like that, I reckon. A vow's a vow. When she swore she'd never take her eyes off him, she meant just what she said."

"The child must miss her terribly?"

Again I saw that stubborn shake of his head. "The queer part is that the boy insists she ain't dead. Nothing they can do to him—Mrs. Blanton has talked to him by the hour—will make him admit that Mammy Rhody is dead. He says she plays with him just as she used to, and that all these birds you hear about Whispering Leaves are the ones that she tamed for him. Birds! Well, there never was, they say, such a hand with birds as Mammy Rhody. She could tame anything going from an

eagle to a wren, I've heard, and some of the darkeys have got the notion that the woods about here are still full of the ghosts of Mammy Rhody's pets. They say it ain't natural for birds to call in and out of season as they do around Whispering Leaves."

"And does Pell believe this also?"

"Nobody knows, ma'am, just how much Pell believes. They've tried to stop all that foolishness because it turns the heads of the darkeys. You can't get one of them to stay on the place after sunset, not for love or money. It all started with the way Pell goes about talking to himself. Holy Moses! I ain't skeery myself, ma'am, for a big fellow like me, but it gives me the creeps sometimes when I watch that child playing by himself in the shrubbery and hear him talking to somebody that ain't there. He does the queerest things, too, just like climbing out on that high limb and calling out to his mammy that he was going to fall."

"He might have been badly hurt if somebody hadn't caught him," I said.

The driver laughed politely, as if I had made a poor joke which he accepted on faith though he missed the humor. "He goes on pretending like that all the time," he returned.

"But the old colored woman—the one who caught him?—Who is she?" I asked.

At this the man turned sharply, letting the reins fall on the backs of the horses. "The old colored woman?" he repeated inquiringly.

"I mean the tall one in the black dress, with the white apron and the red turban on her head." There was a slight asperity in my tone, for it seemed to me the man was incredibly stupid.

The blankness—or was it suspicion?—in his face deepened. "I don't know. I didn't see anybody," he answered presently.

Turning his head away from me again, he gathered up the reins and urged the horses with a clucking noise into the long avenue of cedars.

Dusk, dusk, dusk. As we drove on rapidly beneath the high, closely woven arch of the cedars, I was conscious again of a deep intuitive feeling that the world in which I moved was as unreal as the surroundings in a dream. Dreamlike, too, were my own sensations as I passed into that greenish twilight which shut out the light of the afterglow. Feathery branches edged with brighter green brushed my cheeks like the wings of a bird; and though I knew it must be only my fancy, I seemed to hear a hundred jubilant notes in the enchanted gloom of the trees.

Presently, as if the thought were suggested by that imaginary music, I found myself returning to the old negress. Surely, if she had merely hastened on in front of us, we must overtake her before we reached the end of the avenue. Wherever the shadows crowded more thickly, wherever there was a sudden stir in the underbrush, I peered eagerly into the obscurity, hoping that we had at last come up with the old woman, and that I might offer her a place in the carriage. Though I had had only the briefest glimpse of her, I had found her serene leaf-brown face strangely attractive, almost, I thought oddly enough, as if her mysterious black eyes, under the heavy brows, had penetrated to some secret chamber of my memory. I had never seen her before, and yet I felt as if I had known her all my life, particularly in some half-forgotten childhood which haunted me like a dream. Could it be that she had nursed my mother and my grandmother, and that she saw a resemblance to the children she had trained in her youth? Stranger still, I felt not only that she recognized me, but that she possessed some secret which she wished to confide to me, that she was charged with a profoundly significant message which, sooner or later, she would find an opportunity to deliver.

As we went on, the hope that we should overtake her increased with every foot of the road. I stared into the mass of shadows. I started at every rustle on the

scented ground. But still I caught no further glimpse of her; and at last, while I was gazing breathlessly beneath the cedars, we came out of the avenue to the edge of an open lawn, which was sown with small star-shaped flowers of palest blue. In front of me there were other ancient cedars, seven in number; and farther off, beyond the row of cedars, there was a long white house standing against the pomegranate-colored afterglow, where a little horned moon was sailing.

I can shut my eyes now, after all these years, and summon back the scene as vividly as I saw it when we emerged from the long stretch of twilight. I can still see the blue glimmer of the flowers in the grass; the low house, with deep wings, where the stucco was peeling from the red brick beneath a delicate tracery of Virginia creeper; the seven pyramidal cedars guarding the hooded roof of gray shingles; and the clear afterglow in which the little moon sailed like a ship. Fifteen years ago! And I have not forgotten so much as the spiral pattern the Virginia creeper made on the pinkish white of the wall.

"Are there no trees," I asked, "except cedars?"

The driver lifted his whip and pointed over the roof. "You never saw such elms. I reckon there ain't any finer trees in the country, but they're all at the back, every last one of 'em. Mr. Blanton's grandfather had a notion that cedars didn't mix, and he wouldn't have any other trees planted in front."

I thought I understood as I looked, in the flushed evening air, at the dark trees presiding over the approach to the house, with its Ionic columns and its quaint wings, added, one could see, long after the original walls were built. I knew that the drooping eaves sheltered a multitude of wrens and phoebes, and that the whole place was alive with swallows, which dipped and wheeled under the glowing sky.

We turned briskly into the circular drive, and a few minutes later, when we

stopped before the walk of sunken flagstones, the driver jumped down and assisted me to descend. As I reached the porch, the door opened in a leisurely manner, and my cousin Pelham, a tall, relaxed, indolent-looking man of middle age, with gray hair, brilliant dark eyes and an air of pensive resignation, came out to receive me. I had heard, or had formed some vague idea, that the family had "run to seed," as they say in the South, and my first view of Cousin Pelham helped to fix this impression more firmly in my mind. He looked, I thought, a man who had ceased to desire anything intensely except physical comfort.

"So this is Cousin Effie's daughter," he remarked by way of greeting, as he stooped and placed a perfunctory kiss on my cheek.

Beyond him I saw a large angular woman, with massive features and hair of ambiguous brown, and I inferred, from the baby in her arms and four sturdy children at her skirts, that she was the "Miss Hannah," for whom Uncle Moab had prepared me. She appeared to me then and afterward to be a woman who was proficient in the art of making a man comfortable, and who hadn't, as the phrase goes, "a nerve in her body."

After greeting me cordially enough in her dry fashion, she directed the driver to take my bag up to "the red room."

"I hope you can do without your trunk until to-morrow," she added. "All the teams have been plowing to-day, and we couldn't send over to the station."

I replied that I could do very well without it since I had brought my traveling bag. Then, after a few questions from Cousin Pelham about my mother, whom he had not seen since they both were children at Whispering Leaves, Mrs. Blanton led me into the wide hall, where I saw a picture, framed in the open back door, of clustering elms and a flagged walk leading down into what appeared to be a sunken garden.

A minute later, while we ascended the circular staircase, with its beautifully carved balustrade, I found my eyes turning toward that vision of spring which I had seen through the open door.

"How white it looks out there in the garden," I said. "It seems carpeted with moonlight."

She bent her head indifferently to glance over the balustrade. "That's narcissus. It's in full bloom now," she answered. "The first Mrs. Blanton" (she might have been speaking of some one she had just left on the porch) "planted the whole garden in those flowers, and we have never got rid of them. The poet's narcissus, Mr. Blanton calls it."

"There are lilacs, too," I responded, for the cool dim hall was filled with the fragrance which seemed to me to be the secret of spring.

"Oh, yes, there are a great many lilacs about the wings, but they are thickest out by the kitchen."

The upstairs hall, like the one below, was large and dim, and while we crossed it, my companion called my attention to a loosened board or two in the floor. "The rats are bad," she observed. "I hope they won't bother you. They make a good deal of noise at night." And then almost immediately, "I don't know how you'll manage without a bathroom, but Mr. Blanton would never have water put in the house."

As she spoke she opened a door at the front and ushered me into an immense bedroom, which was hung in a last-century fashion with faded calico. So far as I could distinguish in the dim light, there was not so much as a touch of red in the room. The furniture was all of rich old mahogany, made in too heavy a style for the taste that has been formed on Chippendale or Sheraton, and much of it looked as if it were dropping to pieces for lack of proper care. There was a high tester bed, hung with the dingy calico; there was an elaborately carved bureau, with a greenish mirror which reflected my features in a fog; and there

was a huge screen, papered in a design of castles and peacocks, which concealed an old-fashioned washstand. Yes, it was primitive. The touch about the water belonged to the dark ages; and yet the place possessed, for me at least, an inexpressible charm.

When Mrs. Blanton had left me alone, after telling me that supper would be served in half an hour, I made a few hurried preparations, while I tried in vain to get a glimpse of myself in the mirror where my reflection floated like a leaf in a lily pond. Then, stealing cautiously from the room and across the deserted hall, with its musty smell of old spices, I crept down the staircase and out of the open back door. Here that provocative fragrance, the aroma of vanished springs, seized me again; and running down the worn steps of the porch, I passed the bower of lilacs beside the whitewashed kitchen wall, and followed the flagged walk to the sunken garden.

At the end of the walk a primitive wooden stile, like an illustration in *Mother Goose*, led into the garden; and when I passed it, I found myself in a flowery space, which was surrounded by banks of honeysuckle instead of a wall. A few old fruit trees, now well past blooming, stood in the center; and edging the grassy paths, there were all the shrubs with quaint-sounding names of which I had dreamed in my childhood—guelder rose, bridal wreath, mock orange, flowering quince, and calycanthus. Over all there hung a mist which had floated up from the low ground by the river; and it seemed to me that this moisture released the scents of a hundred springs. Never until that moment had I known what the rapture of smell could be. And the starry profusion of the narcissi! From bank to bank of honeysuckle the garden looked as if the milky way had fallen over it and been caught in the high grass.

Suddenly, in that enchanted silence, I heard the sound of a bell. In a house where there were no bathrooms, I sur-

mised that bells were probably still rung for meals; and turning reluctantly, I started back to the stile. I had gone but a step or two when a light flashing through the windows of the house arrested my gaze; and the next instant, when I glanced round again, I saw the figure of the old negress, in her white apron and red turban, standing motionless under the boughs of a pear tree. In the twilight I saw her eyes fixed upon me, as I had seen them at sunset, with a look of entreaty like the inarticulate appeal in the eyes of the dumb. While I returned her gaze I felt, as I had felt at our first meeting, that she was speaking to me in some inaudible language which I did not yet understand, that she bore a message to me which, sooner or later, she would find a way to deliver. What could she mean? Why had she sought out me, a stranger, when she appeared to avoid the family and even the servants? Quickening my steps, I hastened toward her with a question on my lips; but before I reached her the bell rang again with a chiming sound, and when I withdrew my eyes from the old woman's face, I noticed that the little boy was running down the flagged walk to the stile. Bitterly I regretted the moment's inadvertence, for when I looked back, the negress had slipped beyond some of the flowering shrubs, and the garden appeared to be deserted. Well, next time I would be more careful, I resolved. And with this resolution in my mind, I hurried to meet Pell at the stile.

"She says you must come to supper," began the boy as soon as I came within reach of his voice. It was the first time I had heard him allude to his step-mother, and never, during the week I spent at Whispering Leaves, did he speak of her, in my presence, by any more intimate name.

I held out my arms, and he came to me shyly but trustingly. Though I could see that he was a nervous and sensitive child, the victim, I fancied, of an excitable imagination, I felt that it

would not be difficult to win his confidence if only one started about it in the right way. For the first time in my life I was drawn to a child, and I knew that the boy returned my liking in spite of his reserved manner.

"It is so beautiful I hate to go in," I said, with my arm about him.

"I wish I could never go in," he answered, turning back to the garden. "It is so lonely inside the house."

"Lonely?" I repeated, for the word struck me as a queer one for a child to use. "Aren't your little brothers and sisters there to play with you?"

He shook his head impatiently. "But they don't like Mammy to come in."

As I glanced down at his grave little face I wondered if he could be not quite right in his mind? Beneath his vivid hair, his wide-set greenish-blue eyes held a burning ardor that was unusual in so young a child. I could see that he was delicate in frame, and I inferred that his intelligence was dangerously advanced for his years.

"Do you come to the table?" I asked.

He nodded with uncanny glee. "Ever since I was four years old. I had a high chair then. Bobbie uses it now."

"Is Bobby one of the twins?"

"One of the littlest twins. Janie is the other. Jack and Gerty, they are the big ones." Then he laughed slyly. "I'm glad I'm not a twin! I'd hate to have a girl tagging round after me."

We had reached the back steps, and I turned, before going in, to have a last look at the garden.

The twilight was the color of white grapes, and the wisp of moon was scarcely more than a thread in the paling sky. Above the kitchen roof there was a flight of bats. An instant later I asked myself if I were dreaming, or if I actually saw the glimmer of the old negress's apron by the stile. Then the boy waved his arm in an affectionate good night, and I knew that my imagination had not played a trick on me.

"Who is it, Pell?" I asked.

He glanced at me with his unchildish mirth. "Don't you see her at the stile over yonder?"

"The old colored woman? Yes. I've seen her twice before. Who is she?"

Again he laughed. For some indefinable reason the laugh grated on my nerves. "If I tell you, will you promise not to let them know?"

I pressed his thin little body to my heart. "I'll never repeat anything you ask me not to, Pell."

His hand, so like a bird's claw, went up to my cheek with a caress; and he was on the point of replying when a step sounded in the hall, and one of the white servants came out on the porch to remind us that Mr. Blanton was waiting. To keep Cousin Pelham waiting for his meals was, I soon discovered, an unforgivable offense.

(To be concluded)

THE IMMIGRANT'S GOLDEN FLEECE

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE AND HELEN CAMPBELL

YEARLY, hundreds of thousands of people from foreign lands have come to our shores. Yearly, thousands return to their native countries after a short or a long residence with us, sometimes for a visit, sometimes for the rest of their lives. In this ebb and flow from land to land what passes besides men? Of the immigrant's part in our life much has been written; but the other side of the coin, America's part in the life of the immigrant, is unfamiliar. When they return to their original countries what do they take? What dreams and ambitions? What attitude toward the United States? What knowledge of it?

Seeking a partial answer at least to these questions, we talked with hundreds of returned immigrants, with officials, with economists, with teachers, trying to find what mark the United States had left on the people who had lived and worked in it, and what contribution America had made, through them, to foreign lands.

The returned immigrant is woven into the whole fabric of life in Europe. Quite aside from our pilgrimages to his native heath, we met him everywhere: in the hotel world on the beaten track, which abounds with him; on trains returning from America; going with us through the customs or over passport-bound borders; bewildered, for his trip westward as an immigrant had not required so much individual responsibility; on the Adriatic, from the captain of the ship, to the third-class deck, ex-immigrants from both shores of that sea—even one we had ourselves known in Chicago! We met them as conductors on trains and trolleys, editors of papers, mine laborers, eight hundred feet underground; patients, unhappily,

in the "House of the Mads," as one host in his unpracticed English called the Hospital for the Insane; a returned priest, directing a procession at a religious festival with a small silk American flag as his baton; a deported ex-anarchist, now a meek typist in a lawyer's office; a rural postman; the mayor of a town; a social-democratic senator, a minister in the cabinet of a new nation.

"Has emigration been good or bad for your country?" we asked everywhere. "Bad," said the proprietor of large estates in Southern Italy. "Immigrants come back spoiled. They want to 'make the *signore*.' They want to *buy* land for themselves! They put on airs. They wear *hats*!" To the same tune the Magyar landlord. Not so his Slovak peasant, nor yet the economists and land-reformers of various countries.

But of the opinions of economists and of government officials, as well as government measures for regulating emigration, a later article will speak. The present study presents what the peasants themselves had to say, and our own observations of the effects of emigration to the United States on the lives of people in emigration areas.

"Is emigration good for Italy?" we asked an old peasant in a Calabrian village. "If you only knew!" he exclaimed, "the hunger that was here before men began going to America! This house is nice, isn't it? Two rooms! My sons sent the money for it. Before, we all lived in one room, and the donkey with us; and many a month went by that we ate no meat—only bread and onions and maybe *pasta* on *festas*. . . . My granddaughter here is blushing,

but it's true, and you'll find many as poor now as we were then. Emigration has meant everything to this village."

"Yes, but there are hard things," said his wife. "Men leave their families for years. I haven't seen one of my boys since he was seventeen. The other came back to visit, once. He couldn't stay, he said it was too quiet. They're good to us, but it's hard on old people not to have their children."

"And then," she continued, "there are women whose husbands are gone. See that house?" pointing out the window. "Her husband's been gone four years. He had an accident in the mine, and when he got well he couldn't find work. It's not much money she sees from America. Then, three houses down, her husband's been gone eight months; he went two weeks after they were married. He sends back money, and he says he'll send a ship ticket as soon as they let people into America again."

"Maybe he will and maybe he won't," put in a neighbor who was visiting. "I wouldn't let my girl marry an *Americano*."

"Bad things can happen," said another. "In the next town a girl married, and the husband went away for six years, and there was another man, and then her husband came back and killed her and the other man and himself."

Such incidents as this last we heard rarely, but the problem of the woman left at home alone we met in all countries. Of the men who emigrated from 1912 to the end of 1918, 33.7 per cent of the Slovenes, 59.3 per cent of the Croats, 64.5 per cent of the Serbs left their wives behind them.¹ Your first impression is that no women emigrate—erroneous, of course. What is true is that few of those who do go return. When a man sends for his wife and family he has decided upon a long, if not a permanent, residence in the

United States. The many women we met waiting in Slovakia, in Ruthenia, in Serbia, in Italy, were expecting either the return of their men, to buy land or improve the property they had, or else to send a steamship passage. In a typical village we looked down a street from the balcony of a house. Nearly every woman to be seen in the doorways had some man in America. "They're the remnants," said one returned immigrant. "The street is peppered with them."

In every country we visited the changes in housing were the most obvious expressions of changed standards of returned immigrants. In Slovakia, next to the ex-immigrant's old tiny dwelling, stands a new one, built with money he earned in America. Looking down on an Italian village, one can pick out from the roofs the houses of *Americani*. In parts of southern Italy, one now sees hillsides dotted with small detached dwellings, telling the tale of savings as well as the liberation from the old custom of huddling together in towns, a remnant in Italy, as in other countries, from the days of brigandage. Unfortunately, the new "American" houses are often unattractive—too like the models they copy. Occasionally, however, the reverse is true. One cement house, for instance, had proportions much like an old New England colonial farm house. And sure enough, the owner had patterned it after the dwelling on his employer's farm in Massachusetts. In Albania, the city of Korcha—almost the whole adult male population of which has been in the United States—presented interesting adaptations of American architecture: now an iron paling instead of the old walls, now a garden fronting on the street, expressed the feeling of ex-immigrants that "houses look friendlier without walls. And now that we're an independent nation, and the Turks and Greeks aren't pouncing in on us, we don't need walls."

In less tangible matters than housing, too, the new standards express them-

¹Statistics given by the Emigration office of the Department of Social Politics, Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

selves—in attitudes toward child labor, toward the position of women, toward education. A returned immigrant, who saw us watching small boys doing heavy work on the surface of a sulphur mine in Sicily, said, "That ain't nothing. You'll see them as small as that working way down. And they work on the night shift, too. They don't let kids do that in America any more." Two young tailors who had returned to their tiny village and had opened a tailor shop showed it to us with pride, wholly deserved. They had cut two big windows in one wall, which made the room the lightest in that countryside, a great contrast to the older workshops in the village, where cabinet making and machine repairing were done in rooms dark except for such light as came in at the doors. The young men apologized for the size of their apprentices. "They're older than they look, and besides, they are only learning how to hold a needle. At that age I was doing a full day's work. These kids are here only part of the time." All this sounded very familiar.

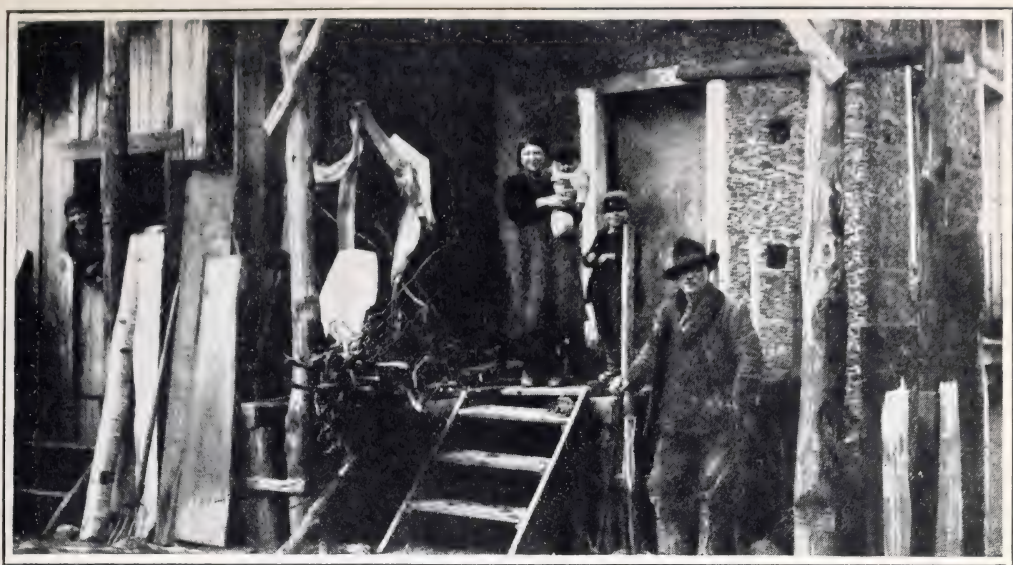
What an immigrant can get from the United States depends in large measure on his opportunity to learn English and his language ability. These vary from community to community and from man to man. The Albanian, for example, has an unusual language knack, getting quickly not only vocabulary, but pronunciation and idiom. It is often easy to guess from his speech where he has lived in the United States. An Albanian who has lived in New England, develops an unmistakable New England accent. Several Albanians who had worked with Swedes in Minnesota spoke English with a marked Swedish accent. On the other hand, many recognized accurately the way other foreigners spoke English, and with the dramatic sense they combine with their language ability, they could give excellent imitations of Swedish English, or Italian English. Unlike most other "returnees," they habitually speak to one another

in English. At the rehearsals of their national band the discussion is carried on in English. The band, by the way, is a piece lifted whole out of American life; it was organized by the Albanians in Worcester, and has for its leader an Albanian who was flutist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is the returned immigrants with exceptional language ability, not only in Albania, but in many other countries, who make us realize by contrast, and the returned children who have learned a fluent but incorrect English, who make us realize more directly the slightness of the immigrant's contact with American life. Many persons who might easily have learned good English have picked up a very poor sort. We met children who had finished grammar school, who spoke, not with their parents' accent, but with a special set of limitations caught from their schoolmates, and not eradicated by their schooling.

Yet these were minor faults compared with others. A Greek born in the United States had gone to a Greek parochial school till he was thirteen, when his family returned to Greece. He cannot speak a word of English. A Polish family had children, seven, ten, and twelve, who could speak only a few words of English. An unusually intelligent man, who had worked in an Illinois coal mine, explained in Italian his inability to speak English. "I was in America, and still I was not in America. I worked two years in a mine. I worked and ate and slept with Italians, the boss of my gang was Italian, the company store was Italian, there was no night school. I learned a few words—'Yes' and 'hurryup' and 'go t'hell,' and 'check number t'irty-seven,' but that's not speaking English. Only my hands and feet were in America."

In all countries we met ex-immigrants who could make themselves understood in English, but who could not understand our English till we "broke" it.



ONE OF MANY EX-IMMIGRANTS' HOUSES WHICH HAVE BEEN IMPROVED ON THE
AMERICAN PLAN

The porch is the most striking feature. The arms of the baby were unbound for this American photograph

And of course every kind of broken English was encountered, with words often pronounced unrecognizably. A Sicilian woman, expressing her preference for New York, said "Too much peach!" We could gather that "too much" implied no surplus, but the "peach" puzzled us. Seeing our perplexity, she amended, "Too much moo peach," whereupon all was clear, and we did not need her added "Charlie Chap'!"

The immigrant's slightness of contact with American life, so strikingly revealed in his English, shows itself in other ways. We are to him indeed a nation composed of other immigrants, his life barely grazes the life of what he calls "born Americans." Sometimes a thin veneer of "Americanization" covers a retention of old-world customs. An attractive Sicilian family was typical in many ways. The father, who had been a peasant with a tiny holding, had worked in the States with a pick and soon saved enough to send for his wife and two small children. His wife went to work in a tailor shop, and her wages combined with his made it possible in

time to buy a small grocery store. This in turn succeeded. When the son was eleven he was sent home to Italy "to be educated for an engineer." The daughter finished grammar school, and went to work in a suit factory. During the war especially, the women earned comparatively high wages; and in 1921, after fourteen years in New York, the family pulled up stakes and returned home. There the father bought additional land. It is a situation to his liking and he has expanded under it. "Life is better in Italy. Here I own land!" and he tried to keep out of his voice the pride in his proprietorship, and in the fact that he had peasants working for him. The daughter, now nineteen, a girl of poise and grace, in stylish and tasteful New York clothes, startled one with the contrast between her appearance and her willingness to fit into her narrow Sicilian niche; for she had accepted without resentment all the lack of freedom, all the social restrictions, and was waiting for the husband her parents would choose for her. "But, of course, things aren't so different for me here from New York,

my parents were 'Italian' there, too, and aside from work, I couldn't go round at all, or know any boys, or go to the movies without my mother." The mother spoke glowingly of subways, amusement parks, wages one could earn in a shop, of the movies; but she fitted into the village as if she had never been away. The girl had brought back her schoolbooks and a moving-picture magazine. This pathetic library impressed an Italian engineer and school-teacher who were with us. "You see the results of America! They bring back books, which few of our peasants have," was their comment.

"How did it happen," we asked the father, "that you sent the boy back to Italy to be educated?"

"Why, I wanted him to learn a profession. He couldn't learn to be an engineer in America."

Not an isolated opinion. We found a number of families under the impression that all the United States had to offer in education was grammar school. When we spoke of high schools we were once answered, "You learn only Latin and things like that." Another time, "High School is only for born Americans and Jews." Of course thousands of immigrants—Italians as well as others—are studying engineering in the United States. But the fact remains that again and again we met boys who had come back with a like purpose.

One of these, an engaging boy born in the United States, was sadly stranded. His father, in the United States twenty-two years, had been janitor of a school building in Ohio for fifteen. When the boy finished grammar school he was sent to Italy, to Rome. "I wanted to be a civil engineer," he said, "but when I got to Rome, I didn't know Eyetalian, and they wouldn't take me. Of course, I can talk our dialect and

American, but the other boys had all studied Eyetalian." He was incredulous when we asked him why he had not planned to study civil engineering in the United States. And he had been born and had lived his fifteen years in a state bristling with colleges!

Then there was Charlie. Charlie was sixteen, had been eleven years in New York. His graduation from grammar school was the signal for the family's return to Italy, so that he could get a mechanic's training. "It would cost too much to

learn that trade in New York, except if you learn only one thing, not the whole trade."

Charlie's Americanization was curiously out of focus. He was analytical, and without shyness. Question followed question. Why did we speak Eyetalian with such a foreign accent? How far had we been in school? The university was instead of high school in the United States, wasn't it? No? And



AN EX-IMMIGRANT, NOW MAYOR OF A
CALABRIAN VILLAGE

women could go to it? (Incredulity registered.) Did we have families in the United States? Wasn't it queer for us to leave them, to travel? Wasn't it unnatural for them to let us go? Italy, said sixteen-year-old Charlie, had a better way with girls, it wasn't good for them to have so much freedom. "Parents decide everything for children here until they're married, and that's better, because if anything goes wrong, they can blame their parents." Charlie was planning to go back to New York as soon as he had learned his trade. All the United States and eight years of school had given Charlie was a fluent but ungrammatical English, and a gamin boldness, enough to make him stand out from the other children in his village, a misfit both for his native country and for the United States.

The returned immigrant often feels that he has two countries, the United States and his native land.

Many consider citizenship by naturalization not a complete change of allegiance, but as a membership in a club—an important club, with several valuable privileges, but still a club. We met many returned immigrants who had fought in the American army, and thus acquired citizenship, of which they spoke with pride. A number of these, however, could speak no English. Even though they had fought in our trenches, had been wounded and had recuperated in American hospitals,

America seemed scarcely to have touched them.

On the other hand, we found occasional men in remote villages, who, though they had been long away from the United States, still felt themselves a part of it. In a high Calabrian mountain town, on the side of an extinct volcano, the shoemaker-mayor, a socialist, showing us about, spoke in excellent English now of his village, now of the United States, and his experiences there. The town, he said, had once been a colony of ancient Greece; did we not note traces of Greek lineaments in some of his fellow townsmen? "This is very different from our country," he said, referring to the United States. He had been back nine years, and had forfeited his American citizenship. But he hoped some day to return and renew it. This man was one of the few skilled workers we met who had worked at their own trades in the United States.

He had been a

shoemaker before he left Italy, and had worked in shoe factories in Massachusetts.

It is extremely rare for an immigrant to find in America the work he knows, as this shoemaker did. The exceptions stand out boldly. A skilled stone cutter told us of a lucky accident by which, after two years on track work, he had found work at his trade. In Venice a gruff, bent old man surprised us by saying that he had once been a gondolier in the United States. The sequence of



A GROUP OF FUTURE EMIGRANTS

cities where he had plied his trade gave us the solution: Chicago, San Francisco, Buffalo, St. Louis. But there were plenty of stretches in between engagements at fairs and summer resorts when the slim black boat was hauled up and the oarsman used his skill and muscle maintaining railway tracks. But most of the work histories were like that of an Italian girl, who at home had embroidered exquisite linens which she knew were exported to the United States to be sold for high prices, but who in America had three years of factory work, dipping chocolates, "wrapping" cigars, and sewing seams on a power machine.

More often this change in occupation has happened to a homogeneous group. In the Tuscan mountains are the Lucchese, great migrators. It is one of their sayings that when Columbus reached America he found Lucchese there. Although at home they are agriculturalists who can make any soil yield fruit, who can terrace steep mountains to their crowns, when they leave Lucca they go into terra-cotta work, making the art plaster which is familiar the world over.

In a fishing village, now part of Yugoslavia, where the entire male population is occupied in bringing fish from the mountain-rimmed lake, practically all of the emigrants to whom we talked had worked in the steel mills of the Chicago district. When they served us delicious fish they remarked regretfully what a pity it was that no fish could be caught near Chicago. We found that although they inquired about work as fishermen on Lake Michigan, they had discovered no illuminating source of information. One man said, "When my wife asked at the fish market where the fish came from, they told her it was brought by the railroads to Chicago on ice."

In contrast to this lack of knowledge about things outside his limited industrial environment in America, is the keenness of the returned emigrant's continued interest in the things which did

come into his experience. Sometimes a whole delegation would come to talk over with us, as Americans, the possibility of getting back to the United States, so far as our law was concerned. Usually there was nothing to tell them, they were already familiar with the operation of the law and the exact quota from their country. They showed a knowledge of unemployment in the United States—many were postponing their return until "conditions should improve." "America is a bad place to be out of work in, everything costs so much."

Letters are a visible expression of this contact. Going up a mountain by foot with the rural postman in a district far from a railroad, we had a chance to see that almost every household in the several villages waited for a letter from America. Often these letters were shown to us, to give us the latest news from the States, or when they were in English, to show us how completely a part of the new country the recipient was. One, a semi-business letter, type-written, from a Scandinavian banker in a northwestern town to his client and friend, an Italian metalworker who had come to Italy to marry, told of the rising curve of unemployment, the news of the town, and had a paragraph of advice beginning, "When are you coming back with your little wop girl? Watch your step and don't take any wooden nickles!" Another letter was written in English to an eager youth in a mountain town in Serbia. We asked him if it was from a Serbian friend. "Oh, no, an American, that is, an Irishman." This letter advised him to "stay put till work picks up. You might as well be in a dead town there as to hang out in a bread line here. I guess where you are ham and eggs just grows around loose, don't they?"

Even among the immigrants who have come back to their homes to settle, we found a lively interest in what was happening in the United States. A young boy who had gone through the eighth

grade asked, "Were you there when they took the Census? What were the results? How big is New York?" "Have there been any big fires in New York lately?" asked a younger boy. The adults are more serious. We were told by an Italian official that American presidential elections always arouse a great interest in Italy. In fact, a Government Report on an Investigation made into the Condition of the Peasants, in 1910, states that Taft was very popular among the Italians of the emigration provinces, and that when he was elected there were *festas* in many tiny Calabrian and Basilicatan towns. The report states that these same peasants do not show so great an interest in an Italian election, and so much more closely were they in touch with America than other parts of Italy, that it seemed easier and more natural for them to go to the United States than it would to go to Milan or Bologna.

Among the Albanians we found a number who subscribed to American newspapers; most frequently the *Boston Transcript*, the *Christian Science Mon-*

itor, the *Boston Globe*; others who had newspapers sent to them at intervals by friends; and others who do not read English so readily who subscribe to the Albanian periodicals published in the United States.

The return to the former home to settle often brings about as great difficulties of adjustment as did the original emigration. Sometimes the individual realizes the possibility of this in leaving America but takes the going home in the same spirit of risk as the original adventure. Often the impossibility of adjustment comes as a disillusionment. A Slovak girl who had had one position as cook for the ten years she had been in the United States, we met on her way back to the village of her birth. She was dreading the return because she had become so used to the comforts of an excellently equipped home in New York, but she thought her parents needed her. There had been a drawback in her experience, too, as she had failed to find a husband in America. She realized that the compensation for the loss of comforts was a greater



THE MEN-FOLKS OF NEARLY ALL THESE FAMILIES ARE IN THE UNITED STATES

chance for "business" independence and matrimony in Slovakia where, with the money she had saved, she and the husband she hoped to find could open a restaurant and be looked up to.

A Croatian girl who went to the United States with her parents when she was a child, grew up in Boston, married a Croatian who was in business there, we met in a tiny mountain village where her husband had returned to take up land. The young woman was in the bewildered state of unadjustment typical of many returned women. She showed us her primitive kitchen. "I took a course in domestic science at high school, but it's not much use here. But worse than this—when the baby was sick there was no way for a doctor to get here except by foot up those steep six kilometers. He wouldn't operate here, so the baby had to be carried down over the rocks and then on a train to the hospital. My husband doesn't miss modern farm implements as I miss my Boston kitchen, because the only time he worked on a farm was when he was a youngster before he went to America."

A young northern Italian who had gone to the United States when he was seventeen, had come back with his wife completely "Americanized," when they were out of work during the widespread unemployment. It was impossible for them to settle down as they had planned. "I'm economically useless in Italy," he explained. "In America I worked eight years as a machinist, yet here I'm unskilled, for the Italian machinist gets a thorough training in a bona fide trade. Here I can't even do heavy manual labor, because eight years as a "machinist" softened me. America took ten years of my working life and gave me only cold cash, and not any too much of that."

Although most of the comments of returned immigrants expressed a preference for life in the United States, many spoke freely of the drawbacks, often men who had been mutilated in American industry. "All these people," said

a man who had lost a leg in subway construction, "are telling you how much better things are with you than here with us. Do you realize that you are seeing only the immigrants that America has made rich? Only they can afford to come back. I worked sixteen years in America, and all I have to show for it is the English language and a stump where a leg ought to be. I spent all my savings when I had the accident, and the Charities helped me to get back here. If you want to know what immigrants think of America, go down on Christopher Street and ask the men who would like to get back to their Italian poverty instead of their American poverty. America is all right for the successful."

"If you're a foreigner in America," said another, "you really aren't a *part* of the country, and can't know what is going on. Here, when I vote for Giuseppe for mayor I know who he is and how he works his land. You really have to be born and educated in America to know what you are voting for."

America's industrial field, supposedly the magnet which draws men from other lands, came in for its share of criticism. A mechanic, trained before he emigrated, stayed in America ten years and then decided that the higher wage was no compensation for the loss of his skill, for the specialized operations on which he had worked, "on machines that a baby could run," as he expressed it, were stealing his trade from his fingers. A Czech who had just returned, having been a skilled worker on pianos, said, "The only thing that America has that is better is more money, and when they begin cutting wages it has nothing left to offer. I had a taste of it. I have brought my family back and I don't intend to return."

Unpleasant effects of Americanization were especially conspicuous in remote villages, where one met not only the prosperous returned immigrant, but had a chance to know the peasants and to



THE FATHERS OF THESE CHILDREN, NOW FISHERMEN IN SERBIA, ONCE WORKED
IN THE STEEL MILLS OF ILLINOIS

get some idea of what the emigrants were like before they went away. We met an *Americano* splurging around in a showy overcoat and Stetson hat, who had originally been a blacksmith, but in the United States had risen from a manual laborer to be a restaurant keeper and steamship agent. He insisted upon acting as guide about the village, always pointing out how much better things were in the United States. Once, when he had been unduly boasting, a peasant turned quietly to us and said in Italian, with a shrug, "And he was once *such* a good blacksmith!" We joined with him in regret at a real loss. America had ruined him.

Traveling about, "ruins" were often pointed out to us, persons apparently with the makings of real individuals who had been spoiled by their experiences. The boastful type was the most common. A Chicago plumber stood statuesquely about in his native town, scorning everything there, and even the wages he had been earning in America, which seemed so fabulously high to his old friends. "When I go back," he said, "I'll go in for myself and really

haul in the cash. No more wages for me."

Another "ruin," back to stay, lorded it over his neighbors in a Basilicatan town. He had been in the United States twenty-two years, had worked most of that time in the South Chicago steel mills, mentioning with pride that he had earned twelve dollars a day as a strikebreaker during the last trouble, and came back in a wild-west costume trying to look like Bill Harte, as if he had just slung himself down from a Montana bronco. His speech, too, was patterned after movie captions. "I'll tell you why I came back. America meant everything to me, fortune, success. But my people have been on this land for seven hundred years. The call of the soil, you know." Such a contrast in manner to a corresponding statement of a peasant in a neighboring town, when he was asked how it happened that he did not go to the United States. "You see this onion? *Ecco!* I am like an onion, I belong to the earth. In America are only cities."

A Slovak after discussing the plans that the Czechoslovak Republic has for

distributing the land among the peasants, opened up on the subject of his experiences in the United States. "America is a new country. It had a chance to get along without the bad things of older countries, but it has them all with only the names changed. And now we are getting rid of kings, too, so pretty soon the United States won't have anything to boast of. I've even heard that they kept prisoners in the cellar of the Statue of Liberty in the war, but the man who told me that was a Bolshevik, so perhaps it ain't true. I'm what you folks call a 'peasant,' that's really knowing how to grow things. Do you think I could get on a farm in the United States? No. American farmers wouldn't hire a Hunky, and I had no money to buy land. I heard, too, that in many places there were rich families who own the best land in big pieces just as here in Europe before the war, and the fellow who rents the land gets stung just as here. And then I knew about fifteen fellows who was working in coal mines and saved and bought from some big company farms in Louisiana. They

sold out their homes in Pennsylvania and took their families there, and the 'Farms' was swamps with water four feet deep, and they never got the money back. America is free, yes, for the fellows who got there first to rob the new ones, whether it is the way-back ones who rob large, or the middle ones who do it small on their own countrymen. The United States ain't the only country to emigrate to, but I will be fair and say that all the new countries I've heard about from people who've gone has the big head."

But over against these unfavorable comments, showing that the immigrant does not accept unanalytically his experiences in America, were the many expressions of a desire to return because life in America "was better." The lack of class distinctions was frequently spoken of. One ex-peasant, now a glass worker, said, "I couldn't live here again. In America you don't have to say 'good morning' to anybody you don't want to." A peasant woman who worked for a middleclass landowner showed us proudly, but a bit incred-



AFTER A FEW YEARS AS AN INDUSTRIAL WORKER IN THE UNITED STATES, THIS MAN PREFERS HIS OX TEAM

dously, and at a moment when her proprietor was not around, the picture of a wedding party in Chicago in which her son and the son of her proprietor were both attendants.

A young Italian soldier who spoke unmistakable "American" told us in explanation that he was born in Philadelphia, had recently come back to study music, and because his father had not been naturalized until after he was born, he had to serve a short period in the Italian army. "When I'm out of this," indicating his swinging cape, "I'll take the first boat back."

"Don't you like living in Italy?"

"Oh, it has lots of advantages in studying, but it is no place for anyone to work his way up in the world. I'm a violinist, but here in Italy a musician can't be appreciated unless he is born in the right circles or unless he's made a success in the Americas. The U. S. for me every time."

In several countries the greater possibilities for recreation were given as the preference for America. Some young "returnees" told of their attempt to organize a baseball team. "No use. The folks here are afraid of the ball. They sure do know how to enjoy life in Pittsburgh."

Often the explanation of why life seemed better to an individual was given in accurate detail. A shoemaker, who had gone to the United States with his wife when he was twenty-two, had lived there for ten years and then returned to Italy intending to stay. But he found that he could not settle down contentedly. In Brooklyn he and his wife had worked in a shoe factory, where he had earned \$54 a week during the war, and his wife \$25. "It cost us, a family of four, \$15 to live, so we saved a great deal. When work got slack we came over here. But we're used to new ways and it costs more to live here than in Brooklyn, if you count the cost in work. Here my wife can't work, it isn't the custom, and I can earn only

90 lire a week, while it costs us 95 lire to live. There even if we can't earn as much as we did during the war, the children will be old enough to work, they are thirteen and fourteen now, and we can live in greater comfort and save a little."

In Florence the keeper of the Dante house, now a school of printing, pointed to a bust of Benjamin Franklin. "That-a my fellow countryman," he said proudly. Then pointing to a bust of Dante, "That-a my bossa." He had been sixteen years in America, a book-binder and repairer in one of America's biggest printing houses; had returned to Italy before the war, and had not been able to get back. He talked fondly of New York, showing us pictures of himself at his bookbinding bench there, and spoke of his dream of returning, although he seemed, to us, to fit perfectly into his present environment as guardian of the Dante house, instructor in the evening school of printing and as a private teacher of the mandolin and guitar.

From the European side it looks as if nearly all emigrants succeeded, as if few remained in the United States. But one has only to remember our crowded slums, our bleak mining towns, our miserable construction camps, to know that most of them stay in the United States, and that success is not the common portion.

In this ebb and flow from land to land, what passes besides men? Chiefly money. Some higher standards, yes, a desire for comforts that only money can give, a consciousness that children ought to have a better chance, a few other ideals. But the traveler, seeking perhaps a stimulus to international understanding as an American contribution, is doomed to disappointment. The average immigrant's experience is in the single industrial groove, he sees little of America, his idea of it is myopic and often distorted. Yet that he so often expresses satisfaction with what

he gets, reveals how little he expected from his venture. And if the comparative riches he brings back with him have sometimes made him boastful and arrogant—well, perhaps Jason, too, was a bit unbearable, perhaps he spent so long a working day seeking his Golden Fleece, that he had no eyes for anything else.

Yet America can point no finger of scorn at the material ideals of the immigrant, for is it not financial success which is held up to the youth of America

to-day as the most cherished goal? America has put its mark on the average immigrant, as on the average native citizen—the dollar mark.

Yet America has much more which it might give to the immigrant, just as the immigrant has much more than his muscle which America could have for the asking. The immigrant expects too little, besides money, from America; America is leaving a wealth unmined by expecting too little besides labor from the immigrant.

THE TICKET AGENT

BY EDMUND LEAMY

LIKE any merchant in a store
Who sells things by the pound or score,

He deals with scarce perfunctory glance
Small pass-keys to the world's Romance.

He takes dull money, turns and hands
The roadways to far distant lands.

Bright shining rail and fenceless sea
Are partners to his wizardry.

He calls off names as if they were
Just names to cause no heart to stir.

For listening you'll hear him say
" . . . and then to Aden and Bombay . . . "

Or " . . . 'Frisco first and then to Nome,
Across the Rocky Mountains—Home . . . "

And never catch of voice to tell
He knows the lure or feels the spell.

Like any salesman in a store,
He sells but tickets—nothing more.

And casual as any clerk
He deals in dreams, and calls it—work!

"ARAB STUFF"

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

FOR the hour I shone; and to say that one shines, if only by the company one keeps, on the terrace of the St. George at Algiers is to say no little thing, for is it not one of the marked night-stops on the world's caravan-route of the notable? Statesmen and the sons of kings, millionaires and adventurers and the Honorable the Lady Blankness, eagles and moths a-wing under the clustered lights or roosting in the shadows on the terrace outside—even in that company I shone for an hour in the light of my friends, a light doubly bright in that it had about it no glitter of hereditary title, no attitude, no pomp. The fame of my two companions was soundly won of themselves, essentially democratic, romantically American.

"You Americans! (How often I have heard it with a small self-conscious grin.) You can do anything! Anything!"

Four years ago the wholesome, girl-figured woman beside me had been a stenographer in a New Jersey building concern—Flo Danger even then. How many have imagined that? It seems incredible that it is not a screen-name. . . . As for Braun, six years ago Braun had been handling boxes in an Oklahoma freightyard.

"You Americans!" To-night, for one person who would have recognized the king's son or the statesman on the street, there were a hundred who knew the name and genius of the scenario-author, the producer of "A Man May be Down," "The Light of the West," and "The Dangers of 'Danger'." And for one who may have been acquainted with the lineaments of the Honorable the Lady Blankness, how many in the world were the tens of thousands who had the likeness of Flo Danger in their poor,

romance - starved, happiness - grasping human hearts?

She was something beyond tongue and race and creed. As no emperor or messiah, her calcium creature was present to all men, in Nome and Madagascar, in Sioux City and Hong Kong. Night by night, she and Braun spread on ten thousand screens the Word of the West. In black lands held bound in the never-neverness of fatalism they carried the high, cold, bracing wind of the gospel of a hopeful optimism. They made new tidings of worn things: "Honesty is the best policy," "Where there's life there's hope," and "Virtue is its own reward." . . . Not only its own reward but its own defense, for who can ever doubt that who has watched Flo Danger, week in, week out, passing through the nets of a hundred conspiracies, Chinese Tong plots, Hindoo stratagems, Bolshevik revenges, Red Indian raids—passing unscathed and unarmed, save for the buckler of her wholesome girlhood, the serene quick wit of innocence, and (I saw it lying in her lap there to-night) the famous ivory-handled automatic concealed in the famous lizard-skin purse?

Of course, not even the untutored Malay is going quite to believe that tender girl flesh can be repeatedly flung over cliffs and trampled under buffalo stampedes without being the worse for it in time; but after all he needn't. After all, it is only a symbol, and in any religion it is the symbol that matters.

"I shall die, and in the following Episode (coming Saturday, 3.30, 7.30 and 9.00 P.M.) I shall rise again."

I needed that philosophy. I needed those two as the mill-sail needs new wind. After months of a world of veiled, shamed women down in the interior,

where the soul goes to sleep in filth, sloth, forgetfulness, monotony, and space, I needed the straight look of a home girl's eyes. After months of dealing with pompous and petty French colonial officialdom, I needed Braun's boyish outburst: "Well, then, just let one of 'em take seventeen of his French francs into any market to-day and try to buy one good round E Pluribus Unum. That's where he'll find out where *they* get off at!" . . . It wasn't boasting; it was only his exuberance.

There was to-night about those two an aura of even added romance, for it was to-day that they had returned from the desert, into which they had descended, unguarded and alone. And, what was more in the ear of the world, absolutely unchaperoned! (I was perhaps the only man in North Africa who knew that they were husband and wife.) Yet all this consciousness of the interest they evoked seemed to roll off like the water from the duck's back. Had I been asked that evening, and had I not known them, I should have said they were a boy and a girl just graduated from some Middle-western college, chock-full of the joy that succeeds, and all ready to go out with a laugh and a clap on its shoulder to set straight the thinking of the world.

That, of course, was what they were, a boy and a girl from Freedom's Land, laughing in the face of Old Man Africa. And that, of course, was precisely why I needed them.

"And how did you come on in the south?" I asked them. "Get your 'backgrounds' all right?"

Braun slid farther down into his chair, making a mound of his shirt-bosom. He looked at Flo and she looked at him. There was a moment of tragic communing. Then Flo giggled. Braun grinned.

"We're ruined."

They both began to talk at once with the eagerness of children.

"We've wasted one whole lovely month of our lives—"

"To say nothing of putting the skids

under the grandest little film that ever germ-ey-nated in the brain of man."

Their mood of mental and physical relaxation grew hilarious when they talked about it. After all, *one* failure, to the sort of people who know that in the sum-total of things they are bound to succeed, one failure is a joke.

"If only," sighed Flo, "if only, Arno, you'd had enough sense to keep away!" And turning to me: "He had a grand film to do. Honest, it would have gone huge, and I know. Full of striped tents and city gates and camels and rugs and harems and sheiks with cruel eyes and a good wholesome American girl and . . . and . . . and sand. . . ."

Braun threw back his head and exploded: "Sand!"

Flo turned her brimming eyes. "We haven't found enough sand to—"

"No," I said, "you'd have done better for sand down Egypt way."

"Or in Los Angeles."

"No, by crime!" Braun brought his fist down with a sudden violence on the arm of his chair. "No, Flo, I tell you again, *that's* the trouble with American art. And that's what I, for one, want to shake clear of. It don't seem to me we'll ever get anywhere until we go in for the real. Of course, we could have done it out there on the Coast; we had everything, props, sets, people; but what I didn't have and what Flo didn't have was the—the—Oh, damn it! the *breath* of the thing—the—"

Laughter came out of Flo's full-rounded white throat.

"For goodness sakes, Arno, don't! *Don't look like William Farnum!* . . . He's got into a frightful habit lately of looking like people," she confided. "I wish you could have seen the chest on him when he tore up the governor-general's safe-conduct."

"What's this?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Addressed to all officers, civil and military, and sheiks, too, with a red seal. . . . You might at least have saved it for a prop, Arno. . . . But no, when we got ready to push off from

El Kantara down there, nothing would do but he must tear it all up in little bits—and you know that what-the-hell look of Doug Fairbanks—"

Braun picked up the challenge.

"Well, then, if you want to put it that way, what the hell? How much realism do you think we'd get turning up at this sheik, Muley Kaf's, with a don't-you-dare-touch-these-folks from the governor? Look here, old man, to make it concrete: one of the things I was after was the feelings a man, a regular clean-minded American fellow, would have, getting by secret into a harem."

I suppose he saw my eyes open. His strong chin came forward.

"Yes, that's what I aimed to do. That's what I *have* done."

"And as for Flo," he went on, while Flo put both hands tight over her mouth, "Flo's job was to get the sensations of a good, quick-witted, wholesome American girl in the power of an Arab sheik—"

Flo could not stand it any longer. She would have strangled.

"And—and—I *have been*. Oh, it's too killing! But, no—Arno—oh, man, go on and lead up to it!"

Braun had the saving sense to grin.

"Well, we started out into the wild Aures on a couple of mules."

So there, at the very launching, was disillusionment. "Missouri mules!" They had been told that, if anywhere they were to find the reality of Barbary, it would be in the back valleys of the stark *massif* of the Aures. And now, not a wink of a camel from beginning to end.

"And when I think of the thousands of dollars it's costing me to hire and feed those ships of the desert out on the Coast!"

"And when I think," Flo sighed, "how I would film on a mule!"

A betrayal of romance, deepening hour by hour. They had wanted desert, and by desert they knew what they meant. And by some hiatus of imagination their local arranger had given them mountains.

"We could even have done mountains

out there on the Coast if these things had been mountains. Look here, I came to Africa to see big things, big emotions, big courage, big vices, big land!"

Poor people! In the healthy western exuberance of their spirits they had wanted anything, anything but stagnation, anything but drab and slatternly space. And then the humanity!

"Look here, do you imagine I could do a Bedouin horseman now? With a straight face? Even if I could pick up a bunch of 'extras' that could make up to look dead, filthy, contemptible, lazy, and worthless enough? I could not. And did they attack us? They did not. They took the other side of the hills, in a cloud of dust."

It seems, though, that the thing in Braun—the romanticist or poet or what you wish to call it—was not yet ready for final surrender. "Wait," he had said. "This may be bunk. But this Muley Kaf we're going to see, he must be something if he's head sheik of a region as big as Virginia. And this town, Beni Sid. That means 'Sons of the Lion.' Wait till we see Beni Sid."

"I waited," Flo told me, "and I wish you could have seen Arno's face."

I could imagine it. To one who has been a long time in the desert there may be something mildly exciting in that naked, square-housed, mud-colored village squatting in the midst of a few stunted and unkempt mountain palms, but to one fresh from the sights of the Oriental Section at Universal City it must be a let-down indeed.

They had one moment, though, when the sheik, Mouley Khaf, came riding out (to their amazement) to greet them by name in perfect French and usher them to the sheikly guest-house.

"That man would do. Red robes, silks, white turban, red boots—"

Flo took up the category, "And an aquiline nose, velvet-black inscrutable eyes . . ."

"A little sinister," I put in, for I too knew Mouley Khaf.

Flo pursed her lips in doubt, but Braun

turned and looked me in the eyes with the straight look of the Anglo Saxon.

"Sinister? Bosh! old man. Bosh!"

Then he was smiling again with that humor that will not down.

"He had a good horse between his legs too; a shade on the under-fed, but pretty all the same, with a high red saddle as you see."

"Arno looked especially at the horse, you understand. And he said to Muley: 'I'm that hungry I could eat a *horse!*'"

Their eyes met for an instant, twinkling.

"It's like this," Braun explained. "I have to read a good deal for these plays of mine, and once I came across the story of an Arabian king who thought he was the most generous of men. But once he heard of a poor man who was reputed more generous. This poor man had one beautiful steed and nothing else to his name. So this king sent one of his courtiers to ask the gift of the steed, just to see. The courtier arrived at the poor man's tent at night tired and hungry, but he didn't count on much of a meal. What was his pleasant surprise when a fine stew was set before him. He ate it, thanked his host, and went to sleep. In the morning before he left he asked the gift of a steed. The poor man wrung his hands and wept. 'Ah me!' he cried, 'twas but last night when, seeing you hungry in my tent, I slew my only steed to give you of him to eat.' . . . Good stuff, eh? Darn good stuff! I was going to use that."

"So," Flo resumed, "he looked at Muley's horse and said: 'I'm that hungry I could eat a *horse!*' And I said: 'I'm that hungry I could eat a *white horse!*' Muley seemed to catch on. He bowed and put his hand on the horse's neck and said: 'Hers is the pure blood of the mare of the Prophet. I carried her from the foaling in my arms. But, nevertheless, the Arab's sweetest mare is meat none too sweet for the hunger of the guest in his house.' He bowed low again and gave the horse to a black boy to lead off behind the house."

"All that afternoon," Braun chuckled, "Flo was repenting at leisure."

"I was not. Didn't I keep saying: 'I will eat it?'"

"Oh, yes, she said it. . . . But let me tell you we had a wrastle with the household over that meal. First-off, Muley was for sending it in to the guest-house for us, and then when we'd made him see we had rather eat with him, Flo just caught the nigger wench in time that was starting to set a *table*, with knives and *forks* in the court. "Oh, no," we told him, "as long as we're with you we want to eat Arab style."

"Was he nice about it?"

"Nice! Good Lord, yes! Silk couldn't be politer. That's the discouraging thing when a man's going after realism in a country like this. You can't get away from it; from the lowest to the highest, your native is never going to be himself before the white man. Oh, yes, I know; technically perhaps the Arab is white. But all the same he ain't. If he was he wouldn't feel inferior. For instance, when that dinner was brought in. Here he was, lord-high-mighty ruler of the land, and yet do you think he presumed to eat with us? After he'd taken one bite that embarrassment came over him, and try our darnedest, we couldn't shake it. It's fundamental. All he'd do was sit there in a corner, sipping coffee and saying he wasn't hungry."

That their host (after having formally "eaten bread and salt" with them) might have been moved by other considerations (racial and religious) against further dipping the hand in the dish with "dogs of unbelievers" would have surprised them. I wondered if I ought to explain. But I had a sneaking sense that it might sound a little like "showing off." And then too it would have been out of key with the mood. So instead I asked: "Was it good, the mess?"

"Well, if you'd seen Flo's expression when she'd fished out her first hunk of meat, when she actually found it in her mouth . . ."

"Arno, that's a lie. If you remember, I said: 'It's grand!'"

"Ho-ho! Well, you looked silly enough when he told us. . . . You see, I asked him casually if they often ate horse, and he looked a little bewildered and said no. Then he brightened up and said, 'Ah, monsieur, but you must understand. By the grace of God' (he never said Allah once; it was always '*Dieu*,' 'God'—but he was so damned polite) 'By the grace of God,' said he, 'as I was preparing to slay the mare for your eating, just then there came in a herd boy leading a sheep. And the meat of sheep is sweeter. So that I was glad.' He wanted me to pat him on the head, I suppose. I could have shot him."

"It's a queer thing," Flo reflected, "we were both prepared to eat horse, down to the last hideous hoof. And now mutton we could not eat. Actually! I suppose it was just the revulsion. Arno had brought along some crackers and cheese, fortunately. We finished off on those."

"They were kind of dry." Braun sucked his cheeks. "I'd have given a dollar for a glass of red wine. But either the old boy didn't have any . . ."

"It's against the Law of the Prophet."

"Lord! I know that. So it is of America. But somehow it had never occurred to me it ran right through to the better classes. Anyhow, it was dry. Not only the crackers. I mean the whole situation. 'Flat, stale and unprofitable!' I had a feeling in my bones right then that we were going to draw a blank, but all the same we were there and it had to be gone through with, according to program."

"So by and by I got up and yawned and said I guessed I'd take a stroll. 'All right,' said Muley. Probably the lady was tuckered and would like to retire to the guest-house, and he'd come along with me. That was Flo's cue. The moon had come up, which helped. She lay back on the cushions and looked at it and stretched kind of languorous-like

and allowed there was no moon in the guest-house, and please couldn't she stay where she was for a while? Surest thing in the world. Certainly she could. And now he'd step along with me. . . . *My* cue! No, said I, if he didn't mind I'd like to go alone for a little solitary communing with Nature. The man looked *shocked*.

"But, monsieur, that would be dangerous! My own people are honest; but these nomads! You don't know nomads! Dangerous, monsieur!"

"Dangerous! If he'd known what I'd have given just then for a touch of real danger, something to give my spine a taste of high life! I had to laugh. But he was bogg-eyed about it, and I was beginning to be up against it when I heard Flo saying under her breath: 'For the love of Mike, man, turn your head and walk the other way.' . . . I don't know yet what you did, Flo."

"What I did? Silly man!" In the half-dark of the terrace Flo's eyes shone softly with a demure and mocking light. "No woman would have asked that question, Arno. I simply leaned over and laid a hand quietly on Muley's arm and covered my eyes with my lashes—but not quite, not quite, enough."

"Well, all I know is, it worked."

"Simple creatures! It *always* works. I heard your feet going off, Arno, and I didn't breathe till I heard the gate bang under the entrance arch. Then I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and we were alone. He and I! The mysterious dark sheik and the American lass, in a desert courtyard, under the hot African moo-on! *Al-o--n---e!*"

Her laughter trilled and went away in the heavy-scented night.

"And then, Flo? You never told me. What then?"

"Then? Then I waited. And I waited. *And* I waited. When I'd waited centuries I *had* to open my eyes and look at him. There he sat. Staring at his thumbs. There he sat. There I sat, my hand gripping the automatic in my bag ready to sell my honor dearly. There

the moon sat. On, my dears, it was too perfect!

"I began to think he was prepared to sit like that till the day of doom. He might have been a wooden Indian, except he was getting a funny color around the gills. I told myself I'd die before I spoke first, but after another century I said 'Ahem!' He only got stonier and greener. Then I sighed and looked at the moon and said how bright and far and cold it was, and did it make him lonely too?"

"What did he say to that?"

"He said: 'Where is your husband?' I said: 'Bother my husband! If I don't worry, why should *you*?' I hitched my cushion a little closer. He got still greener. The moon got still higher.

"By and by he repeated himself, 'Where is your husband?' He was still staring fascinated at those thumbs of his. And do you know what those thumbs were doing? The thumbs of that ruthless, passionate daredevil of the Sahara? Well, they were shivering; shivering, I give you my word, like leaves. And at that the truth came over me in a flash what was wrong with him. He was scared to death of Arno!"

Braun chuckled. "And then, Flo?"

"Oh, then I just let go. If *that* was the matter, there was only one way to put him at his ease. Flinging my maiden modesty to the winds, I started out to vamp that man. Plain ten - twenty - thirty vamp! You're surprised?" she asked me with a smile. "Let me tell you a secret, my dear man. My first littlest bit of a name I made in a scarlet-woman role, years ago. That's God's own truth. You're surprised at that? You're just like the public. Ask any big director, and he'll tell you the same. For your ideal film vampire what you want to hunt for is your honest, wholesome girl, the girl that brings her mother to the Coast with her and cuts out the beach parties and goes to church and isn't afraid of work. That's queer; and like many queer things it's true. The simplest, sweetest girlie in the world

knows how to use her eyes, simply from the fact that she was born girl. . . . And believe me, that night I used my eyes!

"Well," she went on with a whimsical sigh, "I vamped. *And I vamped.* If it hadn't been purely for getting stuff I'd almost have blushed."

She put her hands over her face of a sudden. Her voice was small.

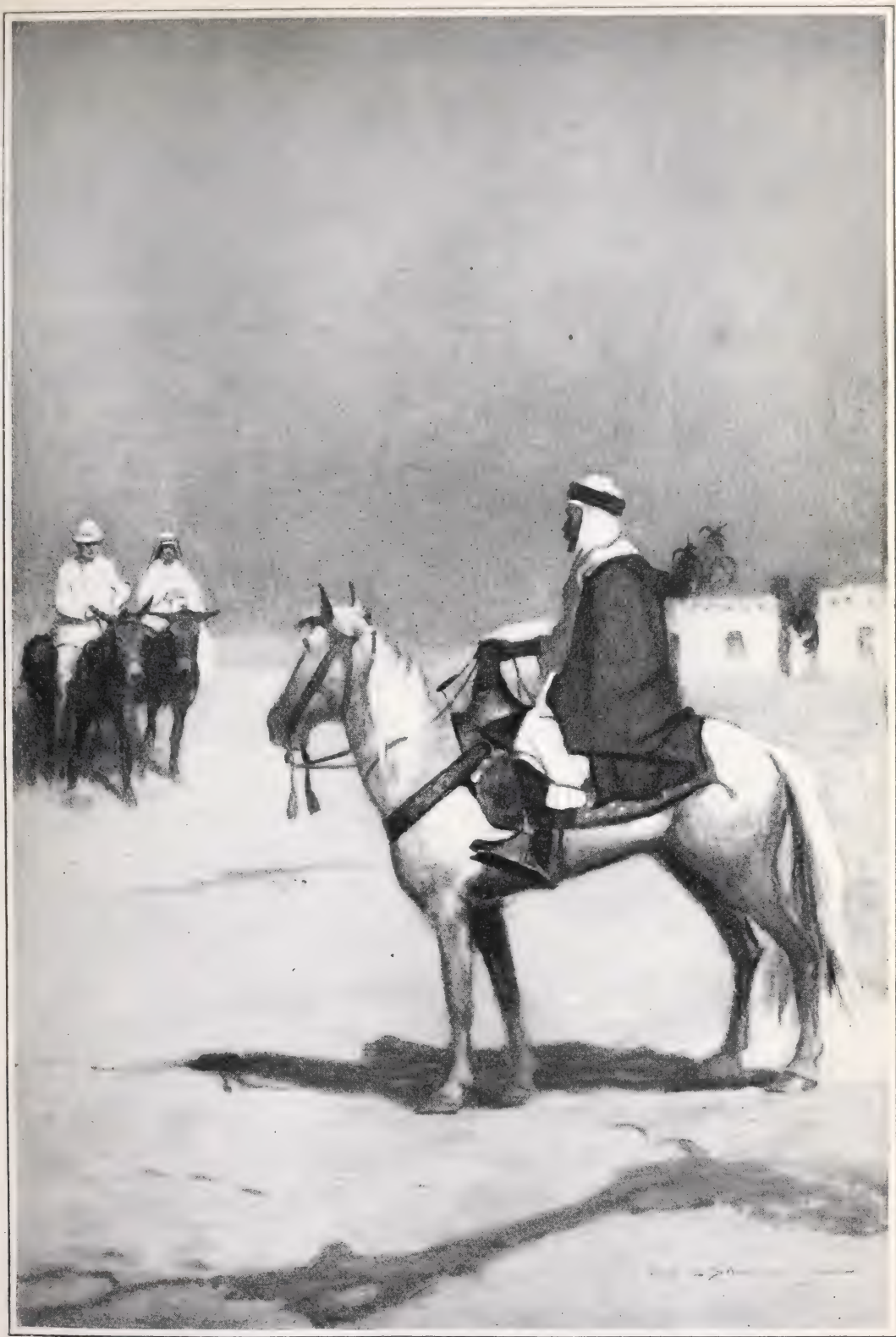
"Heavens! Now, when I think of it in cold blood, it *does* make me blush. . . . I—I—I put—I *put my head on his s-h-o-u-l-d-e-r!*"

After a moment she took her hands away. Her cheeks were rosy, but there was a glint in her eyes.

"Oh yes, it's funny! It's a scream! Now! But I'll tell you—I never confessed this to you, Arno—there came a time that night when the point of the joke began to wear off. I'll tell you a secret about women. No woman alive enjoys being turned down by a man, even if the reason is only that the man is scared of the woman's husband. In her heart of hearts the woman always feels that somehow the man ought to be too much carried away even for that. . . . Yes, frankly, my 'goat was got.' Arno, I could have slain you. Here I was in my grand scene, and everything wrong-end-to. And all your fault for looking so disgustingly husky and masculine and western. And I could have slain *him*, too. There'd I'd brought along my automatic as a kind of last resource, in case he should get funny, seriously funny; and now I felt like shooting him for *not*—for being a sniping half-lump of a man that wouldn't take a chance. . . . First it made me tired. Then I got mad. I saw red. That was how it worked. And when for the tenth time he asked me where my husband was I went up in the air.

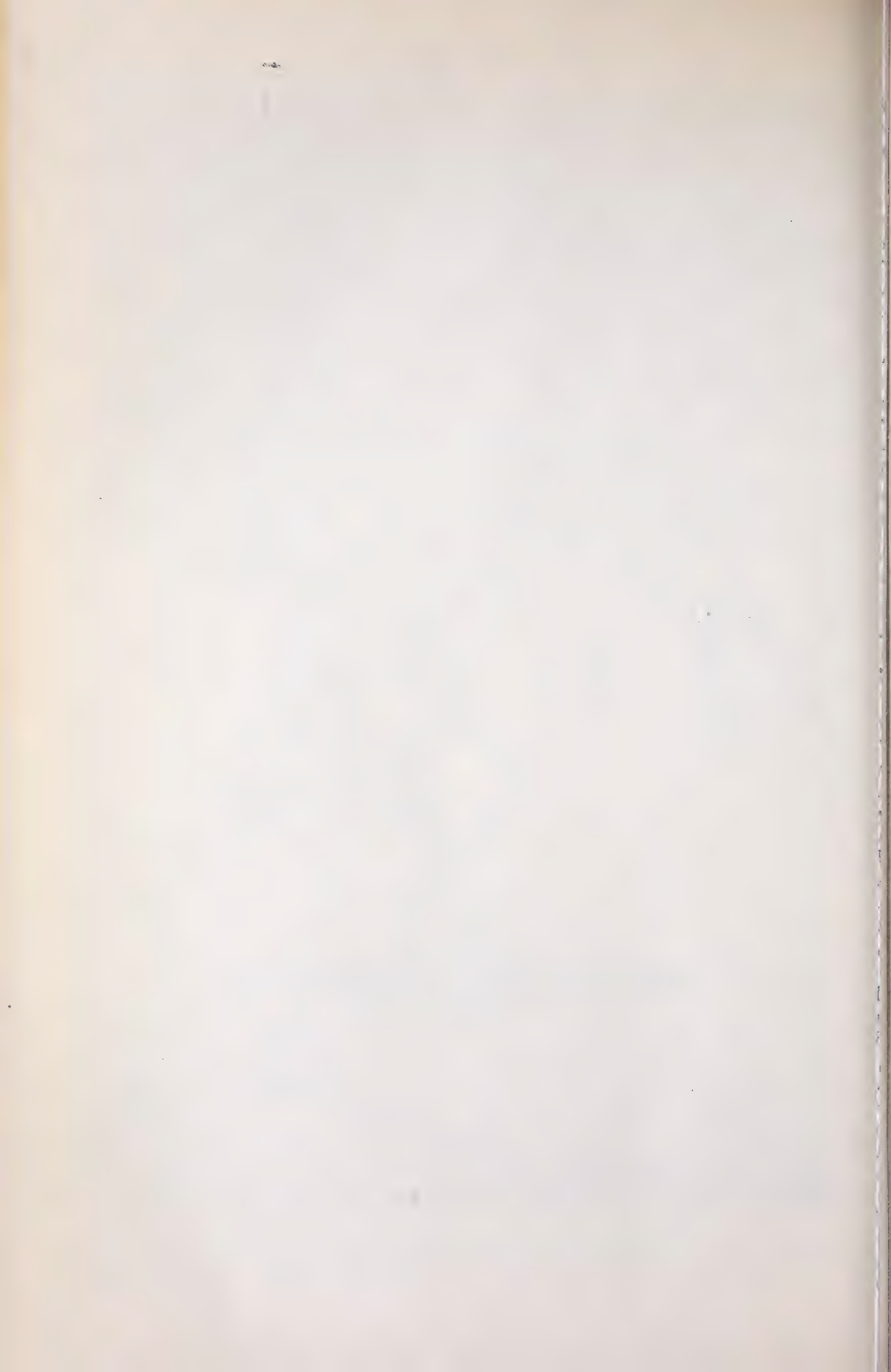
"I did! It was a fool thing, I know, but it seemed to me if I didn't do some fool thing that minute I should explode. Do you know what I did? I took hold of his chin and made him look at me, and I just hissed at him:

"'You want to know where my hus-



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

THE SHEIK CAME RIDING OUT TO GREET THEM BY NAME IN PERFECT FRENCH



band is? Well, I'll tell you. *He is in—your—harem! There!* . . . I wasn't going to tell you that, Arno."

At least she had made us both open our eyes. It was the first time I had ever seen a frown on Braun's face. He spoke slowly.

"That *was* rotten, Flo. Flo, I'm sorry you did that. I wouldn't have had that happen for a million dollars. After all, you know—black, brown, yellow—no matter what kind of a person you're with—after all, you're his *guest*. That's honestly how I feel about it."

"But it wasn't true!" I gasped. "You weren't—actually!"

He shook himself free of his ill humor, and a reminiscent gleam lit his eye. His clean-cut jaw thrust forward a bit.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I was."

"Good Lord, man, tell me about it!"

"If there was anything to tell then we shouldn't be coming back with this sense of failure on our souls." He smiled with a hint of indulgent irony. "It's a simple tale."

"But how did you get back into the house again?"

"Child's play. I never went out. I simply slammed the door and then lay doggo inside for a spell under the archway. When I thought the coast was clear I sneaked back on tiptoe along the gallery that runs around the court, and when I came to the door I had spotted—Oh, I hadn't been idle that afternoon with my eyes, and especially my ears—when I came to it I went in. That's simple, isn't it?"

It was simple, yes; and yet how many men would have had the cold nerve to do it?

"And after I was in," he went on in his laconic western way, "and around a corner in the dark passage, I scratched a match and had a look. And I saw the dragon. The dragon was that nigger wench who had brought in the dinner. She sat on the floor on a piece of gunny-sack, staring at me with eyes as big and as white as saucers. I pulled out my automatic, made a few passes before her

black face so she could have a good look at it, and then I had a talk with her.

"Where are his wives?" says I. '*Ses femmes? Où? Ses femmes?*'

"Not a gleam! She wasn't meat; she was icicle, froze cold to the core. Scared? Yes indeed. Besides, it came to me, maybe she didn't know French. So I tried the Arabic. 'Harem?' says I. 'Harem?' That worked better, or maybe it was the cool of the gun muzzle on her chin. Anyhow, she managed to move one eye toward the end of the hall. 'All right,' says I. I had a handful of this stage money the French use in my pocket, and I took it out and dumped it in her lap. That's the language they *all* know. The way she caught on would make you laugh. 'Now,' says I, laying my cheek on my hand, 'you go by-by. Sleep. *Dormir*. And if you snore a little it won't hurt.' And then I went on, easy in my mind.

"I came to the door she had looked at. I laid aside the rug hanging. I entered into the sheik's harem. Moonlight falling through a lofty grill flooded the spacious apartment, in the center of which a fountain plashed softly within its marble rims. On the tessellated pavement, on a dozen richly embroidered cushions, reclined the sloe-eyed daughters of delight. One trailed an idle hand in the pool; one braided her raven tresses; one, taking up a lute, made a langourous music that fell softly on the air, heavy-sweet with musk and amber. One, at sight of me in the doorway, half-rising from a divan . . . Oh, man, was it? Did they?"

I met his grin with one of my own, as sheepish.

"I'm afraid not. They told me last year that Mouley Khaf had only one current wife. The war's left them all pretty poor, you know. But perhaps—since then—"

"No. As I started to say; one, half-rising from a divan—well, that *one* was the wives of the sheik, and the divan was a brass bedstead, and yesterday's cabage was the amber and musk. Yes, sir.

Except for that brass bed and a kind of painted tool-chest in the corner and about four German-dyed carpets, there wasn't one God's stick of furniture in that mud room. And as for the Oriental Beauty!"

Braun put his head down in his hands.

"She had on a Mother Hubbard!" he groaned. "With *spots!*"

"This person," he went on presently, "was scared. Bogg-eyed. For a minute I was in a sweat she'd let out a yell—her mouth was wide open. I gave her a sheen of the gun in the moonlight, but now I don't think there was any need. She was simply petrified!"

"Well," says I to myself, 'Where do we go from here?' I went and sat down on a corner of the bed and looked at her, my heart, going down, down, down. So *this* was that I'd come expensively all this way to see. I wanted to laugh. I wanted to hoot like an owl.

"Her fright was honestly painful. If there's anything I hate and detest it's to scare a kid. Yes, that's right; that's what I mean. A kid. This wife of Muley Kaf's, this tousle-headed queen of the harem—I give you my word when I came to look at her closer, she couldn't have been a day over thirteen. Can you beat it? Thirteen years old, a wife, and (I'll whisper it) prospectively, a mother.

"Now you can imagine how I felt. There she sat, this poor, pathetic, whipped kid, staring at me like a ghost, with her eyes and her mouth wide open . . . I was as gentle as I could be.

"Look at me," says I, putting the gun out of sight. 'Do I look like a person that would hurt you?' . . . (Not a ray.)

"Lord o' Love, sister," says I, 'I'd no more think of harming one little hair of your head—'

"Of course, it was all Greek to her. I don't suppose she'd have known even French, or anything but Arabic."

"Perhaps not even Arab," I put in. "It's Berber country, you know."

"So? Oh! Well, whatever it was,

there we were at a deadlock. There she sat hugging her bib-and-tucker to her neck. And (apologies to Flo) there I sat. Silence.

"Now, you can laugh. Especially when you think what I came all this way to get: stuff for a very dramatic scene, sumptuous and passionate and all that. And do you know what I got? I got mad. Plain, boiling mad! When I looked at that kid there, that little innocent girl that ought to have been in school or playing with other kids or tucked in at night by a mother's hand—when I looked at that kid there and thought of those others, the laughing, wholesome, care-free kids back there in God's country—Damn it! No, I've got to swear! Damn it! You know what? It seemed to me the only honest thing a man could do would be to go out and walk through this land from one end to the other with a Lewis gun, cleaning up this human garbage they call 'men.' Missionaries? God'll-mighty! the only missionaries they deserve is a bunch of boys from Texas with six-guns. . . . No, I'm not often dead in earnest, but I am now. When I looked at that sallow-faced child that this Muley shut up in a mud cage and called a 'wife,' why it seemed the only thing I could do and keep my self-respect would be to walk out and fill him with honest American lead.

"And then there he was. 'Speak of the Devil' . . . I saw the kid's eyes growing if anything bigger, and I heard feet behind me at the door. I slid my hand in my pocket and I got up to face him. I didn't hurry. I was that mad I was as cool as a cucumber.

"There he stood in the doorway, his face as white as a sheet. I expected ructions. I didn't care. I had him covered from my pocket, even if he didn't know it, and one false move on his part—

"If you got anything to say," says I, 'say it!'

"The sanctity of the harem! The fatal honor of the Arab! Sudden death!

Lord, I've known 'em since I was a kid. Well, do you know what that Oriental nobleman said to me? He said:

"Coffee is being served in the courtyard."

"Well, you could've knocked me over. I followed him. Actually. I went out and sat down beside Flo. The nigger-wench brought in two cups of coffee, looking kind of puffy around the eyes as if she's had a call-down. We drank the coffee while Muley sat there staring at his thumbs. I looked at Flo and I said: 'How goes it?' 'Elegant! and with you?' says she. 'Immense!' . . . That was the straw that ruined the camel. We simply fell on each other's necks. We simply *yelled!*

"When Flo got her breath back and the tears brushed out of her eyes,

'Arno!' she wailed, 'I want to go home!' 'Here, too,' says I. 'A mule, a mule, my kingdom for a mule!'

"I don't know whether it was that the man understood a few words of English or not, but pretty soon he spoke up: 'The mules of monsieur and madame will be saddled at the gate at the hour of dawn.' For a minute it was kind of embarrassing—if he had understood—I didn't want to make it look like we were eating and running. Flo saw it in my eye. She got hold of my wrist. 'Arno!' she hissed, '*This is no time for politeness!*' It was the way she said it. I couldn't help it again; I howled. But it *was* funny. There we were, weeks wasted, all our pet illusions shattered, play gone to pot—"

"Why?"

It was the first thing Flo had said for a long while. A light of preoccupation was in her eyes.

"Why 'gone to pot?'" she repeated in the same slow musing way.

"Why? Simply, Flo, because if I can't do a thing sincerely; if I've got to go about a thing with my tongue in my cheek—"

"Yes, Arno, but why? Think! You came to find realism, and now that you've found it—" She let her words

trail off, her eyes still holding his, her head tilted, birdwise. There was a moment o silence, and then Braun said, deep in his throat: "By George!"

"Yes, that's what I mean. Why not," she insisted, "'hold the mirror up to nature' as she *is*? A good satire is as good as Art. Honestly, you know, I believe it would go big."

"Look at 'A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur!'" It was Braun's turn now. "It's made a mint. And look at that one—I forget the name—where Mary Pickford showed up the Nabobs of India!"

Again there was silence, a moving and pregnant silence this time, in which one seemed to feel a mental clash, a kaleidoscopic tumbling into symmetry of things sharp-edged and crystalline. There is something not of every-day in being present at the coming to bed of an idea.

"That's the way of it," Braun's musing grew audible. "Take a young fellow—you could play that part, Flo, like what's-her-name in Treasure Island—take some orphan kid that's been kicked around the gutters of some Middle-western town all his life—bullyragged and browbeaten by everybody till he's got the notion he isn't worth a continental—take this kid and bring him over here somehow. Well, and—and let him have read a lot of Arabian Nights or something, so he arrives here all eyes and awe for the splendors of the Orient and the fierceness of the magnificent sheiks. Let him go out into the desert. He's almost afraid to raise his eyes to these lords of creation—almost—not quite, for he's Anglo Saxon clear through—and when he does, what is his stupefaction to find them all kowtowing. Listen, this is good. Let him get into a harem, bogg-eyed with expectation, and stumble over a dish of potato peelings, and then throw on a two-dollar bedroom at the Commercial House at home that he'd thought so tawdry, and all its modern comforts; and we must get the outraged Arab

husband creeping in, armed to the teeth for revenge . . . and when he sees this American kid there—well, whatever we don't do, we've got to get in that 'Coffee is being served in the courtyard!' Oh, say! this will bear going into. . . ."

I could see they wanted to think. They wanted to be alone. I delivered them up with some mumbled urbanity and watched them go, threading their way through the throng in the salon beyond the tall bright windows. I saw men and women of cosmopolitan fame turn to look after them as they passed. But they did not know it. To those two the bigness and glory of that night was within themselves. They had tasted failure (even if it were a laughing failure) and now, amazingly, unexpectedly, they found failure turned into the prospect of a laughing success. . . . And how typical that was!

"You Americans! You can do anything!"

It was almost a year later that I found myself in the Aures and came to Beni Sid, "Sons of the Lion." Si Mouley was absent on government affairs in Ain Touta. I went up from the guest-house at evening and sat in the graveyard, a naked earth pitted with the ghoul-work of jackals. The sun, sinking down into the desert plain beyond the hills, cast an aureate flame over the gorge walls, and there was peace. The bleat of flocks gathering home under the ragged palms where the shadow already flooded the oasis and the town, gave a body to the silence—the silence as ancient as the granite hills themselves.

A woman had followed me up the slope and now sat on a neighboring grave. Her name was Meryam and she was so old that everyone, including herself, had forgotten her years, a gossip of mine from other days. An incorrigible gossip! Her words, toothless, and still further blurred by the greasy kerchief which she held from long habit over her mouth, ran on and on and mingled with the distant voices of the flocks,

and it never mattered much whether I listened or no.

"What of the Americans?" I inquired by and by. "The *roumi*? Remembrest thou? The *roumi* twain that were here?"

The flow of Meryam's speech was halted. After a moment she lifted the kerchief and leaning over clear of the grave spat on the ground. After another moment she said: "It is of little marvel, however, that they should not be learned in the manners of the world, for are they not ignorant of the Word of God (to whom be the prayer!)? Canst thou look for the ways of gentlefolk in the *dar* of the Infidel?"

"But I am told, Meryam, that against them Si Mouley raised not his hand."

"How then may a man raise a hand that is bound? Our master had eaten the bread and salt with this twain. And knowest thou not the reading of the blessed Book as it regards the traveler which shall be entered at nightfall into thy tents?"

I fell to musing. The creature's words mumbled on, troubling the immense, dry, empty hush of the wrinkled Sahara hardly at all.

"Our master was affectionate toward the face of this Aisha, for she was to bear him presently, *in-cha'llah*, a son."

"Aisha? That, Meryam, is Si Mouley's young wife whom he brought from the vale of the Oulad Abdi two springs ago? But thou sayest 'was.' Is he then no longer affectionate in the face of that one?"

"Thou sittest, sidi, on the grave of that one."

I stared down between my knees at the mound of desert earth and a heaviness came on me.

"Ai, sidi, those twain are dead, Aisha and Zina, that black serving-woman from the Soudan. And I, Meryam, was at their dying."

The sun had dipped beneath the desert's edge, ninety million miles away; a shadow came over the earth and sat on my soul.

"Those twain had eaten of the *couscous* which our master had caused to be sent in to them, and now they waited, knowing well the seasoning wherewith it had been savored. And Aisha contained her heart, and she said with a jest: 'Look thou, are we then become men at last? that we may be given to dip first in the evening dish.' But the serving-woman, she who for twenty *duoro* in the Frenchmen's money-paper had been leagued with her in the sin—"

"But there *was* no sin! Meryam, this is devil's work. There was no sin. Of this thing I have a sure knowledge. Ah, Meryam, thou understandest not the American!"

"That mayhap be true, *ya sidi*. We of Musseldom pretend only to know the Law. The Law is the Light, and the Light is the truth of all things. And sayeth not the Law, that Law which was before even the blessed Prophet of God: 'Such woman shall be known adulterous as have remained alone with any man for the space of the cooking of an egg'? And is it well for a man, a princely man, a sheik of the true believers, to harbor an aduress in his house and bed? Say, *ya sidi*!"

After a little I began to unravel her monotonous words again.

"It was after the fall of the sun; there

came a darkness in that room, so that I could see only the eyes of those twain which were set toward the lattice, waiting. And as I watched, grief came into my entrails with a pain, as though I, too, had dipped in that dish, for sorrow of them, and perforce I could not stay, but must go out of the house where I might not see. And when I returned, Si Mouley, drinking with his coffee-companions in the court, wept behind his hand, and in the chamber of the women those twain were dead. . . ."

I got up from sitting on that grave and withdrew a step and looked down at it in the gathering shadows. Already, between the two blank slabs of granite, the inquisitive paw of a jackal had been at work. A sepulcher of no beauty and of no hope.

It needed a something—a something it had not got.

"I shall die, and in the following Episode (coming Saturday, 3.30, 7.30 and 9.00 P.M.) I shall rise again."

"Ah, you Americans!"

Aisha and Zina and Meryam and Mouley Khaf and Mohammed, Prophet of the One God, would do better for a little of that philosophy of yours, would they not?

And the mocking devil of it is, they *would*.

JACQUES LOEB, THE MECHANIST¹

BY PAUL H. DE KRUIF, Ph.D.

IT is a commonplace of observation that great scientists nearly always work and live in obscurity. The people at large, and even the small group that calls itself intellectual, know very little of the work of scientists and have but scant interest in their personalities. While great authors or painters or sculptors are always in the public eye, any notoriety that a man of science may gain is very transitory.

So it has been with the American scientist, Jacques Loeb, who may hope to occupy a place among the small company of immortals. A score of years ago, against his wishes, his name was spread for a day over the front pages of the daily press. It was reported that he had caused a sea urchin to develop from the maternal egg without fertilization by the sperm of the male. This aroused popular curiosity, and it was suggested that human offspring might be hatched in the same manner. When it was learned that the chance of doing this was remote, public interest in this startling and important discovery vanished, and with it went all interest in the discoverer. A few weeks ago a New York newspaper presented a number of selections by distinguished Americans of the twelve greatest men in America. The name of Loeb was not mentioned in any of these lists. This in spite of the fact that he is to be ranked among the foremost of living investigators.

It must not be imagined that Loeb resents this neglect or obscurity. He knows that the penetration of the jungles

of the unknown has always been an affair of the few, and that it would be incongruous to think of a scientist performing his experiments before a grandstand. His fear of public fame is so great that the affair of the sea urchins' eggs "almost finished him," to use his own words. He cares only for his researches and shrinks from the acclaim and even the notice of people in general. So it is his ideas and discoveries only that may be displayed in this place. The man himself, versatile, brilliant, the very incarnation of that strange quality known as genius, must remain in the background. It is fortunate for the cause of truth that one may tell of his ideas, for it is not impossible that the future will hold these to be of greater importance than those of Darwin. The truths that he has unveiled are hard ones. They bite and hurt. But they are among the very foremost contributions to modern thought.

Benedetto Croce has complained of the emptiness of many modern books of ideas. "The difficulty is not to have ideas, but to have *one idea* which dominates and reduces to their proper proportions all of the others, giving coherence and solidity to the work of thought and action." The life of Jacques Loeb is a striking confirmation of this valuable thought. For it is the central and dominating idea of this scientist that all living things are chemical machines, and that their workings are open to the same mechanistic explanation which explains the operation of any machine made out of inert matter. This was his dominating idea at the very beginning of his scientific career, and it has given direction and unity to his work for thirty-five years and more.

¹Born and educated in Germany, Mr. Loeb spent several years in research work at various German Universities and in Italy before coming to America. He has held professorships at the University of Chicago and the University of California. For the past twelve years he has been head of the Division of Experimental Biology at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.—THE EDITORS.

While the idea itself is not new or original with him, he has grasped it with more passion and sureness than any man before him. But what is most important of all, his brilliant researches have done more than any other experiments or writings to bring firm support to this thought. The idea is the idea of Diderot, D'Alembert, and the other great French materialists. But in their time they had to argue largely by means of words. Loeb has argued exclusively by means of facts and experiments. Galileo introduced the quantitative method of experiment into physics. This resulted in quantitative laws, which for the first time made possible the rational prediction of phenomena. His great step forward cleared physics once and for all of philosophy and mysticism and made possible the astounding progress of physical science. Jacques Loeb has insisted from the beginning that biology will not progress in a like manner until it ceases to be a musty collection and classification of facts, and a disconnected and frequently irrelevant description of the activities of living things. It will be scientific, he says, "only when it reduces life phenomena to quantitative laws."

It is the quality of genius not only to mirror nature exactly, but in some hidden way to interpret, to understand, to *know* it. Loeb seems literally to place himself inside of the obscure phenomena which he studies. The master might be the first to deny that this is the process by which he works. He might say that he is forced to his ideas by the evidence of the facts which he so untiringly discovers. But it seems to this writer that the reverse is the case. In a word, Dr. Loeb *knows* that living things are simply chemical machines, and he is able by incessant labor, and by astounding intellectual ingenuity, to uncover just those facts that bring the greatest possible weight to his dominating idea which he has held *a priori*.

It is his unceasing devotion to this idea, his unflagging labor to bring ex-

perimental proof to it, his constant repetition of it, that is at the bottom of his loneliness and his continual combat with the world of science and the world of ideas. The clergy do not like his theory, for it is the foe and destroyer of blind faith and ancient superstition. He is not popular with the majority of philosophers, who love to play with words but seem to dislike the severe labor of gathering and interpreting facts. He is even at odds with the majority of biologists, for these still occupy themselves with the building of agreeable romances, *à la Fabre*, or devote themselves to attempts at proving historically the rightness of Darwin's theory, or confine themselves to musty pigeon-holing of species, or seek to explain the conduct and behavior of the lower forms of life by endowing these with the emotions of human beings.

Since he is so thorough a mechanist, it is not surprising to find that he is not religious in the ordinary sense. For religion, grounded upon faith, is in no way open to experimental proof. Loeb is a man of *a priori* ideas and sudden intuitions, but he always puts these to the test of experiment. Should the result of this contradict his conjecture, he drops the speculation at once.

In regard to philosophers he says, "the mistake made by metaphysicians is not that they devote themselves to fundamental problems, but that they employ the wrong methods of investigation and substitute a play on words for explanations by means of facts." In short, they are verbalists, and since they refuse the discipline of facts, he has no confidence in them. He has friends among their number, some of whom he personally holds in high esteem. But he quaintly adds that he is not sure of their work, for at any moment, "since they are not held down by facts, they may go off on some crazy idea."

While it is not strange that he is at odds with clerics and philosophers, it would seem at first glance that he should not be the opponent of biologists,

but rather their torchbearer and their pride. Unfortunately, this is not true, and the explanation is not far to seek. For biology as a science is really in its swaddling clothes. It only just begins to shed its absurd enumerations and classifications of fabulous animals, it struggles to free itself from folklore and from that mysticism, possibly incurable, which makes it hard for men to imagine that life, as well as the universe, might be utterly purposeless and accidental.

It is of interest to examine for a moment the various reasons for his antagonism to the different tendencies in biology. The science is full of naturalists who gallop about woods and fields with their nets and devote their lives to the minute description and aimless classification of the fruits of their pastoral excursions. Loeb would not dignify these individuals with the name scientist. They are descriptionists, and he sarcastically compares the value of their work to that of a person who would industriously count and note the arrangement of the paving stones in Avenue A. They may find facts, but they find irrelevant, disconnected, and some times completely contradictory facts. It is not new facts we need but an intelligent analysis of those we already have. This may reveal relationships which may be made into general laws, as in physical science. On the basis of such laws, new facts can be *predicted* and contradictions and confusions made to disappear.

Again, he makes sardonic war on the Darwinists. Not because he disbelieves in evolution. On the other hand, he holds it to be a self-evident fact. But he is not satisfied with any theory of *how* evolution came about. He does not mock at Darwin. He points out that "Copernicus and Galileo were the first to deliver the intellect from the idea of a universe created for the purpose of man. . . . Darwin rendered a similar service by his insistence that accidental and not purposeful variations gave rise to the variety of organisms." There is

no good evidence that individual variations are inherited, so Jacques Loeb is against those rigid Darwinians who block progress by upholding the correctness of this discarded theory. He derides their attempts to fortify their theory by historical conjectures or loose analogies.

For example, it is a fact that the relative amounts of the various salts in sea water is the same as the relative amounts of the different salts in the blood and the lymph of our bodies. This, says Loeb, has "suggested to some authors the poetical dream that our home was once in the ocean, but we cannot test this idea since unfortunately *we cannot experiment with the past.*"

The master does not indulge in fruitless speculations on the "environment." Nor does he use this term in the ordinary mystical sense. He believes that instead one should try to separate and measure the individual physical and chemical forces that *make up* the environment. His experiments on the way different chemical things antagonize one another illustrate how he takes up the problem of the effect of the environment on living things. He observed, for example, that the eggs of the marine fish *Fundulus* develop naturally in sea water, but that they can form embryos just as well in fresh or distilled water, which is free from the salts of the sea. This shows that these salts are not essential to the development of these eggs. If, however, the eggs are put into a pure solution of sodium chloride just after they have been fertilized by contact with sperm, they fail to develop into embryos. How, then, since salt is present in sea water, do they succeed in developing in this medium?

The experiments of Loeb provide an explanation for this. Sea water contains other salts besides sodium chloride, for instance the salts of calcium, magnesium, and other elements. Loeb found that, while sodium chloride was injurious to the development of the eggs, if he added a little *calcium* chloride, they

grew to embryos in a perfectly normal manner. He sought carefully for the amount of calcium necessary to protect against the injurious sodium. He discovered that the amount required increases in proportion to the square of the amount of sodium chloride present. This simple but important experiment opened up an entirely new way of studying the effect of environment upon living things. This method is far different from that of the historians, poets, and dreamers who content themselves with making guesses that cannot be proved.

He insists upon the rigorous method of experiment in the study of evolution and says that "we cannot consider any theory of evolution as proved unless it permits us to transform at will one species into another, and this has not yet been accomplished." Although he does not entirely discount the work of paleontologists, he makes gleeful sport of those "scientific" historians who trace the evolution of species by discovering the fossil remains of animals at different depths in the earth. His eyes twinkling, his face wrinkled with his inimitable smile, he announces a rival theory. It is as follows: These scientists say that one species existed long before another because the first was found at a greater depth than the second. It is just as possible to imagine that they both lived at the same time, but that the first fell into a deeper hole than the second.

Despite his antagonism to the church and his utter devotion to science, his love for the truth is such that he refuses to defend biologists in their controversy with religion, when the biologists use ill-founded arguments. This he demonstrated on one astounding occasion when attending a meeting at which a clergyman held debate with a Darwinian. To the surprise and dismay of the defenders of the theory, Loeb rose to his feet and though out of sympathy with the main thesis of the clergyman, vigorously denounced the erroneous arguments of the Darwinian.

Every nook and corner of biology is filled with the idea of the purposefulness of life and the notion that we are what we are by reason of some mysterious design, which directs and is superior to physical mechanism. The master has devoted a great part of his life to attacking and destroying these ideas, for he points out that they are mainly used to cover our ignorance. He remarks that "since the validity of the law of gravitation has been proved for the solar system, the idea of design in the motions of the planets has lost its usefulness, and this fact must serve us as a guide when we attempt to put science beyond the possibility of mysticism."

Laws in science can be formulated only as the result of a quantitative study of the factors which govern the events and affairs of nature. Loeb believes that biologists hesitate to look for such mathematical relationships because they realize that many disturbing secondary factors govern the activities of living things. These secondary factors, often impossible to remove, may obscure quantitative relations that really exist. So he concludes that the way to study life processes mathematically is to use plants or animals where these secondary factors are few, or where they can easily be ruled out.

Loeb's work on the effect of temperature on the heart rate is a good example of the method he uses. It is known to everyone that, while all human beings have about the same body temperature, their heart rate varies a great deal. A scientist named von Korösy studied this question, experimenting on soldiers. He kept his subjects under most favorable, constant, and uniform conditions. He found when he measured their heart rates in the morning before they got up that the variations for different persons were tremendous, between forty-two and one hundred and eight per minute.

This fact would naturally lead biologists who scorn mathematical meth-

ods to say that there is no numerical relation between body temperature and the heart rate, because the former is constant and the latter varies. But Loeb realized that this apparent lack of connection might be due to some secondary influences, at present obscure. So he looked around for a more suitable animal. He found what he wanted in the embryo of the fish *Fundulus*, while it was still in the egg. In the case of this animal the relation between the temperature at which the eggs are kept and the rate of the heart of the embryos inside them is a very constant one. It is so precise that the number of heart beats per minute can be used as a rough thermometer, to measure the temperature of the water containing the embryos. The moment the eggs hatch, the relation no longer holds, because disturbing secondary factors come in. Various individuals among the *Fundulus* move around with different degrees of activity, just as people do. As every one knows, speed of movement affects the heart rate. So the moment the fish leave their eggs and begin to move around, a secondary factor comes in to disturb and obscure the beautifully precise relationship existing while the animal was forced to remain quiet in the egg. This is only one example of Loeb's genius in eliminating confusing factors. It is in this way that he discovers mathematical laws to exist in the activities of living things, just as they exist among the planets and stars.

It is constantly remarked by lay people of intelligence and by many biologists that the apparently wonderful way in which animals are adapted to their environment is the best evidence of some purpose and design in nature. To Loeb, with his detached vision and his freedom from anthropomorphism, it is just as conceivable that nature is accidental and a pure matter of chance. It is possible that "those survive who have the equipment—they did not acquire the equipment under the influence of environment. . . . It is possible for

forms with moderate disharmonies to survive, those with gross disharmonies do not exist, and we are not reminded of their possible existence." Nature, the master points out, is enormously wasteful. There are, for instance, a hundred million possible crosses of marine bony fish. Of these only ten thousand, or one hundredth of one per cent, actually exist. Everyone will admit that this fact is a much better argument for planlessness than for design. For out of an almost infinite number of combinations it would be strange if chance did not bring about the existence of a small number of forms capable of survival.

It is in the realm of the animal instincts that biologists, preachers, and philosophers have always found their strongest arguments for the purposefulness of nature. The instincts of the mating of the sexes, of the search for food, of the care of the mother for the young, have all been brought forward to show how the various activities of animals makes for their survival. Even here, where the position of the vitalists and the champions of design has been so strong, the genius of Jacques Loeb has met and defeated them. Again, he has done this not by argument, but by brilliant and unanswerable experiments. He has shown that many animals have instinctive reactions for which they can have no possible use, and what is still more important, that certain instincts can be reduced to simple physical laws. Animals are forced to obey those inexorably. So there is no more need of assuming a guiding force here, than for the movements of bodies in the solar system.

The instinct that Jacques Loeb has most clearly and beautifully analyzed is that of the reactions of animals to light. Everyone knows that plants placed near a window, frequently bend their branches toward the light. No one in possession of his senses would say that such plants love the light and hate the dark. The bending of their branches is automatic and irresistible,

and is doubtless due to some chemical action induced by the light. Such a reaction is called *heliotropism*, positive if the plant bends toward the light, negative if it grows away from it.

Now it has been known for a long time that certain insects and other animals also go toward the light. Everyone knows how moths frequently fly into the flame, and how the arc lights in cities may attract thousands of insects in the evenings of the spring. Lay people and many biologists believe that such animals show a fondness for light. Jacques Loeb, early in his career, was convinced that animals, like plants, really had nothing to say in the matter. They were irresistibly attracted or irresistibly repelled, as the case might be. To use his vivid phrase, "they are slaves of the light."

Thirty years ago, the master was convinced of this, and stated that "motions caused by light or other agencies appear to the layman as expressions of will or purpose on the part of the animal, whereas the animal is forced to go where carried by its legs." That is to say, the instincts of animals are *tropisms*, and just as automatic and mechanical as the bending of plants. One of the most beautiful examples of the rightness of his belief is the behavior of the caterpillar of the butterfly *Porthesia Chrysorrhea*.

"The butterfly lays its eggs upon a shrub. The larvæ hatch late in the fall and hibernate in a nest on the shrub, as a rule not far from the ground. As soon as the temperature reaches a certain height they leave the nest; under natural conditions this happens in the spring, when the first leaves have begun to form on the shrub. . . . After leaving the nest, they crawl directly upward on the shrub where they find the leaves on which they feed. Should the caterpillars move down the shrub they would starve, but this they never do, always climbing up where they find their food. What gives the caterpillar its never failing certainty which saves

its life, and for which a human being might envy the little larva?"

Jacques Loeb has shown that this instinct is purely the irresistible attraction to the light. For if such beasts are placed in a glass tube near a window, they will crawl toward the light, remaining there to starve, even when plenty of their favorite food is close behind them in the darker side of the vessel.

In 1888 Loeb announced his theory that the instincts of animals were really only automatic attractions or repulsions. Ten years later he stated it as his belief that chemical reactions set up by light were the cause of these attractions or repulsions. From 1912 to 1917 he proved his contention beyond a doubt by a beautiful series of experiments. It would be interesting to recount the chain of logic that has guided these investigations.

There are certain structures in the retina of the eyes of animals which undergo chemical changes when light acts upon them. These light-sensitive substances exist in equal amount in each eye. That is to say, they are symmetrical. Furthermore, they are connected by nerves to symmetrical muscles on the right and left sides of the animal body. Now, when more light strikes the right eye than the left, the chemical reactions in the right eye will be greater than those in the left. As a result of this, a stronger nerve impulse will be sent to the muscles of the right side. These will therefore contract more violently than the left side muscles and the animal will *have* to move toward the right. Should more light reach the left eye, the reverse will happen, and the animal will have, willy-nilly, to move toward the left. When both eyes are equally illuminated, the muscles on both sides will contract equally, and the beast will be forced to go straight ahead toward the source of light.

There is a well-known chemical law that deals with the effect of light on

substances which are sensitive to it. This law says, briefly:

Strength of light multiplied by time during which light acts = degree of chemical effect.

By beautiful experiments on the larvæ of the barnacle, Loeb and his collaborator Northrop have shown that this animal really obeys this simple numerical law in its behavior toward light. So when some of these barnacle larvæ are placed in a vessel with lights of two different strengths acting upon them from different directions, it is possible to predict with almost perfect accuracy the place they will go. So, thirty years after the first statement of his theory, it has been the triumph of the master to prove mathematically a belief which he had long held as an inner conviction—that is, that the reactions of animals to light follow a simple chemical law. Animals do not determine their motions by trial and error, or by fondness or hatred, or by fright. On the other hand, their movements are determined for them by chemical reactions over which they have no control. Their travels are not the results of their will or preference, but are inexorably forced.

It is so that Loeb, driven forward by his predominating idea that living things are machines, begins to remove the study of the behavior of animals from the fairy realm of Maeterlinck and Fabre. It is so that he antagonizes biologists, as well as preachers and philosophers. For he strips the gauzy mysterious veil of romance from their world and substitutes the hard and austere discipline of facts and figures.

Many biologists have tried to explain the conduct of lower animals by assuming that they have certain of the so-called emotions of man. Loeb, using the directly opposite method, analyzes the relatively simple instincts of the lower animals, and reduces them to physical laws. Then he dares to assert, that just as the moth is attracted to the flame, so we, as human beings, are likewise the slaves of forced movements.

Only in our case they are more complicated, because in addition to tropisms set up by simple things like light, we are impelled by the stimuli of an infinitely varied set of memory images. It is only the enormous number and complexity of these that gives rise to the nonpredictability of our conduct, and to the illusion of the freedom of the will.

The explanation of the effect of light upon animals is really in itself a life work. But it is only one of the many series of researches that are the fruit of his incessant activity and his restless curiosity. He has probed into the mystery of the fertilization of eggs, and showed in 1899 that the role of the sperm may be replaced by a simple change in chemical conditions of the medium in which the egg reposes. In a word, he has shown that full-grown animals of certain species may be produced from the egg of the female, without the contact with the sperm of the father. Here again he has replaced mystery and fanciful explanations by means of words, with rational explanations by means of facts.

He believes that the development and the complicated activities of the life of the whole organism will be ultimately explained without the need of assuming a mysterious directing force. His researches on the regeneration of plants, and on the antagonistic action of ions has brought strong experimental support to his belief. His experiments are classics of simplicity, and have that clearness and simple directness which is the characteristic of the greatest achievements of science. His investigation of the effects of ions on living things led him in 1906 to the idea that the chemistry of colloidal substances is identical with the chemistry of things of a crystalline nature. The proteins, which make up so large a part of the structures of plants and animals belong to the colloids, and it has been supposed by many chemists and biologists that their reactions were different from those

of classical chemistry. This difference in their reactions has been supposed in some mysterious way to be part of the difference that distinguishes living from inert materials. Loeb had no faith in this notion, and believed that *all* chemical reactions could be brought under the domain of classical chemical laws. Having announced this idea more than twelve years before, it remained for him to bring brilliant experimental proof to his belief during the last five years. So Loeb, trained as a medical man and a biologist, has dared to invade the austere field of physical chemistry, and has transferred a disorderly and empirical body of fact into the realm of rational theoretical chemistry. This, in the autumn of his career, is the greatest of his triumphs.

His glory is his unfaltering and indefatigable service to a great and essentially simple idea, unpopular with scientists and laymen alike, because of its tendency to remove comforting superstition and to puncture the vanity and wreck the arrogance of man.

His genius lies in his prodigal ingenuity in making hypotheses and devising experiments to test them, and in his uncanny faculty of *feeling* which explanation is the right one among a host of possible explanations, all of which might seem equally valid to the ordinary individual. It is with Loeb as with Faraday, who seemed, in the words of one of his exasperated defeated scientific opponents, literally to *smell* the truth.

His tragedy lies in his comparative loneliness in science. Unlike Pasteur, his researches have been of no immediate practical use to mankind. For that reason he remains obscure from the notice of the populace. Biologists dislike him because he fights to replace their agreeable, romantic, and contradictory folklore by simple and rational explanations based on physical laws. His recent achievements in chemistry are accepted with hesitation by chemists. This is due in part, perhaps,

to his ability to come to correct conclusions by leaps and short cuts. His impatience and fiery zeal prevent him from working out all details with the laborious and minute exactness of the trained chemist. According to them, he is too easily satisfied by results which have too great an experimental error. Then again they hesitate because he is a biologist, and only a self-made chemist. This is a natural antagonism for chemists to feel, for they despise the crude and sometimes distinctly sloppy methods that prevail in biological science.

Finally, he cannot be popular with the lay intellectuals. Untrained in the experimental method and hating the discipline it requires, they seek refuge in easy explanations by means of words. This unpopularity is shown by the small sale of his books, which are full of a far-reaching and important critique of modern philosophy and thought. But the intellectuals evidently do not care to read these fascinating works, in which argument is carried on by a recital of experiments, rather than by a mere play on words. The whole spirit of man is against Loeb's idea that man is an automaton, governed by the laws to which all machines are slaves.

And so it is that this mighty intelligence stands alone, save for a few devoted followers. He is fond of saying that physicists and chemists are the only scientists who do not fight, because their science is unified and disciplined by mathematical laws against which there is no argument. His life has been largely devoted to bringing biologists to the same pacific state, and it is an ironical fact that to attempt this he has had to fight them unceasingly. It is to his honor that he has fought always with the weapon of experiment and fact, rather than with fruitless argument or fastastic play on words.

A mighty intellect, a pioneer, a hardy fighter, he betrays at times the emotions and weaknesses of his lesser fellows. This writer will remember always his walks homeward with the savant, on

days made gloomy by thick fogs or drizzling rains. He walks slowly, his head bent, there is a note of discouragement, of pessimism, of complaint in his voice. He bewails his isolation. He complains of the fact that he grows old with the encouraging support of so few of his scientific contemporaries. It is here in moments of fatigue that he shrinks from his fight and questions its worthwhileness. It seems impossible for him to realize always that his idea must do for biology what those of Galileo and Newton did for physical science. For it is due to Loeb more than to anyone that the ultimate unity of biology with physics and chemistry will be realized.

It is better to think of him seated in his small and unpretentious office. His desk is littered with an indescribable disarray of books and manuscripts. The walls are lined with unending files of his collected books and reprints. He leans back in his chair, his face now in repose, now folded into a thousand wrinkles by his charming smile, now illuminated by a flash of thought that brings an awesome light to his eyes. He speaks of the likeness of the point of view of the artist and the scientist. Just as the great artist must express himself, oblivious to the acclaim or hatred of the generality of men, so we in science must do our experiments with all of the artist's pride in craft. And in the end we must have as our chief reward the delighted contemplation of our finished work, just as the great artist must be thrilled by viewing his achievement rather than by the applause of enthusiastic admirers and dubious connoisseurs.

While Loeb's work has no immediate practical appeal, it will undoubtedly

ultimately be of the greatest benefit to mankind. This will be realized in various ways. His work will have a most important effect upon the study of disease. Benjamin Franklin flew kites during thunderstorms, and made some interesting observations on electricity as a result. But these were observations merely, and by themselves could never have led to the dynamo. It is thanks to Faraday and his quantitative laws that the real development of our knowledge of electricity took place. The colloids constitute a most important part of our bodies. Loeb's most recent work has placed these in the domain of quantitative chemical laws. This will change physiology from an affair of cut-and-try, to a real science. And when physiology shall have been reduced to dynamics, the conquest of disease will be sure to follow.

Looking far into the future, it seems to this writer that Loeb's work will have even more important applications than those in regard to the conquest of disease. His researches, more than those of any other biologist make a clear-cut distinction between exact knowledge on the one hand, and belief and prejudice on the other. More than any other scientist in biology, he has insisted that *we must always weigh and measure*. It is only a step from this weighing and measuring in biology to weighing and measuring in that helter-skelter region known as sociology and economics. When quantitative methods become established here, intelligence will for the first time take the place of folklore, guesses, and prejudices. And when intelligence begins to apply itself to social problems, rays of light will pierce the dark tragic cloud that now hangs over mankind.

THE EARS OF THE DEAF

BY ALICE BROWN

POLLY HALLETT was coming home from the next door neighbor's, where she had been ostensibly to borrow a teaspoonful of saleratus, but really because the sense of being snowbound had grown on her until she was "as nervous as a witch." It was a very late spring, and, as the climax of all the turbulent weather, had come a snowstorm hurled back by departing winter which blocked the roads and weighted the trees with a clinging sorcery. The teams had been along early that forenoon to break out, and now Polly, a slight wiry figure, bent almost double with her haste and energy, was ploughing along the snowy track, setting her feet with circumspection because she was wearing rubbers more than a size too large. The three Hallett sisters had only one pair of rubbers this winter, for general use. They had been fitted to Ann, whose feet were broad and long, and Polly had much ado to keep her smaller feet within what she despairingly called the gunboats. Ann had to have suitable footgear, for, though older, she was stronger than the other two, and assumed without question the daily chores of attending to their one cow and feeding the hens. Lydia, getting on toward fifty, was the youngest of the three and so guarded and petted by the others that there was scarcely need for her to have rubbers for a stormy day. The sisters made no question of her going out unless every condition looked favorable, for not only was she delicate but very deaf, so that the other two found themselves constantly assailed, if she walked the road alone, by the fear that she might be run over or in some other way "meet with suthin'" before she knew it was coming.

Polly, setting her feet in the snowy track, proceeded with an impatient care:

she was so anxious to get home and tell what she had heard. She carried the *County Star* and an old *Godey's* she had borrowed for the pattern of a knitted quilt, but these were as nothing to her compared with the interest of what she had to tell. When she reached the little gray house she burst in, hardly waiting to stamp the snow from her feet, and stood before her sisters in the sitting-room, a bundle of nervous energy waiting to explode. Ann and Lydia rose to meet her and the three stood for a moment looking at one another, two of them inquiring, and Polly now quivering with the triumphant certainty that, whatever they demanded in the degree or quality of news, she could surpass any possible surmise.

They were curiously unlike: Ann tall, long-armed and muscular, her thin hair parted and combed smoothly down over her ears in the fashion of their mother's day, her eyes small and piercing behind steel-bowed spectacles; Polly alive with energy, unable to speak without a snapping of all her facial muscles, as if she could not get out words fast enough and they surprised her as they came, and Lydia, not so much younger, yet set apart from them by her wistful, seeking look and a pathetic attempt at adornment of her slender person. Lydia was the baby of the family, never regarded by the father and mother as accountable to the rules laid down for the other children, and when the three sisters were left alone, she was received by Ann and Polly from the failing hands, as something different from themselves and infinitely more to be regarded. From year to year since that time Ann and Polly had, by unspoken consent, given up more and more of their own

small resources to Lydia, for her modest pleasures or her gentle adorning. And for the last five years her deafness made an additional reason for a passionate fostering. She had grown silent and half terrified in her seclusion, and the sisters took every means in their power to keep her within the circle of intercourse. They talked even to each other with a strident energy which pierced the air and rasped their throats, and whenever Lydia glanced at them with that wistful, questioning look of hers that seemed to ask whether anything she might possibly share was going on without her, they nodded and smiled and grimaced encouragingly, Polly with a grotesque inventiveness that would have been terrifying to an onlooker ignorant of its loving import. And now Lydia stood smilingly anticipative, waiting for the news, and Polly realized, grimacing absently at the waiting face, that her news could not be told.

"What a fool I be!" she said to herself and Lydia opened her lips to ask:

"What d'you say?"

Then she closed them without a word. The other two had long ago come to the conclusion that she had determined not to make herself a nuisance by asking questions. Lydia had her own secret, sweet ways of meeting her trouble and hiding it in her heart. Polly, out of patience with her own obtuseness, took off her shawl and hood and went into the side entry to hang them up. When she came back into the sitting-room, Lydia was sitting by the window, turning the pages of *Godey's*, and Ann was drawing on the rubbers preparatory to her barn work before dusk. On the floor, scrubbed white by semi-weekly washings ever since the last coat of paint had worn away, was a little pool of water from melting snow.

"I won't wipe that up till you've gone," said Polly, to her sister. "Them rubbers are all balled up an' you can't help trackin' through."

"I'm kinder late," said Ann, busily winding her head in an old "cloud" their mother had worn for best. "I waited

so's to hear you tell the news. Mebbe you'd better come out with me and feed the biddies whilst I milk."

"Yes," said Polly. "You go along an' begin an' I'll pull on them old stockin' feet. Yes, you go right along. I'll tell Lyddy."

Polly was much relieved at having a few minutes with her sister alone, because now she was possessed by the thing she proposed not telling Lydia, and it was another of their unspoken agreements that there should be no whispering in corners merely because Lydia could not hear. Once the doctor's wife praised them for this. She told them the courtesy they observed toward their sister was exquisite. Polly only stared at her, and Ann had answered:

"Why, 'tain't because Lyddy'd see us talkin' an' brood over it. I dunno why we couldn't say things afore her if 'twa'n't best she should hear, same's if she was a sick person an' you whispered outside the door. Only you couldn't, that's all."

Now Polly approached her sister where she sat absorbedly turning the leaves of the old magazine, and touched her on the shoulder. Lydia looked up with her ready smile responsive to Polly's grimace, the more concentrated and horrible at moments when it was most loving.

"It's page three hunderd," said Polly, "that quilt. You begin a shell, if you feel to. I'm goin' to feed the biddies, an' arter supper Ann an' I'll git out our needles an' all go to work."

Lydia nodded and Polly, noiseless in her stocking feet, followed Ann out through the shed to the barn. Ann had just foddered the cow to keep her quiet, and stood, milking-stool in hand, about to sit. But Polly put down her dough dish in the dark runway, came up to her and touched her on the arm.

"What do you s'pose?" she asked, explosive in the release of her pent-up news.

Ann looked so intently at her through her steel-rimmed spectacles that it al-



Drawn by Frances Rogers

"I DUNNO AS I EVER KNEW JEST WHY FATHER TURNED JOHN HENRY AWAY"

most seemed as if she were looking angrily.

"What is it?" said she. "I knew there was suthin', minute you come in. I says to myself, 'Suthin' or other's happened. She's all keyed up.'"

"You don't s'pose Lyddy see it, too, do you?" inquired Polly.

Her excitement stilled at once into an uneasy wonderment. Ann nodded.

"Course she did," she responded. "That's why she settled down so quick an' seemed to be all took up with that old *Godey's*. I guess I know Lyddy."

"Well, I guess I do, too," said Polly, very slightly aggrieved, "an' she knows us. She knows there ain't nothin' we'd keep from her more'n a minute—unless 'twas for her good."

This last she added with an afterthought, realizing how indisputably the present concealment seemed to her for Lydia's good.

"Come! come!" said Ann, setting down her milking-stool and then pushing it with her foot a little nearer the cow, to be ready for the first practicable pause. "What was 't you got hold of over there?"

"Well," said Polly, watching her narrowly, to lose none of the effect, "John Henry Drake's comin' on from out west, that's all."

For a moment they stood looking at each other, weighing the value of the event, returning to the past and balancing it with that, running forward to the future and picturing John Henry's potentialities for disturbing the noiseless tenor of their lives.

"Well," said Ann at last, "he ain't what he was when he went away. I mistrust you're seein' him as he looked then, twenty-five or more year ago. Why, he's two years older'n Lyddy, an' Lyddy—"

"Yes," said Polly, filling in the pause, "I know she is. But be that as it may, I didn't feel like tellin' her."

"Well," said Ann reasonably, "you've got to or somebody else will. You don't s'pose he's goin' to stay over night, even in this neighborhood, 'thout her seein'

him or somebody's hollerin' into her ears an' tellin' her he's here."

"No," said Polly weakly, "only somehow when I got face to face with her it all come over me, everything that's come an' gone, an' how, when he went away, she was the prettiest creatur' that ever stepped, with a voice like a bird—"

"Well," said Ann, breaking in ruthlessly, as if to recall her to their undefined mission of championing Lydia, "she's pretty now. Lyddy's got nothin' to be ashamed of, however he finds her."

"Oh," said Polly, in a miserable outburst, the tears suddenly burning into her eyes, though she was winking savagely to keep them back, "that's it. Lyddy's real pretty. She is to us, anyways, an' al'ays will be if she's a hunderd. But, Ann, she's deaf."

Ann stooped and took up the milking-stool by one leg. It almost seemed, from the fierceness of her pose, as if she might in another instant brandish it and hit something within its radius.

"I should like to know," she demanded, "if that's anything to be ashamed of, an' if it ain't suthin' to make anybody prize her the more, the poor lamb!"

"No," said Polly desperately, "'tain't that. 'Tain't as if anybody'd think the less of her, John Henry above all, if he ain't changed in twenty-five year, for he was the best-hearted boy anywheres round. Only, Ann, don't you see? then she was everything a man would be glad to call his own an' now—O Ann, now she's kinder maimed, as you might say, through not hearin', an' somehow I can't bear to have him find it out."

Ann set down the milking-stool with a slow and absent precision.

"Yes," she said reflectively, "yes, I see what you mean an' I don't know but I should ha' thought on't myself."

"That girl," said Polly, giving impetuous rein to her passionate grief over the Lyddy they used to know who had passed into the obscurity of time vanished, "that yeller-haired girl that couldn't stop to walk, she was so full o'

life an' strength an' blew round the house like a milkweed seed, as you might say, an' sung—my, how she did sing! An' now to have him find her settin' there by the winder smilin' when she don't hear an' sayin' yes an' no by guess—well, I can't stan' it, that's all."

"No," said Ann, in a loud tone, so that the cow, who had been tossing her head up and down in the bunch of hay and had now settled to a ruminative eating, gave an uneasy step, as if she suspected she had been told to "stan' round" and might not have heard correctly. "No, nor I can't either. Where's John Henry comin' to? He ain't got no folks left. He goin' to visit?"

"No," said Polly, "he ain't goin' to visit. He's goin' to stop over to Sudleigh an' do suthin' about thinnin' out his wood lot. Mebbe he won't look us up at all. But there," she added hopelessly, "I guess he will."

"Yes," said Ann, with an equal hopelessness, "I guess he will." Again she paused and pondered the situation darkly. Suddenly she spoke with such explosive emphasis that Polly started a little where she stood. "What say 't we don't let him find out she's deaf at all?"

Polly stared at her. She often had to stare at her sister, Ann's vigor of initiative was so upsetting to her.

"I dunno," she said, "how you expect to manage that."

"Easy enough," said Ann defiantly. "Lyddy never asks over. She al'ays says yes an' no accordin' to her judgment, an' besides you an' I'll set by an' take the words out of her mouth."

"You don't think," said Polly feebly, "she'll kind o' wish we didn't stay by?"

"No," said Ann vigorously. "I don't think nothin' about it. I know. John Henry an' Lyddy've cast all them things behind 'em. What 'd you say if I told you you're goin' to be nerved up over a man o' fifty-odd you hadn't seen since you was twenty-five? I guess you'd laugh."

"Law," said Polly uneasily, "what things you do git up."

But she did not laugh. Perhaps she was pondering in her mind the pity of it that there had not been even the dawn of love in her own life to be obscured by after clouds. Ann now moved the stool to its place for action and seated herself with the ease of an expert performer. Polly took up her dough dish and was turning away, but she paused, just as the musical assault of the streaming milk was about to begin, and raised her voice to recall Ann from her performance.

"I dunno," she said, "as I ever knew jest why father turned John Henry away, an' told Lyddy 'twas all over betwixt 'em."

"I do," said Ann, her high tones raised over the first strains of her milking. "I was older'n you, an' mother told me all about it. John Henry got in with that set o' fellers on t'other side o' the mountain—dancin' an' playin' the fiddle an' raisin' Ned they were, an' robbin' hin roosts an' cookin' the hins down in the woods jest for deviltry. There wa'n't no harm in 'em, but one night they did git tight on that whisky they stole away from the tramp whilst he's asleep. They said 'twas a good turn they done him, an' they got so high over it they begun to pass it round an' dranked it up themselves. An' John Henry was so tickled he come to tell Lyddy all about it, an' he wa'n't himself an' father showed him the door. Father thought nothin's too good for Lyddy. You know that as well as I do. An' I guess he talked to her like a Dutch uncle an' made her feel as if John Henry's first cousin to the Old Boy, if he wa'n't the Old Boy himself. Father was terrible set when he'd made up his mind."

"Yes," said Polly thoughtfully. "An' he wouldn't have no trouble with Lyddy. She was al'ays a biddable creatur'. But I recollect, little as I was, hearin' mother say she's goin' into a decline. That was after John Henry went off out west."

The hens had got tired of waiting for supper and a few of them, obedient to the dark inside the barn, had flown up to roost, and now Polly's "biddy! biddy!"

summoned them about her as she stood in the barn floor, and they came with a prodigious fluttering. She threw them their dough hastily, not even sorry it had cooled in its long waiting, and hurried back through the dark passage, leaving Ann without a look lest she should cease milking and call to her to stay. Now, Polly knew, she had to tell Lydia, and it seemed to her it would be easier for Lydia if she did it while they two were alone, and with but one pair of eyes to note her sister's attitude. Lydia had laid the *Godey's* aside on the sitting-room table. She had lighted the kitchen lamp and was setting out the big yellow bowl and all the materials for bread mixing. She looked up from her task with a quick smile that broke upon the absorption of her face, and Polly thought, in that instant, as she had a hundred times before, that nobody ever looked so busy as Lyddy when she was intent upon a task. It was as if she and the task were shut up together within the room of her silence where nobody could possibly intrude. Polly set down her dish on the sink shelf and went up to her and laid a hand on her arm.

"Lyddy," she called, in the high voice she always used in storming Lydia's silence, "I've got suthin' to tell you."

Lydia waited, still smiling, and Polly felt, with a sudden triumphant pride, that there was much of the girl about her still. Nobody need think they could look down on Lyddy, no matter how well they might hear themselves nor how rich they were. For she had learned this about John Henry. He owned railroads in the west and he "had everything to do with." But she had to hurry if she was to speak before Ann should come. Already she could fancy old Blossom refusing to give down and Ann postponing her task in despair.

"Lyddy," she said, "John Henry Drake's comin' back."

Sometimes, after she had said something to Lyddy, she repeated it, seeing by the intentness of Lyddy's face that she had not heard. But this time it

was evident that Lydia had heard at once. A deep red ran into her face and she stood staring at her sister, not as if she were astonished or frightened but somehow arrested. Life had put a hand on her heart and made it stand still or leap to quicker motion. But in a moment it was apparent it was the name she had caught, this that had been the well beloved, and she spoke now with difficulty:

"Is he—passed away?"

"No," shouted Polly, and shook her head vigorously. Seeing that look on her sister's face, a look she had met there only once before, the day their mother died, she felt she must go on saying no and no. "Comin'. Comin' here. Stop in Sudleigh. Thinnin' out his wood lot. Call here, I shouldn't wonder."

"Oh!" said Lydia quite happily, her face cleared of that first apprehensive cloud. "I thought you had suthin' to tell." Then she gave Polly a little special smile of understanding and love and patted her on the arm. "Don't you worry," she said. "It'll be real nice to see him if he should take it into his head to call. I'm glad he ain't passed away."

Then she set herself again to her bread-making, and mixed the batter with all the delicate precision of her habit; but Polly, watching her furtively, thought the wall of her absorption, where she was accustomed to dwell alone with her task, seemed less impenetrable than usual. There might almost be chinks where one could look through. Only Polly did not put it to herself in that form. She told herself Lydia was takin' more notice.

That evening the three sisters sat together, each with her knitting, and picked out the directions for the shells that were to begin their new quilt. Polly and Ann were keyed to a tautness not usual with them, and each felt it in the other. Only Lydia was sweetly calm and read the directions with an even voice; and just as they were taking their candles for bed, she said quietly to

Ann, not in any careless way as if she meant to throw them off a track their minds had taken, but as if she were offering a bit of news they valued equally:

"Polly says John Henry's comin'."

"Yes," returned Ann, with a guilty glance at her, at once withdrawn. Her mind had been galloping so tumultuously over the rough shards of possibilities that she felt as if Lydia must flinch with her at the length she had gone. "Yes, I know it."

"If he calls," said Lydia, in her gentle tones that not even the defection of her ears had been able to rob of sweetness, "we must make him have a real good time. Mebbe he'll stay for a cup o' tea."

Then they went up to bed and Polly and Ann, stopping in the hall a moment after they had left Lydia in the front room, where they always turned her bed down and, on such nights as these, started a blaze in the fireplace, looked at each other, Ann inquiring and Polly gravely acquiescent.

"Yes," said she, "I told her."

They went on to the room in the back where they slept together, but they got ready for bed in silence, thinking accordant thoughts it would have seemed somehow disloyal to Lydia to speak.

The next morning after breakfast Ann "went up attic" and came down carrying a rose-colored cashmere that had belonged to their mother in her youth; it had been laid away for years tenderly swathed in tissue paper. As she passed Polly at the sink, beginning the breakfast dishes, she held the folded parcel out to her in both hands, and asked:

"Don't you think we better?"

Polly knew the package at once and her face was irradiated by a glow that made it almost lovely.

"Yes," she answered, "jest what I was thinkin' not a minute ago."

Ann went along to the window where Lydia had taken her knitting for another attempt at a puzzling part of the shell. Lydia was always impatient, except with her deafness. When she was doing anything she had to do it, the sisters said,

right off. Now she was so absorbed in her counting that she did not look up while Ann unfolded the paper and shook out the folds of the dress. The sun lay upon it and perhaps Lydia caught unconsciously the rosy glow. She looked up startled and gave a little cry of pleasure in its loveliness, and Ann, at that moment of her first delight in it, went up to her and held it against her from shoulder to hem.

"I'm goin' to see whether it needs much done to it," she cried in Lydia's ear. "We think you better have it made over for you."

Lydia retreated a step and put the dress away from her with both hands. She knew why they were offering it and her face was a miserable red.

"No," she said, "no."

"We think you better," Ann repeated, in her high encouraging voice. "I guess I shall have to take it in a mite round the waist."

Lydia still retreated when she advanced to measure, and was so visibly distressed that Ann could not pursue the matter further. But later in the day Lydia, going into the parlor for the stereoscope for the little Gilchrist boy to play with, found her sitting there in the cold, sewing on the rose-colored dress. One of Lydia's old waists lay on the sofa beside her, and she at once understood that Ann had taken it to measure by. But she said nothing, and Ann, looking up in apprehension though still obstinate, watched her going out of the room with her head high, her lips firmly set. Then Ann turned back to her sewing. When the rose-colored dress was done she hung it, without a word, in Lydia's closet, and day after day she peeped in there to see if it had perhaps been moved. But it hung, so far as she could see, unchanged in every fold as she had left it, and Lydia said no word.

As the days went on into April sweetness after unseasonable cold, it began to seem to the two elder sisters that John Henry was not coming at all, and they were much relieved. What Lydia

thought or felt they could not tell; but one day, so full of birds that it might have belonged to the bluebirds and robins alone, when the three sisters sat down to their knitting after a long half day's house-cleaning, he came. Ann was the first to hear his knock, and to glance at him from the window. At once she knew who it was, and she stood there a moment thinking in a desperate haste. Lydia ought to be made to slip on the rose-colored cashmere; but how could she tell her so without screaming out the order so that John Henry, too, must hear? And then he knocked again.

"Ain't you goin'?" asked Polly, who had been watching her. "Who is 't? the essence man?"

"Essence man!" repeated Ann bitterly. "Don't you know who 'tis?"

"My soul!" cried Polly stridently. "Well, I s'pose he's got to be asked in."

And while Ann went to the door, she began to make horrible faces of reassuring kindness at Lydia, who had now looked up from her work and begun to wonder. In an instant he was there. It hardly seemed as if he could have stayed for more than a word of greeting with Ann, he strode so quickly into the room, a tall robust fresh-colored man with the blue eyes they remembered—sailor blue, Lydia had called them once—and the same direct agile way of managing his well-knit frame. He scarcely noticed Polly at all, standing there making kindly faces, but took a long stride past her to the window where Lydia had risen and was waiting tremulously. Polly was not imaginative, but it struck her, in that moment, that Lydia looked as if she had been waiting all her life. Perhaps it seemed so to John Henry, for he took both her hands, the one that was impetuously offered him and the one at her side, stooped and kissed her. He kissed her twice, once on one pink cheek and once on the other that had had time to flush from pink to red, hearing the news from its sister cheek, and Ann, scandalized, gave a step forward to drag him away from Lydia so

affronted. Polly, too, took that defensive step, her angry eyes on Lydia's face. She could not, in that instant, imagine what Lydia would do. Would she scream, or push him away from her with both her delicate slim hands? Lydia did neither. She gave a little laugh, such a laugh as they had not heard from her in all these later years, and withdrew her hands from his.

"You sit down, Henry," she said. "Sit there in father's chair an' behave yourself."

John Henry laughed, too, a clear hearty note, and drew forward the chair. He placed it with accuracy, in the middle of the room so that he could turn from one to the other and watch their faces as he spoke to them.

"Well," said he, "ain't this complete? Here we are, old folks—all but Lyddy. She ain't old—" he gave her a little smiling nod as he said this and Lydia smiled back at him. "But I'm on the down grade myself—fifty this last month. Lyddy's only forty-eight. Didn't think I'd remembered, did you, Lyddy? Didn't you s'pose I'd kept your birthday?"

Lydia, her sweet face suffused, was looking at him in a perfect absorption, as if she had so long suffered lack that now she must draw the image of him into her heart and keep it there for future solacing. But this was a question, and, as her sisters knew, she had not heard it. They remembered their compact and, with an instant agreement, they rushed into the breach and answered for her.

"Yes," said Ann breathlessly, "Lyddy's young to what we be."

"She's the youngest," Polly hurried in to say. "I'm fifty an' sister here's fifty-two."

While they spoke he regarded them with an intent courtesy, and now in his next words he included them all.

"Well, I've come back. I've done well an' I've come back. But I ain't had much out o' my life, for I ain't had Lyddy."



Drawn by Frances Rogers

LYDIA WAS HANGING UPON HIS EVERY WORD AND GESTURE

At this Polly and Ann drew a quick shocked breath in unison. So brazen an avowal they had never imagined. They were almost glad Lyddy could not hear it. He might have guessed at the shaking of their decorum for he went on, quite gravely now:

"I'm tellin' you this because I want to begin fair. I've come back for Lyddy."

The two sisters started from their seats and then, remembering Lydia in her wistful seclusion, fell back again. And he was going on.

"You might ask if I wanted Lyddy so bad why I ain't been back before. Well, the fact is, when she turned me off, I was mad an' I told her she didn't prize me an' never would. An' maybe she was mad, an' she said 'twas so, and she didn't. Maybe she meant it an' maybe not. I always s'posed she did, an' I wa'n't comin' back to get a knife stuck into me that way again. It hurt too much. But some weeks ago I heard somethin' an' it made me swear I'd come back whether or no. So I closed up my business an' come."

Suddenly they all became aware of Lydia. She was leaning forward in her chair, her face quivering in a passionate inquiry. John Henry threw her a little nod and a smile. He went over to her and gave her hand, tense on the arm of her chair, a reassuring pat.

"You wait a minute," he said. "I'm comin' to you next."

Then he returned to his seat. Polly and Ann had recovered themselves slightly, and now Ann spoke with a prim yet trembling decisiveness:

"There ain't no need o' your stirrin' up Lyddy over things that's past an' gone. Lyddy ain't very strong an' we don't hold to her bein' stirred up."

"No," said Polly, in a thick, breathless voice, "if you want to know anything about Lyddy, you can come to us. We don't want to get her all nerved up, dwellin' on things that are past an' gone."

Yet Polly's voice was really tremulous because she guessed, in a sudden blinding

light of revelation, how wonderful it would be to see love come winging back across the years. But John Henry was paying no attention whatever to their rebuffs. He might not even have heard.

"A month ago," he went on, "a man come out our way lookin' into the mines. He'd been workin' on the *County Star*. I begun to ask him questions about the Tenterden folks, an' first thing I asked him was about you girls. He told me you were left all alone an' had to live pretty nigh the wind—"

"If ever!" cried Polly. Her cheeks flushed scarlet and her eyes were points of angry light. "It's that little good-for-nothin' feller that was al'ays printin' verses in the *Star* an' come here one day in a buggy to see if we had any old furniture to sell. The impudence of goin' out west an' carryin' tales about folks that have lived in Tenterden, father an' son, for two hunderd year!"

"An' he told me," went on John Henry, "Lyddy was deaf."

The two sisters looked at each other and the anger of their glance seemed to meet in mid air and clash like swords.

"Deef!" said Polly. "Lyddy deaf! Well, I guess you've gone fur enough."

"So I says to myself," John Henry went on, "be that as it may, I'll go back there now, an' whether Lyddy can be made to like me or whether she can't, I can teach her lip-readin'. An' if I can't, I can find somebody that can, an' anyways I can see she's made safe an' comfortable, the darlin' little thing that ought to been spared such a cussed misfortune, if anybody ever was."

His voice broke here, but he shook his head impatiently, as if he shook off care, and turned to them with his beguiling smile.

"Now girls," said he, in the old persuasive way they remembered, "you just run out somewheres for ten minutes an' give me a chance at Lyddy."

The two sisters could never remember how they got out of the room, except that Polly had an impression she never dared confide to Ann that they stuck

briefly in the doorway and she gave Ann a push with all her strength. Out through the kitchen they went and through the shed to the barn, and there Ann got down the new rake and thrust it on Polly while she herself took the old one with broken teeth.

"We might as well," said she, her voice shaking and the tears falling over her cheeks, "rake up the back yard."

But before they left the kitchen they had heard what John Henry said to Lyddy. He had roared it so, Polly thought within herself, you might have heard it the other side of the mountain.

"Lyddy," said he, "I want you to marry me. But you might as well know, I'm stone deaf."

John Henry stayed all the afternoon, and at five o'clock Ann, after a word of consultation with Polly, went in to ask him to supper. He was sitting in front of Lydia, knee to knee, and Lydia was hanging upon his every word and gesture as if her very life depended on them. John Henry rose at once, answering Ann after an intent scrutiny of her lips.

"No, I won't to-night. I guess I've put you out enough for one day. But I'm comin' back to-morrow forenoon, 'long about ten."

He bent over Lyddy and kissed her with as assured an ease as if he were a husband quietly slipping the pearl of habit on its encircling string, and went at once. But as he was taking his hat in the hall, he included them all in his smile of friendly understanding.

"I guess you girls won't mind me after a while," he said. "We'll all four have some good times together, or I miss my guess."

Then Ann, her knees weak under her, shrieked out to Lydia:

"We've been rakin' the yard. Don't

you want to come an' see how nice it looks?"

Not a word was said that night about John Henry. But in the morning Lydia went upstairs after their work was done, and presently came down again, wearing the rose-colored cashmere. Polly opened her lips to say, "Ain't that kinder warm for such a day as this?" but she closed them and the words remained forever lost. Lyddy walked up to them where they were standing together in the middle of the room. They had heard her step and, unconsciously to themselves, felt they must wait for her and be ready, whatever she asked of them, to give it to her.

"He says," began Lydia, "I told him I didn't set by him." She was looking from one to the other with her wistful glance that had somehow lost its look of seeking and seemed the inquiring expectancy of a child. "But I told him I'd always set by him. If I said I didn't, 'twas because father got me all stirred up tellin' me he was a drinkin' man. I guess I was mad. But I al'ays s'posed he'd come back. An' now he's come." But as her glance went from one to the other, the memory of all their loving kindness overcame her and she faltered: "You ain't goin' to mind it, be you? If you be—"

There she paused, and for an instant the two sisters stood silently regarding her. And as suddenly they spoke and, from the unison of their devotion to her, they said the same thing, though confusedly, in different words.

"Yes, we do mind it, same's you'd want us to. We're terrible glad."

Then one took one of her slim hands and one the other, and Polly broke into the most horribly grotesque and kindly faces she had ever made in all their life together.

ADVENTURES IN GREEN PLACES

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

ALONG a live-oak avenue at Tomotley Plantation a little negro boy walked slowly in the shade of the great trees. Probably he had been sent upon some more or less tedious errand, but his mission, whatever it was, did not pre-occupy him to the exclusion of pleasanter things. Like all other little negroes that ever were born, he found the world a good place full of the most entrancing possibilities, a place for singing and whistling and the dreaming of happy dreams; and, as he strolled along under the oaks, nothing was farther from his mind than the thing that presently befell him. The avenue had been neglected for some years, and here and there dense evergreen thickets had grown up beside the road. Suddenly, as the boy was passing one of these thickets, a wildcat sprang out like a tiger leaping from ambush and hurled itself furiously upon him.

There was no time for flight. The beast was at his throat before he realized what was happening. His feeble strength could not throw it off, and, having only his bare hands with which to fight, he could not hope to maintain the struggle long. The needle-pointed claws of the furry demon struck through his clothes and tore long gashes in his flesh, and for a few moments, in all likelihood, while the boy's faculties were paralyzed by dismay, only the low growling and snarling of the wildcat broke the silence. Then, all at once, the boy began to scream, and terror, which at first had stricken him dumb, now gave mighty power to his lungs. The little house where he lived was not far away, but only his grandmother was at home. Fortunately, her ears were keen and rheumatism had not crippled her limbs. She knew at once that it was no imaginary danger which

evoked those frenzied screams, and she rushed instantly to the rescue. Her arrival undoubtedly saved the boy's life. The lynx made off into the thicket, and, as soon as aid could be summoned, the boy, bleeding profusely and terribly lacerated by the beast's claws, was hurried to the nearest doctor, who bandaged and sewed up his wounds.

It would have been hard to persuade that tiny negro while he was looking into the glaring eyes of that amazing wildcat that he was really a very fortunate little boy. Yet such was the case, for that adventure of his under the live oaks of Tomotley confers upon him a certain enviable distinction. It gives him a place in American natural history and entitles him to be mentioned in the published works of scientists and philosophers, for he is the hero—although he remains so far unknown to fame—of one of the very few authentic instances in which the human species has been attacked by the wildcat, or bay lynx. The wildcat is a very cowardly animal in its behavior toward mankind, and at least ninety-nine out of a hundred of the stories we read about attacks by wildcats on human beings are fabrications pure and simple. There are many wildcats in the woods and swamps of the South Carolina Low Country, which is to-day a paradise for the sportsman and the naturalist in spite of the fact that this was one of the first regions of America to which the white man came; and here, if anywhere, one should be able to find records of thrilling battles with wildcats if such things really occur. But, although I have long been on the lookout for records of that sort, I know of only one other case in which a human being has come to grips with one of these

animals, and that encounter—which, strangely enough, took place at Twickenham Plantation, not more than four miles from Tomotley—was an accident as surprising to the cat as it was to the negro field hand who was the cat's antagonist.

Why this wildcat of Tomotley leaped upon the little negro is a mystery. It may have had kittens in the thicket, and perhaps it was emboldened by the diminutive size of the boy; yet, granting these assumptions, the incident remains without satisfactory explanation, wildcats being what they are. But strange things happen sometimes in the woods and other green places; and, although a man might live many years in the woods and never meet with an adventure as perilous and as startling as this one which befell the little negro, he would, if he devoted himself earnestly to the quest, witness many incidents and experience many adventures less dramatic than this one, but in reality just as strange and, appraised at their real value, just as interesting. And he would find this to be true in almost any wood

and almost any green place under the sun. For wherever green things grow there is life, and wherever there is life anyone who is truly and vividly conscious of the immeasurable wonder of life and of living things can find endless interest and delight and look hopefully for the stuff of which adventure is made.

It may not be great or startling adventure. The drama may have no exciting climax, and the actors may be of inconsiderable proportions, but one can never tell what is coming next, and the adventurer in green places meets surprise after surprise. Not long ago I looked out of my window and saw a gray fox some forty feet away. He was standing broadside to me in a little open space of grass among the bushes and tangles of honeysuckle in my neighbor's lot, and I could scarcely have been more amazed if I had seen a lion there. In lower South Carolina foxes abound, and to see a fox in the woods of this region is not an especially notable experience; but to discover that wild gray foxes walk by night and sometimes by day under one's window in the midst of the city—that is



HE WAS STANDING BROADSIDE TO ME SOME FORTY FEET AWAY

to make an astounding discovery indeed. If that fox had leaped instantly to cover, I might have suspected that I had been the victim of some inexplicable optical illusion, but he did not know that I was watching him, and he was in no hurry to move. For several minutes he stood as though deliberating, his sleek gray-and-russet coat fairly gleaming in the bright sunlight, his long, beautiful tail held rather low behind him; then, just after I had discovered the presence of another fox lying in the grass with only her head showing, he walked slowly forward into a honeysuckle thicket. Thereupon the other fox, smaller and less clearly marked, and evidently a female, rose and trotted briskly after him.

I do not know how or when or whence these foxes came. I know only that they are here, and that is a delightful bit of knowledge. It seemed almost incredible at first that they could maintain themselves long in such surroundings and escape the many perils to which they were exposed; but when I had seen one or two demonstrations of their cleverness, I understood better how they kept themselves safe in the heart of man's stronghold amid innumerable foes. One night one of them, cornered by my big Airedale in a blind alley shut in by fences and walls, not only made its way safely out with the loss of nothing except a little fur, but also left the marks of its teeth upon the dog. On another occasion I was watching from the window when a big black mongrel, prowling about in my neighbor's lot, came upon something which threw him into great excitement. At first I thought that he might have found the remains of the foxes' latest repast, for the carcasses of half a dozen hens, two ducks, and a number of pigeons in a honeysuckle thicket had furnished evidence as to how Reynard and his wife were subsisting, and also conclusive proof that they found the city a profitable hunting ground. Possibly the dog had come upon the traces of last night's feast; but he had found something else also, a warm

fox trail, and he went to work on it at once.

He must have had some hound blood in him, I think, for he worked out the trail fairly well. In a few minutes the foxes were started from their hiding place, and I feared for a while that they would be driven from the shrubbery and vine tangles in my neighbor's lot to the street and the more open lots beyond, where men and boys and other dogs might join the black mongrel in the chase. But these anxieties soon vanished. The foxes dodged in and out amid the honeysuckle thickets and through the tall grass, and, while they may have been annoyed at the interruption of their afternoon nap, they were evidently not worried at all. Once one of them passed almost under the window, trotting along in an easy, unconcerned manner, while the dog plunged and labored in the thick growth thirty feet away. For half an hour or more the hunt continued before the dog, answering a far-off whistle which was evidently that of his master, gave it up in disgust; and never once, I am pretty sure, had the foxes moved farther away than fifty feet in any direction from the point where they had first been started from their beds. For them, apparently, the whole affair was nothing more serious than a rather boring and inopportune game of hide-and-seek; and the game was hardly over, the dog was scarcely out of sight, before they were lying in a little grassy patch ringed round by the thickets, taking their ease in the sunshine as calmly as if they were in the heart of the great Salkehatchie swamp.

Those foxes are an adventure, a memorable illustration of the kind of adventure that is possible at any time in any green place, an adventure doubly memorable because the green place in which it was found was not in some remote wild region, but just outside my window here at home. It may lack the peculiar thrill of the little negro's bloody adventure with the wildcat, yet in some ways it is the better adventure of the

two. A fox has five times as much courage, five times as much intelligence, and five times as much personality as a wildcat, and is, therefore, a far more interesting animal and better worth meeting and knowing. You may see a fox from your window some day if the window looks out on some green place; but you will never see a wildcat there because a wildcat would not have courage enough to venture in daylight so close to the habitations of men; and, if he were brought there and set at liberty, he would not have intelligence enough to maintain himself long in so perilous a neighborhood and would either starve to death or fall victim to some human or canine foe.

The fox is so clever, so resourceful, that he can afford to be bold and take chances. He knows how to be just bold enough, yet not too bold; and, if by chance he is overbold and gets into a tight place, he relies on his wits to get him safely out. The wildcat refuses to take chances, not only because he is a coward and is afraid of the risk, but also because he has not brains enough to be able to take chances with a fair degree of safety. He survives by avoiding all avoidable hazards, keeping out of dangerous places, and never showing himself to man; but the fox survives in much greater numbers, although he is constantly running unnecessary risks and is continually showing himself to man. One sees foxes from time to time in traveling the Low Country roads, and often on such occasions one is impressed by the easy nonchalance with which this



THEY ROSE ON MAGNIFICENT WINGS AND SAILED OVER
THE TREE TOPS

little brother of the wolf conducts himself in the presence of his most formidable foe—the fact being that half the time the fox is not at all averse to being seen and is in no hurry to retreat into the coverts. But it is only by some extraordinary stroke of luck that you will see a wildcat as you go along a swamp road; and if you do see one, you will see him for only a fraction of a second before he flashes out of sight, amazed and panic-stricken by your sudden appearance on the scene.

Roads are good places for adventure, especially the narrow woods roads that wind about through the swamps and the lonely pinelands or skirt the wide salt marshes of the coast or the still, sequestered lagoons of the old rice-field country which Nature has reclaimed for her



A WILDCAT LEAPED ALMOST IN ONE BOUND ACROSS THE ROAD

own. Every night raccoons and 'possums amble along these woodland by-ways. Within ten feet of the main highway running up and down the coast we came upon three splendid wild turkey gobblers a few weeks ago. Half walking, half running through sparse broom grass under the pines, they seemed perfectly well aware that we had no gun, and not until we were within thirty feet of them did they rise on magnificent wide wings and sail grandly away over the tops of the trees toward a big swamp that parallels the road for many miles. Once—and this was a fine sight—I saw a wildcat leap, almost in one bound, across a swamp road while close behind him raced a pack of hounds. The cat was a mere brown wraith that was gone as quickly as it came; yet, in the instant that elapsed as it shot from the dense woods on one side of the narrow road into the woods on the other side, a hunter, sitting on horseback in the road with a rifle at his shoulder, had sent a bullet through it. Deer walk the woods roads by night within a few miles of the city and occasionally may be seen

by day; and sometimes these roadside adventures consist of something more than a mere fleeting glimpse of some wild creature.

A negro, walking along a swamp road one evening about dusk, kicked a log half hidden in the weeds by the wayside. The log came instantly to life, and the negro found that an alligator somewhat longer than he was had laid hold of his leg and was hanging on with the tenacity of a bulldog. Not until he had gone to work on the reptile with his big knife did he regain his freedom. A young boy, driving along a woods road on his father's plantation, saw a fawn in the road ahead of him. He jumped out of his buggy to catch the fawn and was at once attacked by what he declared was a big buck, though the chances are that it was really the fawn's mother. He fled in terror back to his buggy, and perhaps that fawn is a lordly stag ranging the woods to-day. A Low Country planter on a deer hunt, judging from the direction which the dogs were taking that the deer would cross a certain woods road, galloped along this road and leaped



WHILE CLOSE BEHIND HIM RACED A PACK OF HOUNDS

from his horse at a point commanding the place where he expected the deer to cross. He landed squarely upon an immense rattlesnake. He got his heel upon the snake's neck before it could strike him, trampled its head into a shapeless mass with his heavy boot, then leaped clear, and, forgetting all about the deer, blew the serpent to pieces with a charge of buckshot. He was more fortunate than another planter who stepped down from a log into high grass and saw the hidden peril too late either to leap out of reach of the fangs or forestall their lightning stroke by a swift offensive. "I have been struck!" he exclaimed, and five hours later he was dead.

The Low Country lies well within the range of the diamond-back, yet not many of these terrible snakes are seen and casualties occur very rarely. Even this largest and most formidable member of the rattlesnake tribe keeps pretty carefully out of mankind's way. Unless a man goes deliberately into snake-infested places and neglects the elementary precautions that common sense dictates, he is in no more danger in the

Low Country than in any other region; and this applies not only to the rattlesnake, but also to the cottonmouth moccasin, which is much more abundant, but the habitat of which is fairly definitely confined to the borders of the swamp ponds and streams and to the old rice fields. For the most part, the rattlesnakes, both the diamond-back and the timber rattler, lie hidden by day and roam abroad at night, and even at night most of them avoid places where they would be likely to meet their most dangerous enemy. Many wild creatures walk the swamp roads in the darkness, sometimes following them for considerable distances before turning off to one side or the other; but generally when the broad, straight trail of a rattler is seen in some sandy place, it leads directly across the road, as though the serpent had been in a hurry to cross and regain the shelter of the weeds and shrubbery.

One morning last fall we drove up to an old plantation house on one of the larger sea islands of the coast. Around the house lay cultivated fields; but to the south of it, cut off from the main

island by marshes, marsh creeks, and swampy sloughs, there stretched for miles along the edge of the sea a long, narrow barrier island, covered to within a few yards of the surf by dense half-tropical jungle. On the lonely beach of this barrier isle we sometimes fished in the breakers for channel bass, and to gain the beach from the main island we had to pass close by this plantation house, for the only road through the jungle led that way. As we drove up to the house, the young man of the family rode up on horseback. Swinging from his saddle were six raccoons, the largest of which must have weighed close to thirty pounds, and these, he told us, represented one night's catch of his traps set in the thick woods of the barrier island. He had caught from four to six coons each night throughout the previous winter, he said, and had made a profitable business out of it, for skins at that time were bringing a high price; and it was easy to tell from the uninterested demeanor of the two dogs in the yard—a handsome collie and a lithe little thoroughbred bull terrier—that the bringing in of trapped raccoons from the woods was almost an everyday event at that plantation. The dogs paid scarcely any attention to the coons, a fact which

struck me as somewhat remarkable at the time; and presently we said good-by and passed on to our fishing, and I had forgotten all about the two dogs until they were recalled to my mind the other day.

They were brought back to mind by news that first Boots, the bulldog, and then Shep, the collie, had disappeared. What had become of them remained a mystery until one day the master of the plantation found one of his brood sows staggering toward her pen, the skin and flesh of her flank torn into bloody ribbons. That afternoon he took his rifle and hid near the edge of a small pond where the plantation animals often drank. A long time he waited in the summer heat, but the surface of the pond remained as still as glass. Then he heard the grunting of pigs coming down to the water and he scanned the smooth surface of the little lagoon more keenly than ever, hoping that



THE EGRET IS THE SYMBOL OF THE LOW COUNTRY'S INEXPRESSIBLE LOVELINESS

some other quiet watcher besides himself would hear those sounds. Presently two black knobs appeared on the shimmering face of the pond, then a long, hideous head. The pigs were now almost at the edge of the lagoon, and the long head sank again beneath the surface, leaving only the two black knobs, which were its

eyes, exposed. So slowly as scarcely to make a ripple on the water, the invisible monster propelled itself toward the shore. A few yards from the place where the pigs were wallowing happily in the mud the great head was suddenly thrust upward from below, and in another instant the swift fatal rush would have begun. But at that moment the rifle spoke, and Boots and Shep were avenged.

They had gone the way of many a good dog in the Low Country—many a good deerhound and foxhound and little 'possum trailer which in the excitement of the hunt has forgotten that alligators are particularly fond of canine flesh. Had the plantation where they lived been situated in the fresh-water rice-field region instead of on a sea island within sound of the surf, their disappearance would not have remained a mystery for a moment; for when a dog in the rice-field country vanishes in summer, one thinks of alligators at once. On some of the sea islands along the coast alligators are found, though seldom in large numbers or of great size; but it is in the rivers above the salt tides, in the swamp ponds and lagoons, and in the big "reserves" or backwaters on the old rice plantations that these fantastic saurians flourish in greatest abundance and reach the most impressive proportions. In spite of the belief of some Northern writers that really big alligators are things of the past, there are probably more than a few old bulls in the Low Country to-day over twelve feet in length. The biggest that I have ever heard of—and, although I cannot vouch for the record myself, I believe it to be true—was a sixteen-foot monster whose career was ended about ten years ago; and the chances are that old bulls of great size are more numerous than even the experienced hunters and woodsmen suppose because the alligator acquires wisdom with age and grows more and more cautious as he gains in years and in length.

One three-foot moccasin is more dangerous than a hundred alligators, even

if every one of the hundred is a giant creature twice as long as a man and fitted with an armory of immense teeth set in jaws that can crush a man's thigh like a match stick. The Low Country negroes have nothing but contempt for the alligator on land, though they treat it with greater respect in the water; but not many of them are bold enough to emulate the feat of a negro who lived—and may still be living—in the Combahee River region where big 'gators abound. This man—a sort of dusky St. George whom modern dragons could not daunt—leaped one day upon the back of a large alligator, thrust his fingers into the saurian's eyes, and triumphantly rode it out of its den!

Yet, cowardly as these big reptiles are, it is a bad plan to place yourself between the water's edge and a large alligator sunning himself or sleeping on the river bank, and it is a still worse plan to take liberties with a wounded 'gator, no matter how far gone it may seem to be. A planter, having shot and apparently killed an eight-foot alligator, took the creature into the little punt in which he was paddling with a negro field hand and, to hold the carcass steady, wedged it in the bottom of the boat under the thwarts. This brought the shoulders of the alligator under the forward thwart upon which the planter was sitting, and presently he became aware that the creature was beginning to heave gently up and down beneath him. "This 'gator's coming to life," said he. "I think we'd better get rid of him." The negro agreed enthusiastically, and they set to work to get the reptile overboard while there was yet time. They did it—by a hair's breadth. Scarcely was the alligator in the water when he came to life all at once and all over. For a few moments he lashed the water furiously with his powerful tail; then he began to rush madly to and fro, churning the surface of the river into foam. This he kept up for a considerable time and at last dashed out of the water up the sloping river bank. If that reptilian tornado had

broken loose in the little punt, I might not have gone fishing last week with the gentleman who was the 'gator's fellow passenger.

I have strayed somewhat from the subject of roadside adventure, yet not so far as one might think. In spite of his wariness and timidity, the alligator sometimes walks the Low Country roads, especially those roads that pass close by his watery haunts, and, if surprised in the course of his stroll, he sometimes displays unusual courage. There lived in Buckfield backwater a twelve-foot dragon who upon several occasions took it upon himself to dispute possession of the highway with travelers in that neighborhood. He paid dearly for his boldness at last, and his massive skull is now a museum exhibit. A young girl, driving in a buggy along a causeway skirting a large lagoon near her father's plantation, came upon a young alligator in the road ahead of her. She had to get out of the buggy, lift the alligator by the tail, and swing it into the reeds before the horse would proceed; and, although this was only a baby 'gator, hardly over a yard in length, she ran some risk in handling it so familiarly, for it might well have whipped its head around and bitten her. Driving along the same causeway, her sister was confronted by a more formidable obstacle—a seven-footer which, instead of seeking safety at once, as is the habit of most alligators that have arrived at years of discretion, seemed inclined to oppose the passage of her buggy. The causeway was too narrow for the buggy to turn upon it, and the horse was too much frightened to stand still until the saurian had taken his departure. She determined to drive on. The passage was made safely, though the alligator opened his big jaws hideously as the buggy whirled by within two or three feet of him; but when the men of the family heard about her adventure, they scolded her a little for her rashness, pointing out that the alligator might have made a lunge at the horse's leg.

The books say that the alligator is on the road to extinction. Perhaps he is in most parts of his original range, but he still holds his own in the Low Country; and, in spite of the dogs that have met death in his bone-crushing jaws and the hogs that have been snatched to sudden and bloody extinction beneath the waters, there is much satisfaction in the thought that he will live on for a long time to come in the innumerable creeks and rivers and the still, shadowy lagoons of this wonderful, mystical land. He is as ugly as the snowy egret is beautiful, yet these two stand together in my mind with the deer and the bald eagle as the most characteristic wild creatures of the Low Country. The alligator personifies its mystery, just as the egret is the symbol of its inexpressible loveliness; and if one or the other had to go, there are some of us who would not find it very easy to decide in favor of the egret and bid the alligator good-by.

Fortunately it is not necessary to make that hard choice. The long, armored masters of the Low Country rivers and lagoons have learned how to take care of themselves far better than the Florida alligators which the tourists used to shoot for amusement from the decks of river steamers. There are places in the swamp lands and in the rice-field country where on a spring night you may sometimes hear alligators bellowing all around you as though a herd of bulls were ranging the woods in the darkness. As for the egret, it had nearly vanished fifteen years ago, but now it is coming back. Virtually all the plume hunters have been driven out of business, and, safe from these marauders, the few egrets that were left when even the plume hunters believed that all of them had been exterminated have increased to such an extent that the species can no longer be considered rare. There is a little island in the marshlands which is a sort of enchanted city—a teeming metropolis of egrets and herons of five kinds. There these fantastic, long-legged marsh dwellers build their rickety nests

by the thousand every spring, and there every summer hundreds of young herons are reared to repopulate the wide green plains of marsh that stretch up and down the coast behind the barrier islands fronting the sea. The snowy egrets constitute only a small proportion of the population of this wonderful islet, being far outnumbered by the blue herons, green herons, and Louisiana herons; but already the snowy has become once more a fairly familiar sight on the marshes and it is gaining in numbers every year. Hence I cannot exhibit as a great adventure the snowy egret that flew low over my garden the other day. A dozen years ago the sight of that white bird, winging its way over the city and showing plainly, as it passed, the bright yellow feet by which one may distinguish the egret from the immature blue heron in the white phase, would have been an event of some moment. Now it is no great matter, for the snowies pass over not very infrequently as they journey from one fishing ground to another or fly forth in the early morning from their roosting places to set about the business of the day.

Adventures are of different grades or

sizes. There are great ones and small ones, and, of course, the small ones are more numerous than the great. Deer and alligators and wildcats—and black bears, if one goes into the larger swamps—may be seen in the Low Country to-day just as in the Indians' time; for there is probably no other region in eastern North America which is richer than this one in animal life or in which the larger wild animals have survived in greater numbers or dwell in greater abundance close to the habitations of men. But the adventurer in green places is only a beginner at the game if the little adventures mean nothing to him and the small wild creatures are of no importance to him and the woods and marshes seem empty and uninteresting unless a deer or an alligator shows itself to him or he sees a bald eagle up in the blue. Sometimes the little adventures are the best of all. Sometimes a cotton-tail is better worth watching than a ten-point buck; and, for my part, I had rather catch one glimpse of the gray kingbird, for which I have looked in vain for nearly twenty years, than see the biggest wild gobbler that ever walked these woods strutting among his wives.

THEY DO NOT LIVE

BY IRWIN EDMAN

THEY do not live who choose the middle way,
 Whom ecstasy and anguish have not known,
 Who scale no trembling heights, nor plumb the lone
 Depths of an aching darkness in bright day.
 They miss the passion with the pain, the gay
 High tides that sweep the spirit to its own,
 The lifting surge of music, the dear tone
 Of a loved voice in pleading or in play.
 They miss the hurts and stumblings; surely fear
 Is never theirs, nor groping in the night;
 In their serene cool weather come no dread
 Torrents or tempests to corrupt their sight,
 Nor any rainbow; neither do they hear
 The sea, nor does the thunder wake these dead.

THE ART OF COURTSHIP

BY W. L. GEORGE

THE title of this essay was selected not without hesitation. Its writer exposes himself to attack on several lines. The pitiless public (it is its business to be pitiless) may say with varied emphasis: "Stuff and nonsense. There is no art in courtship." Or: "How horrid to apply art to this sweetest, noblest, purest, etc., emotion!" Or, more rudely: "A lot you know about it, to lecture us who do know!" Or, more wary: "I shan't try it." Yes, much may be said against this essay, but let us venture all the same.

Let us be clear that generalizations on courtship do not apply to everybody. They do not apply to super-emotional people, to artists, whether in paint or passion, or to the unduly intellectual. Such monsters must look after themselves in the lists of love. We need not concern ourselves with the Romeos and Juliets who lose their appetite as surely as in measles they acquire spots. When in love, a normal man or woman should have an excellent appetite; love needs sustaining. Besides, the original Romeo and Juliet were crude and blundering persons who would never have successfully fallen in love if they had not *both* been crude and blundering. Persons of that sort could fall in love with anything. The people who matter are the ordinary people, like ourselves, who are capable of falling in love, but are also capable of contemplating the beloved object with an eye that retains some lucidity, capable, too, of falling out of love.

Also, it will not do to be didactic. There is no patent elixir to pour into lady's coffee or the lady's ear; one should recognize that different people require to be approached in different

ways; that experiment must combine with experience; that some cases are hopeless; that some lovers are still more hopeless. One must do what one can, and for that reason, the reader's forbearance is requested, his understanding that suggestions drawn from one man's experience cannot apply to all men. In the first place, he should not be shocked by the suggestion that courtship is an art. It may sound insincere, in view of the romantic idea of the lover as one who ravels his hair, of the idea of the beloved as one who turns away and says: "It's so sudden." Those ideas are obstinate, and romance does not yet accept that the modern proposal is no longer conducted on the knees, but more likely summed up in the question, "What about it?" This, however, does not mean that the fatal, "What about it?" is not best brought about, best from the point of view of success, if certain methods are adopted. In other words, success to-day is no more likely than success a century ago, unless one applies to courtship a certain degree of low cunning.

You see, I am a horrid man, because I won't pretend that love as it has been conducted for the last few thousand years is free from deceit. It is an elaborate piece of play-acting, generally so unconscious that the actors are deceived. Consider any young couple; mark the man's tie—not his everyday tie; mark the reply: "Yes, darling" . . . and question his sisters; consider the mildness of his anger when in the presence of the beloved, and ascertain his vocabulary when he misses a train. Likewise, consider the girl; contrast her costume when keeping an engagement with the one she reserves for the

Sunday school; listen to her: "How true that is, Jack!" and compare it with her vision of Papa's mind, as imparted to her sisters; consider her vivacity (if he likes a joke), her beautiful, still silences (if he is moody). They are acting, both of them, and they are not to blame. If we saw people absolutely as they are our allegiance might be refused them. They are doing nothing wrong. They are not insincere; their acting is legitimate because they are entitled to charm. Also: all art is conscious. Now and then you meet a temperamental giant, like Samuel Butler, or Rubens, who breaks the rules and is great, but, in general, art demands a great deal of conscious technic. Love too has its technic, and any woman of experience (providing she has not attained the age when a freshman can charm) will confess that the skilled product of the professional lover pleases her better than blundering emotion, however sincere.

As a preliminary to courtship, it is of course important to decide what one wants to obtain from another person. Without decision there is no direction; for instance, many women have set up companionships with men, thinking they need their friendship, when they seek their love, or vice versa. One can obtain from one creature love, friendship, affection, gratitude, or respect, but one will hardly earn one of these blessings wholly unless one knows what one wants. A preliminary to courtship is the investigation of the temperament of the beloved object. Many innocent people think that this does not matter, and that courtship itself will enable them to understand the beloved. That is doubtful; the beloved won't allow it, if he or she is wise. The object should be seen in his or her own family, if possible tired, or receiving income-tax papers, or in some such revealing situation. Also, there are the friends of the beloved; their evidence can be averaged, for some will tell you the worst, and a few the best.

If we assume that the beloved object has been selected, it appears that courtship divides itself into two stages. One we may call the approach, which establishes a preliminary relation between a man and woman. That is the organic matter in which later the germ may be placed, and love develop. The second stage consists in the development of the germ until it produces, perhaps marriage, and possibly love. Most germs develop, for, after all, everybody must in the end love somebody, but it is worth considering how to use both these stages in such a manner as to induce our germ, which we may call the *cupidococcus*, to become as large and as beautiful as may be.

The first point in the approach is this: love is not enough. Love is a very good thing; it is a pearl, but a pearl needs an oyster to hold it. It is not enough to love as the jellyfish between the waters. The complex human being's first task is to implant in the mind of the beloved the idea that he or she might be accepted as a lover. This must be stressed, for many emotions go astray merely because the person at whom they are directed does not perceive them. The good seed falls on stony places and is devoured of the fowls of the air. The art of courtship consists in giving to these stony places a light dressing of good earth, where the grain may flourish. In other words, before one makes love to a woman it is necessary that she should have imagined you as a possible lover. If we consider that any attractive young woman is on speaking terms with something between a dozen and a hundred men, it is obvious (unless she is a little unusual) that she cannot have pictured herself in amative relations with all of them. The one who loves her, therefore, must by some means cause her mind to take in the idea that she might accept him as a lover; he must detach himself from the others; he must advertise. A good instance of this is the old story where a matchmaker, confronted with cold Arabella and frigid James, told Arabella that James adored

her, and informed James that Arabella dreamed only of him. This provided the necessary approach: each one was then able to imagine the other as a lover, and the rest could be left to them.

That difficulty is particularly strong between playfellows. People who have known each other since childhood, who have seen each other petulant, selfish, bad-tempered and dirty, fail to realize the change. Knowing each other very well, they find it difficult to love each other. The same applies to people who are supposed to be too old, too low in financial or social status. The beloved meets them frequently, but it does not occur to her that she might love the grown-up man who was "Dickie-with-the-dirty-nose," or this man of forty who told her stories when she was a little girl, or this minor clerk in her father's big business. That is where the art of courtship operates. Much of it is instinctively known to lovers, but not all. Among the methods that are known we may place the fascination of the beloved by one's wit, by one's strength, one's courage, one's elegance. Those are not worth discussing, for the lover naturally shows all that is best in him; but he neglects valuable weapons, viz: that which is worst in him.

This does not mean that the lover should afford a vulgar exhibition of rakishness and evil-living, even though this have a limited appeal to women, particularly when they are good. I mean rather that lovers tend to ignore the value of weakness. The art of courtship would tell us not to lose emotional opportunities to exhibit despondency, uncertainty of will, fear of the future, perhaps even tears: in one recorded case the tears of one lover proved stronger than the vigor of another. The same applies to poverty. Intelligently used, poverty can be as effective as wealth, providing it is properly advertised. This does not mean that one should brag of one's poverty, as the vulgar do of their wealth. It means that the lover who is poor but

wise will let his beloved see how his poverty bars him off from his dream. Or again, if a man be lonely, the art of courtship will tell him not to keep a stiff upper lip, but to let his beloved feel that she is the one ship on a hopeless sea, where no other sail catches the eye of her lover. Or is it oddity, which leads to unpopularity? Let not the lover be afraid. To begin with, the fact that he talks at all of his unpopularity convinces his beloved that she, who tolerates the things that make him unpopular, must be more discerning than other people: self-satisfaction encourages love. Or there is shyness. Women seldom think men stupid because they are shy. They are rather sorry for them, and sometimes believe themselves the cause of that shyness, which again is flattering. Or perhaps the lover has unrecognized talent, encounters adversity in business, or the arts. Admirable weapon! The value of unrecognized talent is that it is so difficult to recognize: failure may draw from the eyes of beauty tears that would not be given to success.

One can sum up by suggesting: "Do not stress your good looks, your wealth or your wit, but stress rather your poverty, weakness, sickness, miseries." Briefly, the lover who wishes to bring his beloved into a state when she will listen to him, should trade on her maternal instinct. This may sound unfair, but love is a game where all things are said to be fair. The lover who practises this portion of the art of courtship is making use of one or two female tendencies. Leaving aside her natural impulse toward success and vigor, he is using her contrary impulse to side with the weak, to protect the sick, and to soothe the wretched. You may say this is nonsense, and that if a woman can secure a lover six foot tall, with a big voice and a big banking account, she will not look elsewhere. That is not always true: the long-haired poet in consumption may overcome the young giant.

Another important point, ill-recognized by lovers, is that most women are

highly responsive to the attraction of the arts, of letters, of music. They do not understand them much better than men, but they like them better. Women have more time for the arts, and nearly all respond. Here the art of courtship bids the lover be cautious: culture is not a thing that can be bought ready-to-wear; the beloved will soon find him out if he learns only tags from Browning, or to hum the third movement of the Kreutzer Sonata. What he needs to do is to increase the tolerance with which the average crude man seems to view the arts. If he has no wings, then let him not clip hers; let him sympathize without patronage, reserving for future matrimony the masculine privileges of crudity and ignorance.

It accords with the temperament of the average crude man that the art of courtship should also recommend impudence. You will observe that the same art has already recommended shyness, but different solutions fit different problems. Shyness is often artificially assumed: a woman of experience who is told by a man that he is shy and doesn't get on with women, will in him suspect profound motives. The impudent man, in a way, scores just as heavily if he has enough tact to discover his moment, enough common sense to discover how much the beloved will stand . . . and then slightly to exceed her limit. In my notebook stands the case of a young man who, at an evening party, ventured to kiss an attractive girl after half an hour's acquaintance. She was furious. The impudent youth protested her beauty, the irresistible temptation, etc., and flattered her into such content that, spontaneously, she said: "All right, I'll forgive you." The impudent youth replied: "I don't want to be forgiven, I want to be understood." During the mental disarray created in the lady's mind by a reply so audacious, he was able to renew his offense.

The last suggestion of the art of courtship, during this preliminary period of approach, when all that is desired is that

the beloved should conceive the idea of a possible lover, is the most potent of all: it consists of talking of love. The artistic lover need not be crude: only in the later stage should he become personal. At this time nothing should be done to suggest that the lover is attracted; to do that would be most imprudent. But love, being a large subject, can be discussed from the emotional, the mystical, the sportive, the biological point of view. And it does not matter from what point of view love is talked of, providing it is talked of enough. Such conversation produces a favorable atmosphere; it leads to anecdotes, confidences, and anticipations; a desire arises to know something of these emotions, to know them soon, to know them with . . . well, why not? Briefly, the atmosphere is created. The lover has attained a point where his approach will no longer surprise, or, if it surprises, it will do so only as a revelation not devoid of attractiveness. That being gained, the mind accepting him as a possible lover, it is his business to convert a companionship already tender into a relation more precise. It now lies with him to effect conquest by courtship.

Assuming that the lover is reasonably young, not too ill-looking, not too poor, it may almost be said that any man can wed any woman if he knows how to read her emotional index, how to discover the *moment* when she will listen to him. She may later be sorry that she has done so, but she *has* listened. But one cannot seize the moment as a rabbit suddenly by the ears: the beloved must have been courted. Companionship, however tender, is not love. Love, let us repeat it, is not enough. Skill is required to convert companionship into true love. It is easy enough for a man to marry a woman by offering her marriage, its novelty and its excitements, by holding up a home, money, freedom; that is easy enough, and most couples are thus wedded, but it is not so easy to capture a woman's whole heart, though it is worth while. A woman's heart is waste land for the

sowing; it depends upon the sower what crops arise, and whether they bear tenfold or a hundredfold.

The principal object in courtship is to strengthen the vanity of the beloved object. This, as a rule, is easy, and one might often think that the vanity which exists needs no strengthening: that is deceptive. You see a woman perfectly gowned, wayward, bragging of her eyes or her knowledge of Sanskrit; she seems very pleased with herself, but she may possibly think herself a poor little thing among Olympians; the smaller she feels, the more she boasts. Not long ago, there was current in England a vaudeville song "You must sprinkle me with kisses if you want my love to grow." Why not: "You must sprinkle her with flattery, admire all her good points, and especially her bad ones?" For "hot temper" one may say "vivacity"; of the hands which are her only defect one can say that they are "intelligent." Indeed, her good points may be let alone; she knows all about those, and less skilled lovers have informed her. It is her mediocre points she wants to have appreciated, partly because this reassures her, partly because it convinces her of the originality of the lover's taste. The latter matters not much: what matters is the reassurance, the certainty created by the lover that she *is* good-looking, that she *is* clever, because the good opinion of herself which the lover creates produces a malleable mood. She feels great: she can afford to condescend. She feels grateful: why not condescend to him? Also, he alone sees these excellences: would it not be wise to turn to him who sees them where others may not? Flattery is more than gifts, for it produces self-esteem, and self-esteem spreads toward its creator as the leaf turns toward the sun.

Of course the flattery should be skilled. It needs much more technic to make a woman accept the remark: "You are perfectly beautiful," than to offer her a delicate compliment. The brutal compliment is a splendid weapon, but it requires an education of the voice, an elo-

quence of the glance, a dramatic mixture of audacity and confusion, which suggests that he who pays the compliment is carried away. It had best be let alone. Indirect flattery is more effective in the hands of the inexperienced, and it should be dosed with a little blame, laughing, tolerant blame, so that it may "ring true," just as a silver coin is hardened with a little copper. Of course, the compliment should be sincere . . . but there is no harm in a little more being perceived than is intended. The truth can be put cleverly and seem more true.

One serious error awaits all lovers, and even married lovers: triumphing over past or present rivals. His present rivals the lover should always ignore; why should he advertise them? Unless he is skilled enough to praise them as they should not be praised, but this too he had better let alone. In general, it is also unadvisable to refer to past rivals, even to dead ones. Dead rivals are sometimes dangerous, because they have become ideals. If one could raise them from the dead, they would be easier to manage. The main reason, however, for not running down a rival, even if he be drunken or faithless, is not so much that one enlists on the side of him one attacks the natural sympathy of the beloved for the underdog; the main reason is that to depreciate a previous lover reflects on her good taste. After all, she once did distinguish him. Thus, one may always sympathize with her misfortunes, but never blame him who brought them about.

Moreover, it is difficult to attack a rival unless one boasts of one's own excellences, and boasting needs some management. A certain amount of boasting is desirable in a declared lover. He must not exaggerate this, but he must at least feign a good opinion of himself, which will be accepted by a woman favorably inclined to him; this will enhance in her mind the romantic value of her lover, the greatness of her prize. Probably, the best form of boasting consists in mock-modesty, because anything a human be-

ing says to another excites contradiction; contradiction is our way of asserting our personality. Thus, the mock-modest lover will generally cause the beloved to argue on his side. To do this she must discover substantial arguments. Where can she find them save in the excellences of the lover? So she must discover those excellences, and if he attracts her, she will. In the same order of ideas as boasting lies, of course, the tactful and delicate exhibition of the lover's social, political, financial, or artistic power. This needs care. It is wrong to say: "The boss wanted to see me, but I didn't go. I showed him the man I was." This is shocking. Better say: "The boss wanted to see me. But I had an appointment with you." Greatness . . . and slavery to a woman: what a tribute! The status of a lover should be shown indirectly, and should not be concealed, let the romantic novelist praise as he likes the silent, modest man. The silent, modest man never cut any ice if anybody else happened to rush in with an ax. It is important that the beloved should recognize the status of the lover, so as to give her a pleasant dream of her future by the side of one so important.

The lover should also avoid habits. We all fall into habits; they enable one to get more into one's life, but they seldom allow one to get as much out. The tendency of a lover is to visit his beloved soon after business hours, to administer a preliminary kiss, and to offer some amusement for the morrow. Delightful for a week; very nice for a month; then, dull. If he behaves like that, the beloved will first come to expect attendance and attention which it may sometimes be inconvenient to give; if she is disappointed, she will be annoyed. If she is not disappointed, she will become bored. The lover should recognize that most women lead dull lives, and that he must provide the delightful unexpected. His visits should be irregular; if he arrives suddenly, she is charmed; if he does not come when expected, she misses him a little. If he varies his suggestions,

he ceases to be "Dick-who-takes-me-to-the-theater," and becomes "Dick-who-always-proposes-something-amusing." There is, it is true, an advanced course for lovers, where habits are intentionally formed, so that from time to time they may be broken, the object being to give pain. A lover may find it politic to inflict pain in this way, because a broken appointment affords time for the realization of the lover's value. This should not be done too early in the courtship, nor done too often, nor done at all except by the clear-headed.

A similar point arises on jealousy. For thousands of years the poets have told us to arouse the jealousy of the charmer; there is sense to this, though we must to-day deal with a type of woman more intelligent and clean-minded than the beautiful, selfish, revengeful, animal idiots represented by Shakespeare, Tennyson, Homer, Dante, etc. Women did not have a psychology until the seventeenth century. They were just animals. So it was easy to arouse the feelings of jealousy. To-day, we must count with a prouder generation, with women who are less overcome when distinguished by a man. They love best in a state of safety, and often a creature ceases to love when it ceases to believe that it is loved. In courtship romanticism is best; the awakening of jealousy should not be risked unless for the melting of an emotional iceberg.

Of gifts, which are essential in courtship, I would say only two things, the second being very English. One is that they should be varied, just as pleasures should be varied. Two pounds of chocolate every Tuesday afternoon punctually is very nice, but it cloy. Occasionally substitute peppermints. The second and English suggestion is: don't overdo it. Excessive gifts create an unfortunate precedent in the married state; also, fulfillment feeds desire in these things, and he who begins in silver may end in platinum. Lastly, frequent gifts blunt surprise; gifts are made rare mainly by their rarity.

A difficult point, which must be considered, is the exchange of confidences. Most lovers feel a horrid impulse to reveal to each other everything they have ever done or heard. This does not always matter, for the other party does not listen very carefully, and sits gasping as a captured fish, waiting for a chance to replace *his* dull confidences by *her* exciting ones. Still, one often says too much. Confidences are essential, but they should be calculated. The lover must have a past, provided that it is past. He must have a past, because women tend to think that a man without a past can have no future. A woman had better have only a present. That being said, in general, it seems that the lover would do well to reveal a few trifles, not too recent, which can compare with the great love that holds him now. The beloved then feels that she is different, and we all want to be different. Also (all these remarks are based on truth, magnified, but still truth) it does no harm to reveal a past great love, provided it is old enough. The advantage is that, while people believe that one cannot love truly twice, they generally believe that one can love them all the same; the fact of having loved fully shows that one is capable of loving. However, something should be held back, fairly openly; this increases insecurity and fans desire. A woman should feel safe of her lover, practically safe, but there is a certain spice in knowing that there is a hundredth chance.

The tendency of many men is to keep their work out of their courtship. They say: "Oh, my darling, I would not spoil your beautiful pure mind with the grimy cares, etc." Don't be nervous. Women aren't so lilylike as all that . . . and, if they are attracted, your cares cease to be grimy. They become romantic. The woman who falls in love with a motor-car builder will be as interested in motor cars as she would have been in law cases if she had favored an attorney. Indeed, a woman generally loves a man's work

until it interferes with his affections. This does not mean that she must be lectured, but she must be satisfied, because she unwillingly accepts exclusion from a man's work. If he is hers, his work is hers. Indeed, a lover will do no harm by occasionally sacrificing his beloved to his work. In my notebook stands the case of a lover who went away to keep a business appointment. His beloved said: "I hate you for going, and I should have hated you if you had broken a business engagement on my account." You see, this art of courtship needs some management. It even demands that the lover should ask his beloved to do him small services, to fetch or carry. This because self-sacrifice always enhances self-esteem. One thinks: "What a fine person I am!" It is notorious that martyrs are vain.

So much in general. For the detail, the lover must use such tact as is left him by his gentle passion. He must measure his ardor if he can, but always obtain a little more than the beloved seems willing to give him. If the hand is offered, the cheek should be captured: however much this may seem to annoy, it increases in the beloved a pleasant sense of male dominance. "These men," she says, "they will be men. Outrageous creatures. But can one do without them?" It may be that all this sounds too technical to please; it isn't, really. Who worries over the technic of a talented violinist? Only the critics. Those who like the tune think only of that, and so it does not seem blasphemous to set up a score for the greatest of all hymns. There is nothing tricky in this; on such simple arts rested the natural play of the satyr and the nymph; it is that of the birds of the air, of the deer in the forest. It is worth while considering how to play the best of hymns on the exquisite instrument that is a woman's heart. And a short hymn it must be, played only during courtship, that juvenile curtain-raiser to the tragi-comedy of life.

A DAY IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

I

MORNING

THE first colorless light of dawn crept slowly up from the east, over the meadows of Padgeham and Dorn-gate. It left the Rother marshes in shadow, touching only the tops of the hills, making them stand out as pale islands above the valleys of the little streams. It shimmered on the windows of Pipsden, that cluster of tiny cottages on the road from Hawkhurst to Rye. The cottages were beginning to wake—blinds were drawn, windows opened, columns of blue, wood-scented smoke rose out of their chimneys into the windless air. It was time for men to go to work—on the Tong Wood estate, or on the Manor farm—and the women were busy preparing breakfast. Only a house rather larger than the rest, standing a little way back from the road among some barns, was still asleep.

For some time Joyce Armstrong had been conscious of the disturbing light. She had thrust her face into the pillow and tried to shut it away. But she was aware of it spilling itself about the room, over her shoulders, into the mirror, and she knew when the moment came when it filled itself with sunshine and she could ignore it no longer.

She sat up in bed, shaking back the long hair from her face, stretching out her arms slowly. She was a beautiful woman, of slow movement and heavy though not ungraceful build—at the beginning of her thirties, but bearing their trace not in any aging of her features or her skin so much as in an indefinite weight of character expressed in her somber eyes. The first spring sun had tanned her lightly, and her extended

throat and arms showed a warm yellowish brown against her white muslin nightdress.

She yawned . . . carelessly flinging the back of one large hand to her mouth . . . then a deep shiver went through her.

Time to get up. It must be quite seven o'clock, and she had a lot to do before she started. Started . . . should she go? Why, of course she'd go. She must know for certain—understand the meaning of all this. Anything would be better than the past week with its uncertainty, its hope deferred.

There might be a letter this morning. Of course it wasn't likely that he'd write at the last minute—unless he put her off. He'd done that before—put her off at the last minute. He probably did it like that to avoid any protest or entreaty from her. Bah! It was horrible thinking of him like this—seeing his faults so clearly, preparing for his little treacheries. But after three years one couldn't help it—if only one could help going on in spite of his faults. That was what humiliated her—forgive, forgive, forgive. Angry tears flowed into her eyes and she jumped out of bed.

She pulled up the blind, and the sunshine filled the room. A soft blue sky lay over the fields, over the woods that roughened the piling ridges of Kent. Near at hand was the smoke of the Pipsden breakfast fires, the red roofs slanting to windward, the busyness of the little backyards, the stillness of a pond. Her throat tightened, and the tears of anger became tears of blinding sorrow. Oh, those soft blue and golden days that had been in the beginning, when every day some token of his love and tenderness came up to her from the marsh—either a letter or a little gift, or he himself in

his big Sunbeam car . . . she remembered how once she had heard its throbbing in her dreams, and waked at seven to find him already there. Those were the days before he was sure of her.

She turned quickly from the window, back into the sun-filled room, and shrugged on a kimono which lay over a chair, thrusting at the same time her bare feet into mules. Clap, clap went her heels on the carpet of the room, and then a louder clap on the polished boards that surrounded it. It would wake Mother if she went clapping downstairs like that—mules were no good if your heels were slim—better have got moccasins. . . . But Laurie had loved the way they used to hang from her toes when she dangled her legs. . . . She must not think of Laurie—already she could feel the tears coming back. She made a vow to herself not to think of Laurie till she had made the tea.

The kitchen was dark. The blinds were down and the sun was at the other side of the house. She hoped there were no black beetles about. Oh, what was that? Only Perkins the cat, rubbing against her legs in an ecstasy of joy. His tail waved like a pine tree above his arched back, his hair stood out, all his body quivered with the organ-music of his song. The lovely, lovely thing. She picked him up, and buried her face in the humming softness of his flank.

"Oh, Perkins, love me—don't kick—don't go away."

But Perkins was on the floor, still vibrant, but aloof. His love was strictly practical, with a view to the morning's milk—it was not to be squandered on anything merely human. He stepped daintily beside her to the door, as she went to take in the jug. Then he led the way back to his saucer. She filled it with new milk.

"You don't deserve it, you naughty Perkins. You don't really love me—it's only cupboard love."

"Lap-lap-lap-smack," said Perkins.

"After all, why should you love me

more disinterestedly than—no, I haven't made the tea."

She leaped to the stove. What a nuisance it was, being unable to get a girl to sleep in the house! One had to do all the morning's work oneself. In summer it wasn't so bad, but in winter. . . . Ugh! Thank heaven, winter was over. But next winter . . . what would that be like? Not like last winter—no, it couldn't be. It must be different. But would it be? She mustn't think of it. "If winter comes can spring be far behind?" . . . A tear fell hissing on the stove. "Some more milk, Perkins?—don't put your head in the jug."

A loud rat-tat sounded in the front of the house. Joyce jerked herself upright, and the blood ebbed out of her cheeks. That was the post. For a moment she felt as if she could not move. Was there a letter from him lying on the doormat, where she had so often seen it—his black, vigorous handwriting distinguishing it from the other letters, even at a distance? But if there was, it could mean nothing good—it would be putting her off, otherwise he'd never leave her ten days without a letter and then write on the morning he was expecting to see her. It would be better if there was no letter—and yet, would it? Would the fact that he had not written tell her anything? Wouldn't it leave her more hopelessly in the dark than ever? At least if he wrote, she would know definitely if he expected to see her, and if he did not, why not. Lord! what a coward she was!—she had it in her power to put an end to all this questioning by going to the door. But she could not move.

Rat-tat. Again! That meant the postman was waiting. She would have to go.

"Good morning—a registered parcel to be signed for"—that must be from Laurie—who else? . . . No, it was her mother's tortoiseshell spectacles, sent back from repair. . . . "Thanks. And the letters? Thanks. Good morning."

A circular, her mother's weekly letter from her aunt—that was all.

Then suddenly she knew that she had wanted desperately to hear, even if it meant the destruction of her one faint hope of seeing him. Anything was better than this uncertainty. He had not written for ten days, not since their last meeting. He had never been so long before without writing—and she had written twice, the last letter imploring him to write to her, if it was only a line. What had happened? Something must have happened to account for his silence. Had he gone away suddenly, and in his hurry forgotten to post the letter that told her of it—or had he given the letter to someone else who had forgotten to post it? All the explanations which could possibly leave her a good opinion of him rushed through her mind, as she took the kettle off the stove, filled the teapot, and set the teacups on the bedroom tray. By the time she was carrying the tray upstairs, others more disquieting had arrived. Perhaps he was wanting to choke her off, and had chosen this way of doing it—perhaps he had found some one else he liked . . . oh no, he had been so sweet when she had seen him last and they had planned this day He could not have changed—perhaps he was ill, too ill to write—perhaps he was dead.

“Good morning, Mother dear—I hope you had a good night.”

She set down the tray by her mother's bed and kissed her.

“Here are your spectacles come back—and Aunt Milly's letter.”

“I heard you go downstairs a great while ago.”

“Yes—I'm afraid my heels flopped and woke you. I must get some new slippers.”

“No, no, I was awake. I've been awake since five. I wish I could get some one to help you in the mornings, dear—it's a shame for you to have to get up and make my tea.”

“Oh, I don't mind it a bit. I like getting up early on these fine mornings.”

So they prattled to each other—about the house and the weather and the tea

and the cat; and all the time Joyce was saying to her mother in her heart—“Oh, Mother, I'm in anguish because my lover doesn't write to me, because he's getting casual about me, getting tired—soon he'll want a change, and I love him as much as I ever did, though I see all his faults as I never did. Oh, Mother, help me! But you can't.”

No, her mother could not help her, because her mother had never known anything like this. Love had come to her, as it seemed to have come to so many of her generation, as an expanding flower instead of a devouring flame. Love for her had meant marriage, protection, children. . . . Why must it mean something so different to her daughter, who needed all these things as much as she?—Oh why, why, why? . . . “If Laurie really loved me, he would marry me—” she said in her heart—“it is all nonsense what he says about being unable to. He has a comfortable home and lots of money to spend on things like cars and trips to London. If he really loved me, he'd let the mortgage rip, and be poor with me. Then why do I love him? Because I can't help it, I suppose.”

As she was carrying the tray out of the door a new thought flashed upon her—“I won't go.” She suddenly made up her mind not to go to see him at Warehorne. If he was calmly expecting her to come, though he hadn't written to her since their last meeting, it would serve him right if she failed to appear, and perhaps make him appreciate her a little more. If he had been untrue to her, it would save her face—if he had merely gone away . . . it would be horrible turning up at the farm and having to ask, “Where is Mr. Holt?” and be answered—“he's not here, Ma'am—he's in London.” No, she had much better not go, and for quite an hour she really thought she wouldn't.

During that hour she dressed, let in the daily girl who prepared the breakfast, and helped her mother over the last stages of her toilet. Perkins came up,

voluptuous with the thought of fish, rubbing against Joyce as she knelt to fasten her mother's frock, with little hoarse cries in his throat. Joyce thought, "If I don't go, it will mean more uncertainty. To-day's Saturday—I can't hear from him till Monday—perhaps I shan't hear then. I can't bear this for another three days. I must go and find out what's happened, however bad it is."

"What are you doing to-day, my dear?" asked her mother, when they were at breakfast.

"I'm going over in the car to Warehorne to see the Holts—don't you remember my telling you?"

"Yes, of course I do—and Lilian Smith is coming to spend the day with me."

That was another reason why she must go—she'd asked Lilian Smith to come in and spend the day with her mother. "So good of you, Lilian dear; you know I can't leave Mother alone all day, and I simply must go to see some people at Warehorne." What a fool she'd look if she stayed at home!

"Has Mrs. Holt come back from Italy?" continued her mother.

"Yes—she came back last week"—No need to tell that Mrs. Holt had gone to stop with a sister at Brighton.

"Well, give her my very kind remembrances. Tell her I'm so sorry I'm not equal to calling upon her. Mr. Laurie Holt is at home, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mother," said Joyce, and blushed heavily. It was dreadful having to deceive her mother like this—Mother who was so understanding, and so young, in spite of her age—so much younger than her daughter.

Mrs. Armstrong saw the blush and the droop of the head.

"Well, you be wise and careful, my dear. He's paid you a great deal of attention, but young men seem to be so queer nowadays. You mustn't let him play with you."

Joyce laughed.

"Darling, I'm not what you'd exactly call in my first youth, and if I'm

not able to look after myself I ought to be."

That was true, anyhow.

When breakfast was over, she went out to get her car. It was kept in one of the sheds at the back of the house—sheds which did not belong to the Armstrongs, but to the small-holder who rented the steading. The car was a small Humber; she had bought it second-hand in a fit of extravagance and daring with some money left her by an uncle. Those were the days when the big Sunbeam could no longer be depended on as in the beginning to bridge the gulf between Pipsden and Warehorne, and she had become terribly conscious of the looping miles of the Marsh road. Moreover, the driving lessons had given her a less plaintive excuse for her demands on Laurie's time and company. She would never be a good driver—she was not capable or resourceful enough—but she had the right amount of timidity, neither so much as to make her nervous, nor so little as to make her presumptuous, and had come through her first six months without any mishap, though her speedometer recorded over two thousand miles, most of which had been run to and fro between Hawkhurst and the Marsh.

The Humber was difficult to start. She flooded the carburetor, advanced the spark, cranked furiously and in vain. This was when one wanted a man—when one saw the preposterousness of a woman living alone. Living alone . . . and she and Laurie were what she supposed was called "living together" . . . living together fifteen miles apart.

There! it had started at last. Chug-chug-chug. She brought it round to the door, and ran in to fetch her hat and driving gloves, and say good-by to her mother.

"When will you be back, dear?"

"I don't know. They may ask me to stay to tea. But you'll be all right with Lilian, won't you?"

"Oh, perfectly. Enjoy yourself, my dear. You've got a lovely day."

Suppose Laurie wasn't there—what would she do about lunch? Suppose her conjectures were right as to his being away? She couldn't come home and tell them she'd found nobody at Warehorne. She'd have to get lunch at the inn—she must take enough money with her. Lord! what a fool she was, setting out on a wild-goose chase like this.

II

NOON

She backed out of the gate—a process she hated—and was on the great ridge road that flows like a ribbon from Hawkhurst to Rye. Craunch!—that was an ugly gear-change—how careless she was—Craunch!—the second was just as bad. Now the little car was running smoothly, the speedometer climbing into the twenties. She leaned back, giving herself up to the shooting of speed. It soothed her thoughts into a queer rhythm—they no longer fluttered to and fro like the needle on the accumulator dial—but went resolutely and rhythmically forward like the wheels. They told her that she was a fool to make this journey, and just because she was a fool to make it, it must not be made in vain. When she came home some useful purpose must have been accomplished, she must somehow have retrieved her life out of this miserable uncertainty, either by a fresh start in happiness or by a decided end. Her journey would definitely show her what had happened and what was going to be. She dared not think of joy, so she thought of sorrow.

She was going to break off with Laurie. She could bear no more of his treatment, of his neglect, of the slow, selfish dying of his love. Better end it all, and find herself free again as she had been once. Free . . . it seemed a hundred years since she had been free, since she had awakened in the morning feeling that the day belonged to her. Some words floated into her mind—“*union libre*” . . . that meant “free union”—free when you are bound in body, mind and heart. . . . But soon

she would be really free, so free that she would forget that once she had found her slavery sweet.

Free. . . . She remembered some words she had read in a novel, about how at the beginning of a love affair, the man is the seeker, the maker of occasions, and how at the end it is the woman. That was true. At the beginning it had all been Laurie's pursuit, his delicious pursuit—now it was hers, her sorrowful, humiliating pursuit. Why, it was she who had fixed to-day's meeting—he would have trusted to something more fortuitous bringing them together. Why couldn't she let him go?

But she would let him go—more, she would send him away. “Laurie, I have endured enough—I can endure no more.” “Oh, Joyce . . .” he would plead. But she would be firm—“No, I'm going. You must learn that a woman can't be treated like this.” Oh, she almost hoped that he would give her the opportunity—that he would not have a reasonable excuse for his conduct . . . of course, he might. He might have gone away—he must have gone away—he couldn't have received both her last letters, and not answered them. . . . Perhaps he had been away, and for some reason the letters had not been forwarded, and he had come back either last night or early this morning, and had found them there, and was now waiting for her full of anxiety, full of regret and tenderness. . . . “Oh, my darling little Joyce—how dreadful for you. I'm so terribly sorry. But I was sent for suddenly up to town, and those idiots never forwarded anything. How can I make things up to you? It's difficult now, but when we are married . . .” The color had mounted on her cheeks and her lips parted joyfully—she almost forgot it was a dream.

She came out of it the next moment, as a flock of sheep met her in Sandhurst. She stopped the car, and her thoughts seemed to stop with it. She saw only the dusty, panting sheep, and her heart was full of pity—the poor things—many of them had lambs running along beside

them, bleating, too, but in shriller voices. They were past now, and she set forward again, through the trim wide street of Sandhurst, quickening her pace toward Linkhill.

How well she knew the road—the sign of the running greyhound outside the inn, the throws where one road went into Sussex and the other into Kent. She had hardly ever been along that Kentish road, though she had often wanted to. She had used the car almost entirely for her visits to Warehorne. But when she was Free she would drive a lot about the country; she would take her mother out for drives—her mother had often seemed as if she wanted to come and wondered why her daughter drove off without her. She would make up to her mother for a lot of things when she was Free. . . . She knew now that she would be free—that momentary softness of hope was but a dream. Laurie would have no reasonable excuse to offer, and short of a clear, convincing, reasonable excuse she would not forgive. If he had been unfaithful (she had forgiven him for that once) or remiss (she had forgiven him for that a hundred times) or had got into another of his queer, selfish muddles, her mind was made up as to what she would do. “I can bear no more. You don’t really love me, or you couldn’t treat me like this. No—it really is ended now.”

“Let us agree to give up love
And root up the infernal grove,
Then shall we return and see
The worlds of happy Eternity”

—sang the car, as she ran across the Rother Marshes into Sussex—where the villages of Northiam and Beckley and Peasmarsh were threaded on the road like beads on a string.

Well, she had lived through three years of it, and only the first had been worth living. The others had been hell. However, they had done her this service in showing her the kind of husband he would have made—weak, selfish, unreliable—how dreadful it sounded!—but it

was true. It was true, too, that she had loved him in spite of it all. He was so attractive. . . . But she was glad she had not married him . . . though she would never forget the day he had told her he could not marry her, bringing forward long strings of figures and talks of mortgages and his plans for the farm, and other things which she could not understand. What a fool she had been not to finish it all that day . . . that was when she ought to have broken with him and spared herself all this. What had made her stick to him?—love or hope? Had she hoped that her love would make him change his mind, change his fate, and marry her after all? Hadn’t she all along been hoping that he would marry her in the end—didn’t she hope it still? Oh, God! what it is to have a patent, indestructible hope . . . and wouldn’t it be degrading as well as foolish to marry him after all that had happened? . . . Hang it all, he had treated her badly from the start . . . a woman like herself, desirable, well-connected, who had been sought by others . . . to condemn her to this unutterable life, just so that he could be free and spend money and buy land . . . it was monstrous! She owed it to her dignity to end things at once.

“And throughout all eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me—
As our dear Redeemer said,
This the wine and this the bread”

—sang the car, taking her through Peasmarsh.

She would soon be in Rye. Already the fields were falling away to the southeast. She saw the blue line of the sea . . . and then the green vastness of the marsh spreading away into veiled distances. From the ridge it looked like a huge map, marked out with roads and water-courses, with dots of roofs and steeples. She saw the foot of the Isle of Oxney—she saw the abrupt hillock of Stone with its square church-tower . . . when she was Free she would go to church again. . . . Now she was enter-

ing Rye, and for a few relieving moments her mind was fixed on maneuvering the car through the narrow streets. . . . Now she was out of the town, rushing along the Straight Mile—zip—zip . . . let her out . . . open the throttle wide . . . zip—zip . . . thirty coming round on the speedometer tape . . . thirty-five . . . oh, if only I can get her up to forty, Laurie will have a reasonable excuse that I can accept . . . zip—zip . . . Guldeford corner . . . I must slow down . . . and, of course, I won't accept any excuse . . . I'm going to be Free.

Now she was nearing Warehorne she began to feel afraid. It would be a very terrible meeting—it would make her sick. And suppose he had taken the matter out of her hands and had decided to get rid of her—suppose she found a message from him telling her all was over . . . it would be a cruel way of doing things, but then men were often cruel when they were frightened . . . or angry . . . angry with themselves. Besides, what else could have happened? What else could account for his silence, except a definite determination to break with her? . . . Unless he was dead. Oh God, Laurie dead!

Then a new fear attacked her. What should she say to the parlormaid when she arrived? If he was away from home, she didn't want the girl to think that she had come to lunch. She must put on speed and arrive well before the luncheon-hour—she must put on a careless and haphazard manner as if she'd called in on the chance. Yet, if he was expecting her and had told the servants, it would look queer if she seemed undecided herself.

Both these fears—the big that made her feel sick and the little that made her feel silly—went with her all the way to Warehorne. Her hand on the steering-wheel was clammy, her foot shook on the accelerator. What a pitiful spectacle is a woman driving a motor-car when she's in love!

By the time she had reached the house, she had made up her mind to be

casual—better that the maid should think her foolish than disappointed. Agney House stood just outside the village—it was really a glorified farm—in the midst of its stading, a red, comfortable, seventeenth-century house, with staring, white-rimmed windows. It looked prosperous—exceedingly prosperous for a man who professed himself too poor to marry; but, of course, the prosperity was in the house only, and the penury was in the land, the land which Laurie refused to give up for her sake.

She was on the doorstep—her tongue was thick and her mouth was dry. In a minute now she would know.

"Is Mr. Laurence Holt at Warehorne?"

"Yes, ma'am. But he's gone over to Brenzett on business."

"When will he be back?"

"He said about three o'clock."

"Then he's not lunching at home."

"No, ma'am—he's lunching at Mr. Staple's."

"I see. But he'll be back at three."

"Yes, ma'am. Shall I give him any message?"

"No—that's to say—yes, tell him Miss Armstrong called, and that she'll call again later in the afternoon. Tell him it's on urgent business."

"Very well, ma'am."

The girl was a new importation—she suspected nothing. Joyce had saved her face, but nothing else.

She mechanically got into the car—as part of her programme of casualness she had left the engine running—and drove round the little sweep and out of the gate. Mechanically, she turned to the right, into the village. Everything she did was mechanical. Her brain felt rigid, frozen—ossified—she could not think.

Then suddenly she began to feel, in furious throes. She felt anger, bewilderment, grief, despair—so violently that she had to bring the car to a standstill. She was trembling all over. This was worse than anything she had expected.

Laurie was at home, but had gone out to lunch with someone else on the day he had invited her to come to him. He could not have forgotten their arrangement—no, that was impossible—he must have meant to slight her, to show her in this incredibly male, clumsy way that all was over between them. What should she do—for nothing was certain? How should she act? For the first time she knew the meaning of the expression “at your wits’ end.”

Should she go home? No, that was impossible. What explanation could she make to her mother or Lilian Smith? Besides, she would be condemning herself to long days of uncertainty. She could not endure that. Should she drive to Mr. Staples and demand to see Laurie? In her desperation, she felt inclined to do that—she had a right to make a fuss, to make things hot for him—he mustn’t expect her always to take everything lying down. But something at the bottom of her heart restrained her from exposing herself—better far wait till he came home, and see him there. She could manage to fill in the time somehow till three o’clock.

What should she do? Lunch was out of the question—she could not eat. Neither could she sit still. A terrible restlessness was in all her limbs—her anxiety translated into terms of motion. She would drive out somewhere in the car—drive really far and really fast—fill up all the hours with speed.

There was a wide space to turn in outside the church, and she swung round, the nose of her car pointing toward the sea. A long, white, flat road ran out into flat distances. It was the road to New Romney, so she was told by the sign-post, and she set out along it, with the throttle well open. Oh, she was thankful she had got the car, that she could fill her waiting-time with fierce activity and the lull of motion, and yet was not required to support herself on legs that were weak and shaking. Her speedometer showed her that she had already come twenty-five miles,

and there would of course be twenty-five miles home. By driving out seaward she would probably add thirty miles to her day’s tally, and fifty was quite enough for her unaccustomed driving. But she did not care. She must go—she could not live through time without the help of space.

She had never been out on the seaward side of the marsh, knowing only the road between Rye and Warehorne. Soon a toll-gate pulled her up. “Sixpence . . . thank you . . . craunch!”—another noisy change—and how her leg was shaking as she put out the clutch!

“How many miles to New Romney?”

Scarcely more than ten.

Shall I get there by three o’clock?

Yes, and back again.”

She mustn’t be later than three, or he might have gone out again. She had better be there at a quarter to three. She could contrive to sit still for a quarter of an hour.

The marsh felt very huge, lying there all round her, misty, flat, and green. It was foreign—unlike the country round Hawkhurst, which was all little hills covered with spinneys and fields, and farms with fairy names. Here the farms were set far apart among sheep-dotted miles of pasture—their roofs were immensely steep and high, and yellowed over with sea-lichen, and their ricks were thatched with oziers. She passed an enormous church standing between two farms—a few miles farther on she passed another, standing among some tiny cottages which could easily have been packed into its aisles. She thought of Brookland church, and the color left her face.

It was in Brookland tower, all among the salt-riddled oak beams, that he had first told her that he loved her, holding her to him in the darkness. She had not been surprised—for several days she had been expecting, hoping he would speak, and now at last he had spoken . . . at least, he had not spoken—his lips had given her kisses instead of

words. But she had understood—or rather, she had not understood. She had thought he had wanted to marry her—it was not till quite a week later that she discovered he did not.

“O stop your ringing and let me be—
Let be, O Brookland bells—
You'll ring Old Goodman out of the sea
Before I wed one else.

“Old Goodman's farm is rank sea sand
And was this thousand year.
But it shall turn to rich plough-land
Before I change my dear.”

That was the way her little car, rushing and humming along, always set her thoughts to music. But this was a silly song—because she was going to change her dear that very evening. She had made up her mind. Weakness hitherto had been her fault, but now she would be firm. She could bear no more. How many times had she told herself that since the beginning? The first year had been beautiful, full of happiness, in spite of some twinges of conscience and the stinging of the lies she had to tell. By the second year he had grown casual and remiss, but she had borne with him, knowing that it was his nature, and having always understood that men don't bother about little things the way women do. In the third year he had been unfaithful to her, but she had forgiven him, because she had always understood that men were liable to these attacks. Besides, she could not do without him. . . . What had happened that she could do without him now? A lot had happened—her heart was dead. He had slowly killed her heart. She did not love him any more. No, she didn't, she didn't, she didn't.

The flat horizon was growing rough. A great shaggy wood spread across it, out of which a tower rose. Here was New Romney and the marsh's edge. Should she turn before going into the town? What time was it? Nearly two. She had better turn. It would be too dreadful if she were late and missed

him—she would turn at the next cross roads.

A sign-post said—To New Romney: To Joy church: To Lydd. She stopped the car and backed up the Lydd road. She did it clumsily and blocked the way. A little boy on a bicycle squeezed past. He turned round and smiled at her—not mockingly, but encouragingly and kindly. The smile at once comforted and melted her—she felt grateful for this unknown being's token of goodwill.

III

EVENING.

Back again . . . back over the same road she had come. The bonnet of her car running before her was like the nose of a living thing—the top of the radiator was like a funny little inquiring snout. If only her car were alive and loved her, how happy she would be! She was a big fool . . . but oh, she did want a little love—a little affectionate tender love—love that never demanded anything. . . . She did not think she had ever had it. Of course there was her mother. She would love her mother when she was Free. Well, to-day wouldn't be wasted now, for all its anguish—at the end of it she would be Free. No longer would she have to tell lies, no longer would she have to wrestle with circumstances, no longer would she have to run after Laurie, either drawn by his whims or driven by her longings. Free . . . Free . . . he had set her free at last—kicked her out, put her on the pavement—but she was free. “There's no good, Laurie—it really is done—finished this time. You don't love me. You wouldn't treat me like this if you did.” . . .

Ah, here was the toll-gate. How much quicker she seemed to have come back. Another sixpence. . . . The girl said—“If I'd seen who it was, I'd have let you through. We're not supposed to, but—” Another kind creature. Joyce wanted to thank her, but instead she said in her heart to Laurie, “No, this

time I really will not pass it over. It's nothing to me if you care for this woman or not. You take her, or nobody, you're not going to have me. Of course, I will always be your friend—No—she was done with him—for good—till she was fifty at any rate . . . then perhaps. . . . No, not even then. . . .

Lord! There he was in the road in front of her. She recognized his jaunty step, his familiar tweed suit, the way he flourished his stick instead of walking with it like other men. He must have left Mr. Staples earlier than he had intended. What should she do? Pass him carelessly by? . . . that might hurt. . . . No, she must speak to him, otherwise the break would not be definite. She would leave no raw edges. She would cut clean.

She sounded her horn as she drew even with him, ran on a few yards ahead, and then stopped. Without getting out of the car, she turned and faced him—she saw the recognition dawn in his eyes, without reproach or fear.

"Dearest child. . . ."

He came up to her, and was in the car beside her before she could speak.

"Laurie" . . . she said faintly.

"Start away, dear, and drive me home. You'll come in for a few minutes, won't you?"

"Laurie—didn't you know I was coming to-day? Weren't you expecting me?—You'd asked me to lunch."

She saw his face grow blank—his brown, speckled eyes looked vacantly into hers. It was only for a second, but in that second such an agony of realization rushed over her as almost to deprive her of consciousness. She knew that he had forgotten. All her wild conjectures of unfaithfulness, urgent business, or determined slight were beside the mark. He had made no effort to shake her off, to break bad news, his absence had been no part of a plan either cruel or compassionate. He had simply forgotten all about her.

"My dear," he was saying—"how absolutely dreadful—how perfectly aw-

ful of me! But surely we didn't fix anything definite. I said I'd let you know."

"No, you didn't"—she spoke gruffly, "it was fixed. Don't you remember? You said your people would be away, and we'd have a whole lovely day together. We'd go over to St. Mary's" . . . her voice broke.

"Yes—of course. . . . He was beginning to be embarrassed—"Mind the gate-post"—she nearly struck it as she swung the car into the sweep. . . . "I'm awfully sorry, Joyce—you came all this way and I was out. You make me feel dreadful."

He got out and opened the door for her. She followed him into the familiar room, half office, half study—she sank down in an armchair and burst into tears.

"Joyce—darling—don't. Don't be so upset about it—it's only a little thing."

"A little thing! . . . Oh! . . . and I've been thinking all sorts of things about you—that you'd thrown me over—that you were dead, even—but this is worse, worse than anything I'd imagined."

"Worse! My dear girl, don't be hysterical."

He came over to her and tried to pull her hands down from her eyes.

"Don't—you don't love me, or you couldn't have forgotten me. And you haven't written, either—not for ten days."

"I'd nothing to write about . . . and I was waiting till I was sure about to-day" . . . he was tying two lies together.

"Laurie, don't tell me you'd have forgotten about me, if you loved me as much as you used to."

"But I do love you just as much." Again he tried to pull away her hands.

"You don't."

"I do."

"You don't." This wasn't what she had meant to say, how she had intended the interview to go off. He slipped his

arm round her, and in spite of her resistance, drew her head to his shoulder as he knelt beside her.

"Oh Joyce darling, don't be angry. Don't let's quarrel over this. Surely we know each other well enough not to be upset by an accident."

"An accident! Oh, Laurie, if you knew what I've suffered—what I've thought."

"But it's all over now—oh, do be generous and forgive me."

"But it will happen again—something like it . . . Laurie, I can't bear any more . . . and I mean, what am I bearing it for—where is all this leading us?"

"What d'you mean, dear?"

"I mean—are—are we just going on like this until one of us marries someone else?"

"My dear child, I've told you that I can't marry you. Don't let's go over all that again."

"But I don't understand. . . ."

He had risen, and was walking about the room.

"Dearest, can't you let that alone? Can't we love each other as we used to do, without worrying about what may happen years ahead?"

"But we don't love each other as we used to do. Oh, Laurie, I won't say you love me less, but you love me differently. You forget me. I could bear it if I thought it was . . . I mean if we were going to be . . . if I'd something to look forward to . . . but if I have to bear it in vain—"

"In vain! So this is 'in vain,' Joyce—all our love, all our friendship, all the heavenly moments we've had together—it's all in vain, if you haven't something material to look forward to. Is that what you mean?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Then, what in God's name, do you mean?"

She wished she knew. She wished

she had said the things she had meant to say—done what she had meant to do. His sin against her was even worse than she had imagined, and yet. . . . Free . . . the things she had meant to do when she was Free. . . . But she would be Free—even the sight of him there before her in all his alert and lovely strength should not cheat her of her freedom. She sprang to her feet.

"Laurie. . . . I'm not going on with it—I can't. . . . I can't bear. . . . I'm going to be Free."

His arms were round her—her words were choked out against his breast . . . the smell of his tweed coat seemed to stifle her. She felt his warmth and strength, his arm upholding her. His lips were warm against her ear, murmuring tenderly and reproachfully—

"Oh, you silly little thing—you don't know what you're saying. You're going to forgive me, and love me more than ever. Of course you are. You're upset with the heat."

Then her spirit fainted. She did not know whether she despaired more of him or of herself. He tilted back her unresisting head, and his lips came down upon hers, the seal of her bondage. "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him—until seven times?" . . . "Not until seven times but unto seventy times seven . . . unto seven hundred and seventy times seven . . . unto the bitter end. . . ."

Tired . . . tired . . . that was the only refrain her car had for her on the journey home . . . no more furious thinking . . . no more furious rhymes . . . only Tired. . . . Tired . . . exhausted. Eighty-seven miles on the speedometer. . . . Tired. . . . Tired.

Home at last.

"Well, dear, have you had a nice day?"

"Yes, Mother, thank you—a lovely day."

FOUR FERINGHEES IN INNER ASIA

III. ACROSS BEDOUIN LANDS

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

O WENS, the efficient and energetic young Southerner who is the American consul in Baghdad, had telegraphed to a Syrian in Mosul with whom he was acquainted to engage cars and drivers for our journey across the Mesopotamian desert to Aleppo and to make the necessary arrangements. So that when we arrived in that city we found the vehicles awaiting us. One of them, which we used for the baggage, had had its nativity in the Ford factory in Detroit; the other was a native creation mounted on a Talbot chassis which was a veteran of the late war. I doubt if anyone ever undertook so arduous a journey in such a ramshackle conveyance. It was a motorized counterpart of the "Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains." The body, which had three seats running crosswise, like a sight-seeing bus, had evidently been fabricated by a local carpenter from packing cases, soap boxes, and any other material that came to hand. The fenders were made of Standard Oil tins, hammered flat and soldered together. The top, which had belonged originally to a much smaller car and had been pieced out with sail-cloth, was supported by pieces of pine scantling, which, being unbraced, permitted it to shake and wiggle like a shimmy dancer. Every now and then one of these supports would break, whereupon the driver would hold the loose end in one hand, while driving the car with the other, until an opportunity offered to nail them together. That the car did not disintegrate in the desert long before we reached our destination was due to that same beneficent Providence which looks after drunkards and children.

Mosul—from which, by the way, muslin takes its name—is the meeting-point of the great caravan routes from Aleppo, Diarbekr, Bitlis, Tabriz, Kermanshah, and Baghdad, so that in its bazars, or lounging before its coffee houses, one may see all the characteristic types of Hither Asia: Syrians in skirts and scarlet fezes; piratical-looking Kurds with miniature arsenals in their bulging girdles; Armenians with memories of massacre showing in their cringing manner and furtive eyes; swaggering Circassians in tight-waisted coats with rows of cartridge cases across the breast and enormous, shaggy caps of white sheepskin; sallow-faced Persians; riverine Arabs in flowing *abahs* and red-and-white *keffiehs*; hawk-nosed, fierce-eyed Bedouins with rifles slung across their backs and their braided hair hanging down in front of their shoulders, schoolgirl-fashion. The dwellings of the poor are miserable hovels built of mud, but those of the well-to-do have pretentious façades in the Moorish style and sculptured portals of the so-called Mosul marble, which is a kind of colored stucco, giving them an effect of grandeur which is wholly meretricious and undeserved. The only building of importance is the Great Mosque, whose remarkable leaning minaret forms a landmark which can be seen by approaching travelers long before the low-roofed city comes in view. I was unable to obtain the measurements of the minaret, but it is certainly considerably more than two hundred feet in height, and, to an untrained eye, appears to be as much out of the perpendicular as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. If it were in Europe, instead of an inaccessible city of Inner Asia, it

would be visited by thousands of tourists and picture post cards of it would be seen everywhere.

Mosul itself possesses little of historic interest, but, if you cross the ancient stone bridge which spans the muddy Tigris, you will see, rising gently from the dusty plain, a huge yellow mound, its slopes covered with a jumble of what appears, from a distance, to be enormous building blocks. As you draw nearer, however, these resolve themselves into portions of a tremendous wall, against the base of which huddle the cubical mud dwellings of an Arab village. The traveler who can look upon that mound without experiencing a thrill has no imagination in his soul, for it is all that remains of one of the most splendid cities of antiquity—Nineveh. Founded, according to tradition, by Nimrod, that "mighty hunter before the Lord," it was for upward of three hundred years the capital of the Assyrian Empire. The walls which are still standing mark the site of the vast palace of Sennacherib, the conqueror and destroyer of Babylon, who

" . . . came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."

As I stood in the fierce sunshine, staring up at the mighty ruin looming against the hot blue sky, there was brought home to me, as never before, a realization of the mutability of mundane things. For on this lonely spot had once stood a city which was old when Tarquinius ruled in Rome, which was hoary with antiquity when England was still peopled by painted savages; a city whose very name was a synonym for pride and luxury and power.

"Our far-flung navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo: all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

Close by the mound that once was Nineveh is another, known to the Arabs

as Nebi-Yunus, atop of which is the tomb of Jonah. If you are familiar with the Scriptures you will remember that Jonah, after passing three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, was thrown up on the dry land and forthwith made his way to Nineveh to admonish that city for its wickedness. How the followers of Mohammed came to adopt this perfectly good Hebrew as one of their own prophets is not clear, but the fact remains that his tomb has been a Moslem shrine for upward of a thousand years. The sarcophagus itself, covered with priceless Persian shawls, the offerings of pilgrims, stands in the center of a square, vaulted chamber, the floor of which is considerably below the level of the ground, thereby giving the interior, which is lined with porcelain tiles of the "lost" shade of Persian blue, a most refreshing coolness after the sun glare outside. Depending from the dome by a silver chain, so that they swing directly over the resting place of the intrepid Jewish seafarer, are several "swords" of the swordfish. When I asked the aged *mullah* who was in charge of the shrine what they were, he explained, in a tone which betrayed pity for my ignorance, that they were the teeth of the whale that swallowed Jonah!

"I can stand for the story of the whale," Hutchings remarked dryly, as we emerged into the stifling heat again, "but hanged if I can stand for the swordfish."

By glancing at the map of Western Asia you will see that Mesopotamia is to all intents and purposes an island—whence its Arabic name of *el Jezireh*—being almost completely circumscribed by the Tigris and the Euphrates. These great rivers, which, diverging from the Shatt-el-Arab, form the boundaries of Babylonia, closely approach each other in the latitude of Baghdad and again widen out to enclose the great plain of Mesopotamia, "the Land Between the Rivers," a pear-shaped region the size

of California, their headwaters all but reuniting near Kharput, in the hills of Kurdistan.

I suppose that all of us draw mental pictures of places and regions which we have constantly heard about, and that most of us have noticed how invariably the real place is not only totally different from the mental picture, but almost aggressively so. That was the way it was with Mesopotamia. When I was a child pictures of Mesopotamia would present themselves very vividly to my mind as a vast desert of yellow sand, broken by occasional oases. In reality, all the region that lies between the rapid, muddy Tigris and the clear, sparkling stream of her sister, the Euphrates, deserves the name of desert only because of the absence of irrigation and cultivation. As a matter of fact, the soil is of the richest loam, transformable by irrigation into a veritable garden of the Lord. At high water, during the months of February and March, the tract between the two rivers is dotted with pools and shallow lakes, the home of flocks of wild fowl. When the water subsides the earth becomes covered, as though by magic, with a carpet of grass and flowers, which, however, dry up in May beneath the pitiless sun, and again the term desert becomes applicable. As the summer advances with its fierce heat the soil becomes dry as chalk, crisscrossed by a network of great cracks and fissures, the only sign of vegetation being tufts of tinderlike grass and discouraged-looking bushes. Yet once this region was covered with forests!

The great nomad tribes of Western Asia, to whom we give the generic term of Bedouin, spend the winter months in Central Arabia, which is their homeland; but, as spring approaches, they start slowly northward with their womenfolk and their tents, their camels, horses, and sheep, following the receding line of vegetation until summer finds them in the Kurdish foothills. With autumn the southward trek begins, so that, by

keeping almost constantly on the move, they are able to provide their beasts with pasturage the year round. As the Bedouins' sole source of wealth is in their animals, the necessity of providing them with food, rather than any inherent love for wandering, impels them to lead their curious, nomadic existence.

One thing and another had conspired to delay us, so that it was the last week in June before we were ready to set out from Mosul for Aleppo. So, as June invariably finds the Bedouin tribes well up the valley of the Euphrates, it was inevitable that we would encounter some of them; the question was, which? Before starting, therefore, we had to acquaint ourselves, from various sources, with the existing state of desert politics. For even the desert has politics, the importance of which is quickly discovered, and to his cost, by the traveler who disregards them. In order, therefore, to know just where we stood, it was essential that we should ascertain the relations of one sheik to another, and their attitude toward the French and the British; between which tribes was war or peace; and if we should be permitted to pass from one to another without hindrance. Then, and then only, could we start with any degree of security. The British authorities in Baghdad had told us that as long as we were within their sphere of influence we were reasonably safe, though they added that certain sheiks whose territory we must pass through would levy a toll of ten pounds per person, a perquisite permitted them by the British government in return for keeping the caravan routes open. Once across the Euphrates, however, we should have to look to the French for protection. What treatment we should receive from the tribes in this region we could only conjecture. All we knew was that when we had left Syria, three months before, there was heavy fighting between the Arabs and the French outposts along the Euphrates. Whether peace or war now prevailed along the great river we could not learn.



A STREET IN MOSUL

We had planned to leave Mosul at daybreak, but, owing to the irritating and usually quite needless delays which are inseparable from travel in the East, we did not get started until nearly sunset. To these delays we had become hardened, however, and, when one of us lost his temper, the others would gently remind him of the fate of the man who tried to hustle the East. It was the first time, so far as we could learn, that anyone had attempted to reach Aleppo by motor by the route that we were taking, so our departure caused a distinct sensation, the cars being surrounded by an inquisitive throng of tea-, coffee-, and chocolate-colored humanity in skirts and turbans. The assistant manager of the Mosul Farms—a British agricultural enterprise run on American lines—who had been our host during our stay in Mosul, did his best to cheer us up by relating some of the exceedingly unpleasant things which the Arabs had done to a French officer whom they had captured a few weeks before; and, by way of further encouragement, the thrifty Syrian who owned the cars asked us if we should mind paying him the full amount of hire in advance, as,

he explained, there was no telling what might happen to us in the desert. Had an agent of an insurance company been there he could have sold four casualty policies on the spot.

For the first hundred miles or so our way—for there was no road—led across a peculiarly desolate and forbidding country—a yellow, sun-baked plain, for the most part level as a billiard table but occasionally cut across by *nullahs*, or gullies, across which the agile little Ford scrambled without effort, but which presented serious difficulties to the larger car. For hour after hour we pushed on without seeing a human being, or, barring occasional herds of gazelle, a living thing. The whole world seemed to have been burned to a crisp by the remorseless sun, which hung above our heads, a ball of molten brass. The heat was almost unendurable, though so dry that we did not perspire. The dust stirred up by the wheels enveloped us in suffocating clouds. The solitude was appalling. But, as we scrambled out of one of the many *nullahs*, we saw a towering column of dust rapidly approaching us across the plain. “*Beddoes?*” I asked our driver, reaching

for my gun. But he shook his head reassuringly. "*Inglesi*" he answered. And presently, in confirmation of his assertion, there emerged from the advancing cloud a long line of armored cars, the foremost bearing on its hood a little Union Jack. The lean barrels of one-pounders and machine guns peered from their steel turrets and sun-bronzed Tommies in quilted helmets and shorts were perched comfortably on their tops. On the turret of the leading car was painted the legend "H. M. A. C. Silver Witch" and the others bore such names as "Silver Queen" and "Silver Doctor." There must have been a score of them in all, including reconnoissance, and supply cars and another fitted with a low mast and a radio outfit. Flying low above the column, like a great bird of prey, was a gray scouting plane, also equipped with wireless apparatus, so that the cars were directed and maneuvered

by an officer a thousand feet in the air. They had been making a demonstration for the benefit of certain troublesome tribes, it seemed, on whom the sight of the one-pounders, which can drop shells into an encampment with great accuracy at a range of two miles, had a highly salutary effect. It was a dangerous country that we were in and I don't know when I have seen a more welcome sight. To me they looked as good as the destroyers

which met our transport off Brest during the war.

It was the second day out from Mosul and we were making good progress, considering the roughness of the going, when, topping a little rise, we saw before us a forest of black tents which stretched across the desert far as the eye could see. It was more than an encampment—a nomad city which, we

learned afterward, extends for upward of seven miles. At sight of it our drivers swerved sharply to the westward, evidently in the hope of getting below the horizon before we could be seen. But it was too late, for, even as we looked, a band of horsemen, their *keffieh*s floating out behind them like colored clouds, came tearing down upon us as fast as their ponies could set hoof to ground. Well in advance rode a stockily built, black-bearded Bedouin on a beautiful bright bay who brandished his rifle



THE LEANING MINARET OF MOSUL

above his head and shouted as he came. It was a thrilling sight, reminiscent of Buffalo Bill's Congress of Rough Riders, but with this difference: *these* riders were not pretending. At that particular moment I would have given everything I possessed for a sight of those armored cars. Had the desert provided better going, and had our flight not been interrupted by an unexpected *nullah*, we could easily have outdistanced the

horsemen. But the *nullah* gave the leading Bedouin time to intercept us. Flinging himself from his lathered horse when we were still a hundred yards away, he planted himself squarely in our path and covered us with his leveled rifle. Our drivers, however, crazed with terror and excitement, kept straight on. But, as the cars bore down upon him the Bedouin never budged. I could see the black aperture of his rifle-muzzle and his finger twitching on the trigger, and every instant I expected to feel the impact of a bullet.

"Stop, you fool!" I shouted to our driver, but he was too panic-stricken to obey until he felt against the back of his neck the muzzle of my pistol. Then, with a squealing of brakes and a clatter of tin, the car came to a sudden standstill. The next instant we were surrounded by a milling mob of angry Arabs, who menaced us with their rifles and demanded truculently why we had not halted when ordered.

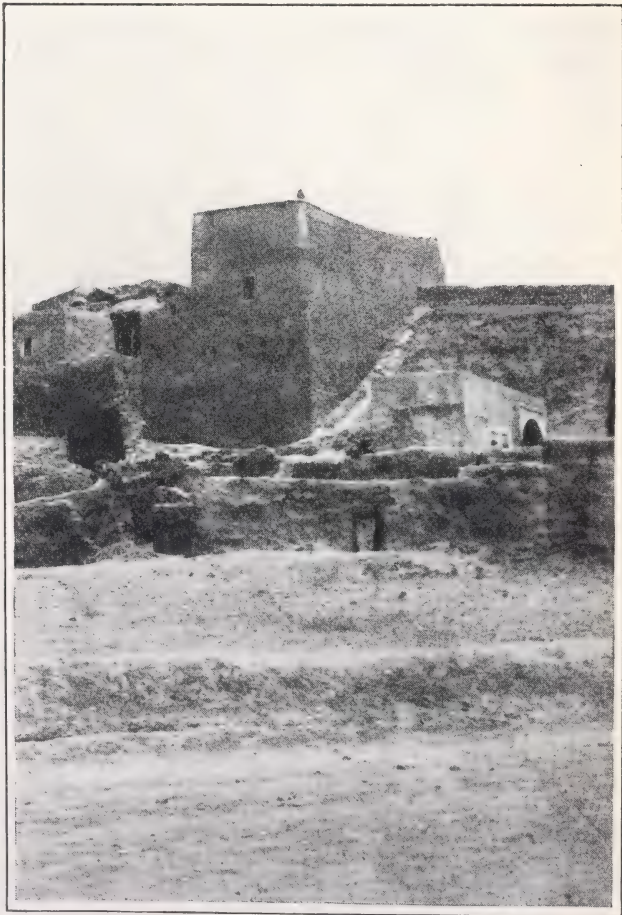
"Who are they?" I demanded of the driver. "What do they want?"

"They Shammars," he announced after a brief parley with the leader. "Their sheik Arjil. Him very big fella. Want to see you pretty damn quick."

Now I knew that we were face to face with trouble spelled with a capital T, for we had been warned against Arjil. He was one of the chief sheiks of the Shammars, a powerful and warlike tribe, and, though we had been told that he received a large subsidy from the British government on condition that he permitted travelers to pass through his territory unmolested, it was also reported that he had a blood feud with the French, due to French planes having

bombed his encampment some weeks before, and that, by way of retaliation, he had promised a most unpleasant fate for the next Frenchman who fell into his hands. It was up to us, then, to prove that we were not French. Under these circumstances I wished heartily that I had not agreed to carry official despatches from the French Consul General in Baghdad to General Gouraud.

By this time the Bedouins, seeing that we were few in number and not disposed to offer resistance, had quieted down, though their attitude was still menacing. Their leader condescended, however, to accept one of Ladew's gold-tipped cigarettes, and, when I tactfully expressed admiration for his horse, he was visibly flattered and consented to pose for a picture. The picture having been taken,



THE RUINS OF SENNACHERIB'S PALACE

they closed in about us and we proceeded slowly across the desert toward the encampment. I felt very much as a captured Crusader must have felt when he was being conducted in triumph to the presence of Saladin. And the similitude was increased by the fact that, as we entered the outskirts of the tented city, other Arabs joined the procession, voicing their exultation by whoops and yells, so that we found ourselves the center of a maelstrom of brandished rifles and scowling faces.

We must have wound in and out among the tents for nearly a mile before we reached Arjil's headquarters—a tent of black goatshair, shaped like a marquee, perhaps forty feet in length, with the wall rolled up on the side that was away from the sun. Within, sitting cross-legged on a prayer rug, was Arjil himself, surrounded by a score of his chieftains. He was in the middle thirties, I should judge; slender, small-boned, with hands as small and graceful as a woman's; a pointed black beard, an aquiline nose, and the most piercing eyes that I have ever seen. He looked as though he had stepped straight from the pages of a desert novel or from the motion-picture screen. Contrary to Arab

custom, he did not rise to receive us, but, at a curt order from him, negro slaves unrolled a long, narrow carpet for us to sit upon and brought forward a gaily decorated camel saddle against which they piled many cushions, so as to form a sort of divan.

As we knew no Arabic, and as Arjil was equally ignorant of English and French, conversation languished, so, there being nothing else for us to do, we sat in silence, cross-legged, our muscles quickly becoming cramped and painful from the unaccustomed position. Hutchings and Sherin sat on either side of me, but Ladew, who is the most enthusiastic amateur photographer I have ever known, had remained outside, where he was attempting to take a picture of a little Arab girl, who had as a pet a tame gazelle. From the glance of disapproval with which the Arabs viewed this proceeding, I realized that it was not calculated to improve our standing.

"You'd better forget your camera and sit down," I called to Ladew. "These fellows act as though they contemplated cutting our throats, and, if we are to get out of here alive, we've got to jolly them along."



OUR DEPARTURE FROM MOSUL FOR ALEPPO



THE HOLD-UP IN THE DESERT

It quickly becoming evident that there was no way of interrogating us save by signs, Arjil spoke to one of his lieutenants and a moment later our two drivers were led before him. I don't think that I have ever seen men more thoroughly frightened; they were as pale as their complexions would permit them to.

"What is he saying?" I asked, after Arjil had subjected them to a cross-examination.

"He say you French," the man stammered. "He no like French peoples."

"Tell him that we are not French, or British either," I ordered. "Tell him that we are Americans."

"He not know Americans," the driver announced, after translating my remark.

"He think mebbe you French—not sure."

At this moment the other driver, who had quietly slipped out of the tent, reappeared with a peace offering in the form of several cucumbers and a large melon, which he had brought from Mosul for his own consumption and which, because of their coolness, are greatly prized by the Bedouins. The smaller of the cucumbers Arjil despatched by a slave to the tent occupied by his womenfolk; the larger ones and the

melon he reserved for himself. Drawing from his girdle a vicious-looking dagger, he cut the melon into slices, with the intention, I assumed, of sharing it with us. But he intended nothing of the kind, for, using his knife as a fork, he proceeded to devour the whole of the fruit himself.

Now this, I realized, was wanton rudeness, and, if I permitted it to pass unrebuked, there was no saying what further indignity might suggest itself to him. In dealing with Eastern races the white man must demand and obtain respect; otherwise his prestige vanishes instantly and irretrievably. If Arjil once became convinced that he could insult us and get away with it, there was no reason why he should not think that he could murder us and get away with that too. That is the way that the Arab mind works. He believes in an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and, in such case as this, I argued, he would be impressed by rudeness for rudeness.

"Bring me a melon or a cucumber," I told the driver.

"Feenish," he replied.

"Then go over to the car and get me a tin of fruit," I ordered.

The man returned shortly with one of the tins of pineapple which we had brought from Baghdad for the journey. I told him to open the tin, and then, with Arjil watching me curiously, I proceeded to consume the contents to the last slice. (I have never cared for pineapple since.) For some minutes he observed the performance in stony silence; then there crept over his forbidding features the shadow of a smile. Abruptly he clapped his hands and to the negro slaves who answered the summons gave a curt order. I have never seen prompter service in any lunch room, for, almost as quickly as it takes to tell about it, a circular mat of red, green, and orange leather was laid before us on the ground. On this were spread a dozen loaves of Arab bread, eighteen inches across, the shape and thickness of a pancake, while in the center was set a huge silver platter from which rose an enormous date pudding, swimming in a pool of yellow gravy. Flanking this imposing dish, were capacious bowls of soured camel's milk, one for each of us.

"I don't think that I care for anything to eat," remarked Ladew, glancing at the food with marked disfavor. "I'm not at all hungry."

"You'd better pretend to be," I told him, "or you may never have a chance

to be hungry again. I have a feeling that this fellow wouldn't take it kindly if we turned down his food. In fact, his resentment might take a very pointed form."

So we fell to in true Arab fashion, tearing off pieces of bread, rolling them into cornucopias, and filling them with pudding, as a soda-water clerk fills cones with ice cream. The bread, though bearing a resemblance to shoe leather, was good; the date pudding was quite delicious; but the camel's milk I cannot recommend. But with Arjil watching us, we acquitted ourselves creditably, and what we could not eat our drivers did. "It was an eat for life," as Hutchings said afterward. Meanwhile a slave was preparing coffee over a charcoal fire, and when I saw this I knew that the day was saved, for a Bedouin does not drink coffee with his enemies. The coffee of the desert, I might mention, is flavored with a seed which gives it a peculiar, though not unpleasant, aromatic taste, and is served without sugar in cups the size of thimbles, it being the invariable custom to serve three cups to each person. When the coffee pot had thrice made the round of the circle, therefore, I felt that we could safely announce that we must be going.

"I will send a man with you to pass



HE WAS VISIBLY FLATTERED AND CONSENTED TO POSE FOR A PICTURE



SOME OF THE SHEIK ARJIL'S SHAMMAR TRIBESMEN

you through my tribe," Arjil announced through the medium of the driver.

"How much shall I give him?" I asked, thinking that that would be the most graceful way of expressing our readiness to pay the customary tribute of ten pounds a person.

"A couple of pounds will be enough," was the answer. And when an Arab voluntarily relinquishes fifty-eight gold pounds you may be quite certain that he regards you as a friend.

"It was your rudeness that got us through," said Hutchings, as the car shot out across the desert. "Your performance with the pineapple convinced the sheik that we could not possibly be French."

The lower edge of the sun was just touching the desert's rim—an enormous orange balanced on the edge of a great pine table—when we reached the Euphrates opposite the little town of Anah, where the cars were ferried across on flat-boats guided by wire cables, for at this point the current is very swift. While the cars were being taken down the precipitous bank onto the ferry, I strolled up-stream a little way to a point where I could see the river winding northward, a monstrous gray serpent writhing across the desert. As I stood

there in the lengthening shadows, the silence broken only by the distant cries of the Arab boatmen, the mighty river seemed to be peopled by the ghosts of the history-makers. Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius, Alexander, Diocletian, Zenobia, the beautiful Palmyran queen—all, in their time, had lived and ruled and loved and fought upon these very shores. Perhaps no other river has played so conspicuous a part in the world's history. It was the theoretical limit of the Jewish kingdom; for a long time it separated Assyria from the Land of the Hittites; it divided the eastern from the western satrapies of Persia; and it was at several points the eastern boundary of the Roman Empire. Until the nomads came riding out of Inner Asia behind their horse-tail standards to carry fire and sword along both the Syrian and Mesopotamian shores, its course was dotted by palaces, temples, and splendid cities, the ruins of which, representing all periods, still dot its banks, so that our journey became an historical panorama of ancient times.

Darkness had fallen when we drew into Deir-es-Zor, a prosperous little town on the right bank of the Euphrates, which is heavily garrisoned by the French and serves to hold in check to

some extent the Bedouins of the Syrian and Mesopotamian steppes. It is the most important outpost on France's Syrian frontier, and corresponds to the Laramie and Leavenworth of our own Indian days. It was garrisoned, when we were there, by Sudanese, Malagasy, and Annamite *tirailleurs*, Algerian and Moroccan spahis, a contingent of Colonial infantry, and a battalion of the Foreign Legion, so that in its streets and coffee houses one could hear half the languages of Africa and Asia. We dined with the French commandant and the officers of his staff on the terrace of the *quartier-général*, drinking toasts to our respective countries in tepid champagne—for there is no ice-plant in Deir-es-Zor—and, over the cigars and coffee, listening to strange tales of little wars in the world's forgotten corners, told by men who had been actors in them. Afterward we ascended to the roof and ended a most adventurous and interesting day on mattresses spread beneath the stars.

It is something over two hundred miles from Deir-es-Zor to Aleppo, and the road for the first half of the distance is the worst I have ever seen. It had

been cut to pieces during the rainy season by convoys of army camions and was so replete with washouts, landslides, hummocks, holes, ruts, and "thank-ye-marms" that it seemed as though the car must be literally shaken to pieces. The comment of Sherin, jerked out rather comically between bumps, was to the effect that "They—told me—I would—have to—wind myself up—in a—sash to—ride a—camel with—out bust—ing but—I need—that sash—more here."

For some hundreds of miles above Deir-es-Zor the Euphrates traverses an open, treeless, and sparsely peopled region, in a valley a few miles wide, which it has eroded in the rocky surface. In this part of its course the precipitous sides of the valley, which sometimes closely approach the river, rise at places to a height of two hundred feet or more, while at one point, midway between Deir-es-Zor and Rakka, the river breaks through a basaltic dike some five hundred feet high, the scenery in this defile surpassing that near the Iron Gates on the Danube. Toward nightfall, when the level rays of the sun turn the eastern



FERRYING THE CARS ACROSS THE EUPHRATES AT ANAH

cliffs into walls of rosy coral, one is reminded of the lower reaches of the Colorado.

By far the greater part of this valley is uncultivated, much of it being covered with dense tamarisk jungle, the home of countless wild pigs, but there are considerable stretches of more or less alluvial soil which are cultivated in places with the aid of artificial irrigation. The method of this irrigation is most interesting, having come down, no doubt, from Babylonian days. Three or four piers of masonry are run into the bed of the river, frequently from both sides at once, raising the level of the stream and giving a head of power sufficient to turn the gigantic wheels, called *naouras*, sometimes forty feet in diameter, which lift the water to a trough at the top of the dam, whence it is distributed among the gardens and melon patches, rice, cotton, tobacco, liquorice, and durra fields lying between the edge of the river and the rocky walls which hem it in. Climb these walls, however, and you find a steppelike desert, covered in spring with verdure, the rest of the year barren and brown, which stretches away to the horizon. This is the camping ground of the Bedouins, the right, or Syrian, bank being dotted with the black tents of the great Anazeh tribe, the opposite bank being occupied by the Shammars. To these warlike nomads the semi-sedentary Arabs who sparsely cultivate the river bottoms, dwelling sometimes in huts, sometimes in caves, pay a tribute known as *kubba*, or brotherhood, as do also the riverain towns and villages, or did until the French came.

Beyond Rakka, a little village encircled by entanglements of barbed wire and bristling with machine guns, where we stopped for *déjeuner* with half a dozen lonely officers of the Foreign Legion, the desert fairly swarmed with Bedouins. It was the northward trek of the Anazeh. For hour after hour we passed through camps so close together

that they formed what was, to all intents and purposes, one vast nomad city. The black goatshair tents dotted the plain in all directions. Everywhere the smoke from dung-fed campfires rose lazily against the cloudless blue. In the shade of the tents grave-faced men in flowing garments sat cross-legged on their carpets, polishing their weapons or muttering passages from the Koran. Women were busy over the cooking pots while their naked children romped noisily in the sand. Youths astride of splendid horses galloped madly across the plain. Far as the eye could see were droves of grazing animals. In one flock, we were told, were thirty thousand fat-tailed sheep. In one herd were fifty thousand camels. It was a nation moving. Such a sight has not been seen by many Europeans, and, after a few more years, it will never be seen again.

When Arjil released us and we crossed into the French zone we tacitly assumed that our adventures were over, but therein we were mistaken. For, the afternoon after leaving Deir-es-Zor, we had a second encounter with Bedouins, which, brief though it was, came very near to ending our journey then and there. We had sighted another huge encampment, but this time we determined that, instead of arousing the suspicion of the Arabs by attempting to avoid it, we would keep straight on our way, for the commandant at Deir-es-Zor had assured us that we were not likely to experience any trouble with the Anazehs, in whose country we now were. So it was with considerable confidence that we approached the camp. The trouble really began in its outskirts, when children ran out from the tents to shout and make faces and throw stones, as children are quite inclined to do the world around. But the tumult made by the youngsters aroused their elders, who came pouring out of their tents like hornets whose nest has been disturbed. Youths and women joined in the unfriendly demonstration and some of the

men shook their fists menacingly in our direction.

"Better speed up a little," suggested Hutchings. "It looks to me as though this was not a healthy spot to loiter in."

But, almost before we realized our danger, the cars were surrounded by an excited throng of young bloods—youths of sixteen to twenty the type that in every community is eager for trouble—whooping and yelling like Indians. Fortunately for us none of them had firearms, but most of them had snatched up clubs or spears and several of them were armed with slings. I saw a slim young Arab whirling about his head a contrivance of cord and leather, but in the confusion I didn't recognize what it was until a stone the size of an egg tore through the back curtain of the car and struck me on the shoulder with terrific force. Three inches higher and it would have taken me behind the ear, in which event I should now probably be occupying a desert grave. Mad with pain, and angered by the treachery of the attack, I jerked my automatic from its holster and levelled it at the Arab, who was fixing a second stone in his sling. Another instant and he would have joined the houris in the Moslem Paradise. But, just as my finger quivered on the trigger, Hutchings shouted, "Don't shoot! The Ford has broken down!" Out of the corner of my eye I saw that the Ford, which was a hundred yards ahead, had been brought to a standstill by a blow-out and was already surrounded by a hostile crowd. We couldn't well abandon the driver to his fate, to say nothing of our luggage, so I ordered our man to draw up along-

side. Keeping the rabble at a respectful distance by a display of our weapons, we demanded to be taken to the sheik of the tribe. This sheik, we found to our astonishment, was a youth of not more than eighteen—a nice-looking boy with friendly eyes and a rather winning smile. But when we told him of the unprovoked attack that had been made upon us, and pointed out the culprits in the crowd, the smile was replaced by a look which caused the offending hot-heads to cringe and cower like dogs that expect a whipping. His eyes said to them as plainly as any words could have done, "How dare you get me into trouble with these feringhees? I'll attend to you as soon as they are gone. Have you forgotten the last time that we were bombed by the French planes?"

Offering us his hand, the boy sheik said something in Arabic, at the same time motioning toward his tent.

"He say he ver' sorry," our driver interpreted lamely. "He say he give them fella hell. He say it not happen again never. He want you eat with heem."

"No," I answered firmly, the taste of Arjil's feast still fresh in my mouth. "Tell him that we can't eat with him because we must get on to Aleppo. And," I added, "seeing that he is sorry, we won't make a complaint to General Gouraud."

"But there is one thing I wish I had insisted on having," I said regretfully, as the black tents dropped from view.

"What's that?" inquired Ladew.

"The David-and-Goliath sling that fellow tried to kill me with," I answered. "It would make a perfectly corking souvenir. So striking, you know."

(To be concluded)

DAMAGED SOULS. II: BENEDICT ARNOLD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THE complexity of Arnold's tragic adventure is what makes it fascinating and has led so many novelists and dramatists to use him as a central or a subsidiary figure. He was no mean, sneaking, cowardly, consistent rascal. He was a splendid fighter, a quick-eyed soldier, apparently a sincere and earnest patriot, admired and esteemed by thousands of his countrymen, praised and trusted by Washington. Yet he was guilty of the blackest treachery and sold the personal trust of Washington for a cash reward. Could there be a soul more interesting to probe in its subtle mixture of darkness and light?

Arnold's career was one of furious action from his boyhood. Born in 1741, he plunged into the French and Indian war when he was fifteen years old. His early manhood was spent in New Haven, where he married and engaged in several more or less adventurous businesses, by which he accumulated some property. He was active in the Revolution from the start, was with Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, and managed the first naval enterprise on Lake Champlain. In the autumn of 1775 he conducted a heroic march to Quebec and was wounded in the assault upon the city. In the autumn of 1776 he created a fleet and fought the battle of Valcour Island. Returning to Connecticut, he repelled the British raid upon that state. He was slighted by Congress in the promotion to major-generalships, to the surprise and disgust of Washington, who repeatedly commended him. Yet Arnold overlooked this injury and took a part in the Saratoga campaign, which won him the enthusiasm of the whole country. He was incapacitated for field service by a severe wound, and Washing-

ton gave him the military governorship of Philadelphia. Here he married his second wife, Margaret Shippen, became intimate with loyalists, lived extravagantly, was accused of speculation, and irritated the citizens, so that he was finally tried by a court martial. He was acquitted of the main charges, but was sentenced to be reprimanded by Washington for minor irregularities. This, with other complicated considerations, led him to initiate arrangements with the British, and after persuading Washington to entrust him with the command of West Point, he agreed to deliver it up to the enemy. Through the arrest of André, who was sent to confer with him, his intrigues were discovered and he himself barely managed to escape to the British fleet. He received pay and rank in the British army and did some fighting against his country; but in England he was more or less slighted and neglected, and after years of universal failure, he died in 1801, a broken and despairing wreck.

Through all this highly-colored and violent life certain good qualities are too obvious to be overlooked or disregarded; yet the hatred inspired by Arnold's end has caused every one of these to be contested and explained away by some one or other of the patriotic historians and biographers. It is exceedingly curious to trace the working of this prejudice in its different details.

To begin with, the man must certainly have had an active and vigorous intelligence. He was not, of course, a scholar or an abstract thinker. Yet he was at one time a bookseller, among many other things, and must have touched books and had a certain contact with them. He had a fancy for tag ends

of Latin, and his love letters suggest one who had read the poets and knew how to use them. The papers that he wrote after the betrayal, advising the British as to the conduct of the war, show a large, intelligent grasp of political and military problems, and his technical reports of his own actions have the vigor and simple directness of high intellectual power. Yet his critics have been eager to represent him as a mere muscular swashbuckler, of more tongue than brains.

It is not, however, as a thinker that Arnold is interesting, but as a man who was always eager to go somewhere and do something. He said of himself that "being of an active disposition, and detesting the languor of still life, he relinquished the business of an apothecary." He was quick to relinquish any business that meant keeping still, and his salient, attractive qualities were pre-eminently those of action and leadership. He liked to command men, to stir them to great actions by his influence and example. No doubt he enjoyed making himself conspicuous in the process; but the love of great things was there.

And, beyond question, he had some of the finer moral qualities of leadership. He could and did endure privation and misery with his soldiers. He could and did sacrifice his pride, "lays aside his claim and will create no dispute, should the good of the cause require them to act together," says Washington. He had a large and kindly magnanimity. When he was wounded at Saratoga one of his men was about to kill the soldier who had wounded him. "Don't hurt him," cried Arnold, "he did but his duty; he is a fine fellow." And his sister says that his soldiers called him "a very humane, tender officer." Yet here, as everywhere, the critic has been eagerly at work. It is urged that Arnold was a monster of cruelty and inhumanity. Rather mythical stories are told of his brutality in boyhood, of his tormenting birds and strewing broken glass

under the feet of his playmates. It is unfortunately certain that he wrote to Washington—of all men—threatening to revenge any wrongs that might be done to his wife and child "in a deluge of American blood." And if the massacre at Fort Griswold, when Arnold was leading British troops in Connecticut, was not performed by his orders, he, as leader, was responsible for it.

But the cruelty, so far as it existed, was only part of Arnold's intense impulse to executive action. Speed, energy, the immediate realization of any plan, without regard to who suffered—these were his distinguishing characteristics. He had the Herculean physical vigor that in youth could take a mad steer by the horns and hold the animal till it was subdued. He had an equally Herculean spiritual vigor, liked difficulties, faced them, challenged them, tore them up by the roots and blotted them out, and waged an ardent, furious conflict with the impossible. This is the kind of thing that inspires men, and Arnold was trusted and beloved, in spite of his dictatorial ways.

And he had not only energy; he had the large conceptions of generalship. As with Washington himself, the pitiful inadequacy of means often blighted these conceptions, or made the success only partial. But the broad grasp was there all the same. The handling of the Quebec expedition, the management of the Battle of Bemis Heights, so far as Arnold was concerned in it, above all, the naval achievements on Lake Champlain in the autumn of 1777, are there to prove it. Here, as always, the carping malignancy follows us with tedious iteration. The challenge before the walls of Quebec, which formed the climax of the daring march declared by Jefferson to be equal to Xenophon's retreat, is slighted by some as mere foolish bravado. The critics insist that Arnold was not on the field at Bemis Heights at all, as if the place of the general conducting a battle was in the front fighting rank! And a jealous

fellow officer, General Maxwell, reports of the Champlain battles, "General Arnold, our evil genius to the north, has, with a good deal of industry, got us clear of all our fine fleet." But if one wants an antidote for this querulous faultfinding, one has only to turn to the chapter in Mahan's *Navies in the War of American Independence* that treats of these same battles on Lake Champlain. For Arnold's treason Mahan's condemnation is as bitter as anyone's; but for his generalship, the breadth of his plans, the skill of his conduct in detail, and the magnificent coolness and courage of his personal leadership the naval historian's praise is unstinted. "The little American navy on Lake Champlain was wiped out, but never had any force, big or small, lived to better purpose or died more gloriously." One could hardly say more of Thermopylæ. And Mahan argues that it was this naval resistance of Arnold's that made the Saratoga campaign possible.

Through all these adventures and vicissitudes the one thing that stands out almost undisputed is Arnold's splendid, dashing personal bravery. Even here I have to say "almost," because Wilkinson insinuates that Arnold was drunk on the day of Saratoga, and Wayne goes further and declares that he "rarely went in the way of danger but when stimulated with liquor, even to intoxication." It may be pointed out that men do not lead great naval battles when drunk. I think Washington would have said, as Lincoln said of Grant, that if Arnold drank whisky, he should like to know the brand. But any "almost" as to Arnold's love of fighting and his dashing, reckless exposure of limb and life may be disregarded. Not that he was wholly reckless. In his ardent youth he led an attack against the house of a well-known Tory, Doctor Peters. Peters threatened to shoot if his assailants advanced a step farther, and Arnold retired. "I am no coward," he said; "but I know Doctor Peters's disposition, and I do not

wish for death at present." Still, what one thinks of most in him is the self-forgetful daring which in boyhood threw itself on the whirling water-wheel and was dashed, gasping, over and over, through the depths, and which again at Saratoga, after Gates's jealousy had deprived it of all official command, rushed upon the field and inspired the troops to the desperate charges which filled friend and enemy alike with admiring enthusiasm.

Again and again in a retreat Arnold was the last to leave by land or sea. Vanity, say his detractors. Perhaps it was vanity; but war can put up with a lot of vanity of that description. Heroism breeds heroism and the feeling of Arnold's men is best shown in the words of one of them: "He was our fighting general, and a bloody fellow he was. He didn't care for nothing, he'd ride right in. It was 'Come on, boys'—'twasn't, 'Go, boys.' He was as brave a man as ever lived."

The fine qualities of Arnold's character above analyzed are too plainly tempered by serious and glaring defects, and it is natural that the baleful influence of his great guilt should swell these to a cloud of obloquy. His was a nature of strong and masterful impulses, insufficiently balanced by any groundwork of principle or moral control. Not that his education had been neglected in this respect. He had a pious and devoted mother, whose earnest letters to him have been preserved. "Pray, my dear," she writes with pathetic foresight, "don't neglect your precious soul, which once lost can never be regained." Arnold himself shows no sign of irreligion or any tendency to base irregularities of life upon irregularities of theology.

But whatever moral basis there was, it was too weak to maintain control in a temper played upon constantly by furious passions, and we read Arnold best when we think of these as making him the plaything of their tempestuous violence. Lying? He was naturally

frank, genuine, straightforward, was too proud to be anything else. Yet the strange complications of his career probably made him careless of strict veracity, even before the climax of his guilt involved him in its fatal snare of dissimulation. Drink? He certainly was no habitual drunkard; yet when he was twenty-five the sheriff had orders to arrest him "for drunkenness and being disabled in his understanding and reason." Ambition? Often a virtue as much as a fault and the mother of great and noble actions, but in natures ill-regulated as Arnold's, too apt to run riot in strange and disorderly paths. There were times when he disclaimed it. When all the world seemed to be against him, he made up his mind to buy a farm and retire into rural oblivion, declaring that his ambition was to be "a good citizen rather than shining in history." The mood did not last and his normal condition is probably better represented by his explanation to Joshua Smith as to his youth: "Determined to be *faber suæ fortunæ*, he lost no opportunity that offered, and when they did not take notice of him, he courted them by all honest exertions."

And, alas, the baser elements of ambition were more prominent in this fiery spirit than the nobler. There was a sensitiveness as to his rank and dignity, which was sometimes subdued, but too often triumphed. And there was an ardent, a cruel, a selfish vanity such as is too apt to prostitute great causes to petty ends. Not that Arnold was a bragger in words or generally inclined to indulge in frivolous rhodomontade. On the contrary, his letters and reports are usually simple and dignified. But the taint went deeper and showed in an incurable desire to play the chief role, not only to do great and significant actions, but to get the credit of having done them.

Especially in the more advanced stage of his career this vanity took a social form. "He was almost insane with social ambition," says Mr. Fisher. This

is too strong. But it is true that when he found himself at the head of the government in Philadelphia, in the midst of an old and aristocratic society, the impulse to cut a great figure was nearly irresistible. Hence arose the worst of his money troubles, which probably had more than anything else to do with his final fall.

It was, I think, the love of display and the desire to assert his great position that led to Arnold's extravagance, rather than any ingrained fondness for luxury and ease. No doubt he liked these things; but he had been too inured to hardship to be dependent upon them. There is no evidence that he had been a spender in his youth. Nor was he, as has been sometimes charged, avaricious. There are authentic instances of his ready generosity, most notable among them being his thoughtful provision for the children of General Warren, to whom he sent five hundred dollars, with the promise of further assistance, which was not forgotten.

But he was a bad financial manager, he had great needs, and all his life his sanguine temperament led him into dubious speculation, from which the path to dishonesty is too easy to travel. "In view of the light afterward thrown upon his character, it is not unlikely that he may have sometimes availed himself of his high position to aid these speculations," says Fiske. At any rate, his enemies thought so, and said so. Arnold himself bitterly resented the charge. And when the matter was brought to formal trial he was explicitly exonerated from serious wrongdoing. Nevertheless, where suspicion attaches to a man so constantly as to Arnold, and where the other circumstances of his career so strongly favor it, it is difficult not to accept it as in part founded upon fact.

It is sometimes urged that Arnold's extravagance was caused by that of his second wife, Margaret Shippen. This is unjust in that the general's wanton display began before his marriage, and that Mrs. Arnold showed herself in later

years an excellent manager. At the same time, she had been accustomed to comfort, and comfort is a costly thing, and it brought huge pressure upon her husband, and he loved her: which has been the story of many men's ruin. Among the passions that rioted in Arnold's restless heart love and hate were certainly not the least. What his general relations with women were we have no direct means of knowing. It is not likely that he was a man like Aaron Burr, to make the possession of some woman or other the chief object of his life. His nature was too violently active for this. But when he loved, he loved intensely. That he also loved thoughtfully and tenderly, is shown by his sister's description of him as, loverlike "tormenting himself with a thousand fancied disasters which have happened to you and the family," and the minute directions which he sent to Mrs. Arnold for her journey to West Point, when he was in the midst of preparing the betrayal. Whether he himself loved or not, he was deeply beloved. It does not appear from his portraits that he was strikingly handsome; but no doubt his manly vigor and energy were of a sort to affect the feminine heart. In any case, the exquisite devotion of at least three noble women, his mother, his sister, and his wife, should suffice to prove that there was something in him not wholly unlovable.

The most piquant feature of Arnold's love-making is his letters. In the spring of 1778, when he was a widower thirty-seven years old, he wished to marry Elizabeth DeBlois, of Boston, and wrote her ardent letters, declaring that his whole happiness depended upon her consent. Take one sample of the quality of his wooing: "Friendship and esteem founded on the merit of the object is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness upon, and when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not

lighted up at the flame." Just six months later this undying affection, which had been declined by Miss DeBlois, was transferred to Miss Shippen and expressed itself with the same transport and, mind you, in the very same words given above. Now what do you make of that? I cannot explain it. Was the man a Lovelace, cynically convinced that one cheap artifice of Eros would suffice for all women alike? Or was he simply a busy man, who thought that ladies liked to have nice things said to them and, having got one convenient model, perhaps from the complete letter-writer, used it to serve every turn?

Artificial or not, the wooing seemed to answer with Miss Shippen. Her father opposed the match, which only stimulated her affection, till her health failed under the strain, and the parental interference was withdrawn. As Weir Mitchell, the greatest nerve specialist of his day, observes about the case: "When a delicate-minded, sensitive, well-bred woman falls in love with a strong, coarse, passionate man, there is no more to be said except 'Take her.'" The two were married in April, 1779, though Arnold was still so crippled by his wound that "during the marriage ceremony he was supported by a soldier, and when seated, his disabled limb was propped upon a camp-stool."

If love was a large element in Arnold's life, hate was a larger. Not that he entertained long, cruel grudges and remote vengeance. His nature was too straightforward for that. But his quick, violent temper was moved to anger on any fancied provocation of slight or insult, and his whole history is an incredible succession of unprofitable quarrels. His loving mother begged him in his youth to keep a "steady watch over your thoughts, words, and actions." Alas, alas, how soon the tender injunctions of mothers are forgot!

These bitter and more or less disreputable conflicts abound with Arnold, from almost our earliest record until the

end. Three duels we know of, and there were probably many others. His own description of one more ruffianly encounter sets the tone: "I took the liberty of breaking his head, and on his refusing to draw like a gentleman . . . I kicked him very heartily and ordered him from the Point immediately." He quarreled with his inferiors, quarreled with colonels, captains, privates, and citizens. He quarreled with his superiors: Gates who had befriended him; Reed, the president of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, with disastrous results. No doubt the fault was not always on one side; but such a luxury of altercation makes one suspicious. Quarrels to him seem to have been the zest of life. They fill his portrait with dark shadows and ugly corners.

And back of the quarrels was the abnormal, uneasy, quivering sense of his own importance and dignity. This is excellently suggested in the remark of Washington: "He received a rebuke before I could convince him of the impropriety of his entering upon a justification of his conduct in my presence, and for bestowing such illiberal abuse as he seemed disposed to do upon those whom he denominated his persecutors." Alas, he was too ready to see persecutors everywhere. If he could only have remembered the admirable words of Orlando, himself a good fighter when it came to the push: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." Arnold was riddled with faults, and must have known it; yet he seemed ready to chide every breather that lived.

And now we are somewhat better able to understand the critical action of Arnold's life. Yet even so, the horror of it is almost inexplicable: to sell a sacred trust and the confidence of a personal benefactor for money! In the words of Mahan, who so greatly admired his heroism and soldiership: "It is not the least of the injuries done to his nation in after years, that he should have . . .

effaced this glorious record by so black an infamy."

What interests us, of course, is not so much the fact, as the motives behind it, especially Arnold's own view of those motives. To use the apt phrase of Margaret Fuller: "We need to hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness." And in every such critical decision of life, as in the minor ones also, there is a vast complication of motives, which we too often fail to realize. We are inclined to simplify the motives of others and especially to overlook many elements in our own. Above all is this true in a nature of fierce action like Arnold's, which generally has neither the leisure nor the disposition to spend much time upon self-analysis. In the records that we have of his earlier life I do not find indications of such analysis, nor do I believe that it was there to any great extent. It does not seem possible that a man of large imaginative habit could have failed to picture to himself the terrible consequences of the step he was taking. Yet, on the other hand, a very vivid imagination will sometimes be content to frame a wide possibility of contingencies and then dwell only upon those that are agreeable.

Of one thing we may be sure, that Arnold never admitted to himself that he was a scoundrel or that his motives were villainous. There may be deliberate rascals who do this; but I am sure he was not one of them. When he wrote to Elizabeth DeBlois that the love with which she had inspired him could not "admit of an unworthy thought or action," I believe he was sincere. His most bitter critic, Stevens, declares that "there is no evidence that the heart of Arnold ever beat with one patriotic thrill." This is absurd. His heart had as many such thrills as three quarters of the men who fought in the Revolution. When he said, "No public or private injury or insult shall prevail on me to forsake the cause of my injured and oppressed country, until I see peace and liberty restored to her, or nobly die

in the attempt," he meant it, as much as most men mean such words. When he called one who was doing precisely what he did later, "a most plausible and artful villain," he meant it. When he wrote to Washington, "the heart which is conscious of its own rectitude cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong," when he wrote of his sons in later years that they were "possessed of strict principles of honor and integrity," as if they had derived such principles from him, he was absolutely sincere in what he said.

Nevertheless, he did what other men consider a treacherous, hideous, abominable deed. How did he do it, and why? There is no doubt that in 1779 and 1780 there was much discouragement and weariness with regard to the war, and many were inclined to take the view that Arnold expressed when he said to Smith: "It is a proof of an ingenuous mind to retract from error, the moment it is discovered." The British were persistent, the French alliance was distasteful, Congress was incapable and torn by factions, the resources of the country were scanty, at any rate ill managed. Washington himself said, "I have almost ceased to hope." Arnold in Philadelphia, surrounded by persons of Tory leaning, received all these dark impressions with double force. It was asserted by Aaron Burr, or his biographers, that Mrs. Arnold emphasized this tendency in her husband and was indeed an active participant in his guilt. As a matter of fact, her innocence seems beyond dispute; but her sympathies and those of her friends were no doubt important elements in the great decision.

Even more pressing were the considerations personal to Arnold himself. There was the odious matter of money. His debts were piled up, his claims upon Congress were still unsettled, cash must be got from somewhere. Just what sum he bargained to surrender West Point for cannot be definitely determined. Thirty thousand pounds was the legendary fig-

ure. As he could not keep his agreement, he received only some six thousand pounds, together with a grade lower than that he already held, in what he must have felt to be a very pitiful compensation for all his losses. The incurably sordid view here involved peeps out in his remark to Smith, just before the treason was consummated: "Smith, here am I now, after having fought the battles of my country, and find myself with a ruined constitution, and this limb now rendered useless to me. At the termination of this war, where can I seek for compensation for such damage as I have sustained?"

But no doubt he preferred to dwell upon the base ingratitude which disregarded his losses, rather than upon the financial importance of them. The intense sensitiveness as to rank and advancement, which is apparently more marked in the military profession than in any other, was as prominent in the Revolution as in the Civil War and at all other times. Generals Greene, Sullivan, and Knox all threatened to resign on the same day, because it was reported that an inferior and undistinguished officer was to receive promotion. In a passionate and prejudiced temperament like Arnold's the slights inflicted upon him worked like maddening poison. "I daily discover so much baseness and ingratitude among mankind that I almost blush at being of the same species," he writes to Miss Shippen just before his marriage. And the remedy he found was to display on his own part a baseness and ingratitude that no one could surpass.

Yet he probably persuaded himself that he was to be the savior of his country. As one of his biographers ingeniously points out, he may have argued that his treachery would never be discovered, but that West Point would be taken, the Revolution would collapse, the British supremacy would be restored, and he himself would be the prominent figure in the dazzling future of America. As he expressed it to Germaine, "I

was intent to have demonstrated my zeal by an act, which, had it succeeded as intended, must have immediately terminated the unnatural convulsions that have so long distracted the Empire." Such a role as this teased and tickled his vanity till it grew to be an obsession.

So the great betrayal came about. It was no sudden impulse of whirlwind vengeance. For a year and a half Arnold was in correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, first vaguely and anonymously, gradually with greater definiteness. He at length prevailed upon Washington to entrust him with West Point, and then deliberately arranged to surrender it, and possibly Washington with it, though this is unlikely. The negotiations, toward the climax, were complicated. André was deputed to confer with Arnold personally. They met on September 22, 1780, discussed matters, and made their arrangements. But André, in attempting to return, was captured, with his compromising papers. Colonel Jameson, to whom he was taken, blunderingly sent word to Arnold, instead of to Washington. The latter had been prevented from breakfasting with the Arnolds, as he expected to do. He sent his aides in advance, and they were all seated at the table when the Jameson message was delivered. Arnold, with great self-control, made no sign, but quietly excused himself. When Mrs. Arnold followed him, he broke the news to her, left her completely prostrated, flung himself upon the first horse obtainable, rode to the river by what is still called Arnold's path, entered his barge, displayed a flag of truce, and made his escape to the British vessels in safety, leaving André to suffer the degrading death of a spy. Arnold went unaccompanied, with not one single follower to make his desertion valuable. The treason had failed. The consummation of his long efforts and tortuous devices, of his strangled conscience and ruined peace, was pitiable disaster. What was there left in life for him?

The storm of horror and contempt that burst behind him has rarely been equaled in the history of human execration. His old companions in arms disowned him with disgust. "From all I can learn, Arnold is the greatest villain that ever disgraced human nature," wrote Greene. Wayne was even more emphatic: "The dirty, dirty acts which he has been capable of committing beggar all description." Varick, his own aide de camp, could only enlarge upon "his mean and dirty speculation and embezzlement of public property." Worst of all was Washington: "He seems to have been so hackneyed in villainy and so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties will enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

No fifth act of a tragedy was ever more impressively moral than the last twenty years of Arnold's life. The interesting thing is that we have not one authentic, direct, intimate word of his own describing his emotions and experiences; for the formal address explaining his action to his American fellow citizens, issued soon after he escaped, cannot be said to throw much light upon the man's soul. It is easy for our imagination to supply him with psychological states. Colonel Laurens wrote to Washington that Arnold must be undergoing agony, and Washington, in replying with the words quoted above, denied this: "I am mistaken if, at *this* time [October, 1780] Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. He wants feeling." This may have been true then, may have been true later. We cannot prove or disprove it: we can only deduce possibilities from external facts.

The facts certainly indicate that Arnold's life was not a comfortable one. During the months that he remained in America, commanding British armies, the abuse of him on the American side was unbounded, and the harshness with which he exercised his authority did not tend to mitigate the hatred of his former

countrymen. Perhaps the most vivid illustration of this is the often-told story of the prisoner who was asked by Arnold what the Americans would do to him, if he were captured. "They will cut off that shortened leg of yours, wounded at Quebec and at Saratoga, and bury it with all the honors of war, and then hang the rest of you on a gibbet."

Nor were the experiences in England much more agreeable. The practical side of life was a constant struggle. The king granted a pension to Mrs. Arnold; but their means were insufficient to maintain the style of living to which they were accustomed. Arnold endeavored to obtain opportunities for military advancement and distinction; but his urgency was disregarded. To supply his financial needs he was driven to all sorts of speculation, notably the hazardous equipping of privateers, and his ventures were always tormenting and usually unsuccessful. Socially, he fared little better. The court was kind to him. But the world at large was cold. The Whigs were bitter, the Tories mainly indifferent. Open slights were not uncommon. One insult from Lord Lauderdale was so offensive that Arnold met it with a challenge. A duel resulted, in which the general bore himself with a good deal of credit. If we are to believe Mrs. Arnold, the affair much improved his social situation: "It has been highly gratifying to find the General's conduct so much applauded, which it has been universally, and particularly by a number of the first characters in the Kingdom, who have called upon him in consequence of it."

But these are the words of wifely tenderness, and the most charming, the most assuaging element in the strange tragedy of Arnold's later years is the tenderness of his beautiful young wife, the enfolding, sustaining affection that shines like a delicate, pale star in the lurid chaos of utter ruin. After the disaster at West Point Mrs. Arnold for a time sought refuge with her father in

Philadelphia. Here she was regarded with suspicion and dislike; and she was finally compelled to join her husband, meeting him first in New York, and then following him to England. Through all the vicissitudes of his sojourn there her thoughtfulness, her devotion remained unfailing, and they are beautifully reflected in the multitude of her letters that have been preserved by her family. In threading the thorny tangle of Arnold's finances her prudence, discretion, and foresight seem to have been admirable. She liked comfort, she liked luxury, she liked to stand well with the world. But she liked honesty and independence better, and she toiled courageously and wearily to maintain them.

Her affection for her children, her solicitude for their welfare and their future, were untiring. Again and again she writes anxiously to her father as to the provision to be made for them. And her loving care and watchfulness for the children of her husband's first marriage were almost as great as for her own.

But what is most interesting in Mrs. Arnold's letters, and what most concerns us, is the delicate divination of her feeling for her husband and his for her. As to the latter we have only the reflection in her correspondence. It has been argued from one passage, "Years of unhappiness have past, I had cast my lot, complaints were unavailing, and you and my other friends are ignorant of the many causes of uneasiness I may have had," that her husband was unfaithful to her. It may have been so. Unfaithfulness was in his nature. At any rate, I am sure that he turned again and again to the infinite solace of those comforting arms and of that tender, sheltering heart. The complete trust shown by his making her his executrix and giving her the whole charge of his affairs only bears out the pathos of her plaint for "the loss of a husband whose affection for me was unbounded."

As for her affection for him, it is impossible to question its depth or its

permanence, however it may be veiled under her noble and delicate reserve. She showed it even in the confused misery of the first revelation at West Point. "At present," writes Hamilton, who was with her, "she almost forgets his crime in his misfortune; and her horror at the guilt of the traitor is lost in her love of the man." She showed it during the long dragging years in England by her desire to maintain his position and support his credit. She showed it by her intense solicitude when he was absent or in danger, as when she speaks of her "anxiety for the fate of the best of husbands," and when she depicts the terrible day of the Lauderdale duel: "What I suffered for near a week is not to be described; the suppression of my feelings, lest I should unman the General, almost at last proved too much for me; and for some hours my reason was despaired of." Yet even here her first thought was for her husband's reputation: "Weak woman as I am, I would not wish to prevent what would be deemed necessary to preserve his honor." And most touching and pathetic of all I find her desperate determination to keep his name unstained in the recollection of his children. In speaking of his oversolicitude for their future, she says: "But the solicitude was in itself so praiseworthy, and so disinterested, and never induced him to deviate from rectitude, that his children should ever reverence his memory." O immortal tenderness of woman's love, which could fearlessly insist upon the rectitude of Benedict Arnold!

But even love like this could not make those English years anything but hell, or save that pitiable life from being a melancholy ruin. Though Arnold tells us nothing himself, one or two anecdotes preserve some suggestion of what his misery must have been. There is a family tradition that when he was near death, he caused his old Continental uniform to be brought to him and put

it on, muttering, "God forgive me for ever putting on any other." Somewhat more reliable and authentic is the incident related by Talleyrand in his *Memoirs*. Meeting an American stranger in a little inn at Falmouth, Talleyrand asked him for introductions to persons in that country. The stranger unaccountably declined and when pressed, explained: "I am perhaps the only American who cannot give you letters for his country . . . all the relations I had there are broken . . . I must never return to the States." "He dared not tell me his name," adds Talleyrand. "It was General Arnold. I must confess that I felt much pity for him, for which political Puritans will perhaps blame me, but with which I do not reproach myself, for I witnessed his agony." Could there be a more hopeless abyss of human fate than to be pitied for dishonesty by Talleyrand? The scoundrel who succeeded pitying the scoundrel who failed! Finally, there is the account of Arnold, accompanied by a lady, no doubt Mrs. Arnold, visiting Westminster Abbey and pausing to look upon the monument of André. And this, in its dumb significance, is to me the most tragic of all. What an enormous tempest of grief that contemplation must have carried with it: the man whose life he had destroyed for nothing, or only for the ruin of his own; the man whose life he might have saved by a heroic sacrifice which would almost have blotted out his crime! The story ran in the British army that Arnold offered to give himself up for André, but was prevented by Clinton. If so, it was a cruel bit of kindness. To have given his life for André's would have averted those bitter years, would have gone far to redeem his name from infamy, would have saved him from having to change the proud motto of his earlier day, *gloria sursum*, glory above all, to the sad legend which he adopted at last, *nil desperandum*, only too aptly to be mistranslated: nothing but despair.

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE MODEL FATHER

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

MY son takes a despondent view of life. He finds it a sad affair. He seldom smiles; the only thing in the world that definitely pleases him is a certain loud chirruping sound, and even then his smile is fleeting, as though he found this summit of satisfaction only slightly elevated above a vale of tears. But there is no doubt of his ability to register grief, pain, dismay, disappointment, and displeasure. He does it by the hour at the top of his lungs.

I repeatedly remind my son that after all he is only seven weeks old, and that until he has had a wider experience on which to base his opinion, it would be well for him to suspend judgment on the world. I tell him that he has yet to behold the Alps at sunrise, to hear a saxophone sextet, to taste meringue glacée. "Courage, man!" I cry to him, "some day I shall take you to see Frank Tinney." But he only looks at me with a glassy stare, as much as to say, "Tinney? Tinney? I don't seem to recollect the name"; and then the iniquity of things comes over him afresh, and he screams again. I cannot make him understand how enviable is the lot of one who has nothing to do all day but drink and sleep.

The problem of my son's pessimism is simplified, however, by the fact that his point of view is completely digestive. His single interest is in his meals and their subsequent fortunes within him. If you were to find me dissolved in tears, the cause might be a matter of doubt; but when he yells there is just one answer: milk. He has had too much, or too little, or he doesn't like it, or it

doesn't like him. Still, I cannot console him with thought that milk is a small matter to make an uproar about. I tell him plainly that we all require food, that occasionally we are hungry for a time, and that the house would be a dismal place if the whole family came weeping to dinner and sat screaming until the soup was placed before them; but he simply goes on yelling. Only the arrival of his bottle lulls him to a temporary peace.

The answer, as I have said, is usually digestive. But this does not simplify things for his parents as much as you might suppose. If I were to point out what seems to me the most serious defect in the design of babies, it is the absence of any positive gage of their milk requirements. Mr. Ford arranges things more efficiently. When I take my flivver to the garage for gasoline I unscrew the top of its tank, produce a footrule, measure the amount in the tank, and secure the exact number of gallons necessary. But when my son's tank is filled no such exact procedure is possible. He is fed. He screams. Did he have a gallon too much or too little? The doctor has one theory, I another. The doctor's argument is fortified by profound knowledge of proteids and things; mine, by profound study of the *leit motifs* in my son's musical repertoire. So there you are. Meanwhile he continues to scream.

My son's melancholy habit of mind fills the household with depression. Ordinarily, we are a blithesome family; we yodel in the bath, we whistle over the breakfast dishes, we engage in merry banter at the luncheon table. And so it goes until the air is sawed by a series of quick staccato yelps from upstairs,

where in a small basket a small gentleman's red face grows redder still and a small pair of hands feebly paws the air. Except for the uproar in the basket, a strained silence falls upon the house. The sound of the kitchen pump is stilled; footsteps are hushed; the dreadful word is passed along, "He's off again." His howls increase in volume. At the next cottage people pause for a moment, prick up their ears, and say to one another, "He's off again." Down in the valley the farmers listen and murmur, "He's off again." Over in the next county, for all I know, people sigh and say, "There goes that baby." The tension of that moment is equaled only by the tension of a later moment when the tumult and the shouting dies, and all ears are waiting for it to begin again, all imaginations nervously at work. It may be a matter of indifference to you that the note of the red-breasted nuthatch sounds precisely like the opening phrases of the song of a seven-weeks-old baby; but a single nuthatch in the tree by our front door can in an instant freeze us into grim silence.

It is a weary life for the parent. Wordsworth was a single man or he would have had many opportunities to revise that line about babies trailing clouds of glory. Sometimes when I consider my lot, it seems as if my son's sad view of things were justified. I sit and listen to him, and wonder whether, when he waked screaming, it can have been from a dream of himself grown up and compelled to live in the same house with a seven-weeks-old child. But I suppose the experience is good for me. I am becoming a model father. If there is ever held a model fathers' competition, I expect to walk off with the national championship (in Class A, for fathers of babies one year old or less). First places in toting the basket and manipulating the safety pin, a second in preparing the bath, and a possible third in stopping the hiccough, and the trophy will be mine. My training has been arduous. Many a

dawn has found me engaged in light practice with the feeding bottle; many an evening has seen me bent over the baby handbooks, struggling with the mathematical mysteries of milk formula. There are well-thumbed pages in those handbooks which I know by heart—in particular, one singularly inconclusive passage on "What makes the baby cry?" If the national competition included an oral test on that subject, others might have to stammer and improvise, but not I. "The problem," I should begin in a clear calm voice, "may be physical, psychological, moral, or a mixture of the three," and it would be all over but the shouting.

I fear, however, that there will never be a model fathers' championship. We fathers are not appreciated. Even the baby handbooks hardly mention us. They represent the mother alone as inquiring why the baby cries. As if the father were deaf. Any father who lives in a cottage like mine, where the partitions only amplify the sounds of grief and pain, must spend considerable time inquiring. Any father whose son insists on an early breakfast in bed, as mine does, must sometimes bestir himself with the milk bottle. We may be unwilling, but the path of duty leads us to the ice chest. We become model fathers perforce; we have greatness thrust upon us.

HYPOTHESIS

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

IF you loved me, lady,
All the birds would sing;
Bright and gay would be the day,
Rainbowed everything.

Gold would be the sunlight,
Silver every star.
Do I know they would be so?
Yes. Because they are.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE FREE

BY STARK YOUNG

LIKE a great many people, I had heard of Mrs. Durant as one of the more famous of those experts on decoration that go about lecturing to clubs and civic groups. Mrs. Durant, of course, not only lectures but publishes from time to time a book on the subject, and keeps her two daughters, Elsie and Elise, in New York ready to guide their mother's disciples to the proper shops. At Santa Pia, when I was staying there, Mrs. Durant was announced for two lectures before the ladies of the Ladies' Parlor Lecture Club, at the homes of members chosen for the purpose; and after each lecture there was to be a critical view of the house and a practical application of the principles laid down. It happened that the first house was that of my hostess, Mrs. Gregg.

I looked well at Mrs. Durant when she appeared, curious to see what anyone with such a delicate and lofty profession would be like. She was a tallish woman, with what must be called an air. Her dress was blue and silver, with a silver hat; and it had something about it to pique these ladies to desperation; there was something smart and yet not smart, something you seek in vain from books and shops, something that seemed to be the soul of fashion and yet too independent to be fashionable. After their first applause, the baffled ladies quieted down to a rapt contemplation of the mystery.

We must pardon her, Mrs. Durant began, in a golden voice, if she seemed abrupt in her statements, she meant to hurt no feelings; she seriously felt that the nature of the subject allowed no faltering. "Beauty," she said, "is a kind of freedom"; and they who serve beauty must be free, absolutely, to follow the vision that she puts into their souls. They must speak right out. And one must always remember that beauty in its freedom was an abstract thing, it could be limited by no one, by no caste, no snobbish point of view, no ulterior

advantage. One could not serve beauty and mammon. She must speak the truth as she saw it. Quite recently, alas, Mrs. Durant added, she had been forced with all due regrets to say that a certain painting reminded her of "a powdered ham." But such were the hardships of a critic's life.

That by way of introduction to the lecture. I listened. Can there be one region, then, I thought, that stands on its own feet? In Parnassus there are no snobs? In beauty we are free? Meantime I looked about me at my friend's drawing-room, and, in my mind's eye, I began to see Mrs. Granville's house—our hostess for to-morrow—and shuddered to think what might happen there. The ladies looked solemn, some of them nodded understandingly; the occasion was getting sacred.

The lecture dealt with the place of harmony and beauty in the home. It ran to some length and the sum of it was that beauty embraced all. "Indeed," Mrs. Durant said, nearing her conclusion, "as some of you may have read in my book, *Beauty and the Home*, published last spring, such is my definition of God himself. 'God is Beauty,' ladies, Supreme Beauty." Moreover, she went on, she had always thought of Heaven as the home of Beauty; she managed somehow to give us the impression that we might safely approve of heaven's scheme of decoration. If earthly dwelling places were more beautiful there would be fewer unhappy homes.

A salvo of clapping gloves; then we rose. The servants folded away the chairs, and the ladies began to move about the room, looking this way and that. Everyone was excited as the critical tour set out. Some of the ladies had the air of calling the place and all its contents into court.

Mrs. Gregg herself was a very round, plump little woman, always smiling, who had puckers around her eyes and wore her hair parted in the middle and brushed back high above her ears, twisting as it went and ending in a little homely knot.

She wore five diamond rings because she liked the shine of them, but trotted about in gowns that made her look more like her own loaves of bread than the rich lady that she was. But for all Mrs. Gregg's cheeriness, her health was far from good. A few months before she had had an attack of nervous prostration—due, her husband said, to the pack of cousins that were forever coming from the country to spend the night; the cousins said her breakdown was due to the orphan, three years old, whom she had adopted and had spoiled so that every night she had to retire upstairs with him and go to bed at eight o'clock because she could not bear to think of his being lonely. She was all goodness. Nobody, of course—unless it be the angels—need think of being afraid of Mrs. Gregg. And so every one of Mrs. Durant's disciples had out her critical hatchet.

Mrs. Durant, at least, gave no signs of fear. Her courageous and honest promises looked probable enough from the light in her eye as she stood looking around her, at the chairs, the cushions, the lamps, pictures, the photographs and the countless objects which Mrs. Gregg had loved and brought away with her. Mrs. Gregg, meantime, was trying to be very gay and smiling. She listened, she let her eye rest amiably on whatever condemned spot Mrs. Durant pointed out.

"In the first place," Mrs. Durant was saying gently, "what would you take out if you were me?"

"Half the things."

Mrs. Gregg jumped. "Half?" she said. Several ladies smiled.

"Two thirds. And watch this"—Mrs. Durant pushed a chair toward the window, slid a little Kelim rug a foot nearer it with the tip of her gray toes, and dropped two cushions over out of sight behind a nearby sofa—"what a change can do!"

There was a ripple of flattering surprise and approval among the ladies. Everyone saw how much better it looked; it was wonderful, they said.

"And not so many photographs! No, no, no, no, no!" Mrs. Durant swept half a dozen in their silver frames together and pushed them to the corner of the table. "Loving but not decorative. Photographs, never!" A low laughter arose at the critic's wit.

"And not these fruity lamp shades, oh dear!" A delicate finger picked them out in the guilty spaces of the room.

"It's Tiffany," Mrs. Gregg meekly put in.

"But you don't want moons rising in the room and full of grapes, dear!"

The ladies were crowding round. They forgot the room, they wanted to hear what the critic should say of it.

"And less light in the room, ladies. Not to electrocute the dear family!" Mrs. Durant was getting too much pleasure out of it, I thought, for pure criticism. And it was too easy routing our dear Mrs. Gregg. But courage! It seemed too bad, but some one perhaps had to suffer for art.

"And this too"—Mrs. Durant cleared the mantelpiece of two handfuls of objects—"Howmuchbetterthatbalances!"

There had been twenty minutes now of this, and Mrs. Gregg had grown very quiet; there was a tight look coming into her eyes. I was glad when Mrs. Durant chose to end more charitably. But after all, she said, there was a pleasant something in the room to build from; it looked *vécu*, as Paris said of books—lived—it looked comfortable.

"Oh, I'm glad of that," Mrs. Gregg said, with a happy little flutter.

But as fate would have it the president of the club, more to ask an intelligent question—as the members were expected to do—than anything else, spoke up:

"I wonder if Mrs. Durant would tell us what she thinks of the wall paper?"

Mrs. Durant looked a moment at the walls. Then she said what, considering Mrs. Gregg's recent illness, was of all things the worst:

"The wall paper! It's enough to give you nervous prostration!"

When the company was gone, Mrs. Gregg had hysterics.

Mrs. Granville's house for next day was the same type as her cousin's, Mrs. Gregg's—the same Georgian, red brick, white columns and chintz. But there were fewer details in Mrs. Granville's bosom than in Mrs. Gregg's and fewer details to her house. I had seen the drawing-room; it was like a club more or less, heavy curtains, a huge center table piled with papers and writing materials, the walls hung with prints and engravings, the chairs ample and awkward. The whole effect of this room, however, was rather correct, it looked as if the butler's hand had put the final touches to it and given it his own formalities of taste. Mrs. Durant would rip it to shreds, I thought to myself—the battle of beauty and the butler.

But from the very start Mrs. Granville was cleverer than dear Mrs. Gregg. She had the chairs for the audience set out on the terrace instead of inside and so left the drawing-room uncluttered. She herself wore a smart, straight-brimmed hat and had taken her seat right under the nose of the lecturer, who did not know her, and who, all through the discourse, had to contend with the presence of this magnificent and authoritative figure and those steady, cool eyes. Balance, Rhythm, Harmony, was the lecture. And there was a good deal about complementary colors, walls, picture-framing, curtains. Among other items of practical hints there should be, for example, a balance of vases on the mantel; the ladies must never let anything hang down from a table, not even fringe: they must cultivate simple lines. But I heard little of what Mrs. Durant said. I was busy wondering just what would happen. Would art and beauty bravely and freely speak its mind this time? Were there really no snobs in Parnassus?

The butler stood at the door to show us into the house; and Mrs. Granville, after confronting the lecturer so long, now went up and introduced herself as the mistress of the house to be criticized,

and led the way. The drawing-room was cool, quiet, a safe air of orthodoxy dwelt about everything, a certain vested discretion. Mrs. Durant looked about her, steadily engaged the while by Mrs. Granville in conversation.

But nothing in the room seemed to strike Mrs. Durant. The ladies gathered round, fluttering to hear, but in vain. You could see that Mrs. Granville had the woman cowed. Finally, as Mrs. Granville moved us on toward the dining room, Mrs. Durant managed to say something about a suggestion of two lamps on the big table instead of one, for the sake of balance. Meanwhile, during the whole inspection Mrs. Granville had kept up a battery of conversation. And did Mrs. Durant remember, she asked, dear So-and-So's house on Fifth Avenue and the place at Newport, and was the decoration of them, did she think, really successful? And what did she think of Regency for a hall, or Louis Quinze?

The dining room turned out to be more than Georgian, with its tied-back curtains, its valances, chintzes, highboys and sconces. Here was the critic's chance. But Mrs. Durant only looked at it, while the listening ladies waited. There was a pause; a lady cleared her throat.

"A trifle too much ornament," Mrs. Durant ventured. "A very little."

"Really," Mrs. Granville replied, but as an equal at this business of judging houses. "You may be right. I had Hunter in London do the scheme for me."

"Really?" said Mrs. Durant, as we passed into the hall.

In the hall our party was met by Sylvia, the daughter of the house, just in, evidently, from the fields. A charming creature, with blue eyes and shining hair, pale yellow woollens and a soft hat, bluish green like the feathers of the love birds at the Italian fortune teller's. She held out her hand.

"Mrs. Durant, how darling of you to come and help us out! Mama, dearest, what does Mrs. Durant think we should

do? She shan't escape till she has told us."

"But, my dear," Mrs. Durant began, "really, it has been a pleasure—"

"No, you simply must, you know—"

After that everyone began to talk, and the occasion would have ended but for our little Mrs. Gregg. She thought doubtless — and very naturally — that some one besides herself ought to get a little advice.

"But, Mrs. Durant," she said, pointing to a row of prints on the wall, "what do you think of the way those prints are framed? I thought you said you didn't like white mats around pictures."

Mrs. Durant made a last stand.

"Well, dear, I think I should say really that framing these prints close up would bring them out better."

Sylvia tossed the walls a glance.

"Oh," she said, "those old things! But you see Papa had them with him four years at Yale, and he simply won't give them up."

SAY IT WITH QUILTS

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

ALL homes too poor to change their furniture with the fashions provide good hunting for the antiquarian. Of all dwellings thus rich in significant survivals the most promising is the country rectory, and of all chattels likely to reward examination the most humanly suggestive is the quilt. Myself the survival of a country rectory, I could reconstruct the course of feminine psychology for a hundred years merely by scrutinizing the bed coverings in our possession. There was a time when women said with quilts what they did not know how to say in any other way. Now they do know how to say it in many other ways, so that it is as an antiquity, not as a reality, that the quilt should be studied.

Among the historic relics in our household is a woven bedspread, the handiwork of my grandmother's grandmother. She washed the wool and carded and

spun it herself, its texture is smooth as satin. She chose the colors and dyed it herself, they are a dull red and blue, exquisite to the eye. She wove it herself — it has an individuality of design requiring infinite patience. There it lies to-day put away in a drawer, too good for common use, our inheritance, the matchless craftsmanship of a woman who was but one of an army of nameless artists recorded in their bedspreads. To that same day of romantic weaving belong the names of patterns still cherished from forgotten history in the lonely log cabins of the Southern mountains. Here women, illiterate but dreamy, teach their looms magic devices called the Wheel of Fortune, the Freedom Rose, Sunrise on the Walls of Troy. Those last words carry one's thoughts back to Helen, back to Penelope, who each, the faithless and the faithful, said it with a web.

The patchwork quilt has been transmitted to our time side by side with the woven one, but it is a much homelier method of expression. From Arachne down, there has always been something glamorous about a lady at a loom, but patchwork is always prose. Patchwork dates back to an era when calico was expensive, but time, a woman's time, was cheap. Stitching together little bits of printed cotton was such a hopelessly practical employment that it must have been an indomitable fancy which first conceived of twisting those snips into intricate designs. But while many women were superb enough to make art even of patches, on the whole, patchwork tended to subdue the imagination. It was acutely depressing to infancy as I remember it, so irksome, in fact, that my mother never made me "piece." The necessity of my father's calling, however, enjoined my attending the juvenile missionary society, where my attitude was that of controlled but critical aloofness. Neither then nor now have I been one of the happy order who say it with quilts. Then as now, to cut up material merely to sew it together

again, seemed to me utter foolishness. And of all unimaginative sewing the 'over-and-over' stitch is to me the most sordid. Sitting within and sewing away at patchwork appeared to me an ungrateful way to treat the sunny, windy Saturday afternoons. My jaded fingers were somewhat cheered by the lady head of our infant band when she remarked, "The little niggers will stick their toes through your stitches." To this day I never see an "all-over" seam without glimpsing little ebony toes wiggling their way through.

Its power to subdue the spirits of the unruly is probably the reason why patchwork was always the chief function of all the rural missionary societies, young or old, that I remember in our ministry. Now the sewing society is always a very painful thorn in the flesh of a clerical household. I do not know whether they have sewing societies any longer anywhere, but if they have them I know they are still making patchwork quilts, because it is the only way the concourse can be safely employed. Such a band is always composed of racy individuals who, if they do not say it with quilts, will say it in some way more disastrous to parochial harmony. You can't let a group of rural women loose to sew at large for the heathen because their views on improving South Africa are too original for co-operation. You can't with impunity let them do anything but "piece." Even in quilts the pattern chosen has to be extremely simple, otherwise it will become polemic. One small but fiery flock that I recall had to be kept to the post-card design for three whole years. The post card was the least controversial pattern we could discover. It consists of alternate scraps of light and dark shades cut the size of a post card. Even then a great deal of heat was engendered by exhaustive argument as to which pieces were bright in color and which dull. "Say it with quilts" was thus our established rule in utilizing the female energy of our congregations, and the

result was that, periodically, they said it to us, with a quilt. We always evinced great surprise when the gift was formally presented. We have numbers of these offerings still employed about the house, but not for purposes of warmth, for this patchwork for the parson was always very thin. I wonder why.

But to the thinness of these parochial tributes there exist two notable exceptions. I refer to those two cherished bed coverings known to our family as "Big Maria" and "Little Maria." The difference between the two is in size only. We call them Maria because Maria made them, and in making them, she said it with quilts, if ever woman did. She put herself into them so utterly that nobody who had ever known her could ever call those quilts anything but Maria. Now Maria—woman, not quilt—was substantial, ruddy, outspoken, warm-hearted and self-elected to rebuke parson and parish, a person better appreciated in retrospect than in immediate intercourse. She thought our household frivolous. She thought we should have made our own quilts, but since we didn't, she would. She scorned the work of the sewing society so robustly that she told them all what she thought of it and them, then she went home and made us quilts of her own kind, and presented them. They are of woolen pieces, in dark and durable shades. They are lined and padded generously. Nothing uglier, nothing warmer, have I ever seen than Big Maria and Little Maria. When I draw one or other of these old reliables up about my neck I realize how much can be expressed with a quilt.

Once I myself tried to say it with a quilt, at twelve years old. The historic period is happily remote, for the time was that of the crazy quilt. I have it still, that mad riot of kaleidoscopic scraps, princely velvets, snips from ball-room frocks, the mystic dove-colored poplin of my mother's wedding gown. Riotous though the colors were, I made them more so with embroidery. No

over-and-over stitches here, but flashing decoration straight from fairyland. I embroidered suns and moons and stars and fiddles and houses and fans. I acknowledge that to-day I am the only person who can decipher the intention of these hieroglyphic shapes. Thus ran my maiden meditation frenzy-free, at twelve. I shut myself away from my kind, both girl-kind and boy-kind. I gave my inner being up to those mad, magic scraps. While my little friends were saying it with giggles, with sly lashes, with scrawled notes, passed from desk to desk, I was saying it with a crazy quilt. Of all the delirious patchwork of that village mine was the gaudiest and the wildest.

The crazy quilt was in itself a curious psychological outbreak, appearing as a brief but emphatic protest during a period of uttermost conformity. Never was the mind of woman more tranquilly snug than in those mild Victorian eighties, and the consequence was the crazy quilt. If to-day, in an era as brilliant and as mad as a pin wheel, women should ever again say it with quilts, they would, I suppose, choose patterns of a geometric regularity. In this general connection, allow me to quote a remark which I lately made, but which still puzzles me. Some one was blowing the breath of scandal against a woman whom I know, and instantly I protested, "But I have seen her making a crazy quilt. It is impossible that any woman who, in these days, makes a crazy quilt, can be naughty." I really don't know just what I meant, yet I feel that I meant a great deal, more perhaps than can be said in any other way than with a quilt.

I was a few years past twelve when I came upon a young woman who was, above all others of my observation, saying it with quilts, with twenty-four quilts, to be exact. Now Ruby did not make crazy patchwork, nor had scandal ever brushed her. She was, in fact, out-

rageously irreproachable. Girls of to-day speak frankly of their hope chests, but not so frankly of what they are putting into them—chiefly articles, I surmise, of personal decoration. Not so Ruby. There was no one within a radius of twenty-four miles who did not know exactly what was in Ruby's hope chest, namely, twenty-four quilts. No one could look at honest Ruby and not perceive what an excellent wife she would make, but as an astute male has recently put it, "she belonged to a sex which, when honest, is never reticently so." Ruby lived and died a spinster. Never did love-making come within twenty-four miles of her, for men belong to a sex that is never honest, reticently or any other way. There is nothing that men are more pleased to have women say than what Ruby said. Only they do not like to have it said loud, like that, in twenty-four outspoken quilts.

No longer except in the remotest backwoods do women say anything with quilts. To-day women know so clearly what they wish to say that they could not possibly wish to say it with a quilt. Yet looking at the whole subject as a mere dispassionate antiquarian, and remembering Penelope and Helen and my great-great-grandmother, I maintain that the loom and the needle provided a far subtler method of expression than the tongue and the pen, and that women have lost something since they stopped saying it with quilts and began to say it right out in meeting.

It is not possible that anyone is so hobnailed as to ask what it is that should be said with quilts. The reason why I cannot answer is that it is never twice the same thing, because it is what every woman knows. The reason why I will not answer is that then I myself should be stupidly trying to say it with words whereas my whole argument is that it should be said only with quilts.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT is disputed, I believe, whether Time really exists, the understanding of the super-informed being that Time is no more than a sort of habit of the human mind. All the same the clocks and other devices measure it and the habit goes on. The years succeed one another and are numbered as they pass under the wire, and here's a new one coming in now.

Twenty-three is not a lucky number. The prejudice against it is not so strong as against thirteen, but in sporting circles, at least, it is not well thought of. We take the years, however, as they come and make the best we can of them. Expectations for 1923 are not very brilliant. The stage has not yet been set for a golden year. There is a lot to do before the world can be even normally happy, and throughout this year that is about to start, we shall probably be busy doing some of those things rather than merely enjoying life. The relations of the nations must continue to be mediated; something must be done about the finances of Europe; there will be a lot more starving people standing in line. We start out with a coal shortage but that may not be serious. To have much to do is not in itself a bad outlook at New Year's because the doing of things that should be done brings happiness, and perhaps we shall have some of that kind of happiness. It is the kind we ought to have if we are to have any.

The other day a high Court in California gave out a decision that the King James version of the Bible, being the book "of a certain sect," cannot be read in the public schools of California. That

seems unfortunate because not to know the Bible is a serious defect in education. It is too bad about the Bible that it makes so much trouble. Headlines in the paper almost every day disclose that this or that clergyman has incurred or achieved publicity by an opinion about something in the Bible which other clergymen object to. There is a row in the Presbyterian Church over the opinions of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick of New York. There is a row in the Methodist Church in Nebraska over Parson Buckner, who thinks that certain statements about God in the Old Testament are not so. There is the row between Mr. Bryan and many supporters over the supposed conflict between the theory of evolution and the Book of Genesis. There is the row between the Fundamentalists, who insist apparently upon belief in the literal inspiration of the whole Bible from cover to cover as it stands, and the Progressives who are for the catch-as-catch-can method of Bible reading, and who would have readers believe only so much as they think is true. Really, to clear up our conflicting notions about the Bible is a highly important piece of work. It has a bearing upon the peace of the world and the progress as well as the composure of human life, and deserves to be included among the big jobs that should engage our wits in 1923. For the world needs religion; that is all but universally admitted; and the basis of the religion which Christendom knows best and most relies on is the Bible.

Now what is the nature of the difficulties about the Bible? It is that it contains statements which, taken literally, seem to conflict with accepted cur-

rent knowledge. Mr. Bryan is concerned because he cannot make the literal text of Genesis conform with his notions of Darwinism. Stars above! What's the hurry? Can't he see what Genesis is? Can't he see what Darwin's theory is? If he thinks they conflict, can't he wait for more light before insisting that they shall get together? There are millions of pious people for whom the apparent disparities between Genesis and Darwinism make no trouble at all. Perhaps they understand the kind of literary conglomerate that Genesis is; perhaps they understand the tentative quality of the theory of evolution. Perhaps they don't. But, anyhow, they are perfectly content to let truth work out. Their conduct in this life and their hopes in a life hereafter do not in the least depend upon any premature welding together of Darwinism and Genesis.

Take Parson Buckner's difficulty about the dealings of the Israelites with the Canaanites. It perplexes him because he reads in the Old Testament that God instructed the Israelites to clean up the Canaanites, man, woman, and child. He does not feel that God, being a good God, gave them any such instructions, and surely he is entitled to entertain that sentiment. But God is a very large idea, which our human consciousness cannot measure with any tape line that is yet at its command. The "and God said" of the Old Testament books seems very like a detail of phraseology, which expressed the sense of the Israelite leaders, however derived, that the Canaanites were a bad lot, with whom the chosen people must not be mixed up either in race or religion. Parson Buckner may be right about what "God said" in the Old Testament, but surely he can be either right or wrong without impairing his value as an expositor of the teachings of Christ. Ministers are expected, while they are still young at the threshold of their profession, to accept a lot of assertions about the Bible that it takes a lifetime often to understand. It is not really necessary

that they should do it. The beliefs that they must have, if they are to be useful ministers, are few and simple.

The ministerial employment seems nowadays to have two branches, one of them concerned with spiritual matters and the other with organization and its fruits as they appear in what we call good works. The aim of organization seems to be largely to take care of people's material needs. That branch of the ministerial employment is concerned a good deal with raising money and spending it. The other branch has to do with quite a different matter—with reaching into the invisible world and drawing out of it strength and direction for human life, and that is a very personal adventure to which organization can be only supplementary. Both of these labors, of course, are important, but this last office is the great function of the ministry. Religion is the tie that binds the visible to the invisible world. The pith of religion is the belief in immortality. The practice of religion has to do with the relief of material human needs, but for the spirit that incites us to succor the widows and the fatherless, the needy and the sick, and to foster the increase of knowledge, we are instructed to go to the great source of charity and understanding in the invisible world. The church by its existence, by its service, by its institutions helps us to do that. It gives us assurance that the invisible world is accessible to us, that there is help for us there if we will seek it. And so it helps, or should help, us to get a better understanding of our relations with men and a better intelligence in dealing with them. Those are the things the world now most needs—more than food, more than clothes, more than relief of any kind, though the need of these in many countries is still bitter beyond all precedent. It needs understanding of life, understanding of our fellow men, and an inspired intelligence in putting ourselves in their places and dealing with them as we should wish to be dealt with.

The office of the Bible is to help to give us that understanding of life. We get it mainly from the New Testament, of which the Old Testament is the background, and, to us Christians, mainly valuable in that capacity. We do not, as Christians, profess to get our standards of conduct from the Old Testament, or shape our deportment on the behavior of the Israelites. We are not excused for anything we do because the Israelites did it. They are not the example we profess to follow. That example is in the New Testament. Accordingly, we have no serious occasion to worry about what seems to us misconduct in the Children of Israel, or about the locutions their historians used in recording their exploits. Still, the Old Testament is very interesting in showing us how folks behaved in Asia some centuries ago, and what sort of religion they had, and New Testament and Old are alike in recording a steady, operating, and inspiring belief in the invisible world, and that is one of the vastly important matters to understanding of which the Bible gives invaluable help.

Current spiritism is trying hard to help us in that same field of exploration, but it labors under difficulties. It is not very respectable and the godly are apt to shy at it, whereas the Bible, as an institution, is respectability enthroned, and what it says goes with the godly if they can be made to understand it. But weird and scary as modern spiritism is, there are those who think it the most interesting and probably the most important activity now proceeding in the world. It has spread remarkably. It is going on in many countries. It gets a wary and usually skeptical attention from some of the scientists. People of good minds, good character, and good training are interested in it more and more. Even some of the ministers take notice of it, though as a rule they are still shy of meddling with it, and watch it from afar off. That is natural enough because the old spiritualism that blazed out sixty years

ago, came down to our generation considerably besmirched. It was noticed abundantly, but never got due examination by qualified people nor was geared to any working plan for helping human life, so that while it did not pass away, it did pass out of public notice. The present recurrence of interest in communication with the dead and with the invisible world is put down as a fruit of the war. People say that, and seem to think that they have explained it, and that we should expect that when the other effects of the war have passed away finally, the interest in these things will go with them. And so in some measure it may, but even if it does, there may be a work for it to do first, a work of the first importance, no less than to revitalize belief in the Christian religion—to give it new power, to bring home to men an understanding of life, to make them feel why they are in this world and what is their great employment here, and by what means they may find the knowledge and inspiration to discharge it.

What mankind needs more than anything else is spiritual knowledge. We are getting knowledge fast, wonderfully fast, but most of it is applied to material things. In the last two generations the power of man over material things has enormously increased. The alarming feature of the late war was that the developments of science had made man so strong materially that the collapse of civilization was threatened. It is still threatened. Another great war, as we all know, would probably be more destructive than the last and how much of the machinery of life it would leave nobody can tell, not even the bankers. In the face of this greatly increased power of destruction, we need an increased power of salvation, and that must be a spiritual power. The mental side of man has been developed for two generations while his spiritual side has been starved. What is needed now is a development of that spiritual side so that it will hold the rest of the new knowledge and make it safe.

Most of the knowledge of spiritual things which the world possesses is credited to revelation; that is, it came out of the invisible world and was given to our world through living men. The Bible is full of such communications from cover to cover. The Christian religion is based on such communications. If they are coming now it is nothing that should be repugnant to Christian thought. If from people and from powers and from teachers in the invisible world, thoughts and purposes and guidance and instruction are communicated to living people here, it need not astonish unduly any Christian who reads his Bible. The question for him is whether the fact of communication is true and whether the matter communicated is valid and useful.

Even in religion it seems important that we should get the news. The ministers have not been getting it all, and it is worth their reverend attention. If they get it more fully there will be more ministers with messages of power, more ministers with confidence in the vital teachings of the Bible. But their messages must be true or they are nothing; and how difficult it is to sort the truth out of the news, may be learned by reading the newspapers.

But the scientists are going to help. They want the news, but even more they want the truth. They are not quite so closely tied to accepted beliefs as the ministers are, and can take greater chances in speculation. What they learn about nature and about man is a part of that great body of truth which includes all religion, and which is making it possible to understand details of knowledge that could hardly have been understood one thousand or two thousand years ago. We can only accept what our minds have been prepared to accept. It seems that nowadays our minds are being made ready for extraordinary new acquisitions of knowledge and of spiritual knowledge most of all, for that is most important and is the

framework on which everything hangs. To get the news that is important—the spiritual news as well as the rest; to follow truth wherever it leads and from whatever source it emanates—those are the attractions for aspiring minds; and it is the aspiring minds, the minds that see visions and can interpret them and put their messages into practice, which the church above all institutions needs and will profit by.

Given knowledge enough and minds free to work, and the difficulties about the Bible will fade away. Readers will go to it more than ever to learn the lesson of life, for confirmation of suggestions they get from other quarters, for assurance that knowledge and developments that seem new are old truths which have been more or less in the world since before recorded history, which sink out of sight at times, or are driven into hiding by intolerance or persecution, but come out again when suffering and distress have made them necessary to the world and sent seekers to find them.

The Bible is a wonderful book; the most important book we have. All the stupidities, extravagances, and timidities of its various guardians cannot kill it, much less can the assaults of its assailants. But it takes some intelligence to get out what is in it, and make some of the old knowledge that it contains harmonious with the new knowledge which we get from putting the works of God under the microscope and examining them in laboratories, and by studying rocks, and digging up bones and old manuscripts and deciphering old inscriptions. A sort of inspired intelligence is needed to produce that harmony, but the inspiration will be forthcoming. The thing for us to be concerned about is that the intelligence shall be free; that men who think shall not be scared out of their thoughts, whether they match the thoughts of other men who happen to be in authority or not.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



OF ALL THE VETERANS, WHO BRAGGED MOST?—CAPTAIN BINKS OF THE LEGION POST

THE PATH OF GLORY

BY NEWMAN LEVY

PPRIVATE BINKS, of the Q. M. C.
Fought the war in Tennessee.
He handed out leggings, and he handed out boots
To the corporals and sergeants, to the captains and the lieuts.

First man out at the end of the war
Was Corporal Binks of the Q. M. Corps.
Home he went in uniform to dazzle all the ginks.
A band was at the station to greet First Lieutenant Binks.

Of all the veterans, who bragged most?
Captain Binks of the Legion Post.
At patriotic festivals, at banquets and parades
They always called on Binks to tell his martial escapades.

With local pride his neighbors glowed
 When Major Binks walked down the road.
 "A bold, courageous man," they said, "who says just what he thinks,
 A credit to his townsmen is Lieutenant-Colonel Binks."

"In far-off lands, across the sea,
 We fought to keep this nation free.
 And as we fell in Flanders Fields they stole away our drinks.
 Was this the cause for which we bled and died?" said Colonel Binks.

Mid the blare of brass and the tramp of feet,
 The boys come marching down the street,
 And, clad in gorgeous uniform, with medals on his breast,
 Our hero, Major-General Binks rides, leading all the rest.

Reverent children stand and stare
 At the big bronze statue in the public square,
 And the dying sunlight gilds it with its glory as it sinks,
 And lights up the graven legend, "To Our Hero—General Binks."

From Personal Observation

"WHAT kind of posts would you say
 I'd better have for my piazza?"
 asked a summer resident of the oracle of
 Owlton. "Cedar?"

"No," was the instant reply; "not unless
 you want to pay for poor stuff. Git pine.
 Pine will last ye a hundred
 years."

"Are you sure?" asked the
 newcomer, doubtfully.

"Sure!" echoed the oracle.
 "I never state a thing with-
 out I can prove it. I've tried
 'em both. Tried 'em twice on
 my south porch, I tell ye!"

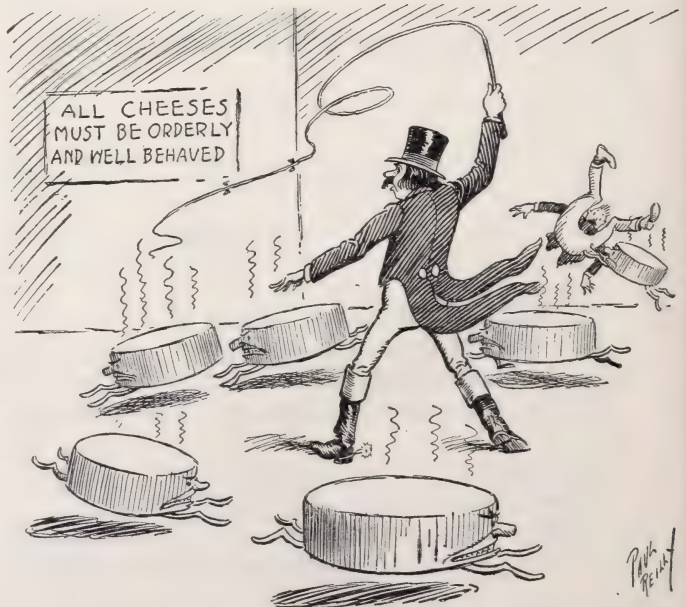
Why the Larder Remained
 Empty

VEGETARIANS may find
 comfort in this story of
 a village schoolmaster whose
 habit it was to replenish his
 larder by purchasing pork
 from the parents of his
 pupils whenever they killed
 a pig.

One day a small boy
 marched up to the master's
 desk and inquired whether
 he would like a bit of pork, as
 his dad was going to kill his
 pig.

The schoolmaster replied in the affirma-
 tive. When several days had elapsed and
 nothing more had been heard about the
 pork, he called the boy up and inquired
 why he had not brought it.

"Oh," explained the boy, "the pig got
 well."



An Uncrowded Occupation

*Foreign cheese-master subduing recalcitrant cheeses for the
 American trade*



THE TEACHER: *Arthur, your addition is terrible. You're bright in other studies. Have you any excuse to offer for being so stupid in arithmetic?"*

ARTHUR: *"Please, teacher, I'm a golf caddie after school hours."*

A Minor Character

JENKINS was substituting for a day or two during the temporary absence of the regular society editor. He is a detail man, quick to notice omissions and call attention to them. So when Miss Daisy Blank came in with a long story about the wedding of her dearest chum, Jenkins took his pipe out of his mouth and studied the delicate missive. He grunted at the adjectives about the bride's costume, frowned over the elaborate decorations and the lengthy description of the music and the singing, and then said to Miss Daisy:

"Who was the unhappy man?"

"You mean the groom?"

"Yes. There has to be a groom at a thing of this sort, doesn't there?"

"To be sure," and Miss Daisy blushed a bit. "It was Mr. William Smith—didn't I have him in?"

"Not that I can see."

"Well, put him in somewhere, please. Of course he was present also."

So Jenkins wrote at the bottom of Miss Daisy's exquisite little sketch:

"Bill Smith was also present."

Wrongly Named

THERE is a lawyer in a western village whose real name is Blackstone J. . . . His first name is not the result of prophetic vision on the part of his parents, but merely that of his mother's family. The name, however, has excited a good deal of interest since he hung out his shingle, and has probably helped him to such success as has been his—a success due for the most part to his great volubility as a pleader, certainly not to any extensive equipment of legal knowledge.

A group of citizens were assembled on the courthouse steps after a trial in which J. had figured prominently, and one of them remarked concerning a speech of J.'s:

"That man's folks sure gave him a fittin' name when they named him Blackstone!"

"Hump!" snarled a sardonic rival of the bar who did not think highly of J.'s erudition, "they'd have done better to name him Necessity."

And as the group gazed at him in puzzled interrogation he explained.

"You know there's a saying that Necessity knows no law."



A Timely Warning

CLERGYMAN RECEIVING FEE: *"Ah, Mr. Groom, this first cost, you must realize, is very, very small compared with the upkeep."*

Too Complex for Him

WILLIAM laid down his pen and looked gloomily at his paper. He had been asked to fill the blanks with the words Miss or Mrs., and had remembered that Miss J. was his English teacher and that she had taught him a poem by Mrs. Thaxter. These people were familiar. But he had now come to the sentence, "*Jones has five little boys.*"

When asked why he looked so troubled he answered, "I never heard of that Jones woman. How do I know whether she's Miss or Mrs.?"

Amending the Dictionary

HARRIET, an old colored woman, when asked by her mistress who had recently taken up her abode in a small Illinois town, the name of the best dairy in the town, replied at some length that the Simpson Dairy was the best. Some hours later her mistress, seeing one of the Simpson wagons pass the house, said to the servant, "I am glad to see that the Simpson Dairy milk is pasteurized."

Harriet enthusiastically replied, "Yessum, that's it; they turns all der cows out to pasture."

Her Just Deserts

LOUISE was a mule of unusually mulish disposition. She belonged to Joe Mitchell, a ducky possessed of a truly remarkable fund of patience. But he needed it all. If Joe wanted to go uphill, Louise invariably felt impelled to go down. If Joe yearned to ride in the shade, nothing but sunshine would do for Louise. If the ducky expressed a wish to go forward, the mule was immediately seized with a desire to "crawfish" in the opposite direction. Yet Joe bore with her for six long years.

Finally, however, Louise, balking at a time when she was weighted down with two bags of lime, backed off the dock into deep water, and forever vanished from sight.

"Yo' Louise," breathed the colored man, fervently, as he leaned over the edges of the wharf to shake his fist at the rising bubbles, "I hopes fo' once yo' has got yo' most complete satisfaction."

A New Version of a Famous Speech

MILITARY heroes have ever been dear to the American heart, as attested by the many existing statues of fierce-looking men in uniform, mounted upon open-mouthed chargers, sniffing the battle from afar. In the absence of the hero himself, members of his family often are made the recipients of public attention.

General Pershing's family have, of course, also been showered with expressions of good will. At a reception in their honor, given in Nebraska, many representatives assembled from surrounding villages to express their pride in their neighbor. One of these self-appointed social ambassadors, of stalwart frame and the carriage of a female grenadier, marched up to the General's sister, and, in the stentorian voice of the prairie, said:

"You don't know how proud the people of our town feel about your brother, ever since he laid the wreath on the tomb and made that grand speech, 'We are here, La Follette.'"

An Agricultural Helper

LITTLE EVELYN had been much impressed by the hiding and finding of eggs at the Easter season.

One day, a week later, she was in the garden watching John, the hired man, at work planting beans. On he went across the garden, dropping the seeds and carefully raking the earth over them. The little girl followed at his heels. At the end of the row the old negro straightened up to rest his back. Evelyn triumphantly held out two little hands and excitedly said, "Look, John, I found every bean you hid."

Obstructing the Traffic

MR. FILKINS was the father of fourteen children. He agreed one spring holiday to take them to the seashore for the week-end. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to board the train when Mr. Filkins was touched on the shoulder by a policeman.

"What have you been doin'?" the policeman growled fiercely.

"Me? Why, nothing," stammered the surprised Filkins.

The policeman waved his arm toward the Filkins family. "Then why," he asked, "is this here crowd a-followin' of you?"

Why He Was Willing

EACH of the jurymen appearing before a Missouri judge explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of court—all but a little fellow at the end of the line, a hunter who had lived in a cabin on the creek all his life.

"You have no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised judge.

"No, sir."

"Haven't got a sick mother needing your attention?"

"No, sir; I am an orphan."

"What about your crop?"

"Don't raise anything."

"No fence to fix up?"

"Not a fence on the place."

"You think you can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

"I sure can, judge."

The judge meditated for a moment. Then his curiosity got the better of him.

"You are the only man who has got the time to serve your county as a jurymen," he said. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

"Sure not," the little man replied promptly. "I heard you was goin' to try Bill Musser this term. He shot a dog o' mine onct."



FAIR PHOTOGRAPHER: "Please step to one side, Percy. I don't want two of you in this picture."

Thoroughly Prepared

AT a religious service in Scotland a youngster accompanied his grandparents and sat perfectly still through the sermon, looking as wise as a young owl. At the close of the service some one congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the boy's behavior.

"Aye," returned the veteran. "Fred's weel threatened afore he gangs in."

Zoology in the Bible

SMALL children frequently see things from an angle which surprises their elders, as the following story told by a Sunday-school teacher indicates.

The lesson was from Second Kings, and had to do with the mocking of the Prophet Elisha by little children and their punishment at the hands of two she bears, who ate forty-two of the offenders.

"Now," asked the teacher, "which little girl can tell me what this bible story teaches?"

After a brief silence one tiny girl spoke up: "Teacher," she replied, "it teaches us how many little children two she bears can eat."



Inspecting His Credentials

Her Real Charm

ASCOth farmer, a bachelor and a little past his prime, finding his comforts in life rather meager on account of his indigent circumstances, decided that the best thing he could do was to marry a certain middle-aged neighbor of his who did not lack for money.

He wooed and won, and his estate soon took on an air of greater prosperity.

One of the first purchases he made with his wife's money was a horse. When he brought it home he called his wife out to see it. After admiring the animal she said:

"Weel, Sandy, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna been here."

"Jenny," replied Sandy, "if it hadna been for yer siller, ye wadna hae been here yersel'!"

Out of His Reckoning

IN one of the Southern camps during the war an Arkansas man who was talking with a man from Maine said:

"As near's I can see, there ain't much difference atweens we-uns and you-uns, 'cept that we-uns reckon an' you-uns guess."

"That's 'bout all, neighbor," replied the Maine man with no lack of Yankee impudence, "'cept that we can guess a plaguy sight better than you can reckon!"

The Wrong Shape

THE eight-year-old of the family, Alice, was sent to the grocer's to find out whether he had any fresh eggs.

"Yes, I have," said the grocer. "How many do you want?"

Alice was viewing the eggs critically.

"Please, sir," said she, "these eggs isn't fresh."

"Certainly, they are fresh, little girl."

"No, they isn't," she persisted. "I heard my father tell my mother there's a corner on eggs, and these are all smooth."



A Broadcasting Station

Setting Her Right

IT was a fine day, and the whole family had gone to one of the parks to see a ball game between two celebrated teams of the county that were contending for the championship. Harold, a member of the high-school team, and proud not only of his technical knowledge of the game, but of his scholarship as well, explained to his elder sister the fine points of the play as the game proceeded.

The pitcher had just struck out two men in quick succession when his sister exclaimed: "How dexterously he throws that ball!"

"Huh!" said Harold, in a tone of the deepest contempt, "I guess you don't know the derivation of the word 'dexterous.' That fellow is a left-handed pitcher."

A Plea

STAMP not your little foot!
 My heart, my heart's below it;
 For there my heart I put,
 And well, too well you know it.
 A quarrel's aftermath,
 How long, too long it lingers.
 In dire though lovely wrath
 Clench not your slender fingers,
 They wring my soul! Nor let
 The smile be longer missing
 From lips in anger set
 That heaven made for kissing!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

For the Sea Horses

ALITTLE girl six years old lives in an inland town near which there is no river, nor, in fact any water but the Erie Canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York, and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay, and of how wonderful the sea looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mother," she said.

"There's the beach," the mother explained, "all smooth white sand. You stand on it and look out over the ocean, and all you can see is just water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking, nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then in an awed little whisper, asked:

"Oh, mother, isn't there even a tow path?"

A Native Product

THE inhabitants of a southern town built a bridge. It was a fine structure, and should be decorated, they thought, with a suitable inscription. The brightest minds of the town grappled with the problem, but nothing quite expressed the pride and satisfaction of the community.

The tablet that was finally put up read, "This bridge was made here."

Hard to Please

THE son of a Boston lawyer at the end of his first term in college exulted in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class.

"What! Next to the head?" exclaimed his father. "What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I send you to college for! Next to the head, indeed! I'd like to know why you aren't at the head, where you ought to be."

The young man, naturally crestfallen, worked so hard on his return to college that the end of the term found him in the coveted place. He went home very proud indeed.

The lawyer contemplated his son for a few moments in silence; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, remarked:

"At the head of the class, eh? Humph! That's a fine commentary on Harvard University!"

The Wrong Prescription

AS the philanthropic Mrs. Fullerton thrust her fare into the chauffeur's hand she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half-hour of pouring rain. "Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the man, with humility. "I generally do."

"Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her house key in the lock, opened the door and vanished, to reappear in a moment.

"Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine capsules; you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."

Already Dated

IN certain London railway stations the proprietors of the lunch counters have a custom of dating eggs for the reassurance of doubting customers. That is, they mark on the shell of a boiled egg the date on which it was laid.

A party arrived at one station shortly before midnight, and, following the habit of all American travelers, made at once for the lunch counter. They demanded eggs and asked that they might be furnished with some of that day's laying.

"Sorry, sir," said the clerk. "To-day's eggs is all gone, but"—glancing at the clock, which pointed to quarter to twelve—"if you'd not mind the date, I could give you some of to-morrow's."



"What's the matter with the boss this morning? He's been sitting like that ever since he came in."

"Oh, nothing much. You see he was teaching his wife to drive last night."

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Katharine Fullerton Gerould is one of the most trenchant and facile of present-day essayists who have the courage to deal frankly with vital American problems. A new volume of her short stories—several of which have appeared in *HARPER'S*—has just been published under the title *Valiant Dust*. **Margaret Hutchins** is the wife of John Peale Bishop, and a new contributor to the Magazine.

Ellen Glasgow, the Virginian novelist, begins in this issue a two-part story of unusual character, "Whispering Leaves." **Viola Paradise** and **Helen Campbell** have been visiting various European countries in order to study the problem of immigration at the source. An earlier article on immigration by Miss Paradise, "Three Per Cent," appeared in the March, 1922, issue. **Edmund Leamy** is a new contributor to our pages.

Wilbur Daniel Steele's short stories, which have appeared chiefly in *HARPER'S* for several years, and which have received distinguished praise from such critics as Edward J. O'Brien and the Committee of Award of the O. Henry Prize Memorial, are about to be published in book form. **Paul de Kruif** has recently severed his connection with Rockefeller Institute, where he has done brilliant research work in biological chemistry. He has been a close associate and intimate friend of Jacques Loeb, of whom he herewrites.

Herbert Ravenel Sass resides at Charleston, South Carolina. This is the first of two outdoor papers which he has written for *HARPER'S*. **Alice Brown**, her many *HARPER* friends will be glad to hear, has written still another story which the Magazine will have the pleasure of publishing in an early number. **Irwin Edman** is a new contributor to our pages.

W. L. George has written much on the subject which he here discusses, and speaks with the confidence of a special investigator into affairs of the heart. His novels, the most recent of which are *Ursula Trent* and *Her Unwelcome Husband*, are having an increasing vogue in America. **Sheila Kaye-Smith** is another English novelist whose

work *HARPER'S* has undertaken to make better known to the American public. **E. Alexander Powell** is now lecturing in the West on his recent Asiatic adventures. His story in *HARPER'S* will be concluded next month. **Gamaliel Bradford**, whose "Damaged Souls" will run through several issues of the Magazine, resides at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. From his pen there has come during recent years some of the most brilliant biographical writing which America has produced.

Among the contributors to the Lion's Mouth, the Editors are glad to welcome **Stark Young**, one of the editors of the *New Republic*, also **Winifred Kirkland**, who will be recalled as the author of "A Letter to the Proof Reader," in the January, 1921, issue of the Magazine. **Newman Levy**, a New York lawyer, has contributed to this and other periodicals under the pen name of "Flaccus."



Professor Dallas Lore Sharp's article on the function of the public school as a shaper of American character has evoked an astonishing amount of serious thought on the part of the Magazine's readers. We are moved to print here two replies to Professor Sharp's article. The first, which the writer believes "represents the point of view of many patriotic Americans," comes from a New York mother, and presents a problem which confronts every large urban community:

DEAR *HARPER'S*.—It is difficult to resist the eloquence and zeal with which Dallas Lore Sharp presents the case of the National School, in the October issue of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*.

I feel, as I used to feel during the annual evangelistic services in our community, convicted of sin—a sin against democracy in not sending my children to the public school. But, as was the case with those early emotional experiences, I feel convicted, but not convinced, of sin.

Every one who wishes our form of government to succeed is inevitably concerned with the excellence of universal education. It is imperative that every child should have a chance for an education. That all should have the same sort of an education seems to me no more obvious than that all should have the same religious training or the same social

experience. At one time the Massachusetts Bay Colony thought that if the Quakers, Roman Catholics, or Anglicans were allowed to set up their separate churches that their "House of Democracy would come crashing to its fall." But it did not. No more will ours fall because of diversity of educational belief and practice.

Attendance upon the public school should be looked upon as a privilege, not a duty. I believe that the majority of American parents so regard it, and do, under reasonable circumstances, prefer to send their children to a public school. Economic and patriotic motives favor it; most of us prefer to have our children know different sorts of people instead of a selected group. But the choice should be free and with reason, or we have a "dogmocracy" instead of a democracy.

The public school must serve the needs of our children. The god of democracy does not require us to offer them up as sacrifices on its altar. The problem is often one for adult, not plastic baby minds.

When my own children arrived at school age, if they had gone to the public school in our district, they would have had, as school companions, children, ninety per cent of whom came from homes where the English language either was not spoken at all, or was spoken incorrectly; where the movies furnished practically the only social pastime for children as well as adults, and where hygienic standards were very low. Our children's chance of "leavening" that group was very small. Dough, in order to be leavened, has got to be inert itself. The dough in this case was too full of active principles to be appreciably affected by the leaven furnished by my babies' inexperienced minds.

In other public schools available the training in giving exact answers to regents' examinations began in the earliest years and dominated the school. This sort of procedure does not necessarily produce "citizens who will safeguard the rights and liberties of a free people."

It was in the very hope of producing citizens with a "true American mind" that we chose for our children a school where preparation for citizenship, instead of for regents' examinations, is the ideal. Such schools demonstrate the practicability of certain advanced educational procedure which the public would not accept without such demonstration. To use their experience to benefit the public school system is in every way desirable.

In communities which have already reached a stage of fair amalgamation, little need is felt for the private school. But in cities which are "besieged" by a foreign population the "leaven," as represented by children with American standards, may, in some situations, have to be cherished until it shall have strength to be effective. Out of such leaven more Roosevelts and Lincolns may arise who may have power "to leaven the whole lump of American life."

To provide a school system capable of meeting the diversified needs of such communities is our problem. It is a problem which is challenging the concerned attention of many school men and women. In its solution every one should engage,

so that, even in such difficult situations, our National School may become capable of truly serving the entire community.

FLORENCE LEE FITCH.



The second letter comes from the Headmaster of Madison Academy, Madison, New Jersey:

DEAR HARPER'S,—The National School as presented by Professor Sharp in your October number has doubtless put many parents, who pride themselves on their "democracy," into the most serious of quandaries and must of necessity drive many private school men into a doubt as to whether they are really serving at all. Ink drips easily from Professor Sharp's pen, and unless one stops to ponder, his article seems convincing. He has a clever way of forming what the psychologists call "patterns," and first of all bolsters his attack with no lesser abutment than Plymouth Rock itself.

Leaping from the Rock with the Mayflower Compact clutched in one hand, he brandishes the Stars and Stripes in the other, and cries with a loud voice, "Aye, tear yon tattered ensign down!" All this brings us to our senses in no uncertain way. Even private school men hate to be lined up against the Pilgrim Fathers, the Plymouth Rock, and the Mayflower Compact; but when we are told that we, the ultra Whites, are dividing the House of Democracy, and are really "an enemy of America"—we, who day in and day out, just as public school teachers everywhere, labor over the same English, the same history, the same civics, hoping thereby to plant the ideals of America into the minds and hearts of our youth—it is too much.

Professor Sharp is right when he says that "no term is more discussed, more distrusted or more disliked," and we may add more misunderstood, than our dear shibboleth, "Democracy." Expediency and practicality must always be considered in this world of grim facts, but the National School as conceived by Professor Sharp is ordered for the world of dreams. To acquiesce in the democratic exuberance that all "men are born free and equal," is easy on the Fourth of July. Patriotic thrills assault our spinal columns, but as teachers on the fourth of June fighting oftentimes a losing fight against the College Entrance Board, we say, "Bosh! Men may have been born that way, but God knows they soon outgrow it."

The National School is another case of noble feelings running away with good sense. It is a clash between the dream of what might be with the reality of what is. The private school exists and is patronized by all from rich bootleggers clear on down to Harvard professors, because it fills a need in our daily life. It provides homogeneity within intellectual groups, and homogeneity cannot possibly be such a dragon as Professor Sharp claims it to be, for Democracy itself presupposes, nay insists, upon homogeneity. Who in history demanded this quality of group conformity more than our dear Pilgrim Fathers?

The private school is the educational Pullman, and even such a democrat as Professor Sharp undoubtedly prefers and, I have no doubt, uses this better mode of travel. The private school is private room treatment as opposed to ward care in our hospitals, and no man is necessarily an aristocrat who uses either the Pullman or the private-room. Time may come when day coaches and public wards will be done away with, and every democrat looks forward to that day. The time may also come when mass treatment in education may be done away with; every democrat hopes for that day, too, but he will not hasten it by still further cluttering the classrooms of the schools of America by his presence. Rather he will hasten it by showing democracy in the abstract how much better the private system is and how much more it is to be desired.

The lump of our civilization will be kept just as sweet if we call those restless, forward-looking men who lift it up—leaders. It is a mere matter of metaphor. Leaven for the lump; leaders for the mass, but beware of making our democracy nothing but a lump.

Humbly I submit that democracy is not the aim of education. What is more Prussian, more undemocratic, than "My child is first a national child? He belongs to the nation even before he belongs to himself." The leading out of the self of a child—that is education. The placing of a mind and heart where the gentle rains of tolerance, the warm suns of brotherly kindness, the soft winds of fair dealing may get at them is what we need in order to reap the fruit of character.

The open mind, fairness of spirit, tolerance for each and all, can only be obtained by drawing out the individual as such and not as the part of any group. When we understand this, it is not so hard to see how the Pilgrim Fathers, born and bred in a monarchy, trained if at all in private schools, were able to set up the beginnings of a democracy and, according to Professor Sharp, our public school system.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH E. POOLEY.

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The announcement of James Norman Hall's trip to Iceland and his forthcoming articles on that remote and little-known country brings the following letter from a native of Iceland now resident in this country who is also a reader of HARPER'S:

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I have been a subscriber to your publication for the year passing, and have many a time thought of taking the opportunity to voice my intense interest in the enticing pages which bring every month to your readers reading material unequalled elsewhere. I have learned to like HARPER'S, and that is saying a lot, I believe, for I would not say that about any other magazine. At one time or another, on one's journey through life, one is thrown into intimate relation-

ship with a particularly good friend—a friend not much different from your other acquaintances in appearance or demeanor, but one who is of your own mental affinity. HARPER'S is that particular friend as compared with other magazines who are mere acquaintances.

I am, perhaps, one of very few native-born Icelanders residing in this country that subscribe to HARPER'S. I left my native land at the age of nineteen, and have stayed here eight years. The little knowledge of English I have to my credit has been secured by the reading of good literature outside the school-room.

I exult greatly in your announcement of Mr. Hall's sojourn in Iceland. It will be interesting to find out how successfully Mr. Hall can interpret the life and habits of this far-off country and her inhabitants.

Will you be so kind and send Mr. Hall's address at Akureyri, because I desire to drop him a line, thinking he might enjoy hearing from a remote stranger, but one who may be of interest, if not aid, to him in carrying out this splendid work.

JOHN GILSON.

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The Editors are always interested in the reactions of the Magazine's readers to the short stories which it publishes, and they welcome a frank expression of opinion even when they cannot agree with the reader's views. The following letter is a case in point. Perhaps some other reader who was impressed with Miss Hull's story, but who feels differently about its climax, may be tempted to rejoin to this communication:

TUCKAHOE, N. J.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I have just read "His Sacred Family," by Helen R. Hull, in your November number.

It is very gripping. As a subscriber to over fifteen magazines, only the most promising stories win my attention. This one gave me more than it promised. The title appealed and I nibbled. I nibbled a little more, and then it got me. I was rushing along at a rapid rate and turned over page 723 to continue, but was surprised to find another article beginning there. "Why, where is the rest of this?" I inquired aloud. I looked for a footnote as to where it was continued, but found none. "Surely, this is not the end of the story, is it?" I asked.

The story stopped too suddenly. It stopped with a severe jolt, as a train in a head-on collision. It precipitated me from my comfortable seat of expectation into the midst of the terrible realities of life. Naturally, we don't like such a thing. I have been asking myself why you published such a story. Is it because of its excellent technic, or because of its masterful portrayal of emotion? Or is it because of its vivid realism? It is from this realism that we wish to escape. That is why we read! Life is too bitterly real as it is. We read

hoping that in the imaginative experiencing of the joys of others we might somehow share in that joy and bask in some delightful rays of sunshine.

But this story plunges us into a deep distress. We feel for Constance. This sudden stoppage of love can only mean heartbreaking misery for her in the days to come. Our writers must not treat us thus. What if life is "such?" We don't want to believe it. Lie to us if you must, but lift us out of our pangs by lifting your heroes and heroines out of theirs. Now here is this story. It ends in a grand quarrel, and heartbreak for every prominent character. And is a runaway wife to be the reward of Constance's father who pegged away all these years to provide for his family?

Helen R. Hull could have rendered us an untold service by saving the happiness of the family that was not "sacred."

Sincerely yours,

JEAN MARTEL.



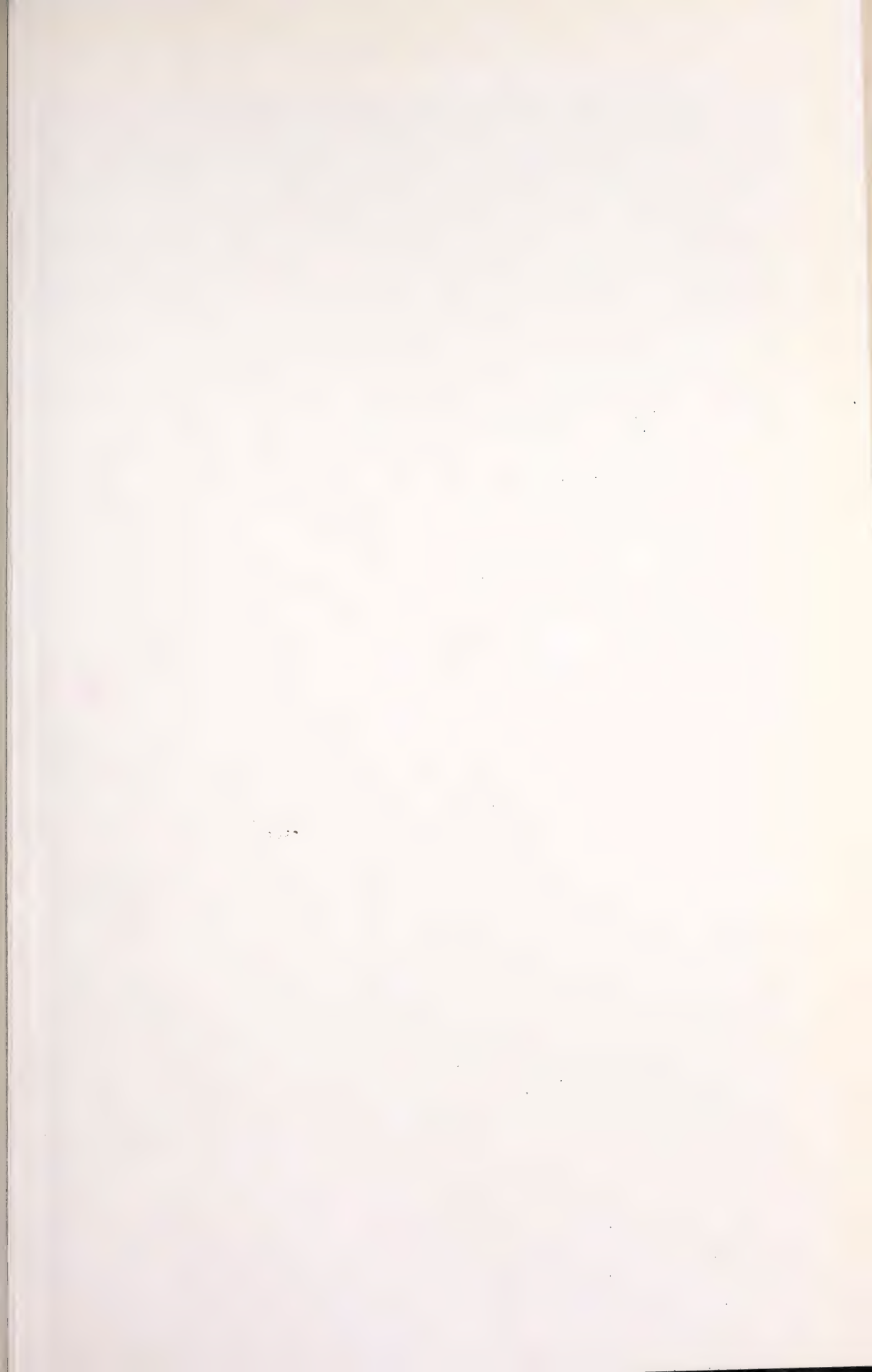
While these pages are in process of making up for the press, there comes still another long and extremely interesting communication evoked by Dallas Lore Sharp's article on "The National School." Space prevents our including more than a portion of the letter in question, which comes from a woman reader in Kalispell, Montana:

After graduating from college I taught a few weeks in a public school in Cleveland, Ohio. In my room, composed for the most part of Russian Jews and negroes, there were three American children, Tom, Lucy, and Caroline. The reaction of the large foreign element upon each of the three was quite different. Tom was a good mixer, was just as dirty as the Russian Jews, and swore just as loudly as the negroes. I could not see that he exerted a good influence upon the others, while the others most decidedly lowered his standards in a painfully visible manner. Lucy, a timid child, always appearing in a clean white apron with her hair braided neatly in a pigtail down her back, invariably made excuses to stay in at recess and "help teacher," or perhaps she "had a cold and her mother didn't want her to go out." She was not a good mixer, was out of her element with the negroes and Jews, while they, on their part, considered her "stuck up." Caroline was absolutely self sufficient. At recess time she would go off in a corner by herself, where she would play her own little games or watch the others, blissfully unaware that she was being left out. Would these three Americans have lost or gained had they gone to a private school, where being part of a homogeneous group, those particular traits which they possessed because they were Americans might have been strengthened? And would Lily White and little Anton Rubiniskovitch have missed anything really vital through their loss of contact with Tom, Lucy, and Caroline?

Fortunately, however, there are many communities where the grade schools are excellent, and where the thoroughly democratic atmosphere combined with high scholarship make them to be desired in every way. Nevertheless, the problem of the High School may be, in these same communities, most appalling. After a short teaching experience, I worked for four years in the Y. W. C. A. where my work was mainly with girls, both from High Schools and from factories, and I firmly believe that only the girls and boys themselves know the rottenness of the average High School. In one large city near the town where I was working conditions were so shocking that a few of the decent boys went to the Y. M. C. A. secretary, and, with his assistance, themselves put on a cleanup campaign. Every once in a while the festering conditions in a local school come to a head, and the newspapers are full of the necessity that something be done. No matter how small the town, nor how largely American, the rottenness is there in a large or small degree. Doctors know it, teachers are aware of it, and while it may be a thrilling sight to stand on the outside and watch stalwart boys and sweet girls going back and forth, I do not believe the men who came over in the *Mayflower* would have insisted it was the duty of every American to send his children to the average High School.

It seems to me that just as the men who came over in the *Mayflower* instituted the public school system to meet the needs of that time, so they would be the first to recognize the needs of to-day, and recognizing them, they would be the leaders in a movement for a new system of education. It seems to me, that among other things, America to-day needs intensive training for—and emphasis on—responsibility, the responsibility of wealth, of law-making power, of education, of culture. Children from homes of breeding and culture should be taught that advantages entail responsibility, and they should be given the broad vision which will not permit of their shirking one iota of this responsibility, in whatever line it may lie. They should be taught that what they are and what they have is on account of no special merit on their part, and they should be given, as far as possible, a true perspective of their own worth, for the man who rightly estimates his own worth and his own shortcomings is rarely a snob. Mr. Sharp says that we need few captains, but admits that we need second lieutenants, and surely second lieutenants should have training and a mentality greater than the privates.

That there are a great many faults to be found with the private schools no one will deny; but does not the private school, with its patrons coming for the most part from the same stratum of society, with practically the same background of culture and breeding, and with need for the same vision of social and political responsibility—does not the private school offer the best instrument we have so far discovered for training leaders in the Americanization of America? M. N.





Painting by Mead Schaeffer

Illustration for "The Sad Horn Blowers"

"I AM GOING TO SEE YOU OFF," SHE HAD SAID

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THE SAD HORN BLOWERS

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

IT had been a disastrous year in Will's family. The Appletons lived in a small Ohio town called Monroeville, and Will's father was a house painter. In early February when there was deep snow on the ground, and a cold, bitter wind blew about the houses, Will's mother suddenly died. He was seventeen years old then, and rather a big fellow for his age.

The mother's death happened abruptly, without warning, as a sleepy man kills a fly with the hand in a warm room on a summer day. On one February day there she was, coming in at the kitchen door of the Appleton's house from hanging the wash out on the line in the back yard, and warming her long hands, covered with blue veins, by holding them over the kitchen stove—and then looking about at the children with that half-hidden, shy smile of hers—there she was, like that, as the three children had always known her, and then, but a week later, she was cold in death and lying in her coffin in the place vaguely spoken of in the family as, "the other room."

After that, and when summer came and the family was trying hard to

adjust itself to the new conditions, there came another disaster. Up to the very moment when it happened it looked as though Tom Appleton, the house painter, was in for a prosperous season. The two boys, Fred and Will, were to be his assistants that year.

To be sure, Fred was only fifteen, but he was one to lend a quick, alert hand at almost any undertaking. For example, when there was a job of paperhanging to be done, he was the fellow to spread on the paste, helped by an occasional sharp word from his father.

Down off his stepladder Tom Appleton hopped and ran to the long board where the paper was spread out. He liked this business of having two assistants about. Well, you see, one had the feeling of being at the head of something, of managing affairs. He grabbed the paste brush out of Fred's hand. "Don't spare the paste," he shouted. "Slap her on like this. Spread her out—so. Do be sure to catch all the edges."

It was all very warm, and comfortable, and nice, working at paperhanging jobs in the houses on the March and April days. When it was cold or rainy

outside, stoves were set up in the new houses being built, and in houses already inhabited the folks moved out of the rooms to be papered, spread newspapers on the floors over the carpets, and put sheets over the furniture left in the rooms. Outside it rained or snowed, but inside it was warm and cosy.

To the Appletons it seemed, at the time, as though the death of the mother had drawn them closer together. Both Will and Fred felt it, perhaps Will the more consciously. The family was rather in the hole financially—the mother's funeral had cost a good deal of money, and Fred was being allowed to stay out of school. That pleased him. When they worked in a house where there were other children, they came home from school in the late afternoon and looked in through the door to where Fred was spreading paste over the sheets of wall paper. He made a slapping sound with the brush, but did not look at them. "Ah, go on, you kids," he thought. This was a man's business he was up to. Will and his father were on the stepladders, putting the sheets carefully into place on the ceilings and walls. "Does she match down there?" the father asked sharply. "Oh-kay, go ahead," Will replied. When the sheet was in place Fred ran and rolled out the laps with a little wooden roller. How jealous the kids of the house were. It would be a long time before any of them could stay out of school and do a man's work, as Fred was doing.

And then in the evening, walking homeward, it was nice, too. Will and Fred had been provided with suits of white overalls that were now covered with dried paste and spots of paint. They kept them on and drew their overcoats on over them. Their hands were stiff with paste, too. On Main Street the lights were lighted, and other men passing called to Tom Appleton. He was called Tony in the town. "Hello, Tony!" some storekeeper called. It was rather too bad, Will thought,

that their father hadn't more dignity. He was too boyish. Young boys growing up and merging into manhood do not fancy fathers being boyish. Tom Appleton played a cornet in the Monroe-ville Silver Cornet Band. He didn't do the job very well, rather made a mess of it when there was a bit of solo work to be done, but was so well liked by the other members of the band that no one said anything. And then he talked so grandly about music, and about the lip of a cornet player that everyone thought he must be all right. "He has an education. I tell you what, Tony Appleton knows a lot. He's a smart one," the other members of the band were always saying to one another.

"Well, the devil. A man should grow up after a time, perhaps. When a man's wife had died but such a short time before it was just as well to walk through Main Street with more dignity, for the time being, anyway."

Tom Appleton had a way of winking at men he passed in the street, as though to say, "Well, now I've got my kids with me, and we won't say anything, but didn't you and I have the very devil of a time last Wednesday night? Mum's the word, old pal. Keep everything quiet. There are gay times ahead for you and me."

Will grew a little angry about something he couldn't exactly understand. His father stopped in front of Jake Mann's meat market. "You kids go along home. Tell Kate I am bringing a steak. I'll be right on your heels," he said.

He would get the steak and then he would go into Geiger's saloon and get a good, stiff drink of whisky. There would be no one now to bother about smelling it on his breath when he got home later. Not that his wife had ever said anything when he wanted a drink, but you know how a man feels when there's a woman in the house. "Why, hello, Bildad Smith. How's the old, lame leg? Come on, have a little nip with me. Were you on Main Street

last band meeting night? Did you hear us do that new gallop? It's a humdinger. Turkey White did that trombone solo simply grand."

Will and Fred had got beyond Main Street now, and Will took a small pipe with a curved stem out of his overcoat pocket and lighted it. "I'll bet I could hang a ceiling without father there at all, if only some one would give me the chance," he said. Now that his father was no longer present to embarrass him with his lack of dignity, he felt comfortable and happy. Also, it was something to be able to smoke a pipe without discomfiture. When mother was alive she was always kissing a fellow when he came home at night, and then one had to be mighty careful about smoking. Now it was different. One had become a man. One accepted manhood with its responsibilities. "Don't it make you sick at all?" Fred asked. "Huh! naw," Will answered contemptuously.

The new disaster to the family came late in August, just when the fall work was all ahead, and the prospects good, too. A. P. Wrigley, the jeweler, had just built him a big, new house and barn on a farm he had bought the year before. It was a mile out of town on the Maumee Pike.

That would be a job to set the Appletons up for the winter. The house was to have three coats outside, with all the work inside, and the barn was to have two coats. The two boys were to work with their father, and were to be paid wages.

And just to think of the work to be done inside that house made Tom Appleton's mouth water. He talked of it all the time, and in the evenings liked to sit in a chair in the Appleton's front yard, get some neighbor in, and then go on about it. How he slung house-painter's lingo about! The doors and cupboards were to be grained in imitation of weathered oak, the front door was to be curly maple, and there was to be black walnut, too. Well, there wasn't

another painter in the town could imitate all the various kinds of wood as Tom could. Just show him the wood, or tell him—you didn't have to show him anything. Name what you wanted—that was enough. To be sure, a man had to have the right tools, but give him the tools and then just go off and leave everything to him. What the devil! When A. P. Wrigley gave him his new house to do, he showed he was a man who knew what he was doing.

As for the practical side of the matter, everyone in the family knew that the Wrigley job meant a safe winter. There wasn't any speculation, as when taking work on the contract plan. All work was to be paid for by the day, and the boys were to have wages, too. It meant new suits for the boys, a dress for Kate, the house rent paid all winter, potatoes in the cellar. It meant safety—that was the truth.

In the evenings, sometimes, Tom got out his tools and looked at them. Brushes and graining tools were spread out on the kitchen table, and Kate and the boys gathered about. It was Fred's job to see that all brushes were kept clean, and one by one Tom ran his fingers over them, and then worked them back and forth over the palm of his hand. "This is a camel's hair," he said, picking one up and handing it to Will. "I paid four dollars and eighty cents for that." Will also worked it back and forth over the palm of his hand, just as his father had done, and then Kate picked it up and did the same thing. "It's as soft as the cat's back," she said. Will thought that rather silly. He looked forward to the day when he would have brushes of his own, and could show them off before people. Through his mind went words he had picked from his father's talk. One spoke of the heel and toe of a brush. The way to put on varnish was to "flow" it on.

On the fatal evening a surprise party was held for Mr. and Mrs. Bardshare, who lived just across the road from the

Appletons on Piety Hill. That was a chance for Tom Appleton. In any such affair he liked to have a hand in the arrangements. "Come on now, we'll make her go with a bang. They'll be setting in the house after supper, and Bill Bardshare will be in his stocking feet, and Ma Bardshare washing the dishes. They won't be expecting anything, and we'll slip up all dressed in our Sunday clothes and let out a whoop. I'll bring my cornet and let out a blast on that. 'What in Sam Hill is that?' Say, I just see Bill jumping up and beginning to swear, thinking we're a gang of kids come to bother him, like Hallowe'en, or something like that. You just get the grub, and I'll make the coffee over to my house and bring it over hot. I'll get a-hold of two big pots and make a whooping lot of it."

In the Appleton house all was in a flurry. Tom, Will and Fred were painting a barn three miles out of town, but they knocked off at four, and Tom got the farmer's son to drive them to town. He, himself, had to wash up, take a bath in a tub in the woodshed, shave and everything, just like Sunday. He looked more like a boy than a man when he got all dogged up.

And then the family had to have supper over and done with a little after six. Tom didn't dare go outside the house. It wouldn't do to have the Bardshares see him so fixed up. It was their wedding anniversary, and they might suspect something. He kept trotting about the house, and occasionally looked out of the front window toward the Bardshare house. "You kid, you," Kate said, laughing. Sometimes she talked up to him like that. After she said that he went upstairs, and getting out his cornet blew on it so softly you could hardly hear him downstairs. When he did that you couldn't tell how badly he played, as when the band was going it on Main Street, and he had to carry a passage right through alone.

Well, it was the first time he had

been out anywhere since his wife had died. "There might be some people think it would be better if he stayed at home now—look better, that is." When he had shaved he had cut his chin, and the blood had come. After a time he came downstairs and stood before the glass hung above the kitchen sink, and dabbed at the spot with the wet end of a towel.

Will and Fred stood about.

Will's mind was working—perhaps Kate's, too. "Was there—could it be?—Well, at such a party—only older people invited—there were always two or three widow women thrown in for good measure, as it were."

Kate didn't want any woman fooling around her kitchen. She was twenty years old.

"It was just as well not to have any monkeyshine talk about motherless children." Even Fred thought that.

"Widow women went to such places, and then of course, people were always going home in couples." Both Kate and Will had the same picture in mind. It was late at night and they were both peeking out at front upper windows of the Appleton house. There were all the people coming out at the front door of the Bardshare house, and Bill Bardshare was standing there and holding the door open. He had managed to sneak away during the evening, and get his Sunday clothes on all right.

And the couples were coming out. "There was that woman now, that widow, Mrs. Childers." She had been married twice, both husbands dead now, and she lived away over, Maumee Pike way. "What makes a woman of her age want to act silly like that? It is the very devil how a woman can keep looking young and handsome after she has buried two men. There are some who say that even when her last husband was alive—"

"But whether that's true or not, what makes her want to act and talk silly that way?" Now her face is turned to the light and she is saying to old Bill

Bardshare, "Sleep light, sleep tight, sweet dreams to you to-night."

"It is only what one may expect when one's father lacks a sense of dignity." There is that old fool, Tom, now, hopping out of the Bardshare house like a kid, and running right up to Mrs. Childers. "May I see you home?" he is saying, while all the others are laughing and smiling knowingly. It makes one's blood run cold to see such a thing.

"Well, fill up the pots. Let's get the old coffee started, Kate. The gang'll be creeping along up the street pretty soon now," Tom shouted cheerfully, breaking the little circle of thoughts in the house.

What happened was that just as darkness came on, and when all the people were in the front yard before the Appleton house, Tom went and got it into his head to try to carry his cornet and two big coffee pots at the same time. Why didn't he leave the coffee until later? There the people were in the dusk outside the house, and there was that kind of low whispering and tittering that always goes on at such a time, and then Tom stuck his head out at the door and shouted, "Let her go!"

And then he must have gone quite crazy, for he ran back into the kitchen and grabbed both of the big coffee pots, hanging on to his cornet at the same time. Of course he stumbled in the darkness in the road outside and fell, and of course all of that boiling hot coffee had to spill right over him.

It was terrible. The flood of boiling hot coffee made steam under his thick clothes, and there he lay screaming with the pain of it. What a confusion! He just writhed and screamed, and the people ran round and round in the half darkness like crazy things. Was it some kind of joke the crazy fellow was up to at the last minute? Tom always was such a devil to think up things. "You should see him down at Alf Geiger's sometimes on Saturday nights, imitating the way Fred Douglas got out on a

limb, and then sawed it off between himself and the tree, and the look on Fred's face when the limb began to crack. It would make you laugh until you screamed to see him imitate that."

"But what now? My God!" There was Kate Appleton trying to tear her father's clothes off, and crying and whimpering, and young Will Appleton knocking people aside. "Say, the man's hurt. What's happened? My God! Run for the doctor, some one. He's burnt, something awful."

Early in October Will Appleton sat in the smoking car of a day train that runs between Cleveland and Buffalo. His destination was Erie, Pennsylvania, and he had got on the train at Ashtabula, Ohio. Just why his destination was Erie he couldn't very easily have explained. He was going there anyway, going to try to get a job in a factory. Perhaps it was just a quirk of the mind that had made him decide upon Erie. It wasn't as big as Cleveland or Buffalo or Toledo or Chicago, or any one of a lot of other cities to which he might have gone looking for work.

At Ashtabula he came into the car and slid into a seat beside a little old man. His own clothes were wet and wrinkled, and his hair, eyebrows and ears were black with coal dust.

At the moment there was in him a kind of bitter dislike of his native town, Monroeville. "Sakes alive, a man couldn't get any work there, not in the winter." After the accident to his father, and the spoiling of all the family plans, he had managed to find employment during September on the farms. He worked for a time with a threshing crew, and then got work cutting corn. It was all right. "A man made a dollar a day and board, and as he wore overalls all the time, he didn't wear out any clothes. Still and all, that time was past now, and the burns on his father's body had gone pretty deep, and he might be laid up for months."

He had just made up his mind one

day after he had tramped about all morning from farm to farm without finding work, and had gone home and told Kate, "Dang it all! he hadn't intended lighting out right away. He had thought he would stay about for a week, maybe. Well, he would go up town in the evening, dressed up in his best clothes, and stand around. 'Hello, Harry, what you going to do this winter?' 'I thought I would run over to Erie, Pennsylvania. I got an offer in a factory over there.' 'Well, so long, if I don't see you again.'"

Kate hadn't seemed to understand. "It was a shame she couldn't have a little more heart. Still, Kate was all right—worried a good deal no doubt." After their talk she had just said, "Yes, I think that's best," and had gone to change the bandages on Tom's legs and back. The father was sitting among pillows in a rocking-chair in the front room.

Will went upstairs and put his things, overalls and a few shirts, into a bundle. Then he came downstairs and took a walk. He went out along a road that led into the country, and stopped on a bridge. It was near a place where he and other kids used to come swimming on summer afternoons. A thought had come into his head. There was a young fellow worked in Pawsey's jewelry store came to see Kate sometimes on Sunday evenings. They went off to walk together. "Did Kate want to get married?" If she did his going away now might be for good. He had never thought about that. On that afternoon, and quite suddenly, all the world outside of Monroeville seemed huge and terrible. A few tears came into his eyes, but he managed to choke them back. For a minute his mouth opened and closed queerly, like the mouth of a fish when you take it out of the water and hold it in your hand.

When he returned to the house at supper time things were better. He had left his bundle on a chair in the kitchen, and Kate had wrapped it more

carefully, and had put in a number of things he had forgotten. His father called him into the front room. "It's all right, Will. Every young fellow ought to take a whirl in the world. I did it myself at about your age," Tom had said a little pompously.

And then supper was served, and there was apple pie. That was a luxury the Appletons had perhaps better not have indulged in at that time, but Will knew Kate had baked it during the afternoon—it might be as a way of showing him how she felt. Eating two large slices had rather set him up.

And then before he realized how the time was slipping away, ten o'clock had come, and it was time for him to go. He was going to beat his way out of town on a freight train, and there was a local going toward Cleveland at ten o'clock. Fred had gone off to bed, and his father was asleep in the rocking chair in the front room. He had picked up his bundle, and Kate had put on her hat. "I'm going to see you off," she had said.

Will and Kate had walked in silence along the street to where he was to wait in the shadow of Whaley's Warehouse until the freight came along. Later, when he thought back over that evening, he was glad that although she was three years older, he was taller than Kate.

How vividly everything that happened later stayed in his mind! After the train came and he had crawled into an empty coal car, he sat hunched up in a corner. Overhead he could see the sky, and when the train stopped at towns there was always the chance the car in which he was concealed would be shoved into a siding, and left. The brakemen walked along the tracks beside the car, shouting to one another. Their lanterns made little splashes of light in the darkness.

How black the sky! After a time it began to rain. His suit would be in a pretty mess. After all a fellow couldn't come right out and ask his

sister if she intended to marry. If Kate married, then his father would also marry again. It was all right for a young woman like Kate, but for a man of forty to think of marriage—the devil! Why didn't Tom Appleton have more dignity. After all, Fred was only a kid. A new woman coming in to be his mother—That might be all right for a kid.

All during that night on the freight train Will had thought a good deal about marriage, rather vague thoughts coming and going like birds flying in and out of a bush. It was all a matter, this business of man and woman, that did not touch him very closely—not yet. The matter of having a home—that was something else. A home was something at a fellow's back. When one went off to work all week at some farm, and at night maybe went into a strange room to sleep, there was always the Appleton house, floating as it were, like a picture at the back of the mind, the Appleton house, and Kate moving about. She had been uptown, and now had come home and was going up the stairs. Tom Appleton was fussing about in the kitchen. He liked a bite before he went off to bed for the night. Presently he would go upstairs and into his own room. He liked to smoke his pipe before he slept. Sometimes he got out his cornet and blew two or three soft, sad notes.

At Cleveland Will had crawled out of the car and had gone across the city in a street car. Workingmen were just going to the factories, and he passed among them unnoticed. If his clothes were crumpled and soiled, their clothes weren't so fine. The workingmen were all silent, looking at the car floor, or out at the car windows. Long rows of factories stood along the streets through which the car moved.

He had been lucky, and had caught another freight out of a place called Collinswood, at eight, but at Ashtabula had made up his mind it would be better to drop off the freight and take

a passenger train. If he was to live in Erie it would be just as well to arrive looking more like a gentleman, and having paid his fare.

As he sat in the smoking car of the train he didn't feel much like a gentleman. The coal dust had got into his hair, and the rain had washed it in long, dirty streaks down over his face. His clothes were badly soiled. They wanted cleaning and brushing. The paper package in which his overalls and shirts were tied had become torn and dirty.

Outside the train window the sky was gray. The night was going to turn cold. Perhaps there would be a cold rain.

It was an odd thing about the towns through which the train kept passing. All of the houses in all the towns looked cold and forbidding. "Dang it all!" In Monroeville, before the night when his father got so badly burned, being such a fool about old Bill Bardshare's party, all the houses had always seemed warm, cosy places. When one was alone, one walked along the streets, whistling. At night warm lights shone through the windows of the houses. "John Wyatt, the drayman, lives in that house. His wife has a wen on her neck. In that barn over there old Doctor Musgrave keeps his bony, white horse. The horse looks like the devil, but you bet he can go."

Will squirmed about on the car seat. The old man who sat beside him was small, almost as small as Fred, and he wore a queer-looking suit. The pants were brown, and the coat checked, gray and black. There was a small leather case on the floor at his feet.

Long before the man spoke Will knew what would happen. It was bound to turn out that such a fellow played a cornet. He was a man old in years, but there was no dignity in him. Will remembered his father marching through the main street of Monroeville with the band. It was some great day, Fourth of July, perhaps, and all the people

were assembled. Tony Appleton was making a show of blowing his cornet at a great rate. Did all the people along the street know how badly he played? Was there a kind of conspiracy that kept grown men from laughing at one another? In spite of the seriousness of his own situation a smile crept over Will's face.

The little man at his side smiled in return.

"Well," he began, not stopping for anything, but plunging headlong into a tale concerning some dissatisfaction he felt with life. "Well, you see before you a man who is up against it, young fellow." The old man tried to laugh at his own words, but did not make much of a success of it. His lip trembled. "I got to go home like a dog with my tail 'twixt my legs," he declared abruptly.

The old man balanced back and forth between two impulses. He had met a young man on a train, and hungered for companionship. One got oneself in with others by being jolly, a little gay, perhaps. When one met a stranger on a train one told a story—"By the way, Mister, I heard a new one the other day. Perhaps you haven't heard it? It's about the miner up in Alaska who hasn't seen a woman for years." One began in that way, and then later, perhaps, spoke of oneself, and one's affairs.

The old man wanted to plunge at once into his own story. He talked, saying sad, discouraged words, while his eyes kept smiling with a peculiar, appealing little smile. "If the words uttered by my lips annoy or bore you, do not pay any attention to them. I am really a jolly fellow, although I am an old man, and not of much use any more," the eyes were saying. The eyes were pale blue and watery. How strange to see them set in the head of an old man! They belonged in the head of a lost dog. The smile was not really a smile. "Don't kick me, young fellow. If you can't give me anything to eat, scratch my head. At least show me you are a fellow of good intentions.

I have been kicked quite enough." It was so very evident the eyes were speaking a language of their own.

Will found himself smiling sympathetically. It was true there was something doglike in the little old man. Will was pleased with himself for having so quickly caught the sense of him. "One who can see things with his eyes will perhaps get along all right in the world, after all," he thought. In Monroeville there was an old woman who lived alone and owned a shepherd dog. Every summer she decided to cut away the dog's coat, and then at the last moment, after she had in fact started the job, she changed her mind. Well, she grasped a long pair of scissors firmly in her hand, and started on the dog's flanks. Her hands trembled a little. "Shall I go ahead, or shall I stop?" After two minutes she gave up the job. "It makes him look too ugly," she thought, justifying her timidity.

And then later the hot days came and the dog went about with his tongue hanging out. Again the old woman took the scissors in her hand. The dog stood patiently waiting. When she had cut a long, wide furrow through the thick hair of his back, she stopped again. In a sense, and to her way of looking at the matter, cutting away his splendid coat was like cutting away a part of himself. She couldn't go on. "Now there—That made him look worse than ever," she declared to herself. With a determined air she put the scissors away, and all summer the dog went about looking a little puzzled and ashamed.

Will kept smiling and thinking of the old woman's dog. Then he looked again at his companion of the train. The variegated suit the old man wore gave him something of the air of the half-sheared shepherd dog. Both had the same puzzled, ashamed air.

Will had begun using the old man for his own ends. There was something inside himself that wanted facing he didn't want to face—not yet. Ever since he had left home, in fact ever



Drawn by Mead Schaeffer

"YOU BLOW IT," HE SAID

since that day when he had come home from the country and had told Kate of his intention to set out into the world, he had been dodging something. If one thought of the little old man, and of the half-sheared dog, one did not have to think of oneself.

One thought of Monroeville, Ohio, on a summer afternoon. There was the old woman who owned the dog standing on the porch of her house, and the dog had run down to the gate. In the winter, when his coat had again fully grown, the dog would bark and make a great fuss about a boy passing in the street. Now he started to bark and growl, and then stopped. "I look like the devil, and I am attracting unnecessary attention to myself," the dog seemed to have decided suddenly. He ran furiously down to the gate, opened his mouth to bark, and then, quite abruptly, changed his mind and trotted back to the house with his tail between his legs.

Will kept smiling at his own thoughts. For the first time since he had left Monroeville he felt quite cheerful.

And now the old man was telling a story of himself and his life, but Will wasn't listening. Within Will a cross current of impulses had been set up. He was like one standing silently in the hallway of a house, and listening to two voices talking at a distance. The voices came from two widely separated rooms of the house, and one couldn't make up one's mind to which voice to listen.

To be sure, the old man was another cornet player like his father. He was a horn blower. That was his horn in the little, worn leather case on the car floor. And after he had reached middle age, and after his first wife had died, he had married again. He had a little property then, and, in a foolish moment, went and made it all over to his second wife, who was fifteen years younger than himself. She took the money and bought a large house in the factory district of Erie, and then she began taking in boarders.

And there was the old man, feeling lost, of no account in his own house. It just came about. One had to think of the boarders. Their wants had to be satisfied. His wife had two sons, almost fully grown now, both of whom worked in a factory.

Well, it was all right—everything on the square. The sons paid board. Their wants had to be thought of, too. He liked blowing his cornet a while in the evenings before he went to bed, but it might disturb the others in the house. One got rather desperate going about saying nothing, keeping out of the way. He had tried getting work in a factory himself, but they wouldn't have him. His gray hairs stood in his way, and so one night he had just got out. He had gone to Cleveland, where he had hoped to get a job in a band, in a theater, let us say. Any way it hadn't turned out, and now he was going back to Erie and to his wife. He had written, and she had told him to come on home.

"They didn't turn me down in Cleveland because I'm old. My lip is no good any more," he explained. His shrunken old lip trembled a little.

Will kept thinking of the old woman's dog. In spite of himself, and when the old man's lip trembled, his lip also trembled.

What was the matter with him?

He stood in the hallway of a house hearing two voices. Was he trying to close his ears to one of the voices? Did the second voice, the one he had been trying all day and all the night before not to hear, did that have something to do with the end of his life in the Appleton house at Monroeville? Was the voice trying to taunt him, was it trying to tell him that now he was a thing swinging in air, that there was no place to put down his feet? Was he afraid? Of what was he afraid? He had wanted so much to be a man, to stand on his own feet. What was the matter with him? Was he afraid of manhood?

Will was fighting desperately now.

There were tears in the old man's eyes, and he also began crying silently. That was the one thing he felt he must not do.

The old man talked on and on, telling the tale of his troubles, but Will could not hear his words now. The struggle within was becoming more and more definite. His mind clung to the life of his boyhood, to the life in the Appleton house, to the life in Monroeville.

There was Fred, now, with just the triumphant look in his eyes that came when other boys saw him doing a man's work. A whole series of pictures floated up before Will's mind. He and his father and Fred were painting a barn. Two farmer boys had come along a road and stood looking at Fred, who was on a ladder, putting on paint. They shouted, but Fred wouldn't answer. There was a certain air Fred had. He slapped on the paint, and then turning his head, spat on the ground. Tom Appleton's eyes looked into Will's eyes. There was a smile playing about the corners of the father's eyes and the son's eyes.

And now Tom Appleton was standing in the kitchen of his house, and his brushes were laid out before him. Kate was rubbing a brush back and forth over the palm of her hand. "It's as soft as the cat's back," she was saying.

Something gripped at Will's throat. As in a dream he saw his sister Kate walking off along a street on a Sunday evening. She was with that young fellow who clerked in the jewelry store. They were going to church. Her being with him meant—well, it perhaps meant the beginning of a new home, it meant the end of the Appleton home.

Will started to climb out of the seat beside the old man in the smoking car of the train. It had grown almost dark in the car. The old man was still talking, telling his tale over and over. "I might as well not have any home at all," he was saying. Was Will about to begin crying aloud on a train in a strange place, before many strange men. He tried to speak, to make some commonplace remark, but his mouth only

opened and closed like the mouth of a fish taken out of the water. And now the train had run into a train shed, and it was quite dark. Will's hand clutched convulsively into the darkness and alighted upon the old man's shoulder.

And then suddenly, the train had stopped, and the two stood half embracing each other. The tears were quite evident in Will's eyes when a brakeman lighted the overhead lamps in the car, but the luckiest thing in the world had happened. The old man, who had seen Will's tears, thought they were tears of sympathy for his own unfortunate position in life. A look of gratitude came into his gray, watery eyes. Well, this was something new in life for him, too. In one of the pauses when he had first begun telling his tale, Will had said he was going to Erie to try to get work in some factory. Now as they got off the train the old man clung to Will's arm. "You might as well come live at our house," he said. A look of hope flared up in the old eyes. If he could bring home with him to his young wife a new boarder, the gloom of his own home-coming would be somewhat lightened. "You come on. That's the best thing to do. You just come with me to our house," he plead, clinging to Will.

Two weeks had passed and Will had, outwardly, and to the eyes of the people about him, settled into his new life as a factory hand at Erie, Pennsylvania.

And then suddenly, on a Saturday evening, the thing happened that he had unconsciously been expecting and dreading ever since the moment when he climbed aboard the freight train in the shadow of Whaley's Warehouse at Monroeville. A letter containing great news had come from Kate. At the moment of their parting, and before he settled himself down out of sight in a corner of the empty coal car, on that night, he had leaned out for a last look at Kate. She had been standing silently in the shadows, but just as the

train was about to start, stepped toward him. A light from a distant street lamp fell on her face. However, the face did not jump toward Will, but remained dimly outlined in the uncertain light. Did her lips open and close as though in an effort to say something to him, or was that an effect produced by the distant, uncertain and wavering light? In the families of working people the dramatic and vital moments of life are passed over in silence. Even in the moments of death and birth little is said. A child is born to a laborer's wife and he goes into the room. She is in bed with the little red bundle of new life beside her. The husband stands a moment, fumblingly, beside the bed. Neither he nor his wife can look directly into each other's eyes. "Take care of yourself, ma. Have a good rest," he says, and hurries out of the room.

In the darkness by the warehouse at Monroeville Kate had taken two or three steps toward Will, and then had stopped. There was a little strip of grass between the warehouse and the tracks, and she stood upon it. Was there a more final farewell trembling on her lips at that moment? A kind of dread had swept over Will, and no doubt Kate had felt the same thing. At the moment she had become altogether the mother in the presence of the child, and the thing within that wanted utterance became submerged. There was a word to be said that she could not say. Her form seemed to sway a little in the darkness, and to Will's eyes she became a slender, indistinct thing. "Good-by," he had whispered into the darkness, and perhaps her lips had formed the same words. Outwardly, there had been only the silence, and in silence she had stood as the train rumbled away.

And now, on the Saturday evening, Will had come home from the factory and had found Kate saying in the letter what she had been unable to say on the night of his departure. The factory

closed at five on Saturdays, and he came home in his overalls and went at once to his room. He had found the letter on a little broken table under a sputtering oil lamp, by the front door, and had climbed the stairs carrying it in his hand. He read the letter anxiously, waiting as for a hand to come out of the blank wall of the room and strike.

His father was getting better. The deep burns that had taken such a long time to heal were really healing now. The doctor had said the danger of infection had passed. Kate had found a new and soothing remedy. One took slippery elm and let it lie in milk until it became soft. This applied to the burns enabled Tom Appleton to sleep better at night.

As for Fred, Kate and her father had decided he might as well go back to school. It was really too bad for a young boy to miss the chance to get an education, and any way there was no work to be had. Perhaps he could get a job helping in some store on Saturday afternoons.

A woman from the Woman's Relief Corps had had the nerve to come to the Appleton house and ask Kate if the family needed help. Well, Kate had managed to hold herself back, and had been polite, but had that woman known what was in her mind her ears would have been itching for a month. The idea!

It had been fine of Will to send a postcard as soon as he got to Erie and got a job. As for his sending money home—of course the family would be glad to have anything he could spare, but he wasn't to go depriving himself. "We've got good credit at the stores. We'll get along all right," Kate had said stoutly.

And then it was she had added the line, had said the thing she could not say that night when he was leaving. It concerned herself and her future plans. "That night when you were going away I wanted to tell you something, but I thought it was silly, talk-

ing too soon." After all though, Will might as well know she was planning to be married in the spring. What she wanted was for Fred to come and live with her and her husband. He could keep on going to school, and perhaps they could manage so that he could go to college. Some one in the family ought to have a decent education. Now that Will had made his start in life, there was no point in waiting longer before making her own.

Will sat in his tiny room at the top of the huge frame house, owned now by the wife of the old cornet player of the train, and held the letter in his hand. The room was on the third floor under the roof in a wing of the house, and beside it was another small room occupied by the old man himself. Will had taken the room because it was to be had at a low price. He could manage the room and his meals, get his washing done, send three dollars a week to Kate, and still have left a dollar a week to spend. One could get a little tobacco, and now and then see a movie.

"Ugh!" Will's lips made a little grunting noise as he read Kate's words. He was sitting in a chair in his oily overalls, and where his fingers gripped the white sheets of the letter there was a little oily smudge. Also his hand trembled a little. He got up, poured water out of a pitcher into a white bowl, and began washing his face and hands.

When he had partly dressed a visitor came to the door. There was the shuffling sound of weary feet along a hallway, and the cornet player put his head timidly in at the door. The dog-like, appealing look Will had noted on the train was still in his eyes. Now he was planning something, a kind of gentle revolt against his wife's power in the house, and he wanted Will's moral support.

For a week he had been coming to Will's room every evening. There were two things he wanted. In the evenings sometimes, as he sat in his room, he

wanted to blow upon his cornet, and he wanted a little money to jingle in his pockets.

There was a sense in which Will, the newcomer in the house, was his property, did not belong to his wife. Often in the evenings he had talked to the weary sleepy young workman, until Will's eyes had closed, and he snored gently. The old man sat on the one chair in the room, and Will sat on the edge of the bed. Old lips told the tale of a lost youth, boasted a little. When Will's body had slumped down upon the bed, the old man got to his feet and moved with catlike steps about the room. One mustn't raise the voice too loudly after all. Had Will gone to sleep? The cornet player threw his shoulders back. Bold words came in a half whisper from his lips. To tell the truth, he had been a fool about the money he had made over to his wife. If his wife had taken advantage of him it wasn't her fault. For his present position in life he had no one to blame but himself. What from the very beginning he had most lacked was boldness. It was a man's duty to be a man. For a long time he had been thinking—well, the boarding house no doubt made a profit, and he should have his share. His wife was a good girl all right, but when one came right down to it, all women seemed to lack a sense of a man's position in life.

"I'll have to speak to her. Yes sir'ee, I'm going to speak to her. I may have to be a little harsh. It's my money runs this house, and I want my share of the profits. No foolishness now. Shell out, I tell you," the old man whispered, peering out of the corners of his blue, watery eyes at the sleeping form of the young man on the bed.

And now again the old man stood at the door of the room looking anxiously in. A bell called insistently, announcing that the evening meal was ready to be served, and they went below, Will leading the way. At a long table in the dining room several men had already gathered, and there was

the sound of more footsteps on the stairs.

Two long rows of young workmen eating silently. Saturday night and two long rows of young workmen eating in silence.

After the eating, and on this night there would be swift flight of all these young men down into the town, down into the lighted parts of the town.

Will sat at his place gripping the sides of his chair.

There were things men did on Saturday nights. Work was at an end for the week. Money jingled in pockets. Young workmen ate in silence and hurried away, one by one, down into the town.

Will's sister Kate was going to be married in the spring. Her walking about with the young clerk from the jewelry store in the streets of Monroe-ville, Ohio, had come to something.

Young workmen employed in factories in Erie, Pennsylvania, dressed themselves in their best clothes and walked about in the lighted streets of Erie on Saturday evenings. They went into parks. Some stood talking to girls. Others walked with girls through the streets, and there were still others who went into saloons and had drinks. Men stood talking together at a bar. "Dang that foreman of mine! I'll bust him in the jaw if he gives me any of his lip."

There was a young man from Monroe-ville, Ohio, sitting at a table in a boarding house at Erie, Pennsylvania, and before him on a plate was a great pile of meat and potatoes. The room was not very well lighted. It was dark and gloomy, and there were black streaks on the gray wall paper. Shadows played on the walls. On all sides of the young man sat other young men, eating silently, hurriedly.

Will got abruptly up from the table and started for the door that led into the street. The others paid no attention to him. If he did not want to eat his meat and potatoes, it made no difference to them. The mistress of the

house, the wife of the old cornet player, waited on table when the men ate, but now she had gone away into the kitchen. She was a silent, grim-looking woman, dressed always in a black dress.

To the others in the room, except only the old cornet player, Will's going or staying meant nothing at all. He was another young workman. At such places young workmen are always going and coming.

A man with broad shoulders and a black moustache, a little older than most of the others, did glance up from his business of eating. He nudged his neighbor, and then made a jerky movement with his thumb over his shoulder. "The new guy has hooked up quickly, eh?" he said, smiling. "He can't even wait to eat. He's got an early date—some skirt waiting for him."

At his place opposite where Will had been seated, the cornet player saw Will go, and his eyes followed, filled with alarm. He had counted on an evening of talk, of speaking to Will about his youth, boasting a little in his gentle, hesitating way. Now Will had reached the door that led to the street, and in the old man's eyes tears began to gather. Again his lip trembled. Tears were always gathering in the man's eyes, and his lips trembled at the slightest provocation. It was no wonder he could no longer blow a cornet in a band.

And now Will was outside the house in the darkness, and for the cornet player the evening was spoiled, and the house a deserted, empty place. He had intended being very plain in his evening's talk with Will, and wanted particularly to speak of a new attitude he hoped to assume toward his wife in the matter of money. Talking the whole matter out with Will would give him new courage, make him bolder. If his money had bought the house that was now a boarding house, he should have some share in its profits. There must be profits. Why run a boarding house without profits? The woman he had married was no fool.

Even though a man were old he needed a little money in his pockets. An old man like himself had a friend, a young fellow. Now and then he wanted to be able to say to his friend, "Come on, friend, let's have a glass of beer. I know a good place. Let's have a glass of beer and go to the movies. This is on me."

The old man could not eat his meat and potatoes. For a time he stared over the heads of the others, and then got up to go to his room. His wife followed into the little hallway at the foot of the stairs. "What's the matter, dear? Are you sick?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "I just didn't want any supper." He did not look at her, but tramped slowly and heavily up the stairs.

Will was walking hurriedly through streets, but did not go down into the brightly lighted section of Erie. The boarding house stood on a factory street, and turning northward, he crossed several railroad tracks and went toward the docks, along the shore of Lake Erie. There was something to be settled with himself, something to be faced. Could he manage the matter?

He walked along hurriedly at first, and then more slowly. It was getting into late October now, and there was a sharpness like frost in the air. The spaces between street lamps were long and he plunged in and out of areas of darkness. Why was it that everything about him seemed suddenly strange and unreal? He had forgotten to bring his overcoat from Monroeville, and would have to write Kate to send it.

Now he had almost reached the docks. Not only the night but his own body, the pavements under his feet, and the stars far away in the sky—even the solid factory buildings he was now passing, seemed strange and unreal. It was almost as though one could thrust out an arm and push a hand through the walls, as one might push his hand into a fog or a cloud of smoke. All the people Will passed seemed strange, and acted

in a strange way. Dark figures surged toward him out of the darkness. By a factory wall there was a man standing perfectly still, motionless. There was something almost unbelievable about the actions of such men, and the strangeness of such hours as the ones through which he was now passing. He walked withing a few inches of the motionless man. Was it a man or a shadow on the wall? The life Will was now to lead, alone, had become a strange, a vast, terrifying thing. Perhaps all life was like that, a vastness and emptiness.

He came out into a place where ships were made fast to a dock, and stood for a time facing the high, wall-like side of a vessel. It looked dark and deserted. When he turned his head he became aware of a man and woman passing along a roadway. Their feet made no sound in the thick dust, and he could not see or hear them, but knew they were there. Some part of a woman's dress, something white, flashed faintly into view. The man's figure was a dark mass against the dark mass of the night. "Oh, come on. Don't be afraid," the man whispered hoarsely. "There won't anything happen to you."

"Do shut up," a woman's voice answered, and there was a quick outburst of laughter. The figures fluttered away. "You don't know what you are talking about," the woman's voice said.

Now that he had got Kate's letter, Will was no longer a boy. A boy is, quite naturally, and without his having anything to do with the matter, connected with something, and now that connection had been cut. He had been pushed out of the nest and that fact, the pushing of himself off the nest's rim, was something accomplished. The difficulty was that while he was no longer a boy, he had not yet become a man. He was a thing swinging in space. There was no place to put down his feet.

He stood in the darkness under the shadow of the ship making queer little wriggling motions with his shoulders, that had become now almost the

shoulders of a man. No need now to think of evenings at the Appleton house with Kate and Fred standing about, and his father, Tom Appleton, spreading paint brushes on the kitchen table, no need of thinking of the sound of Kate's feet going up a stairway of the Appleton house late at night when she had been out walking with her clerk. What was the good of trying to amuse oneself by thinking of a shepherd dog in an Ohio town, a dog made ridiculous by the trembling hand of a timid old woman?

One stood face to face with manhood now—one stood alone. If only one could get one's feet down upon something, could get over this feeling of falling through space, through a vast emptiness.

Manhood. The word had a queer sound in the head. What did it mean?

Will tried to think of himself as a man, doing a man's work in a factory. There was nothing in the factory where he was now employed upon which he could put down his feet. All day he stood at a machine and bored holes in pieces of iron. A boy brought to him the little, short, meaningless pieces of iron in a boxlike truck. One by one he picked them up and placed them under the point of a drill. He pulled a lever and the drill came down and bit into the piece of iron. A little, smokelike vapor arose, and he squirted oil on the spot where the drill was working. Then the lever was thrown up again. The hole was drilled and now the meaningless piece of iron was thrown into another boxlike truck. It had nothing to do with him. He had nothing to do with it.

At the noon hour in the factory one moved about a bit, stepped outside the factory door to stand for a moment in the sun. Inside, men were sitting along benches eating lunches out of dinner pails. Some had washed their hands, others had not bothered about such trivial matters. They were eating in silence. A tall man spat on the floor

and then drew his foot across the spot. Nights came and one went home from the factory to eat, sitting with other silent men, and later a boastful old man came into one's room to talk. One lay on one's bed and tried to listen, but presently fell asleep. Men were like the pieces of iron in which holes had been bored. One pitched them aside into a boxlike truck. One had nothing really to do with oneself. Life became a procession of days. Perhaps all life was just like that—a procession of days.

Manhood.

Did one go out of one place and into another? Were youth and manhood two houses in which one lived during different periods in life? It was evident something of importance must be about to happen to his sister Kate. First, she had been a young woman, having two brothers and a father living with her in a house at Monroeville, Ohio.

And then a day was to come when she became something else. She married and went to live in another house. She had a husband. Perhaps children would be born to her. It was evident Kate had got hold of something, that her hands had reached out and had grasped something definite. Kate had swung herself off the rim of the home nest, and, right away her feet had landed on another limb of the tree of life. Womanhood.

As he stood in the darkness something caught at Will's throat. He was fighting again. What was he fighting? A fellow like himself did not move out of one house and into another. There was a house in which one lived, and then, suddenly and unexpectedly it fell apart. One stood on the rim of the nest and looked about, and a hand reached out from the warmth of the nest and pushed one off into space. There was no place for a fellow to put down his feet. He was one swinging in space.

What—a great fellow nearly six feet tall now, and crying in the darkness, in the shadow of a ship, like a child!

He walked, filled with determination, out of the darkness, along many streets, and came into a street of houses. He passed a store where groceries were sold, and looking in saw, by a clock on the wall, that it was already ten o'clock. Two drunken men came out at the door of a house and stood on a little porch. One of them clung to a railing about the porch, and the other pulled at his arm. "Let me alone. It's settled. I want you to let me alone," grumbled the man clinging to the railing.

Will went to his boarding house and climbed the stairs wearily. The devil! One might face anything if one but knew what was to be faced.

He lighted a light and sat down in his room on the edge of the bed, and the old cornet player pounced upon him, pounced like a little animal lying under a bush along a path in a forest and waiting for food. He came into Will's room carrying his cornet, and there was an almost bold look in his eyes. He stood firmly on his legs in the center of the room. "I'm going to play it. I don't care what she says, I'm going to play it," he declared.

He put the cornet to his lips and blew two or three notes, softly. Even Will, sitting so close, could barely hear. The old man's eyes wavered. "My lip's no good," he said. He thrust the cornet at Will. "You blow it," he said. Will sat on the edge of the bed and smiled. There was a notion floating in his mind. Was there something, a thought in which one could find comfort. There was now, before him, standing before him in the room, a man who was after all not a man. He was a child as Will was, had always been such a child, would always be such a child. One need not be too afraid. Children

were all about everywhere. If one were a child and lost in a vast, empty space, one could at least talk to some other child. One could have conversations, understand perhaps something of the eternal childishness of oneself and others.

Will's thoughts were not very definite. He only felt suddenly warm and comfortable in the little room at the top of the boarding house. Now the man was again explaining himself. He wanted to assert his manhood. "I stay up here," he said, "and don't go down there to sleep in the room with my wife because I don't want to. That's the only reason. She has the asthma, but don't tell anyone. Women hate to have anyone told. She isn't so bad. I can do what I please."

He kept urging Will to put the cornet to his lips and blow. There was in him an intense eagerness. "You can't really make any music—you don't know how. But that don't make any difference," he said. "The thing to do is to make a noise, make a deuce of a racket, blow like the devil."

Again Will felt like crying, but the sense of vastness and loneliness that had been in him since he got aboard the train that night at Monroeville had gone. "Well, I can't go on forever being a baby. Kate has a right to get married," he thought, putting the cornet to his lips. He blew two or three notes softly.

"No, I tell you, no. That isn't the way. Blow on it. Don't be afraid. I tell you I want you to do it. Make a deuce of a racket. I tell you what, I own this house. We don't need to be afraid. We can do what we please. Go ahead. Make a deuce of a racket," the old man kept pleading.

THE DRAMA AS I SEE IT

STUDIES IN THE PLAYS AND FILMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

I. "CAST UP BY THE SEA"

(As thrown up for 30 cents about the year 1880—A Sea-coast Melodrama)

ACT I

EVERYBODY who has reached or passed middle age looks back with affection to that splendid old melodrama "Cast up by the Sea." Perhaps it wasn't called exactly that. It may have been named "Called back from the Dead," or "Broken up by the Wind," or "Buried Alive in the Snow," or anything of the sort. In fact, I believe it was played under about forty different names in fifty different forms. But it was always the same good old melodrama of the New England coast, with the farmhouse and the yellow fields running down to the sea, and the lighthouse right at the end of the farm with the rocks and the sea beyond, looking for trouble.

Before the cinematograph had addled the human brain, and the radio broadcast had disintegrated the human mind, you could go and see "Cast up by the Sea" any Saturday afternoon in any great American city for thirty cents; you got a thrill from it that lasted thirty years. For thirty cents you had an orchestra chair on the ground floor, where you could sit and eat peanuts and study the program till the play began. After it had begun you couldn't eat any more; you were too excited.

The first thing everybody used to do in studying the program was to see how many years elapsed between the acts; because in those days everybody used to find it wiser to go between the acts—for air. And the more years that elapsed and the more acts there were, the more air they could get. Some of the plays used to have ten acts and the people got out

nine times. Nowadays this is all changed. People talk now of the unity of the drama, and in some of the plays to-day there is a deliberate announcement on the program that reads "Between Acts II and III the curtain will be merely lowered and raised again." We wouldn't have stood for that in 1880. We needed our two years between the acts. We had a use for it.

As I say, it was necessary to study the program. Nobody had yet invented that system of marking the characters "in the order of their appearance." You had to try to learn up the whole lot before the play began. You couldn't really. But you began conscientiously enough. Hiram Haycroft, a farmer, Martha, his wife, Hope, their daughter, Phoebe, a girl help, Zeke, a hired man, Rube, also a hired man; and by that time you had forgotten the farmer's own name and looked back for it when just then—

Up went the curtain with a long stately roll—two men at the side hoisting it, and there you were looking at the farmstead by the sea.

Notice how quick and easy and attractive that old-fashioned beginning was. One minute you were eating peanuts and studying the program and the next minute the play had begun. There was none of that agonizing stuff that precedes the moving pictures of to-day: No *Authorized by the Board of Censors of the State of New York*. The world (including New York State) was so good in 1880 that it had never heard of a censor. Nor was there any announcement of something else all together, heralded as A

Great Big Compelling Life-drama—Next Week.

If the moving-picture people could have been in control (forty years before their time), they would have announced the farm-and-lighthouse play with a written panegyric on what they were going to show—"a gripping heart-drama in which the foam of the sea and the eerie of the spindrift carry to the heart a tale of true love battled by the wind, next Thursday."

But if they had worked that stuff on an audience of 1880 it would have gone out and taken another drink, and never come back until next Thursday.

So the play began at once. There was the farmhouse, or at least the porch and door, at the right-hand side of the stage, all bathed in sunlight (yellow gas) and the grass plot and the road in the center, and the yellow wheat (quite a little bunch of it) at the left, and the fields reaching back till they hit the painted curtain with the lighthouse and the rocks and the sea.

Everybody who looked at that painted

curtain and saw that lighthouse knew that it wasn't there for nothing. There'd be something doing from that all right, and when they looked back at the program and saw that Act IV was marked *In the Lighthouse Tower—Midnight*, they got this kind of a thrill that you can never get by a mere announcement that there is going to be a "gripping heart drama next Tu. Thurs. and Sat."

Surely enough there would be something doing with that lighthouse. Either the heroine thrown off it, or the hero thrown over it—anyway, something good.

But for the moment all is peace and sunlight on the seashore farm. There is no one on the stage but two men on the left, evidently Zeke and Rube, the hired men. They've got scythes and they are cutting the little patch of wheat over at the edge of the stage. Just imagine it! *Real* wheat, they're actually cutting it. Upon my word those stage effects of 1880 were simply wonderful. I do wish that "Doug" Fairbanks and those fellows who work so hard to give us thrills could



BESIDE HIM IS HOPE HIS DAUGHTER, JUST HOME FROM BOARDING SCHOOL

realize what we used to get in 1880 by seeing Zeke and Rube cutting real wheat on the left-hand side of the stage.

Then they speak. You can't really hear what they say but it sounds like this:

Zeke says, "I swan b'gosh heck b'gosh gum yak! yak!"

And Rube answers, "Heck gosh b'gum yes, yak! yak!"

And they both laugh.

These words probably have a meaning but you don't need it. The people are still moving into their seats and this is just the opening of the play. It's a mere symbol. It stands for New England dialect, farm life, and honesty of character.

Presently Rube gets articulate. He quits reaping and he says:

"So Miss Hope'll be coming back this morning."

"Yes, sir, that she will. A whole year now it'll be that she's been to boarding school."

And Rube says:

"Yep, a whole year come Gurdlemas."

Rube and Zeke have a calendar all their own.

"She'll be a growd up lady now all right."

"Yes, sir, and as purty as a pitcher, I'll be bound, by heck."

They whet their scythes with a clang, and out comes Martha, the farmer's wife, and Phoebe the help from the porch on the right. With them comes a Freckled Boy, evidently the younger son of the farm family. This Freckled Boy is in all the melodramas. It is his business to get his ears boxed, mislay the will, lose the mortgage, forget to post the letters and otherwise mix up the plot.

"Do you see the buggy yet, Rube? Can you see them coming yet, Zeke?"

Zeke and Rube hop about making gestures of looking down the road, their hands up over their eyes.

"Not yet, Missus, but they'll be along right soon now."

"There they are," calls Phoebe, "coming along down in the hollow."

There is great excitement at once.

Martha cries "Land's sake! if it ain't Hope all right," and boxes the Freckled Boy's ears. The others run to and fro, saying "Here they come!" so as to get the audience worked up with excitement, at the height of which there comes the actual clatter of the horse's hoofs and the next moment a horse and buggy, a real horse and buggy, drives on to the stage. That clattering horse coming on to the stage was always one of the great effects in 1880—a real horse with real harness and with added anxiety for fear that the horse would misbehave himself when he came on.

The buggy stops with a lot of shouting of "Whoa there," intended to keep the horse lively. If they didn't shout at it, this stage horse was apt to subside into a passive melancholy not suited for the drama.

So here is the farmer sitting in the buggy in a suit of store clothes and a black slouch hat, and beside him is Hope his daughter, just home from boarding school. How sweet and fresh she looks in her New England sun-hat with the flowers in it! I don't know what they did to the girls in the boarding schools of 1880—some line of Algebra perhaps—to make them look so fresh. There are none like them now.

Hope leaps out in one spring and kisses her mother in one bound and she cries "Well mother! Well Phoebe! Why Zeke! Why Rube!" They all circulate and hop and dance about saying "Well, Miss Hope. Well, I never." And all the while there's the sunshine in the yellow fields and the red hollyhocks beside the porch, and light and happiness everywhere.

You'd think, would you not, that that Old Homestead represented the high-water mark of happiness? And so it does. But wait a bit. Before long they'll start trouble enough. All the audience know in advance that that farm will be mortgaged and the farmer ruined and Hope driven from home—oh, there's lots of trouble coming. Trouble was the proper business of the melodrama. So presently

they all get through their congratulations and Hope has embraced everybody, and the farmer's wife has got off two jokes about the size of Boston, and then the Freckled Boy wants to take Hope away to see the brindle cow, and they all fade away off the stage except the farmer and his wife.

And right away the whole tone of the play changes, just like that!

The farmer stands alone with his wife. And Martha comes over to him and puts her hand timidly on his shoulder. The joy has gone out of her face.

"Hiram," she says, "Lawyer Ellwood's agent was here this morning."

The farmer fairly humps into his shoulders with anger.

"Ay," he snarls.

"And Hiram, Lawyer Ellwood wants his money."

"Ay! he wants his money, does he? Curse him!"

The farmer's fist is clenched and there's a scowl on his face.

"He says, Hiram, that it's got to be paid to-morrow. Oh, Hiram, we can't never pay it."

Martha puts her apron up to her face and sobs.

The farmer turns and shakes his clenched fist at the scenery away off to the left.

"Curse him!" he rages, "Ay, curse him. This three years he has thrown a blight across our life."

"You was friends oncet, Hiram," Martha sobs again, "years ago before he went to the city, you was friends."

"Friends!" raves the farmer, "a fine friend! drawing me on with his schemes of money and profit! 'To make your fortune,' he said—a fine fortune—Ruin, ruin it meant—till I had signed this and signed that, till it was all mortgaged away and till he held me, as he thought, in the hollow of his hand. Martha, if that man stood before me now, by the God that lives, I could choke him with these hands."

Hiram makes a gesture so terrible and yet so passionate that the one hope of the

audience in the top gallery is that Lawyer Ellwood will happen along right now and get choked.

Martha tries to dry her eyes.

"Nay, Hiram, you mustn't talk like that. Those are evil thoughts. It is God's will, Hiram, and it must be right. But we can't never pay."

"Not pay," shouts Hiram, "who says I can't pay? *I can* pay and when that man comes to-morrow *I can* throw the money in his face. Look, Martha, there it is!"

Hiram Haycroft draws a great wallet from his pocket and slaps it down on the palm of his hand.

"Two thousand dollars, every cent of his accursed debt. Martha, it will mean poverty and hard times for us where all was plenty, but thank God, it can be paid."

"Why, Hiram!"

"I've raised it, Martha. I've sold the stock, I've parted with this and I've pledged that—everything but the roof above our heads is sold or pledged. But his accursed mortgage can be paid."

"Oh, Hiram!"

"It will mean hard times again, hard and bitter times."

"I don't mind that, Hiram," and Martha puts her hands up to her husband's neck—"we've borne it together before and we can bear it together again . . . But oh, Hiram, if only our boy Jack had been spared to us, I could have borne it so easily then."

Martha begins to cry.

"There, there, Martha," says the Farmer, "you mustn't lay it so to heart. The sea has taken him, mother, as it has taken many a brave lad before him—"

"The sea, the sea . . ." groans Martha, "I see it there so bright and calm in the sunlight. But will it give me back my boy? Three years this day, Hiram, since he left us. I can feel his good-by kiss still upon my cheek. And since then, no word, never a word."

Hiram draws his wife to him to comfort her.

"Come, mother, come into the house,

we mustn't show sad faces for Hope's homecoming. We've invited our neighbors in for supper this evening. We must go and see to it. Come."

They go in through the wooden porch under the flowers on the right, leaving the audience, sad and disturbed. That infernal lawyer! But they were all alike in 1880. Show them a sunlit farm and a happy family and they'd clap a mortgage on it at sight. And to think that Farmer Haycroft and his wife had lost their only son at sea!—That calm blue sea in the back curtain with the sunlight on it!

In fact, the play is getting too sad, so it has to be relieved, and Rube and Phoebe are brought on to the stage again and go through one of those rural love scenes that were used to ease the strain of the melodrama. Rube shambles over to her in a sheepish way, evidently proposing to kiss her, and says:

"Ain't you got nothing for me this morning, Phoebe?"

And Phoebe says:

"Go along, you big thing, I've got *that* for you," and swats him over the face with a thistle. The audience roar with laughter, the strain is removed, and they're ready to get on with the play when Phoebe disappears with Rube in pursuit.

"Why, mother"—it is Hope calling—"where are you, mother?"

"I'm here, daughter," says Martha, reappearing out of the porch.

"I was looking for you all over, mother," says Hope, coming to her coyly, "I have been wanting so much to talk to you all by ourselves."

"Ah! And I think I can guess something of what that's about." Martha has taken Hope's hand in hers and is patting it and Hope is looking at the ground and swinging herself about on one heel in a way that in a New England play always symbolized the approach of love.

"And now, Hope, tell me all about it," says the farmer's wife.

"You remember, mother, that I wrote and told you that I had a secret . . ."

"Yes, dearie, a *great* secret you said."

"A secret that I didn't want to put on paper, and didn't want to tell to anybody till I could tell it to you first, mother dear."

Hope has snuggled up close to her mother, who is patting her on the shoulder and repeating, "Ay, lass, a great secret, and I'll be bound I can guess a little of what it is—I suppose it means that there is some one—that my little girl. . ."

She whispers into Hope's ear.

"Oh, mother," Hope goes on, "it's even greater than that. Look, mother, see what's in my hand."

Hope holds out her hand, her face downcast, and not only her mother, but even the girls in the gallery, can see the plain gold ring that's on her finger. The men in the audience don't get it, but the girls and women explain to them what it is.

"Why, Hope darling," says Martha, all in a tremble, "what does it mean?"

"Why, mother, it means—it means"—Hope takes a flying leap into her mother's arms—"it means, mother, that I'm married."

"Married!"

"Yes, married, mother, last Saturday in Boston at eleven o'clock in the morning."

"Married, my little girl married!"

Martha has to be terribly astonished so as to keep the audience in the same frame of mind: not at Hope being married the very day she left her finishing school. That was nothing. That was a favorite way of getting married in 1880, but at the fact that she hadn't told her mother about it. So Martha keeps repeating, "Married! My little girl married."

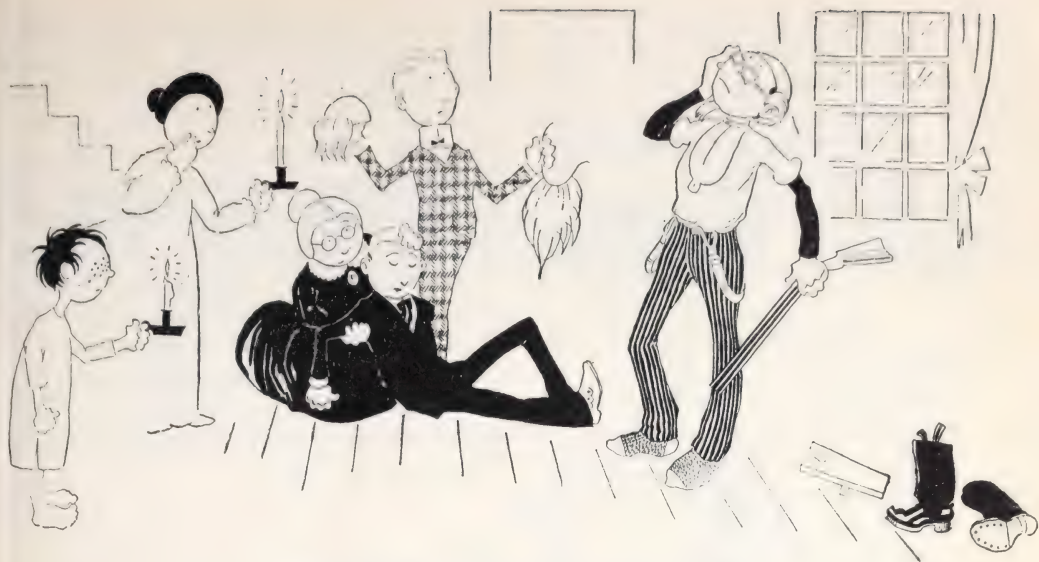
"It was all in such a hurry, mother—I couldn't tell you. It all came so sudden."

Hope is half crying, half smiling.

"But I shouldn't cry, mother, because really I'm so happy."

"That's right, darling, and now tell me all about it."

"We were married in Boston last



"MY SON! I HAVE KILLED MY SON!"

Saturday, mother. And, oh, I did so want you to be there only it couldn't be. It was all in such a hurry—because Ned was offered a new ship—just think, mother, captain of a ship at twenty-one!"

"Not a sailor, dearie," says Martha Haycroft in evident agitation, "don't tell me that your man is a sailor."

"Why, yes, mother, Ned's been at sea ever since he was fifteen."

"The sea, the sea," groans the farmer's wife. "I see it lying there in the sunlight. I hear it roaring in the winter wind. When will it give me back my boy?"

"Mother, you mustn't cry. It was years ago and it was God's will, and, mother, Ned will only be at sea a little while longer now—just this one voyage in his new ship, and listen, mother, Ned's new ship (it's a schooner, mother, and it's Ned's father who owns it and it's called the *Good Hope* after me) will be off the point here this evening, and if Ned can manage it, he'll come ashore and see us all, and his father—though I've never seen *him*—will be with Ned. And Ned is to settle down and be a farmer, mother, on a farm beside the sea. His father is a rich lawyer in Boston, mother, and Ned says that his father has a mortgage on a farm right on the seashore

just like this, and after this one voyage . . ."

"A lawyer, a rich lawyer!"

"Yes, mother, a rich lawyer in Boston, but he once lived in the country, near here I think, years ago."

"His name? What name?"

"Ellwood, mother. Lawyer Ephraim Ellwood."

Martha breaks from her daughter in alarm.

"No, no, not that, don't say it's that name. Hope, it couldn't be, it can't be."

And at that moment the farmer Hiram Haycroft steps onto the stage.

"Why, mother! why, Hope! What's—what's all this?"

Hope (tearfully)—"I don't know father; I only began to tell mother a secret . . ."

"Yes, daughter."

"That I—that we—that I am married, father."

"Married, my little girl, married! That don't seem possible. But what's all this ado about, mother, and who's the lucky man that's gone and taken my little girl?"

Hiram comes over affectionately and takes Hope's two hands.

"Only yesterday, it seems," he says, "that I held you on my knees, little gal, and now to be married!"

All the audience waits in a luxury of expectation. They know that the farmer is going to get an awful jolt.

Then he gets it.

"He is the son of a rich Boston lawyer, father, who has a mortgage on a farm . . ."

The farmer has dropped Hope's hands, his face is darkening.

"And Ned is to have the farm—Ned Ellwood is his name, father, see it here"—Hope timidly takes out a paper from her dress—"here on my marriage certificate."

But the farmer doesn't hear her. He stands a moment, his fists clenched, then bursts into wild rage.

"Ellwood, Lawyer Ellwood. My daughter marry a son of that man! By the living God, Hope, sooner than see you married to a son of his, I'd see you lying fathoms deep under the sea beside my son. God hears me say it, and may God so order it."

And as Hiram Haycroft stands, with this fateful invocation on his lips, the Freckled Boy runs on the stage and says:

"Say, Hope, ain't you never coming to see that brindle cow?"

And with that the curtain slowly falls and Act I is over.

No wonder that as the curtain falls there's a terrible feeling of sadness and apprehension all over the audience. No wonder that even before the curtain has reached the floor a great many of the men in that 1880 audience have risen and are walking up the aisles to get out of the theater! They can't stand the strain of it—the thought of this beautiful old New England homestead all brought to sorrow and tragedy like this.

It's too much for them. They must have air. They've gone to look for it outside. Even though the playbill says that only ten hours elapse between Acts I and II (pretty rapid work for 1880), they are taking a chance on it.

So the able-bodied men in the audience

go out, leaving behind only the young, the infirm, and the women (women never took anything to drink, anyway, before prohibition). There is a great sadness over the audience now because they know by experience that, once the old homestead starts going to pieces like this, things will go from bad to worse. Even the fact that the orchestra is now playing "In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling" doesn't help things much.

So presently the men come back and the orchestra is stopped and the gas cut down and the curtain is hauled away up to the roof and it's—

ACT II

Same Evening.

The Kitchen of the Haycroft Farm.

"You'll find us plain folks, sir, just plain folks. But if it'll please you to take what plain folks can offer, you're heartily welcome. Now then, Phoebe girl, a chair here for the gentleman. Put another stick in the stove, Rube, it's a cold night in this autumn wind."

The stranger, in a strange voice, "Ay, it's a cold night."

The scene is in the farm kitchen, one of those big old farm kitchens of 1880 that filled the whole stage. There was a cooking stove—about ten feet by six off to the right side, and in the center stage, a fireplace with a mantel off at one side, and doors and windows—in fact, all the things that will be needed in the act, not forgetting a shotgun hanging ominously on two hooks. At the back is a big table all laid out for about a dozen guests, with Phoebe all done up in her best things fussing round laying dishes. Martha Haycroft, also in her best things (black satin with a sort of crispness to it), is cooking at the stove. Putting the farm people in their best clothes was always supposed to imply a comic touch. Rube has on clothes like a congressman's, only lower in the coat tails and higher in the collar.

This, of course, is the supper that the farmer spoke of when he said they'd call in the neighbors.



"THERE'S A WOMAN IN THE BOAT! GOD HELP HER! SHE'S LOST!"

Only for the moment all the eyes of the audience are turned on the stranger. He has a crop of straight white hair (a wig evidently) and a white beard—false of course—and he walks partly bent and with a stick, and he looks all about him, all round the room with such a queer look, as if he recognized it.

All the audience feel instinctively that that stranger is disguised. Indeed, in this sort of play there always had to be somebody who turned out to be some one else.

"A raw night, sir," repeats the farmer; "there's an evil howl in the wind; I reckon there'll be stormy weather at sea to-night, sir."

The farmer is evidently right, for just as he says it somebody behind the scenes turns on the wind with a wild and mournful howl. Luckily, they don't leave it on long, just enough to let the audience know it's there.

"I just been down to the shore, sir," the farmer goes on, "I tend the light here at the foot of the farm. 'Twill be a bad night at sea to-night."

"A bad night for those at sea," repeats the stranger.

The wind howls again. Martha pauses in her cooking, looks a moment towards the window, and murmurs, "The sea, the sea!"

Martha the farmer's wife, has to play alternately a pathetic character and a comic one. It was hard to do but the audience understood it. So she mutters, "The sea! the sea!" with the yearning of a mother for her lost son, and then goes back to blowing up pancakes on the cookstove. If that violated the unity of the drama, we didn't know it in 1880, so it did no harm.

"But come, come," says the farmer, "this ain't no night for feeling down-hearted. I hear the neighbors outside. Come, Martha, we'll go out and bring them in."

This leaves Phoebe and Rube alone except for the stranger who has gone across the room and is standing with his back to them, lost in thought. So Rube and Phoebe do another love scene. Rube comes to her alongside the table and has

only just time to say "Phoeb!" with a slow grin and to try to take her by the waist when she lands him across the face with a pancake. The audience roar with delight and continue laughing till they suddenly come to a full stop when they see that there is something happening with the stranger.

He has been standing with his back turned, silent. Then without warning, he speaks, his back still turned, not in his counterfeited tone, but in a loud clear voice, the voice of youth:

"Rube!"

Rube and Phoebe start. "What voice is that?" says Rube, shaking with agitation.

The stranger turns, plucks away his white wig and his white beard and stands revealed.

"Jack! It's Mr. Jack come back from the dead!" cries Phoebe.

"Ain't you drowned?" cries Rube.

They crowd close to him in eager recognition, and Jack, young and boyish now, laughs and greets them. "Let me run and call the boss and the missus," pleads Phoebe; but Jack restrains her.

"Not now," he says, "they mustn't know yet."

He goes on to reveal, all in whispers and in gestures which the audience are not intended to unravel, that his father and mother must not know yet. He takes from his pocket a bundle of something—is it papers or money or what? The audience can't see it distinctly, but Rube and Phoebe seem to understand, and he is just explaining about it when the noise is heard of the farmer and his wife and the farm guests all coming back.

The stranger motions Rube and Phoebe to secrecy and is disguised again in a minute.

In they all come, the farm people all dressed in the queer pathos of their Sunday things, and there follows the great supper scene, without which no rural melodrama was complete. Hear how they chatter and laugh. "Well for the land's sake, taste them doughnuts!" "Neighbor Jephson, try a slice of this

pie." "Well I don't mind if I do." "Farmer Haycroft, here's your good health and Miss Hope's good health and of all present." "Hear! Hear!" and then some one chokes on a crumb and is beaten on the back.

The supper scene lasts ten minutes by the clock. The stranger has sat silent, beaming quiet approval and at the height of the merriment retired quietly to his room, a side room opening on the kitchen. Martha has lighted a candle for him and as he thanks her for it, she says, "You're a stranger in these parts, sir? There's something in your voice I seem to know." All the audience want to shout, "He's your son." It is a touch taken right out of Sophocles. Hope meantime busies herself among the guests. Hiram Haycroft drinks great flagons of cider. At intervals the wind is turned on against the window panes to remind the audience that it's a wild night outside.

Then for a moment the farmer leaves the room because he has to go trim his light down on the shore.

While he is still out, there is loud knocking at the door. Rube goes to it and opens it with a special biff of wind produced for his benefit—and then shows in two strangers. A young man and an old. The young man is tall and bronzed and sailorlike, and Hope runs to him at once with a glad cry of "Ned! My Ned!" His arms are about her in a moment and the whole theater knows that it is her husband.

"We've put in under the point," Ned explains, "and I came ashore. But it's only to say good-by. The *Good Hope* can't lie there in this rising wind. We'll have to put off at once. This is my father, Hope. You'll be a daughter to him while I'm gone!"

Hope goes up to the old man and puts her two hands in his and says, oh so sweetly, "I will indeed, sir, for Ned's sake."

But her mother has risen, shrinking from her place.

"Ellwood," she says, "Lawyer Ellwood."

All the audience look at the old man. A fox certainly—oh, a sly old fox—just that look of mean cunning which stamped every rural lawyer in every melodrama for thirty years. But Hope sees nothing of it.

"No, Ned, you mustn't put to sea to-night. It's too wild a night. Hear how the rain is driving at the windows. You must stay here and your father, too. Mother, this is Ned my husband, and this is his father, and these are our friends, Ned, and father's only gone to the light. He'll be back in just a minute.

And at that moment the door swings open and Hiram Haycroft—shaking the wet from his black oilskins—strides back into the room. Hope comes to him pleadingly.

"Father, father dear, this is my husband . . ."

But he doesn't see her. He is staring at Ellwood.

"You!" he shouts, "You that have sought to bring ruin upon me and mine!"

Ellwood comes toward him, raising a protesting hand.

"Hiram!" he says.

"Out of my house!" shouts Haycroft. "Your accursed money is not due till to-morrow and to-morrow it shall be paid. Out! before I lay hands on you." He steps forward menacingly, his hand uplifted. Ned Ellwood steps in his way.

"Put down your hands," he says, "and listen to me."

Hiram refuses to listen. He reaches for the gun that hangs above the mantel. The affrighted guests crowd around him. There is noise and confusion, above which is Haycroft's voice, calling "Out of my house! I say."

The father and son move to the door, but as they go, Hope rushes to her husband.

"Father! he is my husband! Where he goes I go. Ned, take me with you, out into the night and the storm." (At these words the wind, which has been quite quiet, breaks out again) "Out into the world, for better or for worse. Where

you go I follow; my place is at your side!"

There is a burst of applause from the audience at this sentiment. That was the kind of girl they raised in 1880. There are none left now.

And so, with her father's imprecations ringing in her ears, Hope casts a little gray cloak over her head and shoulders and, with arm clinging to her husband, passes out into the storm.

The door closes after them.

There is a hush and silence.

Not even Rube and Phoebe can break it now. The farm guests, almost inarticulate, come and say good-night and pass out. Martha, lamp in hand, goes tearfully up the stairs. Rube and Phoebe fade away.

Hiram Haycroft sits alone. The lights are dimmed. There is a flicker of light from the fire in the stove but little more. At times the rattle of the storm at the window makes him lift his head. Once he walks to the window and stands and gazes out into the darkness towards the sea.

And once he goes over to the dresser at the side of the room and takes from it the wallet that has in it his two thousand dollars, holds it a moment in his hand and then replaces it.

At intervals the storm is heard outside. The audience by instinct know that the act is not over. There is more tragedy to come.

The farmer rises slowly from his chair. He lays aside his oilskins. Then, still slowly, he takes off his boots—with a bootjack—a stage effect much valued in melodrama.

He moves about the room, a candle in his hand, bolts and chains the door, and so, step by step slowly and with much creaking ascends the stairs to bed.

The audience follow in a breathless stillness. They know that something is going to happen.

Deep silence and waiting. You can hear the audience breathing. No one speaks.

Then a side door in the room is opened, slowly, cautiously. You can see a dark figure stealing across the stage—nearer and nearer to the drawer where the wallet of money is lying. Look! What is he doing? Is he taking it, or is he moving it? Is it a thief or what?

Then suddenly the farmer's voice from above.

"Who's that down there?"

You can half see the farmer as he stands on the upper landing, a candle in his hand.

"Who's that I say?" he calls again.

The creaking figure crawls away, making for the door.

What happens after that follows with a rush. The farmer comes hurrying down the stair, tears open the drawer, and with a loud cry of "Thief! A thief!" rouses the sleeping house. You hear the people moving above. You see the lights on the stair as the crouching figure rushes for the door. The farmer has seized his shotgun. There is a cry of "Stand there, or I'll shoot," then the flash of fire and the roar of the gun and the crouching figure falls to the floor, the farmer shouting, "Lights here. Bring a light! A thief!"

It is Rube who enters first, the others crowding after. It is Rube who lifts the fallen body, Rube who holds the light to the pale face so that the audience may see who it is—but something has long since told them that. It is Rube who pulls aside the white wig and the white beard that had disguised the youthful features. There is a loud cry from the farmer's wife as she sinks down beside the body.

"Jack! Jack! it's my boy come back to me."

And the farmer, the gun still clenched and smoking in his hand, cries:

"My son! I have killed my son!"

And with that down sinks the somber curtain on a silent audience.

That's the way, you see, that the drama was put over in 1880! We weren't

afraid of real effects—terror, agony, murder—anything and the more of it the better. In a modern drawing-room play the characters get no nearer to murder than to have *Pup No. 1*, dressed in gray tweeds, discuss the theory of homicide with *Pup No. 2*, dressed in a brown golf costume. That's all the excitement there is. But in this good old farm melodrama they weren't afraid of mixing the thing up.

So the farmer is ruined, he's driven his daughter from the door and has shot his son—and there you are.

When the play reaches this point, at the end of Act Two, there is nothing for it but a two-years' wait. So the playbill at this point bears the legend Two Years Elapse Between Acts II and III. The audience are glad of it. Without that they couldn't have stood the tragedy of it. But as it is, there are two years; the men rise and file out up the aisle; very slowly—there is no need to hurry with two years ahead of them.

The gas is turned up now and the audience are gradually recovering; a boy comes down the aisles and shouts "Peanuts!" That helps a lot. And presently when the orchestra begins to play "My mother said I never should play with the gipsies in the wood," they begin to get reconciled to life again. Anyway, being used to this type of play, they know that things aren't so bad as they seem. Jack can't really be dead. He'll be brought to life somehow. He was shot, but he can't have been killed. Every audience knows its own line of play; in fact, in all the drama the audience has to be taken for granted or the play wouldn't be intelligible. Anybody who has seen a moving-picture audience snap up the symbols and legends and conventions of a photoplay and get the required meaning out of it will know just what I mean. So it was in 1880. The audience got cheered up because they realized that Jack couldn't really be dead.

So they look at their programs with a

revived interest to see what happens next.

Here it is.

ACT III

Two Years Later.

The Foreshore After Sunset.

A Gathering Storm.

Ah, look at the scene as the curtain goes up now. Isn't it grand! The rocks and the breaking water and the white foam in the twilight! How ever do they do it? And the lighthouse there at the right-hand side how it towers into the dark sky! Look at the fishermen all in black oilskins and sou'westers, glistening in the wet, moving about on the shore and pointing to the sea.

Notice that short flash of yellow lightning and the rumble of thunder away behind the scene. And look at the long beams of the light from the lighthouse far out on the water.

Don't talk to me of a problem play, played in a modern drawing-room as between a man in tweed and a woman in sequins. When I attend the theater

let there be a lighthouse and a gathering of huddled fishermen and danger lowering over the sea. As drama it is worth all the sex stuff that was ever slopped over the footlights.

"A wild night!"

It's a fisherman speaking—or no, it's Rube, only you would hardly know him, all in oilskins. In the New England play all the farmers turn into fishermen as the plot thickens. So it is Zeke, as another fisherman, who answers:

"It's all that! God help all poor souls out at sea to-night."

The lightning and thunder make good again, the fishermen and the women on the shore move to and fro, talking, and excited, and pointing at the sea. Rube and Zeke come together in the foreground, talking. Their function is to let the audience know all that has happened in two years.

"A wild night," Zeke repeats, "such a night as it was two years ago, you mind, the night that Mr. Jack was shot."

They both shake their heads! "Twould have been a sight better," says Rube, "if



"MY LITTLE GAL! CAST UP BY THE SEA!"

the farmer's bullet had killed him that night. A sad sight it is to see him as he is, witless and speechless. It's cruel hard on them all. Is he here to-night?"

"Ay, he's here to-night—he's always here on the shore when a storm is on. Look, see him there, always looking to the sea!"

The audience look at once and see in the little group standing in the gathering storm Jack—holding to his mother hard and looking out to sea.

"She's leading him away. She'll be wanting him to go home"

So Jack isn't dead! But what is that queer, strange look on his face? Something blank, inhuman, witless. His mother leads him down the stage.

"Jack, come home, Jack. It's no place for you here in the storm."

The thunder and lightning break in again sharp and vivid and the wind roars behind the scenes.

Jack turns a vacant countenance upon his mother. His face is pale and thin. His eyes are bright.

The audience get it. Since he was shot down he has been there two years, speechless and demented.

His mother keeps begging him to come home. He tries to drag her toward the sea. Demented as he is, there is a wild and growing excitement in his manner. He is pointing at the waves, gesticulating.

"What does he see," Rube is asking. "What is it? He has a sailor's eyes. What does he see out there?"

And at that minute there comes a shout from the clustered fishermen on the foreshore.

"A ship! A ship! There's a vessel out on the reef, see! look!"

They run up and down, pointing and shouting. And far out on the waves, lit for a moment by a flash of lightning, the audience see a dismayed schooner—she's made of cardboard—out beside the breakers of the reef.

At this moment the Freckled Boy, all in oilskins, rushes breathless on to the stage. He hasn't grown an inch in two years, but nobody cares about that.

"Mother, Rube," he gasps. "I've been down to the Long Point—I ran all the way—there is a schooner going on the reef. Look, you can see and mother, mother"

The boy is almost frenzied into excitement. The crowd gathers about him.

"Mother, it's the *Good Hope*, her ship!"

"The *Good Hope*!" exclaims everybody.

The boy gasps on.

"They were lowering the boats—I could see them—but nothing can live in that sea . . . one boat went down—I saw it—and I could see her, Hope, standing by the mast. I could see her face when the lightning came. Then I ran here. We must go out; we must get the lifeboats; we've got to go. You men, who'll come?"

Come! they'll all come! Listen to the shout of them. See! they are dragging forth the lifeboat from its wooden house on the far left of the stage. There are swinging lanterns and loud calls and the roaring of the wind. The stage is darkening and the lightning glares on the sea. But even as they are trying to launch the lifeboat, there's a new cry:

"Look—a boat! a boat! out there on the reef, right among the breakers."

The fishermen rush up and down in great excitement. "There's a woman in the boat! God help her! She's lost!"

"Mother, mother, it's Hope, see she's alone in the boat, she's kneeling, she's praying."

There are new cries:

"Man the lifeboat! Man the lifeboat!"

The great boat is dragged out and ready. The men are climbing in over the side.

Then a fisherman shouts out and is heard, clear and single, for a moment in the lull of the storm:

"There's only one man can pilot this boat across that reef, only Hiram Haycroft."

There are cries of "Hiram, bring Hiram." They point out at the light-

house from which the long beams still revolve on the water. "He can't leave the light."

Noise and commotion.

"He must leave the light."

"It's life or death on this one chance, Lads, stand ready there with the lifeboat and come, some of you, with me and bring him down."

They rush towards the lighthouse. There is noise and thunder, a flash of light shows the boat, clearly in sight now right out among the breakers and Hope seen for a moment kneeling in the bow praying, her face illuminated in the lightning. Then in a swirl of white water the boat vanishes in the foam of the reef.

ACT IV

In The Lighthouse Tower—Midnight.

Then the scene changes—all done in a minute—from the shore to the *Lighthouse Tower*. It was what used to be called a "transformation scene." It involved a sudden darkness punctured by gas jets, and a terrible thumping and bumping with an undertone of curses. You could hear a voice in the darkness say quite distinctly, "Set that blank, blank drop over there"; and you could see black figures running round in the transformation. Then there came an awful crash and a vision of a back curtain slinging down among the dark men. The lights flicked up again and all the audience broke into applause at the final wonder of it.

Look! It's the lighthouse tower with the big lights burning and the storm howling outside. How bright and clear it is here inside the tower with its great windows looking out over the storm sixty feet above the sea!

He stands beside the lights, trimming the lamps, calm and steady at his task. The storm is all about him but inside the lighthouse tower all is bright and still.

Hiram peers a moment from the lighthouse window. He opens the little door and steps out on the iron platform high above the sea. The wind roars about him and the crest of the driven water

leaps to his very feet. He comes in, closing the door quietly and firmly behind him, and turns again to his light.

"God help all poor souls at sea to-night," he says.

And then, with a rush and clatter of feet, they burst in upon him, the group of fishermen, Martha, and his demented son, crowding into the lighthouse tower and standing on the stairs. Jack is at the rear of all but there is a strange look on his face, a light of new intelligence.

"Quick, Hiram, you must come. There's been a wreck. Look, there's a boat going on the reef. The men are ready in the lifeboat. You must steer her through. It's life or death. There's not a moment to lose."

Hiram looks for a moment at the excited crowd and then turns quietly to his task.

"My place is here," he says.

There is a moment's hush. Martha rushes to him and clutches him by the coat.

"Hiram, they haven't told you. The schooner that was wrecked to-night is the *Good Hope*."

Hiram staggers back against the wall.

"And the boat that's drifting on the reef, it's Hope, it's our daughter."

Hiram stands grasping the rail along the wall. He speaks panting with agitation, but firm:

"Martha—I'm sworn to tend the light. If the light fails God knows what it means to the ships at sea. If my child is lost it is God's will—but—my place is here."

And he turns back to the light.

The fishermen who have been crowding close to the window cry:

"Look down below. The boat—she's driving in here right on the rocks—the woman's still clinging to her."

Martha rushes to the window and calls "My child, save my child! save her!" And at exactly this minute Jack steps out into the center of the floor. His face is clear and plain beneath the light. There is no dementia left in it now.

"Father," he says, "Mother."



"AY, LADS, PIN YOUR HOPE IN PROVIDENCE, AND IN THE END YOU LAND SAFE IN PORT."

They all turn to look at him. But no one speaks.

"The rope," he says, "give me the rope."

He points to a long coil of rope that hangs against the wall. With a sailor's quickness of hand he takes the rope and runs a bowline knot in the end of it. In a moment, with the end of the line about his body, he throws open the door and rushes on the iron platform. "Hold fast to the line," he calls, and then the audience see him mount the iron rail, pause a moment, and then dive head first into the sea beneath.

There is shouting and clamor from the fishermen.

"There he is! Look, he's swimming to her! Hold fast there! . . . He's got her . . . Now then, in with the line."

And with one glorious haul, up comes the line from the roaring sea with Jack at the end of it, and, tight held in his encircling arms, the fainting form of Hope his sister.

Couldn't be done? Nonsense! That was nothing to what we used to see done in the old-time plays. If need be, Jack could have fished out a whole shipload.

There is a cry of "Saved, saved!" and Hiram Haycroft clasping the senseless form of his daughter to his heart, cries:

"My little gal! Cast up by the sea!"

And the curtain comes down in a roar of applause.

ACT V

Six Months Later.

Scene. The Kitchen of the Haycroft Farm.

This last act in the melodrama is all to the good. There is no more tragedy, no strain, no trouble. The play is really over but this part is always put in as a sort of wind-up to make everybody happy. The audience are now sitting in a swim of luxurious sentimentality. How fine everything has turned out—Jack has got his mind back, and Hope is saved and her husband, too, and the old farm isn't mortgaged or sold and the Haycroft's are not ruined after all. Yes, and more than that; there are all kinds of little items of happiness to be thrown in.

So here we are back in the old farm kitchen, and here, of course, are Rube and Phoebe again. And Rube tries to grab Phoebe round the waist, but she says, "Oh you Rube, you go along," and lands

a dish towel in his face. But this time Rube *won't* go along. He manages to catch Phoebe and tell her that he wants her to be his wife and throw dishcloths at him all his life, and Phoebe calls him a "big thing," and gives him a kiss like a smack (worse than a dish cloth or a pancake). So there they are, all set for marriage, as they might have been in the first act if Rube had had the nerve.

Well, they are no sooner straightened out than in come the farmer and his son Jack and Ned, Hope's husband. The farmer seems very old and infirm, though suffused with the same air of peace and happiness as all the others. The two young men help him into an arm rocking-chair. "Easy now." Then Hiram sits down with that expression of difficulty "ay-ee-ee" always used to symbolize stage rheumatism. There is no need for the farmer to become so suddenly old in the last act. But it was a favorite convention of 1880 to make all the old people very infirm and very happy at the end of the play.

So they begin to talk, just to pile on the happiness.

"I'm getting old, lads, I'm not the man I was."

"Old, father!" laughs Jack, "why you're the youngest and spryest of all of us."

"I'm getting past work, boys," says the farmer, shaking his head, "past work."

"Work," says Jack, "why should you work?" And as the talk goes on you get to understand that Jack will never go to sea again but will stay and work the farm and they've just received the "papers" that appoint him keeper of the light in his father's place, with a pension for the old man. And Ned, Hope's husband, is going to stay right there, too. His father has bought him the farm just adjoining with house and stock and everything, and he and Hope are all ready to move into it just as soon as . . .

But wait a minute.

His father? Lawyer Ellwood! And the terrible enmity and feud!

Oh, pshaw! just watch that feud vanish! In the fifth act of an old-time melodrama a feud could be blown to the four winds like thistledown.

Like this:

There's a knocking at the door and Ned goes to it and comes back all smiling and he says:

"There's some one at the door to see you, Mr. Haycroft. An old friend he says, shall he come in?"

"An old friend?" And in slips Ellwood—the farmer's enemy, Hope's father-in-law—looking pretty hale and hearty, but with the same touch of the old age of the fourth act visible.

He comes over and says:

"Well, Hiram, have you a shake of the hand for an old friend?"

And the farmer, rising unsteadily:

"Why, Ephraim, it's not your hand I should be taking, it is your forgiveness I ought to ask for my mad folly these two years past."

"Forgiveness," says the lawyer (how honest and cheery he looks now, not a bit like the scoundrel he seemed in the second act), "forgiveness!"

And off he goes with *his* explanations.

That's the whole purpose of the fifth act—explanation!

And what do you think! He'd been Hiram's friend all along, and he was never in earnest about wanting the money back from Hiram, didn't want it at all! And he knew all about Hope's love affair and Jack's safe return with his son and was tickled to death over it . . . and that night two years ago when the farmer drove him out he had come over to tell the Haycrofts that the debt was canceled, and he was going to buy a farm and start the young people, Ned and Hope, in life . . . and it was the canceled mortgage that Jack was trying to sneak over and put in the drawer when his father shot him down! and . . . why, dear me, how simple it all is in the fifth act. Why didn't he explain? Why didn't he shout out, "Hiram, I'm not a villain at all, I'm your old friend"—Oh pshaw! who ever

did *explain* things in the second act of a melodrama? And where would the drama be if they did?

So they are still explaining and counter-explaining and getting happier and happier when the last climax is staged.

The audience hear Martha's voice as she comes onto the stage, talking back into the wings, "Carry him carefully there, Phoebe, for the land's sake if you drop that precious child . . ."

And in they come.

Martha, and Hope! looking as sweet and fresh as when she started out years ago in the first act. And bringing up the rear Phoebe—*carrying the Baby*.

Yes, believe it or not, a baby!—or the very semblance of one all bundled up in white.

Hope's baby!

No melodrama was ever brought to its righteous end without a baby.

How the women all cuddle it and croon over it! And they put it on the farmer's lap, and say, "Isn't he just clumsy when

he tries to take it?" and when Rube offers to help and Phoebe slaps his face with a dish rag the audience just go into paroxysms of laughter.

So there you are—everybody saved, all happy, the baby installed on the farmer's knee and explanations flowing like autumn cider.

All that is needed now is the farmer to get off the *Final Religious Sentiment* which is the end and benediction of the good old melodrama. So he utters it with all due solemnity.

"Ay, lads, pin your hope in Providence, and in the end you land safe in port."

It sounds as convincing as a proposition in Euclid. Then the curtain slowly comes down and the *matinée* audience melt away into the murky November evening with the flickering gas lamps in the street and the clanging bells of the old horse cars in their ears, but with their souls lifted up and illuminated with the moral glow of the melodrama.

SONNET

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

DINNER was ended when the warning came
 (They'd bombed us every evening for a week);
 The night was scarred by futile jets of flame,
 While searchlights madly played at hide and seek.
 The Mess grew tense; then came the shrill, high whine—
 The roar! Another, closer. Then the third.
 "That got the 'drome." The Major sipped his wine;
 Muscles relaxed and stiffened figures stirred.
 But one sat rigid, fingers tightly clipped
 About a lightless cigarette, ash-white.
 That afternoon his lonely plane had dipped
 Quite uninvited to a reckless fight
 Where one faced five. We prate of heroes when
 The talk should run on circumstance, not men.

THE TITHE BARN

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

THE cottage where the five of them lived stood at the end of the village. Near it, overpowering it, was the great gray tithe barn with its roof of rotting thatch and its ruined end. Their cottage, also thatched, was low, roomy and dark.

"When I wur young," said Grandfather Trayton, "cottages, they was built atop o' the ground an' without roots, as you m'say. Mostly on the chalk they was. Nowadays, houses be all flimsy-like, sims ter me."

James would listen respectfully but Simeon's pale lip snarled.

Their father said nothing. He sat and smoked. Their mother sewed, cobbling the rough clothes of working men.

So they lived together under the thatch. Everything around here was thatched: houses, farm buildings, cow sheds and pigsties.

Traytons, for generations, had been thatchers, handing on the skill from father to son.

"But straw wur stronger in my young days," said Grandfather, "an' more loike reeds. T'wur hand-thrashed an' not broke up by machinery."

He went on to talk of the time, before he was born, when the tithe barn had been thatched. And that was nearly a hundred years ago. His grandfather had done it.

Then James would have a gleam in his eye; for, if he had a dream at all, it was the dream of rethatching the tithe barn. He was skilled at his craft, more skilled than his father who had taught him. He was in love with it.

"He did orter be thatched," mourned Grandfather. "Gosh! The day you started thatchin' he I'd climb up the

ladder myself agen, though I be in my fower scores."

But they agreed that times were bad and that Daborn, the old farmer, was stingy. No chance, yet, for a big job on the tithe barn.

Sometimes Simeon, sitting in the midst of them, would have a smile on his mouth that was relentless. For he was scheming. He meant to get on in the world; yes, to be a prosperous man. He would get out of this dim old cottage; smelling of oak wood, of stored apples, of onions, of old clothes and cider. Yes—he who had never earned a penny! He whose every bite was paid for by the labor of his father and his elder brother James.

Very roughly, chaffing him, they reminded him of this at meal times. Simeon was the only joke they had; and every joke they made pierced him like a gorse spine. For this reason he hated them and hated most of all the driveling old bristly-faced grandfather in the chimney corner.

He would get on in the world; be a gentlemen—even if it meant crushing the lot of them. He loathed those broad, slow Sussex tongues, drawling round the pungent fire and talking of coarse things—killing pigs, storing potatoes, carting dung.

He who, as their patient mother said, had never done a hand's turn for himself; he would be the most successful of them all. For he had no link with his kindred. They had always been thatchers, cheerful big simple men, straddling under loads of butter-colored straw, climbing ladders, making—with spoil from the harvest fields—lovely roofs. Simeon could not climb a ladder, for it turned him sick. And his hands were weak. He

had been weak from birth—weak, small, mean, unlike every other Trayton. Sitting by the fire at night, he would look sullen, and his mother would stare at him questioningly over the top of her spectacles. She was always fussing over Simeon, her delicate son. The young man used to meet that glance, and he hated her. She was rough. Sometimes dawdling in the garden, doing light jobs, he'd look over the gate and see pretty women go riding or motoring by. Delicate and gay they were; unlike this careworn elderly mother with her puckered face and fallen chest.

And then their clothes! His father, his brother James, the swaddled-up grandfather. Why, they smelled: of labor, of sun, of getting wet, of being dried. It was disgusting!

Simeon, in the midst of them, was like a smother fire which you make in the autumn garden, the bonfire with a sickly smoke that curls out slowly, the bonfire with a hidden heart of fiercest fire. Simeon would not blaze; any more than the smother fire. But he would get red clean through and he would burn up those weeds, his kindred.

One night he said, speaking suddenly, looking straight at his sleepy father,

"If I had a bicycle to take me into the town I'd go and work for Mr. Coombes the builder."

His mother said sharply, "You bain't a gooin' ter work fer Coombes."

His father grinning, said "*You* work fer Coombes! Why you goos all swimey up a ladder."

James added, looking down at him superbly, "Traytons, they works fer themselves."

"No Trayton what I've heerd tell on iver had a master." Grandfather, confirming this, leaned forward. "Sides which, you bain't no manner o'good ter fetch an' carry. Larf fit ter bust I did when I seed you comin' from the well wi' two pails o' water, washin' day. Ef you set them pails down once, you did twenty times."

"You got wristes loike a woman," James lazily swung down his great hand and gripped his brother's, "Git some gell ter threedle you a bracelet," he added.

And they all roared at this fine joke. Even the mother put down her work and wiped her eyes.

Simeon listened and he meant to remember. When they were quiet, he piped again,

"If I had a bicycle I could ride into the town and work for Mr. Coombes the builder."

And so in the end, saying this night after night, till they were sick of hearing, he got his way, his father bought a second-hand bicycle and he rapidly learned to ride it.

His grandfather watched him ride off into the town the first morning and said to his anxious daughter-in-law as they stood together at the window.

"Young Simeon, he'll ride ter the devil in his own way. 'Tain't no good you frettin'."

He hobbled back to his nice warm corner, just chuckling. With the uncanny wisdom of age, he could see the workings of Simeon.

Coombes was a builder in a bad way, a flabby, foolish man. But he knew his trade. Simeon the silent young man, sickly but hungry to learn, soon made himself invaluable. He would never be strong enough to build, but Coombes taught him the theory of building. And he learned to overlook and control the men, a thing that Coombes, usually drunk, could not do.

Finally Simeon said to him, speaking as he had spoken by the fire at home,

"If I had a motor bicycle I could get about and be after the men quicker."

Coombes blustered, parried, refused, but Simeon got his motor bicycle and—this time—saw that he got a good one.

Already, he was the man of the family. He, of them all, was the coming man. He—alone—would make new tradition for the Traytons. When he came home at night from the town, clean, in his

tweed suit, his father and James looked abashed. But his mother was proud. Only his grandfather remained unimpressed, alert, cunning. The old man hated Simeon, as Simeon hated him. And he often thought triumphantly, looking at the twisted body in the chimney corner,

"You'll be the first to go."

When he did go Simeon contributed to the funeral expenses and, almost riotously, he gave his mother as much money as she wanted, for black, for extra eating and drinking—for all the horrid things that wait upon Death.

And that first night, the night of Grandfather's funeral, when they sat round the fire, when the chair in the chimney corner stood empty, Simeon was almost merry. They stared at him disapprovingly; they were afraid to protest. For, already, they were in queer terror of Simeon.

He told them tales about Coombes and about the workmen.

"They hate me like hell," he said—and his mother jumped. "For I'm always after them. They never know when to expect me."

James, not stupid but slow, let his pipe jag in his big mouth. Terror stirred in him as he stared at this sickly brother with the smirking grin. He was glad that Traytons were master thatchers, just doing the work they knew best, in their own time, upon their own terms.

And this is the secret of the sweetness of labor. The rest is slavery.

James was afraid, without any reason. For every Trayton born was his own master, meant to be, always would be. Nothing could change it.

After the night of the funeral, Simeon's father took the grandfather's chair in the chimney corner. Simeon absorbed this act with scorn and wonder. Trayton succeeding Trayton: thatching roofs, getting stiff and getting stupid, sinking into the padded chair of Age, going to the grave! All of them alike. It was horrible. The day would

come of another funeral, his father's. Then James would sit in that chair and grow stiff and get stupid and be carried to the grave. They were just brutes, the Traytons. They were like the cattle whose sheds they thatched. And Simeon thanked God, or the Devil, that he had only one family trait—his pointed ears. For they all had those faunlike ears, and he could have cut the tips of his off, from sheer rage and ambition. He hated any link with these clods of Traytons.

James would some day sit in the father's chair. But he, Simeon, where would he be? Certainly not in this cottage that smelled mildewed, yet sweet. For he was sure of himself. His brain had triumphed over his rattle-trap body. He was always ailing and of womanish ailments: getting headaches, feeling faint, easily upset, full of fancies. Yet, in his mind, he was regally the man, and a dozen times each day he felt his kingship over a sodden old fool like Coombes. And every night, by the fire, he rejoiced that he wasn't just a bullock looking like a man, as James was.

So—slowly—as time went on, there grew in the cottage a sense of disunion, of patient heartless triumph.

And thatching wasn't the thriving affair it used to be. Times were bad. Men were close with their money. The elder Trayton stayed by the fire most days and James, fine Thatcher though he was, had no push, no trick of going farther afield to find work, or of persuading neighbors. Simeon thought frequently, "If James wasn't a fool he'd make young Daborn—now old Daborn's dead—rethatch the tithe barn."

Traytons could thatch and always had done—exquisitely. This is well enough: to have a calling where you have no rival. But supposing nobody wants your beautiful work. What then?

Simeon, blinking by the fire, nights, used to think this out. James did not think; he miserably feared. And their father dozed in the old man's chair and

woke to grumble. And the mother, worn to bitterness, nagged and fretted because they didn't give her enough money to keep house with.

Simeon had money but he only paid out just enough for his keep, and his mother dared not ask for more. They all three felt afraid of Simeon, he who used to be the family fool. They had sharpened their wit on him, as you sharp knives upon a grindstone.

And as to how much money Coombes gave Simeon they did not know and did not ask. What they did know was that very soon Coombes would drink himself to death.

"An' then, dear, Simeon 'ull step inter the business an' he'll marry Coombeses darter Rose," said the mother to James one day.

She was bent over the washtub and he noticed the hump of her back, the purpled twistings of her lean hands.

"Simeon marry Rose. Him!"

James, unusually animate, spluttered his rage.

"Well, they allus does marry the marster's darter. Thet's how it be in the story books, dear."

Wringing out the clothes, wiping the dissipating white suds off her arms, she looked thoughtfully after her elder son as he lumped off to work, carrying his dinner. Those grand fine legs of his and thick throat! James was every inch a Trayton. Now Simeon! When he was born you could have put him in a quart pot.

Subtly, sorrowfully—coldness creeping across the great hearth—the family became more than ever afraid of Simeon. And if it went on long enough they might hate him, as the men who worked for Coombes hated him. Yes—as he had said so gleefully—like hell. For he was always dogging them, catching them up, finding them out, flying about on that fine motor bicycle, speaking to them as if they were pigs. But he got the work done and—as they all knew—he was their master, not silly old Coombes.

Simeon said quietly to his family one night, "I'm going to start for myself as master builder."

A jest started to James's tongue and the sleepy father moved his lips. But neither spoke; they did not, now, chaff Simeon.

He spoke so quietly, yet with that swagger which enraged James, racking him with a perfectly helpless anger. He spoke, so they felt, mincingly, and it grated on a Trayton ear. He had been attending evening classes, reading books.

Simeon with his long arms, white face, pale, bulging eye was no longer one of them. His very way of eating differed, and often his mother with her knife halfway to her mouth would drop it nervously because Simeon had his eye on her. He now said, sticking out his neat feet,

"I mean to be my own master."

"But Coombes, dear"—his mother took fright—"he wun't loike thet. What 'ull he say?"

She put down her work, looking at him warningly over the top of her spectacles. She was afraid. If Simeon left Coombes and couldn't give her any housekeeping money, how was she to feed them all, three men? Thatching wasn't what it was. Father was getting lean and always seemed sleepy; James was slow. Father looked a fool, there in the chimney corner. Why didn't he speak? Was it left for the women to do everything?

"An' what 'ull Coombes say?" she wailed again.

"He was too drunk to say much, mother."

"Then you've telled him?"

"Yes" Simeon gibed. "I telled him."

"Maurice Coombes," she spoke slowly and kept her gaze fixed upon that figure in the chimney corner, "wur a fine figger of a man in his young days."

Simeon grinned. He had grown wise, in lots of ways—reading, scheming, revengeful always. Perhaps his mother once had a soft spot for drunken

Coombes. This occurred to him with frigid humor. For he meant to keep out of the reach of women. They, with their children, kept a man from getting on, made him cautious, subservient, so that he worked for other men all his life.

"There will be no change," he continued. "I keep the men. They hate me but they believe in me. Coombes will retire, that's the only change. We've settled it."

He stood up, swelling his tiny figure. To-night he seemed disposed to talk to them and was almost friendly.

"And if Coombes gets tired of being a fine gentleman—and finds it's a hungry job—I can always find him work, come to that. He's a good workman when he's sober."

Then he startled them by laughing. It was a shrill, thin laugh, like an angry woman's.

James stared. His mother shivered and her work shook in her hands. The father seemed to doze. Nothing mattered.

But James was passionately feeling that he was his own master. Thank God for that! He would not love to stand upon a ladder thatching, with his little brother Simeon yapping like a terrier at the foot of it. Death—for one of them—would be better than that.

James stood up, his rough grand head touching the rafter. And he looked piteously at the closed door, just like an animal asking to be let out. His mother was saying with roguish anxiety, looking quickly from one son to the other.

"What 'ull happen ter Rose, then, ef you be the marster?"

Simeon's answer was quick,

"She'll go into service. Coombes is selling up his house and furniture. He's drunk every penny he's got."

"Rose in service! What—her! A master builder's darter!"

"I'm the master builder, mother."

Simeon spoke with the highest eloquence and his voice expressed satisfied ambition—almost. He was his own master, little man though he was. They

could not laugh at him any more. The memory of family jokes curdled his soul.

"Coombes don't count," his father spoke from the chimney corner, rousing suddenly. "Now, what's thet mean then?" He spoke to Simeon as he used to speak when Simeon was little and before he thrashed him for telling a lie. Simeon had always been a liar.

"I," said the younger son arrogantly, "can manage Coombes."

His manner added wildly, "Stand back. Keep out of the way."

That small ironic face! James was in terror of it and he butted toward the door, catching up his cap, lifting the latch, getting out and away from them. He went toward the market town and, reaching it, turned into Coombes' yard. He had never made love to Rose but he loved her. Until this hour he had not known how much he loved her.

How much he loved her and how much he hated Simeon. Yet Simeon did not want her. He swept her away. Simeon was like a bull, charging at anything which threatened to stop him.

There was a light in the kitchen. James tapped on the glass. Rose opened the door, after a pause. She was a big fair girl and with town tricks of dressing herself. Her face was swollen, her lids were red. She had powdered so heavily and hastily that her little blue eyes were like splintered glass in the clown-like face. She stood aside and James stepped in. He looked hard at her.

"You've bin cryin', Rose."

"Fit ter break my heart," she said and started again.

"When the tap come on the window," she sobbed, "I wur froughtened in case it wur your brother Simeon come back to torment us."

James spread out his arms, not saying a word. She tottered into them and he kissed, tasting powder, catching the close smell of it.

"'Tis feyther," she clung to him. "He've ruined us wi' drink. He's abed drunk now. Simeon's got a hold on 'un."

We're ruined. All what we got belongs ter Simeon. I don't understand the rights of it, but he's sellin' us up an takin' the business. Simeon. he's clever."

"He's damned cunnin'," said James hotly as he kissed her, kissed her, tastin' powder and salt tears.

From that moment he and his younger brother were sworn foes. Not over a woman, for Simeon snapped his little fingers at the lot. Over something even bigger than that.

James married Rose and took her back to his mother's cottage. There was no other home. The mother was glad.

"Rose be a nice biddable gell," she said, "an' I ain't the woman I was. I'm wore out."

There they all lived, except Simeon. He took lodgings in the town. Later on, he built himself a smart red house and hired a housekeeper. Coombes was sold up, Simeon got the business. Just how he manged all this nobody knew and nobody would. "Drink," they said briefly, and that ended it.

Coombes was foreman to Simeon, but only for a little while. He was always tippling, couldn't be trusted. Then he became odd man, turning up to work when he was sober enough to stand. Everybody laughed at him. People shook their heads saying wisely, "Thet's what comes o' takin' too much. A drop now an' then don't hurt nobuddy, but when it comes ter takin' too much—"

He had a furnished room in the town. Rose went once a week to clean it. At the end of a year he died.

On the day that he was buried James remembered lots of things. At first, Simeon used to speak with oily respect of Mr. Coombes. It was, "Mr. Coombes" here and "Mr. Coombes" there. Then it dropped to a careless "Coombes"; then it fell to a scornful "old Coombes" in a voice that had a kick in it. And often Simeon, spying upon Coombes, had called him a lazy pig.

Toward the last, he refused to employ him at all.

What had they all done to Simeon that he should be cruel? Yes, even to his mother. She cried piteously when he left home and went to live in the town.

"But who'll cook an' mend fer you, dear? An' who'll look arter you ef you ain't well?"

Simeon had grinned. He seemed amused.

James went on thatching; but there were fewer roofs to thatch. His father got weaker and more sleepy. Some disease was burning him out and his gaunt body seemed to rattle in his big clothes. Then he took to his bed. Then the mother begged Simeon for money. And Simeon would give it grudgingly, saying,

"But money is wasted on a pheasant if he won't eat it."

"Thet's true; an' none of us can't eat it arter him; not out of a sick room. Wouldn't be wholesome, would it, dear?"

She cried, wiping her faded face with her disfigured hands. Simeon stared at her and he said darkly,

"When I was a small chap and couldn't touch fat, he forced a lump down my throat one dinner time and stood over me with a stick till I swallowed it. When I cried he wished it might choke me. You all laughed. I never forgot."

His mother looked at the small menacing face—such a mask. She was in terror of this little man. Yet he had been her baby.

"But feyther done it fer your good, dear," she said ingratiatingly. "Poor folks, they can't afford ter be picksome; an' a proud stomick be fer the rich."

The father lingered on. Simeon, paying out money with absolute pain, wondered how big the doctor's bill would be.

"Not too big fer you ter pay," growled James.

Sometimes in the market town he met Simeon coming out of the bank, coming in a happy bustle, with a succulently important face.



SAYING THIS NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, IN THE END HE GOT HIS WAY

"I haven't got a shilling to spare," flashed Simeon. "It all goes into the business. And I've got to get on in the world, for that comes first."

James told Rose this. She laughed and shot up her fat shoulders. Rose was his darling joy just as his mother was his sacred blessing. These two women made life possible for James. The father died at last and James, on the night of the funeral, dropped solemnly into the high-backed chair in the chimney corner.

Simeon malevolently watched him. A light, indulgent gibe crossed the little face. They all took that chair—Trayton men, each man taking his turn. It was a milestone toward the grave. Traytons! They were oxen. They plodded along like beasts patiently padding the same dull road.

Simeon stayed late and, when the women had gone to bed, he said casually, "Young Mr. Daborn's going to re-thatch the tithe barn."

James tingled. Here was a dream

come true. And he dutifully regretted the absence of his father and his grandfather. How glad they would have been. What fun to see the old man, nearing ninety, go up the ladder for a joke!

"Mr. Daborn," Simeon was saying and speaking with cringing respect, "sent for me to-day about it."

"Fer you! But I'm the thatcher."

James was suddenly fierce. And he thought, looking at his brother's frail figure, "Ef he tries ter be my marster I'll squeeze his little windpipe."

"But I'm the master." Simeon was smooth. "And it isn't only the tithe barn he wants done. There are many improvements to be made about the house and buildings. Young Mr. Daborn is one to spend fifty pounds where his father wouldn't have spent a shilling."

"But I'm the thatcher," James was dogged.

"Yes, of course, and I can get you the job. But we haven't made up our minds yet whether to roof that ruined end or pull it down."

"You—get—me—the—job!"

"Yes I think I can promise that."

Simeon spread his womanish hands to the fire. "Comes to this, James, you've got to work under me."

"As Coombes worked," growled James.

"Yes, as Coombes worked—until he died."

"You can git another thatcher," said James and he mournfully grinned. For Traytons were the only thatchers.

"Very well," Simeon stood smartly up. James stood too and his big mouth trembled. They confronted each other.

"There ain't another thatcher fer miles round," said James.

"I can cover a good many miles in a day and pick up more than one thatcher, James. Don't be a big fool."

"Traytons thatched the tithe barn time it wur built." James sat down suddenly, wearily in the chimney corner. Simeon also returned to his seat.

"You haven't got much work just now, have you, James?"

"No, I ain't," the elder brother sounded confused, simple, wretched. "Why can't us," he asked after a ponderous silence, "goo into partnership? We're brothers."

"That wouldn't do," Simeon was courteous. "I'll go on taking the risk, and there are risks. You've got a wife and can't afford to lose. I'll pay you once a week whether there's work or not."

So that night these two brothers went one more step along the fatalistic road which was leading straight to the end. And that night James shed his lifelong contempt for head work as against hand work. In his slow, heart-rent way he realized that it is the head piece which counts.

But when he got on the big job—of thatching the tithe barn—he was happy because he was skilled. And he was free. Simeon couldn't climb a ladder.

First, they pulled off the rotting thatch, then they mended the timbers.

Then James started—ardent and at leisure—with his bundle of yellow magic that was straw. And he worked alone, for his father was dead and he was the last thatcher left who could do it all intricately, beautifully. Oh, any man—a dozen men, then—could thatch a roof. But it took a Trayton to coax and tie straw into patterns. And Mr. Daborn wished it well done and would not spare expense. It was all to be done, even the little shed at the end, with its nailed-up door and window, with its open roof and rotting floor. That ruined end of the tithe barn had been a bogey to generations of children. The brave ones used to climb up and peer through the tiny hole where once there was a window. Of late years it had been so overgrown that the new generation of children knew nothing of bogey tales and never went near.

James would have been quite happy if his mother had not taken to her bed and if Rose had not changed. Rose was over-worked, peevish, tearful. Sometimes she cried, always she grumbled.

One night he got home and found the cottage dark. His bedridden mother was coughing overhead. He struck a light and saw that the table was bare. He took the bellows from the nail and on his knees was blowing up the fire when the outer door opened and Rose burst in. She seemed afraid and angry.

"You're back early." She hung her hat and jacket on the peg behind the door.

"Same time as usual. Where you bin?"

"Marketin'. Where do you think I bin?"

She was declamatory at once. She seemed to want to pick a quarrel. James, steadfastly blowing the fire, looked round mildly and saw no market basket.

When she had cooked the supper and taken up his mother's they sat down, eating in silence. But at the end of the meal she burst out, putting her elbows on the table,

"Ain't theer nothin' else fer a young 'ooman but scrubbin' an' cleanin'?' Theet all theer is ter bein a gell?"

Her little angry blue eyes fixed on him miserably. James, always slow, was struck dumb by the puzzlement of this abstract question. It seemed to him silly. What did Rose want?

She was shrilly telling him, "An' your mother's a good old soul, but I'm wore out wi' trapsin' the stairs. An' I ain't got a rag ter my back"—she seized the breast of her patched blouse as if she meant to tear it—"Your mother, she ses, why don't I cut up her Sunday frock, which she wun't wear no more inter one fer me. But I ain't a gooin' ter wear an old 'ooman's black frock, Sundays."

She looked at James insolently—James sitting there with his mouth open.

"You got ter hev money," she continued. "I asked Simeon fer some, but he—"

James rose. He went round the table and took her shoulder in his great hand. "Don't you goo askin' Simeon fer money, Rose."

"Got ter git money from somewheres," she insisted, wrenching away from him, starting to clear the table and wash the dishes.

James went up to say good-night to his mother. Then he came down and smoked reflectively in the chimney corner. What did Rose want? Couldn't be fine clothes. That was silliness.

When he got home next night, supper was ready and something nice. Rose was flushed. She'd put on a clean blouse and round her throat, above the deeply opened neck, wore a string of glass beads. She had powdered her face. James distrusted powder yet it expressed their courting

days. Rose stirred him to-night; going to his head, yet puzzling his heart.

After supper she fetched a low stool and sat at his feet by the fire, idle. She held his hands and fondled them. Suddenly she said,

"Ef I mustn't ask Simeon fer money, then I'll earn some. Young Mr. Daborn, he've asked me ter do his mendin'."

"Ain't he got a housekeeper ter mend 'un?"

"Course he hev, but she's old an' her sight's bad."

"When did he ask you, then?"

"Yesterday. I met 'un when I went out marketin'." Rose held her head down.



THERE GREW IN THE COTTAGE A SENSE OF DISUNION

"What's mother say about it?"

"Ain't told her. Don't matter what she ses. An' look here, Jim, any little bit o' money I makes, I keeps. See?"

"Yes," James nodded and was dull. "I sees."

Rose flung her head back, the flaxen head that was the color of fading thatch:

You're bound ter keep in, fer better or worse,

Along o' the chap what carries the purse

she quoted gaily.

Her blue eyes bantered James. Suddenly—as if he'd drunk new cider—his head went wild and he took that thatch-colored mop in his two hands. He kissed his wife's red mouth. Rose put up her arms, resting them on his shoulders, teasing with the tips of her fingers the pointed tips of his ears. That was a courting trick they had. And when he kissed her again she said, blushing vividly, half whispering,

"Give over, you silly boy."

James fell back from the hectic pressure of those fat arms. She had never called him that before.

"Better do a bit o' mendin', afore 'tis bed time," said Rose.

In confusion, she fetched her basket and sat at the table sewing rapidly.

Next day there was no charm to thatching and James up the ladder, high above the rest of them, moved his cold hands mechanically. Once he looked down and saw Simeon talking to young Mr. Daborn. Then Simeon went off on his motor bicycle and the farmer remained irresolute on the field path.

James felt sorry for the poor devil. Young as the farmer was and strong and rich he would be under Simeon's heel in the end, as they all were. James felt sure of it.

He went on thatching blindly, then he stopped to rub his fingers, for the day was cold. And, staring down, he saw the farmer open his cottage gate, go up the path with an air that was stealthy, jaunty, turn the handle and

walk in. He carried a bundle under his arm.

He had walked in; as if he were the master. He was shut in alone with Rose, for the old mother lay abed.

James scrambled down the ladder and his legs bowed helplessly out. They felt dazed. He must cut across the field and surprise them. No he would stay here; he would sit on the cart shaft within the barn and eat his dinner. He would watch his house. Not once would he take his eye off it. Daborn the farmer—a rich man—was shut in there with Rose.

Yet why didn't he go back home? Why don't you, when you are betrayed or think so—do these things?

All he could do was to sit still and to unroll, with his stiff hands, the dinner Rose had packed, and to repeat over and over again, until the words became senseless, the country tag she had quoted last night:

You're bound ter keep in, fer better or worse,

Along o' the chap what carries the purse.

Old Herbert Misselbrook, the ancient man of their village, came shambling across the field. He had seen James eating. At dinner time Herbert was like an affable dog; he wagged his tail and got a bite of everybody's dinner. James had only eaten half. Without a word, he handed what was left. Herbert sat down, and munched and champed. So there they were and each man looked fixedly at a shut door. James looked across the field at his cottage; old Herbert looked at that patched and rotting door, nailed up, the door that shut off the ruined end of the tithe barn. Presently he said, pointing,

"When I wur a little 'un an' your Grandfeyther wur a babby in arms, thet door, he stood open."

He shuffled along the shaft of the cart and touched James with a shaking claw that was cold.

"I nivir ain't telled nobuddy afore,

Jim Trayton, but I seed a man buried alive in theer."

"You did?"

James spoke vacantly and his wild eye kept watch upon his own closed cottage door.

"I wur a little 'un an' I run off. I nivir telled my mother fer I wur frightened. An' I thought they might gi' me a wallop in'. An' I bin frightened this eighty year an' more. But they be all dead an' gone."

He was working his hand on the sleeve of James' coat and he went on talking, in the broken garrulous way of a very old man. James listened, and did not believe a word.

He looked fleetly from the cottage door to the old man, seeing the bulbous nose, sparse hairs and startled grin. Winter sun caught the claret-colored rag which Misselbrook wore round his throat and upon his breast, caught it and turned it to a stream of wine.

James looked, then looked away. God! what did a dreaming old man of ninety matter while Daborn the farmer was shut in there with Rose!

"Theer's some rotten planks in the middle o' thet floor. Covers a well or a

cesspool. You can lift 'un up as easy as easy. The chap did."

"Who did?"

"The chap, a travelin' man, a peddler

or summat. No-buddy knowed him, so he warn't missed. Stranger in these yere parts. I wur settin' up in the wild apple tree outside. We did useter climb thet tree as children, but he've bin cut down this seventy year. An' the peddlin' chap come in, ter eat his dinner, I wouldn't wonder. An' I peeps in through the winder, afeard ter move. Bime by, time he'd finished eatin' an' drinkin', fer he'd brung a bottle o' summat, he goos ter the middle o' the floor; an' them planks tips up an in he goos. Proper frightened I wur. Soon as I could feel my little legs I runs home, you warrant. An' I nivir said a word ter nobuddy, case I'd git a hidin' fer climbin' up the crab tree. Feyther he come home at night—fer he worked on this farm them days—an' he ses ter mother, 'Theer be a great hole at the



SHE FETCHED A LOW STOOL AND SAT
AT HIS FEET

end o' the barn, a well or summat, half-filled up wi' clobs o' chalk. Some-buddy's bin movin' them boards,' he ses, 'an' tain't safe.' An' I crope under the table when he ses thet, case they's

see my red chops. Nex' day they nailed up thet theer door an' he've bin nailed up iver since. Well, I'll be gettin' along, Jim Trayton, ter catch what bit o' sun theer be."

After a word or two more, he hobbled off, going toward the cottage. And as he got to the gate Daborn came out with his jaunty step. There was a bundle under his arm. He stopped old Herbert Misselbrook, laughed and gave him money. James, in the tithe barn, watched it all, and he saw the mocking look on Daborn's red face.

The other men were back at work. They were at work, but he sat still. Yet Simeon would be back soon, back from his nice hot dinner in his fine new house. Sluggishly, he watched Daborn out of sight. Then he stood up, stretched himself, shivered, stared at the nailed-up door.

Herbert Misselbrook had been dreaming. Old men told queer tales. Yet James remained looking at the door and at last, more for the sake of rousing and collecting himself than for any other reason, he fetched his tools and opened it. Anything was better than to think of Rose and think of Daborn, think of them—and go mad! Nighttime, after work was over, that was the time to deal with Rose.

He opened the door. After many years, the rusty nails gave, the stiff hinges moved, and he stood inside this ruined end. It was not yet thatched and he looked through the hard white rafters at the sky. Then, stepping gingerly—for even now, with everything lost, he did not wish to die—he approached the center, stooped, and lifted the boards. And he remembered what he had said to Misselbrook, as he hobbled off, "Tain't true; you've dreamed it, Marster Misselbrook."

Misselbrook had answered, richly chuckling, turning his sharp chin on his shoulder, "True as the grave; an' I bain't fur off mine. An' I hopes it 'ull be more comfoble than the peddler's wur."

Then he had gone, met the farmer, got a trifle for himself. James, kneeling here, half forgot Daborn and Rose. He turned from the warmth of love, from the tempest of jealousy. The chill which the old man had diffused, the horror of that tale which until now he had not believed, diverted and held him.

He wriggled back, looking at the hole he had uncovered. There it was, as Misselbrook had said. He stared at lumps of chalk, turned green and mushy. Between them welled green water. The whole thing was a stinking sponge, and he thought of the peddling man nearly ninety years ago who had sunk up to his ears—and then gone!

He laid the planks back, then stood up, stone cold, yet sweating. His hands shook and his hair tickled.

And, as he stood there, he heard the quick chug-chug—sounding angry—of Simeon's motor bicycle. Simeon was coming back. James ran out and swarmed up his ladder like a monkey up a stick. The one thing he thought of was that Simeon must not find him down here idle, so long after dinner time. For if Simeon called him a lazy swine, as often he called the other men, then he would murder Simeon. Traytons had always been master thatchers.

He, James, had always been simple, industrious—and not wishing to harm a fly. Yet if Simeon came round the corner, found him at the bottom of the ladder, and called him a swine, then he would turn round and choke Simeon.

So he went up, very fast and the noise from the motor cycle came nearer. He went like a monkey on a stick or like a scuttling rat! He went—unlike a man! For all the Trayton sturdiness had been destroyed in him, and he was afraid of Simeon.

He thought of nothing else but just to swarm up that ladder and pretend to be thatching. He went up—sweating, clammy—and his stiff hands moved in the straw at once.

His hands were cold, yet his pointed, carbuncled ears made tips of fire in the



"I SEED A MAN BURIED ALIVE IN THEER"

wintry day. It was one of those December days that they get in the South Country, when the sky, the sea, the distant landscape, smoke from fires, washing hung out, is one extraordinary and ecstatic blue. Looking down, far below into his own garden, he saw that blossom, his shirt which Rose had hung out to dry.

Simeon rode up to the tithe barn, he dismounted. James, feeling rather than seeing, felt that his brother looked up to see if he were there and working.

Yet—work or no work—Simeon, curse him, couldn't climb a ladder. If he tried, he'd turn dizzy, break his neck, most like, James thought of this.

Simeon went into the tithe barn and, instantly, James stopped thatching. Instantly, he wriggled nearer the ruined end. His pointed ears—Trayton ears—how scarlet they were!

And he heard. He did not see; he heard. As for seeing! He could imagine

how it was. Simeon had seen the open door of the disused part, blustered in, going—as it were—headlong, his stealthy quick way of surprising the men at play when they ought to be at work.

And the fate of the peddler nearly ninety years ago was his fate now.

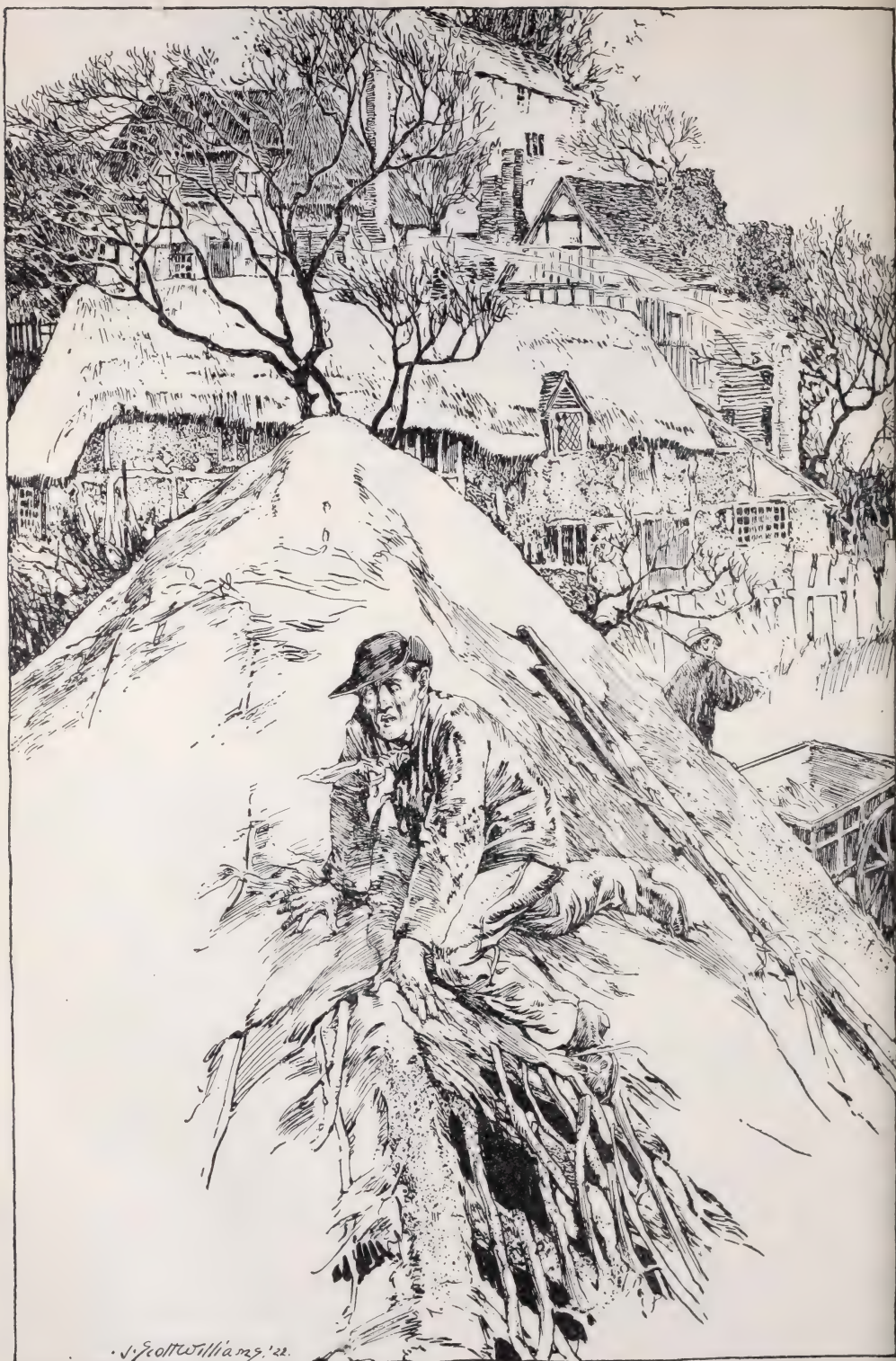
James heard a cry, a flop, a gurgle. The air to-day was cold and dry. Just that, he heard. Then the green chalk and the greedy water took Simeon's tongue.

James clutched and clambered along until he could look down, squint through the naked rafters.

He saw the tilted planks and the round hole. Simeon was gone. His tyrant was choked, down there in that hole! Then he buried his face in the straw, his tortured, sobbing face. And he groaned out, telling the thatch, only the thatch,

"Now I'm the master."

Yes, he would work, he would take a



J. Scott Williams, '22.

Drawn by J. Scott Williams

HE CLAMBERED ALONG UNTIL HE COULD LOOK DOWN THROUGH THE RAFTERS

leaf out of Simeon's book. He would bully, scrape, save. To-night he would have a reckoning up with Rose, and, after that, she should have all the money she wanted: so long as he kept her to himself.

And he stayed upon the ladder, thatching.

He remained thatching, his skilled fingers working with precision—but the joy of labor had departed. Every startled thump of his heart said to him, "Simeon's gone, he's dead." He was glad, yet he was frightened, although he had not done it. Simeon's death was no fault of his.

He was rid of a tyrant, but had become saddled by a ghastly secret.

Yet he—James—was the master now. He would work hard and grow rich, as Simeon had been, as Daborn was. Remembering the farmer, his gay, wild dreamings and his stark terror dropped down dead, and he thought only of Rose, only of Daborn. His fingers moved in the straw, not moving sanely any more, but burrowing, clawing.

That look upon her face the night when she came home late to supper! The things that face had confessed to! Better to be Simeon—choked by slime and greenish chalk—than to be James—the master! James, betrayed and laughed at by the two of them.

He dropped his head till the stiff straw scratched his face. He shut his eyes and he could see just how it would happen in the cottage to-night, for to-night he would strangle Rose. That was his husband's right. He would not forgive her, although he was rich and his own master. He'd get rid of her!

So he remained stiff upon the ladder. So he remained until a voice chirped bewitchingly up to him, "Jimmy."

She was standing down there at the foot of the ladder; in the wild wind and the bright sun.

At first he would not look down at her, but then he did—he had to—if she called like that, with her birdlike, maddening "Jimmy, Jimmy." Rose could twist him round her finger.

He knew at once, as their eyes met, that his frantic glances frightened her, for she raised her voice and called out,

"The wind's got in your eyes. They've gone bloodshot. Come down from the ladder, dear."

He looked at the fat little blonde figure; and looked into her beckoning, tender eyes, and looked at her blown-about hair that was the color of bleached thatch.

That was why he had loved it so—because it looked like thatch. But he would not love Rose any more. To-night he would kill her. She deserved it. You got what you deserved.

"Jimmy, come down."

And when she looked like that and when she spoke like that, he never could resist. So, timidly, he came shambling down, each foot feeling at each rung of the ladder.

Rose stood at the foot and laughed. She said blithely,

"Fumble-toes! You come down the ladder loike Simeon comes."

Then sweat broke upon James.

When he got to the bottom, when they stood in the scattered litter of yellow straw, Rose pounced on him at once.

If her voice was shallow, her expression was profound and, staring at her searchingly, he saw that the look—of clod, of shrew—which had so disfigured her lately, was gone. It never need come back, for they were rich. He would give her all she wanted. All that she cared about was money. Hadn't she said so?

And while he looked at her and while he thought about this, and while he quite forgot that to-night he had meant to choke her, he was pulling her away from the barn, away from the grim radius that comprised Simeon.

But Rose stood still. She held him tight. Her arms went round his neck, her soft pink cheek rubbed at his, while she purred and wooed. She was saying in rapt broken whispers that he had to believe, that he never meant to doubt,

"I packed Daborn off. He wun't darken our door no more. I hoped you'd look down from the ladder an' see him goo. He went—bundle an' all. He did look sech a fool."

She laughed innocently and she cuddled in closer, fondling the quivering big figure of her husband.

James stared dully, his heart barely awake to the joy of this thing that had happened. Rose had been crying. Her fair face had the pretty look of a face that has wept, been bathed, been powdered.

She had cried, she was saying so.

"I set down an' had a good cry arter he went. It's upset me—acause I bin hard on you, I mean. I don't care

a packet o' pins fer him an' I nivir did."

She tiptoed to touch her husband's sullen, flabby mouth. She said before, with wild, sweet passion, she kissed him,

"I wun't mend no man's shirt but yourn. Turned me sick ter touch his things. I told him so."

She laughed—like an angel.

Did angels laugh? James thought of that as his mouth met hers—in utter faith, in restored rapture.

Why did he think such funny thoughts? Why did his head spin? Why did he stare wildly up at the scudding sky and think,

"I'm the master. I got it all. Riches—an' Rose."

THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

THERE came to the Giving of Judgment
In the Hall of the House of Years,
(Foursquare to the Winds that built it,
On the shore of the Lake of Tears)

The soul of a love unheeded,
The wraith of a work undone;
And they looked for their righteous sentence,
But the silence recorded none.

Then they read in the eyes of their Judges,
By the light of their pardon won,
The wound of a love unheeded,
The shame of a work undone;

And thus spake that mighty session:
"Who are we to apportion blame?
We have traversed your pathway before you,
And we know whence our brothers came."

DOING AWAY WITH THE MIDDLEMAN

BY GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

WHAT is the truth about consumers' co-operation in the United States? Is it, as frequently assumed, usually a failure? Or does it succeed? The greatest alleviation of Europe's middle classes before the war, co-operation is to-day their most substantial conservative hope. Does it offer us also a way out of our economic difficulties?

He who buys food for the family, fuel for the furnace, gas for the flivver, milk for the baby, shoes, blue jeans, or bonnets, must know something about these difficulties. He is interested in means to reduce their cost. Co-operation, however, is a curdled term, soured by abuse. It is most frequently used to describe that ineffectual state of goodwill said by a wit to be an agreement by which one cooes and the other operates. To define, we mean a method by which ordinary retail customers may undertake on their own behalf distribution of any sort of supplies.

The tested, genuine method used successfully round the world is known as Rochdale co-operation. By this plan a society is formed from those ultimate users who finally foot the bills of labor and capital. This group acts in straight defiance of the great national sneer, "We are not in business for our health!" Genuine Rochdale co-operators are in business strictly for their health and distinctly *not for profit*.

They aim to effect economies by eliminating all services which add to price but not to value. They sell goods for cash at current market prices. The public is welcome to buy at their store. Savings are divided periodically between patronage dividends and various reserve funds. They govern their enterprise on a one-man, one-vote basis, giving every

member the same representation and power as in a town meeting. Only legal interest is paid on stock. Each member on buying his shares pledges that he will conscientiously patronize his own shop and help to supply the mental elbow grease necessary to make the business succeed. Loyalty is the elixir of co-operation.

The society is no close corporation: "All for each and each for all" is the axiom of the co-operators' world of mutual service for mutual benefit. The largest possible number of people in a reasonable area are induced to join. For that reason the price of shares is set low. These shares are withdrawable, provided that reduction of working capital will not jeopardize the enterprise. A further safeguard is the rule that the number of shares one person may hold is limited, since some large owner, displeased, might withdraw and endanger the investment of others.

We are talking, then, of neighbors who go into business on a mutual, democratic basis. Excluded from consideration are the exceedingly effectual combinations of merchants who pool orders for wholesale buying and mask themselves under the term co-operative; likewise the cut-price shops which employers set up within their plants to make wages go farther. Unions of producers for selling are also outside our field.

The United States boasts more than three thousand consumers' collective buying enterprises. Nearly half are buying groups subsidiary to farmers' marketing organizations, which, to become permanent, reorganize on the Rochdale pattern. The rest are full-fledged co-operatives, most of them groceries or department stores, but including societies

to supply things as varied as moving pictures, coffins, houses, and laundry. There are at least five federations, one including eighty stores, to do wholesale buying. The Co-operative League of America and government reports agree in showing that our co-operative system—if anything so disjointed deserves so orderly a name—now spreads continentally from Anchorage, Alaska, across Canada, over virtually every state in the Union, down to St. Thomas, on the Caribbean Sea. Unheralded, obscure, it is estimated that it diverts from common channels of trade probably two hundred millions a year.

According to one of the chief information bureaus advising merchants and financiers, co-operative developments cannot be lightly dismissed. Three years ago this agency warned its clients that on every side workers were organizing their own distributive enterprises, citing the fact that in several instances American co-operatives had put private stores out of business. The bureau stated that the time was past for boycotts, and prophesied that if the movement ever became successful not even greater efficiency or economy on the part of private business could beat it. In 1922, a second warning was issued advising that prices be lowered; otherwise the genuine co-operative movement, affected by oppression only in about the same degree as business at large, would gain fresh momentum.

Americans have become involved in this troublesome sort of venture only because there is something the matter. The consumer is like David Harum's dog infested with fleas. Hosts of middlemen live upon him. That is nothing new, and so long as they were not too rapacious they helped him to forget he was a dog. He allowed that perhaps they had as much right to live as he had. Then (some years ago) he discovered that, with the natural-historical multiplication of middlemen-fleas, he was literally in danger of being eaten up.

Yelping proved ultimately useless. He

had more and more trouble finding a bone to gnaw. Food rose sixty per cent between 1915 and 1917. He was obliged to do something about that. He could share sustenance with middlemen-fleas as long as there was enough to divide; but there was suddenly too little. That accounts for the determined interest in co-operative buying of everything from needles to automobiles which, during a journey through the United States, I encountered in everybody, from tea-party people down to comparative grub-worms in mortal coil. Only two sorts of people failed to show some knowledge or curiosity, the direly rich, who do not need co-operation, and the direly poor, too enervated to get it.

To see how American consumers of different sorts proceed, why they succeed or fail, and to assess the value of their experience, I visited more than a hundred stores, labor or farmers' headquarters east and west, private business men and state departments where new enterprises are recorded. Of everybody I asked questions. One merchant summed up his opinion of consumers brusquely:

"They don't know how and will never learn. Co-ops don't amount to anything. They don't last."

He cited failures in the past. I stated present facts quite new to him. Several hundred co-operatives are succeeding in a highly convincing manner. The Franklin Co-operative Creamery owned by consumers in Minneapolis—has an annual business of \$1,500,000. The Tamarack Store at Calumet, Michigan, has \$1,000,000. The Calumet shop is twenty-five years old and customarily turns over its stock sixteen times a year. Its fourteen hundred members received in 1920 a 10 per cent dividend on their purchases during the year. All told, it has returned to members in interest and dividends \$1,595,184.84. In Minnesota and Michigan there are several stores with a business of about half a million dollars which are paying good dividends. At Ishpeming is a "co-op" thirty years old

which has returned to members in dividends \$320,000, far more than its capitalization. It has a trade of about \$300,000 a year and owns substantial property.

According to incomplete figures from the Labor Department in 1921, there were at least 18 co-operatives with annual business ranging from \$200,000 to \$400,000; and more than 30 with sales of \$100,000 to \$200,000. The number with a turnover of more than \$50,000 is larger. Among the remaining stores many pay dividends ranging from 1 per cent to 14 per cent.

I determined to test the truth of the business man's charges. The Riverside store at Maynard, Massachusetts, for example, has contrived to live forty years. How does it happen that 50 per cent of the groceries, meat, milk and bread used in Maynard is bought from the Riverside and three other "co-ops" there? It would seem that they must amount to something, they must know how, and they must be learning. I went to Maynard.

To see the president of the Riverside Society, I followed the narrow main street of the surprisingly ugly mill town. Beautiful soft-bosomed hills surround the unhomelike village. Over the Assabet River, a glorious, rushing, golden-green stream, a graceless bridge leads past the hard, square, drab barracks in which dwell most of the seven thousand souls accredited to Maynard.

The red-brick, mechanical monster of a mill which turns out hard-surfaced mohair dominates the place. The mill's dam possesses the river, whose power turns its wheels. Its raucous, shrieking siren, summoning thousands of spinners to work at seven o'clock, rules the population almost as a feudal baron once did his serfs. The absentee lords of the mill have shown only one sign of interest in their people. They did donate a public trough at which horses drink.

I found the head of the "co-op," Mr. Batley, an ex-mill hand who came to this country from England fifty years ago, in

a great green house where he now grows flowers for market. His surroundings were as redolent of soft perfumes and resplendent with beauty as the town itself is barren of both. He told me how, unable to make ends meet, the spinners followed the recipe of the Rochdale weavers in England. They determined by voluntary, responsible, safeguarded action, to reduce the cost of living.

As purchasers they resolved to supply themselves first with food. Organizing, these Maynard spinners thoroughly understood the difference between owning shares in a joint stock company and in a co-operative. An investment in a company entails no further responsibility save occasional voting, usually by proxy. Investing in a co-operative entails a continuous obligation. Proxy voting is not permitted. The member's loyalty, shown by delivery of all possible trade to his store, does not stop there. He must do his part in formulating policy and keeping an eye on administration.

In the shop which these workers opened in a somewhat inaccessible attic by the side of the Assabet River, the policy they adopted in relation to their stock of goods is a case in point. They selected goods of certain demand, excluding luxuries and limiting variety of brands. Charging full price, giving no credit, operating with minimum expense, they made savings which, at the end of each quarter, were pro-rated among members in dividends according to the amount each had brought to the store, or were set aside for expansion. This surplus is not profit, any more than the money John Jones saves by cutting the grass himself is profit. It serves two purposes. Dividends offer an inducement to the thrifty to join this society which believes in mutual ownership, offer, in fact, the same incentive of personal gain which now drives men selfishly to amass private property. To those of broader vision this surplus represents the means by which such societies shall expand, with the ultimate aim of developing a complete distributive system in the

hands of consumers. When such a system shall have reached a high degree of continuous efficiency, they believe a cut-price system can be used instead of dividends.

The Riverside's membership functioned faithfully, buying consistently from their own enterprise. When they felt a steady business in hand they moved to a basement. In the seventies enthusiasm swept them into the Sovereigns of Industry, a mushroom organization which attempted to consolidate fifty or more struggling co-operatives. Caution reasserted itself only just in time, but they withdrew before the Sovereigns failed.

All the juvenile ills common to co-operation the Riverside experienced: mismanagement, expansion in the wrong direction, factionalism. When the mill paid once a month and there was a common need of credit, they tried the experiment of granting it. The practice is always a mistake, often fatal, but the Riverside retrieved its balance. At heart the membership had the metaphysical view of co-operation, conceived it as the savior of mankind, the means by which great common wealth will some day be achieved.

The spirit among these citizens coming together for conscious service to their community was so sincere, their merchandising so shrewd, their bookkeeping so good, that they avoided large losses, made a general store of their grocery, and in time bought land on which they built a good double shop with a hall above it. Here they continually held meetings, dinners, lectures, and concerts. It became a village institution. Keeping up their campaign of education, they gained more members.

That "co-op" to-day is a friendly if a somewhat conservative spot. Informal town meetings are held by statesmen who sit on kegs and orange boxes—the once familiar flour barrel having given way to sacks. The society has clear assets of \$30,000. Mr. Batley, displaying the mutual property with natural pride,

was complacent over the fact that never since the very early days has the society failed to make savings to give back to members, returning to each, in proportion to his purchases during the year, 5 per cent dividends when business was indifferent, and as much as 10 per cent in good years.

Yet a single shop it began and a single shop it remains. Federation with other stores must be braved and wholesaling must be mastered before co-operation can make large savings. In England many such thrifty stores federated forty years ago. Their wholesale succeeding on a gigantic scale, they proceeded to manufacture fifty or sixty staple articles.

They own land in various sections of the world where are grown certain raw stuffs which they use. They now actually administer a billion-dollar annual business and great common property by the same methods as private capital but on very superior principles.

With particular interest I inquired why the three other co-operative stores in the town, each organized by the tried old Rochdale method which twenty-five million families in many nations have used with benefit, should not have federated with the Riverside. Why had each one fought alone? In fact, why had other societies ever developed, in view of the original association's steady prosperity? One store could better do the work of four, reducing overhead, demanding half as many employees.

The reason they started was soon clear. While theoretically the Anglo-American Riverside believes firmly that the doors of the society should be wide open to any and all new members, when Finnish mill hands began to pour into the town in a human wave, another question arose. Until recently English co-operatives adhered also to the principle that co-operation should steer completely clear of politics. The Finns had strong Socialistic leanings and believed a new political regime should be ushered in simultaneously with a new economic system. The English workers were not

sympathetic. Neither did they differentiate between Finns—they all looked alike to the Riverside.

At the first rebuff the Finns quietly started another store, called *Kaleva*, differing from the first in little except that possible dividends on purchases were limited to 5 per cent and any further surplus above cost was to be put to reserves. Radicals denounce the incentive of individual return held out to prospective members, declaring even this small bait to be anti-social. For that reason, surplus above expenses and expansion is devoted by societies in Belgium, to *Maisons du Peuple*, to specific funds from which to pay unemployment, accident or life-insurance benefits, and to other provisions for general welfare.

But all Finns, as the Riverside was to see, were not alike. That is why subsequently a third "co-op" was set up in further primitive competition. In Finland the co-operative movement split, conservatives abhorring political action, preferring like the English to preach economic salvation alone, looking to the ultimate mastery of distribution, manufacturing, the land itself, housing, and banking. The Socialists, to the conservatives' disgust, coupled economic action with the governmental paternalism. We have inherited Finland's division in America, not alone in Maynard and a number of Massachusetts towns, but in the west.

In the *Kaleva* personalities refused to be subjugated. Members did not air the dispute, else the Riverside might have had opportunity to welcome the dissenters. They withdrew and formed the third store, called the First National.

Following the Finns to Maynard, came a new wave of Lithuanian and Ukrainian mill workers. They, too, were used to co-operation in the old country. In the West all these groups might have joined together. In New England traditional "offishness" fosters the isolation of nationals. In time the Slavs formed a fourth store, like the others, with five-dollar shares. Recent war antagonism

caused the Russians to repudiate the Lithuanians, who struggle along with a lowered membership and trade.

Testimony that mutual ownership became distinctly the thing in Maynard was a fifth shop bearing *Co-operative* across its front. This one masqueraded; really it was a link in a state-wide commercial chain which locally played its competitive game, trusting that newer comers would not know the difference between it and the genuine. Later I found the same situation in other places.

The two Finnish groceries developed successfully side by side, well-equipped, clean, orderly, busy. Members did not have to be taught loyalty. Once the society's buying power was organized and methods so systematized that they were fairly sure of holding trade and making a surplus, they, too, extended to new lines of provisioning.

Scarcely any business offers so low a margin of legitimate gain as the grocery. The *Kaleva* set up a bakery. American societies to-day frequently begin with baking. The Purity Co-operative in Patterson has a quarter-million dollars of annual business. Four co-operative bakeries near Boston buy supplies together. Bread customers, once suited, are not hard to keep. The Finns made quantities of their distinctive health biscuit and achieved relatively easy success.

A restaurant was opened next, a not uncommon sequence. Milk distribution followed. The town was faced with an interesting situation. The Boston wholesale price, which governs the local price, was so low that dairy farmers were selling their cows—an unanswerable way of going out of business. The "co-op" decided that farmers were justified, that the Boston price was unfair. From self-interest, because they needed to maintain the community's supply, the *Kaleva* agreed to pay a cent higher than the market price per quart and, abandoning the principle of charging market price, sell at cost two cents less than before. Using their delivery equipment for milk as well as for groceries, they reduced the

expense of handling. They could not supply their trade. All the farmers tried to sell to the *Kaleva*, and everybody wanted to buy co-operative milk. Local milkmen tried but failed to combat a group which in the public interest eliminated profit altogether. *Kaleva* books balanced for the first year with eighteen dollars to the good.

They could not serve the entire community. The First National (non-partisan Finns) who had played follow-the-leader in expansion from groceries to meat, adding a delicatessen in place of a restaurant, opened a milk station also. The two services have now been going for about three years. The Lithuanians opened a third bakery which, in spite of bad years, still endures.

These four groups do amount to something and they are still consciously learning. They handle annually \$400,000 of the money Maynard spends for food. As with all genuine co-operatives, their ideal is full weight, good goods, fair prices, and the obliteration of profit as such. They require less advertising, occupy buildings in cheaper localities than private stores, are not obliged to keep goods of doubtful demand, and can retain patronage because of the customers' personal incentive to make them succeed.

The practical advantages just cited cause so astute a merchant as E. A. Filene of Boston to state that, "Theoretically co-operative stores . . . ought to become the stores of the future." The facts that non-profit business may eliminate most of our distributive waste, that co-operative employees feel that they are in public rather than private service, and that the philosophy of co-operation supplies new and powerful motives to enter community service, are further reasons why co-operation does ultimately succeed in every land.

I went west to see, among other things, a typical Rochdale federation of stores to do wholesale purchasing. Around Lake Superior cluster fifty or more co-operatives which have formed one by one within the last fifteen years. The

majority of these are of Finnish membership. Most of them flourished moderately alone but, to get better values through their combined purchasing power, they decided to start the Co-operative Exchange. Between them they found \$8,000—also an excellent manager, John Nummivori. They formed a board representative of them all to run the Exchange. Note this: there was no fusion of stores in the wholesale venture. Each was still autonomous. The Exchange was merely their buyer, their employee. This is Old-World technique.

With an insignificant capital the Exchange has now for some years done an almost heroic amount of work. For example, in 1919 that sum was turned over 50 times, the stock of goods 16 times. Although service, not surplus, was their aim, on \$400,000 business the wholesale organization itself made gross profits of \$27,319 and a net profit of \$7,330—94 per cent of their capital. Trade was not so good in the ensuing years but net gains held up proportionately. Each individual society received direct benefits also.

With such management they were soon able to purchase an excellent small warehouse. So far as their space will permit, the Exchange handles bulk goods like any wholesale dealer, although the largest part of their business is jobbing. The collective trade of the federated and thirty other co-operatives which occasionally buy with them enables the Exchange to secure favorable quotations from manufacturers. If the stores were closer together the Exchange would be able to do a great deal more for them.

This federation maintains also a bakery at Superior which does only wholesale business, shipping breadstuffs over a considerable territory. This staff-of-life factory, operated by the wholesale, represents a distinct advance over each little store opening its own bakeshop, as in Maynard.

Altogether, these Finns, with a business not yet bulking large and steadily forging ahead, are apparently neglecting

none of the essentials. They carry on propaganda regarding the right sort of co-operation, reaching many workers through their daily and weekly press. As a result, the Finns in South Dakota, Montana, and Oregon are following the example of their northern and eastern brothers. The Central Exchange also considers it one of its first duties to train executives. An excellent school is held every summer at Superior with intensive courses in store management, bookkeeping, accounting, and English.

Other successes from coast to coast offer convincing evidence that by unremitting diligence and faithfulness, genuine co-operation does succeed here in spite of the hoodoo of competitive methods. That is not to say Rochdales, improperly managed, do not fail. They do. In general, their practices, like those of most shops, might be largely improved. But when they reach efficiency, what may be called the Federationist plan, exemplified by these Finns and real co-operators the world around, is sound. It is deviation from this plan which has caused much-advertised trouble. The successes have not been similarly heralded. From two other sorts of organization, both non-co-operative, most of the smoke screen of failure has arisen.

The first is pure fake. Several impressive, large-sounding, mock co-operatives have failed disastrously. A scandalous exposure caused the courts of four states in the middle west to estop one of these from selling blue-sky stock. The second sort of organization is usually honest, the Centralist conception of consumers' union. Centralists talk of co-operation but fail to produce it. They desire to devise a legitimate get-rich-quick American variation on safe European methods of co-operation. They have caused American workers to lose probably twenty millions in the last three years. They have not created better stores, but merely more stores where there are already too many.

As the Centralists' conception developed into a malignant epidemic among us, it is necessary to hold a short clinic (or, since most of the enterprises are dead, a post-mortem) on the disease. Unhappily, its bacteria are still with us and their pathology must be understood. A large percentage of union men belonged to the Centralists. Labor deserves strong praise for its responsible attempts at mutual enterprise. It has shown a sporting spirit about its defeats. It is a pity that its co-operative fervor and extensive propaganda were not followed by discreet, sound action. Had they been, workers' groups would deservedly possess to-day fine machinery with which to correct obvious evils of the distributive system.

Labor lost its great psychological opportunity largely through the bumpitious conviction that America did not need to follow Europe's footsteps. Sharp fear bred into organized labor by industrial conflict made it demand that whatever was done along economic lines should be "big." A conscientious union leader explained the symptom thus:

"Rochdale methods are too slow in this country. Right now workers' money is being used against workers. Hostile hands now benefit by our immense spending power. Labor banks are starting. We must have stores and wholesales, too, numbers of them, *centralized* under labor control."

The emphasis was on control, power, not on stores for everybody as co-operators would have them; stores for labor. Driven by such motives, fear and fighting ambition, labor was looking for an immediately effective weapon rather than a safe and sure means of growth. Industry and finance are centralized. Without reflecting how long it took for business to become so or what hosts of small failures occurred before it became consolidated, labor leaders felt that their union of consumers, misnamed co-operative, must begin centralized. They argued without knowing that since 1913 Russia had

created an immense co-operative system heading up in the Centrosoyius. They declared that even the English were centralizing, confusing voluntary democratic federation with the autocratic centralization of America's profit-making business.

Unfortunately, the majority of union leaders East and West welcomed promoters of the labor-agitator type, who in 1918 concocted their all-American recipe for so-called co-operation, and later opened the National Wholesale in Chicago with branch warehouses near New York and in Seattle. It was to be a system for cities. Real co-operation advances best in small communities, thriving ill in large cities.

Instead of creating a wholesale to serve a federation of stores, they organized a chain of retails to sustain each branch of the wholesale. Observing that, because of lack of experience, Rochdale infancy is often a struggle for efficient teamwork, that decisions are frequently slow because members are not all equally intelligent, and that fault is often found with executives, the Centralists tried to eliminate most of the teamwork, to run the business autocratically and to escape the inexperience due to youth. They resolved to have no baby-stores whatever but to hatch a litter of post-flapper ones to which the wholesale should be a parental despot, providing for its young, bossing the children, and permitting no back-talk.

The Centralist plan, you see, was for haste. Co-operators know they must make haste slowly. To foster real self-help, action must be based on majority rule which represents an average of intelligence. The National promoters convinced labor men that the Rochdale plan of selling goods at market price was not feasible, that the retails should be run on the cut-price plan, that chain store administration should be reproduced. They quoted large paper-savings and drew a rosy picture of the strength such a system would add to union organization. They used the arguments of

class-consciousness. They worked on syndicalist rather than community lines.

Union after union put up substantial amounts for stock, naturally placing themselves in position to dictate, a privilege usually disregarded save when they wanted the stores to act as commissaries during strikes. To secure funds, organizers were sent out through working class districts far and wide. "Co-operation was sold by calamitous hot-air peddlers like a new something-to-eat," asserted one labor man. "I heard stock salesmen tell poor laborers that all they had to do was to put down their original payment on a block of stock and they could *eat* their way in, paying for the rest of their shares out of the dividends on their purchases."

The stock-selling campaign alone would have brought disaster. In any collectivist affair, men singly or in groups must adopt a new point of view and a new obligation, even if, as in this case, that obligation results as much from the membership of the unions to which workers belong as from individual membership. These professional stock salesmen, first on salary and later on commission, were reckless. They sold shares on labor sympathy alone, paying little attention to educating workers' wives, who do most of the buying, in their responsibility to trade at the union store. Propinquity counts in any collective enterprise. These men took but slight account of geography or transportation. The National was heedlessly pledged to serve well and expeditiously retails more than five hundred miles distant. Such preliminaries laid the worst possible foundation for business.

Instead of cultivating that individual responsibility, efficient industry, constant supervision, and purposeful faith on the part of members which make genuine co-operation work, the National planned a system in which members were not even to coo and the wholesale was to operate without their interference, because stores would have no way of knowing the details of what was going

on. True, each store was supposed to have a representative on the wholesale board, and there was supposed to be a store committee in each place, named by the members. But the wholesale hired and fired managers. Often the manager was named as the society's delegate to the board. The distances, and, therefore, the expenses were too great to permit stores to order their delegate to attend all board meetings. The wholesale did as it liked.

For months labor was triumphant over three regional warehouses and dependent chains of stores. Attempts were made to affiliate all the existing co-ops with this concern. Two wholesales did form working agreements with the National, the Tri-State of Pittsburg and the Pacific League of San Francisco. These and a third, the Co-operative Wholesale Society in St. Paul, were already showing bad symptoms of Centralism. The St. Paul group, however, would not play with the men in the National. They had previous acquaintance with them.

The Co-operative League of America issued warning after warning against false combinations which use the terminology of co-operation and ignore every essential of its practice. It did its best to keep pace with developments. That was impossible. Enthusiasm seized and dominated labor precisely as the boom spirit dominates the inhabitants of a town, even if it be far from a railroad track. Organized labor was far from the co-operative track but pitifully ignorant of the fact. On the contrary, the majority of informed Rochdales knew that the National was non-co-operative in practice, whatever it claimed in principle, and felt no inclination to respond to any invitation to affiliate.

Before the year was up trouble began. Labor found out at least that it could not find out what was wrong. Forty-four unions in New York had subscribed large amounts for a warehouse in Hoboken. From the first it was overstaffed and almost empty.

Organizers were retained on the payroll. Members learned that their funds had been loaned to Seattle. They were asked for more money. Protesting volubly, the wise ones withdrew. The warehouse remained open for a time. When it was finally closed by the sheriff creditors received one cent on the dollar. Stockholders received nothing.

In Seattle the National promoters secured sufficient support, from that faction in labor which incautiously responds to the latest and most flamboyant promise, to open its enterprise in the usual blatant way. They found money to start but not to continue. A director was sent there; and although the branch was in such straits that money was borrowed from employees and the I. W. W., which had a neighboring office, he permitted stock to be sold. Money was "borrowed" from the Pacific League. While some of the more lively Washington stores saved themselves by seceding from the chain, bankruptcy was inevitable.

Finally the promoters in Chicago also found the game beyond their powers. Labor raged because the National twice during strikes failed to act efficiently as commissary. The preposterous bubble burst. Hosts of poor, ignorant workers lost their money. To this day, most of them suppose that the concern was genuinely co-operative.

Autopsy on three other wholesales in St. Paul, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco, shows that they were started prematurely, at the instance of promoters who wanted jobs. They obtained support from certain scattered Rochdales which mistook the character of the leadership they were accepting. All of them attempted service which was not economical and therefore they came at last into insoluble difficulty. To escape, they too tried at centralization. They found that they had an incurable disease. Its progress differed widely in the several cases, but its consistent result was death. Retails in some instances were involved. Others, like the Riverside in the era of

the Sovereigns, saved themselves and now regard the experience as salutary discipline.

It is, of course, conceivable that consumers' unions might be operated by one central authority under wise despotism without the loss of the idealism and earnestness which make Rochdales something more than mere shops from which merchandise is obtained. Several groups, protected from the full force of the Centralist epidemic but still feeling its infection, have tried that, for instance, the Central States Wholesale and Union stores, belonging to the Illinois miners. They gave good service for a time but were at last accounts suffering severely from disturbing symptoms similar to other non-co-operative groups.

One Centralist venture was financially successful, yet because the experiment was essentially a failure in other respects, its sponsors voluntarily abandoned it. Twenty-odd Finnish stores around Boston, among them the *Kaleva* of Maynard, decided to be open-minded about this American theory concerning centralization, and try it out. They approached their experiment in an entirely different spirit from labor groups, and with excellent technique. They were not newly created stores but good stable ones. They were not widely scattered but close together, within fifty miles of Boston. There was no loud promotion, no flamboyant stock-selling. They soberly decided by common will to merge all their local stores into one organization, which would open a wholesale, operating it and the stores as one concern. Each store had a representative on the wholesale board, which was supposed to have the same full-voiced democracy as a single store society.

In operation their wholesale effected marked economies. Transportation was good, service reasonably efficient from wholesale to retails. Managers of the locals, forbidden to buy elsewhere than of their own wholesale, could be dismissed for disobeying this rule. In two

years the wholesale considerably enlarged the joint assets; yet at the end of that time it was found that in practically every case the individual stores were in bad condition. Membership had decreased. Trade was becoming more casual. The sense of responsibility was vanishing. The movement, dependent always upon conscious exertion of consumer-members day by day, was dying at the roots.

It required moral courage, while they were making money, to dissolve that wholesale for the sake of spreading a faith and enlarging the common understanding of the purpose before them. That purpose is not to make money for a few, but to spread small benefits among the many, to persuade masses of men to cut the waste and extravagance out of distribution of necessities by performing for themselves without profit (as a woman makes herself a dress on her own machine) services which otherwise would add to the cost. Finding the business drifting toward a state which was in their eyes pathological, they voted to change their direction.

They are now again building up their separate stores, convinced by personal experience of a fact which I have observed in England as well as the United States, that it is usually only limited centralization in stores federated within the limits of one city which can be attained without loss of that essential personal interest upon which the movement depends for life.

Space permitting, I could give many illustrations to show that the charge that the universal Rochdale method will not work in the United States is rubbish. While our business conditions by no means favor co-operation, neither do they present insuperable difficulties. We must work harder than some other nations to make headway but there is an open possibility that consumers may organize not only a retail system of non-profit distribution, but master wholesaling and production to satisfy the demands of stores. It depends on two

factors, understanding and real need of relief. Ask the middleclass man on the street if we do need that relief!

That Rochdale co-operation requires application, efficiency, and self-denial on the part of those engaging in it is admitted. Inattention, loose administration, or failure to deliver pledged custom may work ruin. Yet so long as the enormous wastes and avarice of the profit-making system continue, middle-class consumers will be moved to try, however reluctantly, to help themselves by non-profit methods. Although astute merchants make efforts to lessen the number of unnecessary or speculative middlemen, and to shorten the route between grower and user by such devices as chain stores, the rule is still, "All the traffic will bear." Higher tariffs now reinforce prices to which wages, even at their present height, do not bear an equitable relation.

The total losses through recent fakes and experiments in co-operative centralization are certainly more than offset in the same period by widespread savings made in successful collective buying through Rochdales and joint purchasing bureaus maintained by farm organizations. Co-operation has at least held its own while proving out the right methods by which to make far greater permanent gains. Faithfully practiced, it should be of vastly greater use now in making wages real. And while men employ co-operation as an expedient measure, they catch glimpses of generally felt benefits that stimulate determination to establish a more valid relation between commercial practice and universal human needs. The hope of gaining new economic liberties by applying democratic principles to business as we did long ago to politics becomes a practical matter.

THE BELOVED FACE

(Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.)

BY CAROLYN WELLS

GRAVEN in stone—the wisdom and the power,
The wingèd thoughts, the judgment moving slow,
The seeing gaze, that truth alone could know,
The Union, which all else must overtower.

And in that face, prevision of the hour
Which came, afreight with heartbreak and with woe;
Yet shining through, with dominating glow,
The purpose—that preserved our Nation's dower.

Oh, mighty marble—splendid and alone,
Enshrined in that silent, sculptured space—
Even Time's ruthlessness cannot dethrone
Our Lincoln, safe within our Flag's embrace.
And all must marvel at that soul in stone—
The majesty of that immortal face.

WHISPERING LEAVES

PART II

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

IN the dining room, which was lighted by tallow candles, I found an obviously exasperated host and hostess. When I entered Cousin Pelham was fussing about a mahogany cellaret, while Mrs. Blanton was pinning a bib of checked gingham round the neck of a little girl in a high chair. With my English ideas of bringing up children, I thought it an odd custom to have the row of high chairs and trays at the table and to allow such mere babies to appear at the evening meal.

"This is Gertrude," said Mrs. Blanton, after my apologies had been contritely offered and graciously accepted by Cousin Pelham, "and that," nodding to a little boy of the same age, "is John. The other two are Robert and Jane." They were robust, healthy-looking children, with dark hair and high colors, as unlike their delicate half-brother as one could well imagine.

At supper there was little conversation, for Cousin Pelham, who, I surmised, could talk delightfully when he made the effort, appeared to be absorbed in the food that was placed before him. This was of excellent quality. Evidently, I decided, the second Mrs. Blanton was the right wife for him. Vain, spoiled, selfish, amiable as long as he was given everything that he wanted, and still good-looking in an obvious and somewhat flashing style, he had long ago passed into that tranquil state of mind which follows a complete surrender to the habits of life. I wondered how that first wife—Clarissa of the romantic name and the flaming hair—had endured existence in this lonely neighborhood with the companionship of a man who thought of

nothing but food and drink. Perhaps he was different then; and yet was it possible for such abnormal egoism to develop in the few years since her death? He ate immoderately, I observed, and even before he left the table I could see that the drowsiness which afflicts the overfed was descending upon him.

"The garden is charming," I said. "I have never seen one like it, so irregular and apparently neglected, and yet with a formal soul of its own."

Cousin Pelham stared at me over the dish of fried chicken, from which he was carefully selecting the brownest and tenderest piece. "The garden? Oh, yes, we've had to let that go. It was kept up as long as Clarissa lived. She had a passion for flowers; but we can't get any of the darkeys to work it now." Then he appealed directly to his wife, who was engaged in teaching Gertrude how to hold her fork properly. "There hasn't been a spade stuck in the garden this spring, has there, Hannah?"

Mrs. Blanton shook her head, without removing her eyes from the little girl. "Nor last spring, nor the one before that," she rejoined. "Nobody sets foot in it now except Pell, and he oughtn't to go there. I tell him there might be snakes in the long grass; but he won't mind what I say. It takes as much work as we can manage to plow the fields and the kitchen beds. We can't spare any for that old garden you have to spade."

"Perhaps that's a part of the charm," I responded. "It expresses itself, not some human being's idea of planting."

She looked at me as if she did not know what I meant, and on my other

side Cousin Pelham chuckled softly. "That sounds like Clarissa," he said, and there was no trace of sadness in his voice.

Across the table little Pell was eating delicately, pretending to be a bird. Now and then, his stepmother turned away from the younger children to scold him about his fastidious appetite, or his odd manner of using his knife and fork, as if they were a superior kind of chopsticks. Her tone was not unkind. It was no sharper indeed than the one she used to her own children; yet, whenever she spoke to him, I felt rather than saw that he winced and shrank away from her. The child's nerves were overstrung, I could tell that just by watching him with his stepmother; and to her, who could see nothing that was not directly before her eyes, his sensitiveness appeared deliberate perversity. Yet he was an attractive child in spite of his elfin ways. If he had only found the sympathy and understanding he needed so desperately, I felt that he might become very lovable.

Though I was sorry for the child then, I was soon to realize that I had barely touched the edge of that pity which was to fill my heart. The hardest hour of all, and one of the most trying moments in my life, came a little later when we passed into the library, and Mrs. Blanton summoned the children to bed. The younger children, already nodding, obeyed without protest; but when it came to Pell's turn to kiss his father good-night, he began to shake and whimper with terror. For a minute I did not understand; then turning to Cousin Pelham, I asked, with a sympathy so acute that it stabbed like a knife,

"Is Pell afraid of the dark?"

Cousin Pelham, sunk in the softest old leather chair, was beyond the sound of my voice; but his wife answered immediately in her firm and competent tone.

"We are trying to break him of it. It would be dreadful for his father's son to be a coward."

"Does he sleep in the nursery?"

"He used to, but we had to move his

bed across the hall because he kept the other children awake. He gets—or pretends to get—the most ridiculous notions into his head, and he carries on so that the other children don't get any sleep when they are in the room with him."

"Where does he stay now?"

"In the spare room next to yours. We moved him there a few weeks ago, and you would think from the way he behaved that we were sending him to his grave."

"But doesn't that seem the wrong way, to frighten a nervous child into hysterics?"

At this she turned on me the most exasperating force in the universe—impregnable common sense. "We've got to break him of it," she retorted, "or he will be a baby all his life."

"I think you're wrong," was all I could say feebly in denial; and my words had as little effect as the dash of hail on a window-pane. But, while I answered, I was telling myself that I had found out where the boy slept, and that I would go to his room as soon as I had bidden the family good-night. Cousin Pelham and his wife stayed downstairs, I knew, in what they called "the chamber" behind the drawing-room, so I should have to guard against only the stupid-looking nurse who had a room, I supposed, near the children.

Bending over, I pressed the boy to my heart. "I am near you, and I will take care of you," I whispered. Then, releasing him, I stood back and watched him walk, wincing and trembling, after the sturdy children of his stepmother.

It seemed to me that the evening would never end. Every minute I was straining my ears for a sound from the floor above, while Cousin Pelham dozed through the processes of digestion, and Mrs. Blanton and I discussed such concrete facts as wood and stones and preserves and the best way to build a road or to cut down a tree. At last, when I was exhausted beyond belief, though it was only a little after nine o'clock, she laid down her mending, rose from her

chair, and, with her hand on her husband's shoulder, wished me good-night.

"You will find a candle in the hall," she said. "We never use lamps in the chambers." Her use of the archaic word struck me at the time as poetic. It was the only poetic touch I ever observed about her.

On a table in the hall I found a row of tallow dips in old brass candlesticks; and after lighting one, I took it in my hand and ascended the circular staircase. Ahead of me the light sped like a moth up the worn steps, which the feet of generations had hollowed out in the center as water hollows out a stairway of rock. The hall above was empty—it occurred to me at the moment that I had never seen such empty-looking halls—and was quite dark except for the flickering light of my candle. As I crossed the floor the green mist which I had left in the garden floated in and enveloped me, and that wistful fragrance became intolerably sweet. I had suddenly the feeling that the dim corners and winding recesses of the hall were crowded with intangible shapes.

After glancing through my open door to assure myself that I had not made a mistake, I stole across the hall and hesitated before the threshold of what Mrs. Blanton had pointed out to me as "the spare room." If the child were sleeping, I did not wish to arouse him; but all idea that he slept was banished as I pushed the door wider and heard him talking aloud to himself. Then, while the pointed flame of my candle pierced the obscurity, I saw that he was not, as I had first thought, alone. The old colored woman in the black alpaca dress, with the white apron and the red turban, was standing beside his bed, looking down on him. When I approached she turned slowly and looked at me; and I felt that her dark compassionate face was love made manifest to my eyes. So she had looked down on the child, and so, for one miraculous instant, she gazed directly into my heart. For one miraculous instant! Then, while I stood there, transfixed as

by an arrow, she passed, with that slow movement, across the room to the door which I had left open. Before I could stir, before I could utter a word to detain her, she had disappeared; and the boy, sitting up in the heavily draped bed, was staring at me with wondering eyes.

"Mammy was telling me a story," he said.

"I didn't know that you had a mammy now." This was the best that I could do at the moment.

"Oh, yes, I have!" He smiled with charming archness, and I noticed that the fear had passed out of his voice.

"When did she come?" I asked.

"She has been here always—ever since—" he hesitated—"since before I was."

"Does she look after the other children too?"

He laughed, cuddling down into the middle of the feather bed. "They don't know about her. They have never seen her."

"But how can she come and go in the house without anybody seeing her?"

At this the laughter stopped. "She has a way," he answered enigmatically. "She never comes into the house except when I'm afraid."

I bent over and kissed him. "Well, you're not frightened any longer?"

"Oh, no. I'm all right now," he replied, stroking my hand. "The next time it gets dark Mammy says she will come back and finish her story."

"And I am next door," I said. "Whenever you begin to feel frightened you can come and sleep on the big couch by the window."

"By the window," he repeated eagerly, "where Mammy's wrens are under the eaves. That would be fun."

Then, as I arranged the bedclothes over him, he turned his cheek to the pillow, and settled himself for the night. A moment later, when I went out of the room, I began wondering again about the old negress. Was she a faithful servant who had sacrificed her superstition to her affection for Clarissa's child and had stayed on at Whispering Leaves when



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I'LL HELP YOU TAKE CARE OF HIM"

the other negroes had gone away? In the morning I would make some inquiries. Meanwhile I liked to remember the glory—there is no other word to describe it—that I had seen in her dark face when she bent over the boy.

In the morning when I came out of doors, it was into a world of maize-colored sunshine. There was new green on the cedars, and the little blue flowers in the grass looked as formal as the blossoms in a Gothic tapestry. Suddenly a harsh scream sounded a little way to the right, and a peacock, with flaunting plumage, marched across the lawn, through the sunlight and shadow. As I stood there, entranced by the color of the morning, it seemed to me that this circle of sunlight and shadow became alive with the quiver of innumerable gauzy wings, the bright ghosts of all the birds that had ever sung in this place.

When, presently, I turned in the direction of the garden, I saw that Pell was playing in a row of flowering quince near the stile. He was on his knees, building a castle of rocks which he had brought in a little wagon from the road in the pasture; and while I approached, I observed that he was talking aloud to himself as children talk in their play. Then, before I reached him, I found my gaze arrested by a glimmer of red amid the smoke-gray boughs of a *crêpe myrtle* tree; and it seemed to my startled fancy that I made out the figure of the old negress. But the next minute a scarlet tanager flashed out of the branches, and the image proved to be one of those grotesque shapes which *crêpe myrtle* bushes, like ancient olive trees, frequently assume.

The child was playing happily by himself. When my shadow fell over him, he looked up with his expression of secret wisdom. Kneeling there, with his red curls and his blue-green eyes enkindled by the sunshine, he reminded me of some unearthly flower of light.

"It will be a fine castle," I said.

He glanced hastily over his shoulder; and I noticed that his manner was shy

and furtive, though it expressed also a childish pleasure that was very appealing.

"I've got something better than a castle," he answered. "I found it yesterday down by the ice pond. Will you promise not to tell if I let you look?"

"I promise," I assured him gravely; and, with another suspicious glance in the direction of the house, he sprang to his feet and caught me by the hand. Leading me round the shrubbery and over the stile, he showed me a hollow he had made in the tall grasses beneath a cluster of lilac bushes. Lying there on a bed of dry fern I saw a black and white mongrel puppy—a delightful, audacious, independent puppy, half terrier and half unknown, with an engaging personality and a waggish black ear that drooped over one sparkling eye. Fastened securely by a strip of red cotton to the shrub, with a partly gnawed bone and a saucer of water at his side, he sat surveying me with an expectant, inquisitive look.

"Isn't he a beauty?" asked Pell, enraptured, as he went down on his knees and flung his arms about the puppy.

"A beauty," I repeated; and I also went down on my knees to embrace boy and dog.

"He hadn't had anything to eat for ever so long when I found him. Martha gives me scraps for him, and William lets him sleep in the stable." Then he looked straight into my eyes. "You won't tell?" he pleaded. "She wouldn't let him stay if she knew. She doesn't like dogs."

Of course, she didn't like dogs. Hadn't I felt from the first that she wouldn't? Why, there wasn't a dog on the place, except the two black and yellow hounds I had seen half a mile away in the cornfield, and they belonged doubtless to one of the negroes.

"No, I won't tell," I promised. "I'll help you take care of him."

His eyes shone. "Can you teach him to do tricks? He almost knows how to beg already. Mammy taught him."

I released the child quickly and rose to

my feet. "Where is your Mammy, Pell?"

His rapid glance flew down the garden walk and across the narcissi to the twisted pear tree. "She's just gone," he answered. "She went when she saw you coming."

"Where does she live?"

At this he broke into a laugh. "Oh, she lives away, 'way over yonder," he responded, with a sweep of his hand.

For the next week Pell and I were cheerful conspirators. When I look back on it now, after so many years, I can still recall those cautious trips to the barn or the little bed of ferns under the lilacs. We fed Wop—that was the name we chose at last—until he grew as round as a ball; and he was just passing into the second stage of his education, when Mrs. Blanton discovered his presence, as I was sure that she would sooner or later.

I had been away for the afternoon to visit some relatives at a distance; and as we drove home about sunset, we passed on the road the old colored woman whom Pell had called Mammy. I could not be mistaken, I told myself. I should have recognized her anywhere, not only by the quaint turban she wore bound about her head, but by that indescribable light which shone in her face.

At the time we were driving through a stretch of burned pines; and when I first noticed her she had stopped to rest and was sitting on a charred stump by the roadside with the red disc of the sun at her back. The light was in my eyes; but, as I leaned out and smiled at her, she gave me again that long deep look so filled with inarticulate yearning. I knew then, as I had known the first afternoon, that she was trying to make me understand, that she was charged with some message she could not utter. While her eyes met mine I was smitten—that is the only word for the sensation—into silence; but after we had driven on, I recovered myself sufficiently to say to the cousin who was taking me home,

"If she is going a long way, don't you think we might give her a lift?"

My cousin, an obtuse young man, gazed at me vacantly. "If who is going a long way?"

"The old colored woman by the roadside. Didn't you see her?"

He shook his head. "No, I wasn't looking. I didn't see anybody."

While he was still speaking, I leaned out with an exclamation of surprise. "Why, there she is now in front of us! She must have run ahead of us through the pines. She is waiting by the dead tree at the fork of the road."

My cousin was laughing now. "The sunset makes you see double. There isn't anybody there. Can you see anything except the blasted oak at the fork of the road, Jacob?"

A few minutes later, when we reached the place where the road branched, I saw that it was deserted. The red blaze of the sun could play tricks with one's vision, I knew; but it was odd that on both occasions, at precisely the same hour, I should be visited by this hallucination. That it was an hallucination, I no longer doubted when, looking up a short while afterward, I saw again the old woman's figure ahead of me. This time, however, I kept silent, for the first thing one learns from such visitations is the danger of talking to people of things which they cannot understand. But I drove on with my heart in my throat. In front of me in the blue air was that vision; and in my mind there was a voiceless apprehension. Then, as we reached the lawn, the old woman vanished, and a moment later the sound of a child's crying fell on my ears.

Alone on the front steps, Pell sat weeping inconsolably, with his face hidden in his thin little hands. When I sprang from the carriage, he rushed into my arms.

"She has sent him away! She has sent him away to be drowned!" he cried in a heartbreaking voice.

As I drew him close, the door opened, and Mrs. Blanton looked out.

"Come in, Pell," she called, not unkindly, but unseeingly. "You will fret yourself into a fever. The circus is com-

ing next week, and if you make yourself sick, you won't be able to go to it."

At this Pell turned on her a white and quivering face. "I don't want to go to the circus," he said. "I don't want any supper. I want Wop—and I wish you were dead!"

"Pell, dear!" I cried, but Mrs. Blanton only laughed good-naturedly, a laugh that was as common as her features.

"He's got his mother's temper all right," she remarked to me over the child's head. "If you don't want any supper," she added, dragging him indoors, while he struggled to free himself from the grasp of her large firm hand which seemed as inexorable as her purpose, "you must go straight upstairs to bed."

When we had entered the house the boy broke away from her, and marched, without a tremor of hesitation, across the hall and into the thick dusk of the staircase.

"Let me go after him," I said. "He is so afraid of the dark, and the candles are not lighted upstairs."

Mrs. Blanton detained me by a gesture. "He is the sort of child you have to be firm with," she returned, and then immediately, "Mr. Blanton"—she always addressed her husband as "Mr. Blanton"—"is waiting for us in the dining room. It frets him to be kept waiting."

After this there was nothing to do but follow her with a heavy heart into the room, where Cousin Pelham stood, ponderously frowning at the door. I could not this evening meet his annoyance with my usual playful apology; and a little later, when the excellent supper was served, I found that I was unable to swallow a morsel. The fact that I was leaving the next day—that I should, perhaps, not see Pell again for years had turned my heart to lead.

When supper was over I escaped as soon as I could and ran upstairs to the room where Pell slept. A candle was burning by his bed, and to my amazement the child was sleeping peacefully,

with a smile on his face where the traces of tears were scarcely dried. While I looked down on him, he stirred and opened his eyes.

"I thought you were Mammy," he murmured, with a drowsy laugh.

"Has Mammy been here?" I asked.

He was so sleepy that he could barely answer; but, as he nestled down into the middle of the feather bed, he replied without the faintest sign of his recent distress,

"She was here when I came up. She told me it was all right about Wop. Uncle Moab is keeping him for me."

"Uncle Moab is keeping him?" I pressed my hand on his forehead under the vivid hair; but there was no hint of fever.

"She says she gave Wop to Uncle Moab. Mammy wouldn't let anybody hurt him."

Then his eyes closed while the smile quivered on his lips. "Mammy says you must take me with you when you go away," he murmured. His face changed to an almost unearthly loveliness, and before I could answer, before I could even take in the words he had spoken, he had fallen asleep.

For a minute I stood looking down on him. Then leaving the candle still burning, I went out closing the door softly, and ran against the maid, a young Irish woman, whose face I liked.

"I was just going to see if Pell had fallen asleep," she explained a little nervously. "I have a message for him. You won't tell Mrs. Blanton I brought it?"

"No, I won't tell Mrs. Blanton."

For an instant the girl hesitated. "She is so strict," she blurted out, and then more guardedly, "William wouldn't have drowned the child's puppy. He just took it away and gave it to Uncle Moab who was going along the road."

"I am glad," I said eagerly. "Uncle Moab will look after it?"

"He sent Pell a message not to worry. I was going in to tell him."

"But he knows it already," I replied indiscreetly. "Somebody told him."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

A SHAPE MOVED SUDDENLY PAST ME INTO THE FLAMES

A puzzled look came into her face. "But nobody knew. William just came back a minute ago, and there hasn't been another soul on the place this afternoon."

I saw my slip at once and hastened to remedy it. "Then I was mistaken of course. The child must have imagined it."

"Yes, he does imagine things," she responded readily; and after a word of good-night, she turned back to the stairs while I crossed the hall to my room.

There, as soon as I had closed the door, I put down my candle, and sat down by the open window, to think over what I had heard. There was nothing really strange, I told myself, in the incident of the puppy and Uncle Moab. It was natural enough that William should have refused to obey an order he thought cruel; it was natural enough also that Uncle Moab should have been going by in the road at that hour. Everything was easily explained except the singular change in the child, and the happy smile on his little tear-stained face when he murmured, "Mammy says you must take me with you when you go away." Over and over again I heard those words as I sat there by the window. So insistent was the repetition that I might have deluded myself into the belief that they were spoken aloud in the darkness outside. How could I take the child away with me? I asked at last, as if I were disputing with some invisible presence at my side. What room was there for a child in my active life? I loved Pell; I hated to leave him; but how could I possibly take him with me when I went away in the morning? Yet, even after I had undressed, climbed into the canopied bed, and blown out my candle, I still heard that phrase again and again in my mind. I was still hearing it hours afterward when I fell asleep and dreamed of the old colored woman sitting on the charred stump by the roadside.

Dreams. The old colored woman by the roadside. The song of far off birds coming nearer. The jade-green mist of the twilight changing suddenly to opal.

Light growing out of darkness. Light turning from clear gold to flame color. Still the song of birds that became so loud it was like the torrent of waters—or of fire—Dreams. Dreams. Nothing more. . . .

Starting awake, I was aware first of that opal-colored light, then of the fact that I was stifling, that a gray cloud had swept in from the open window or the open door and enveloped me. The next instant, with a cry, I sprang up and caught at the dressing-gown on a chair by my bed. From outside, mingled with that dream of singing birds and rushing torrents, the sound of voices was reaching me. The words I could not hear, but I needed no words to tell me that these were voices of warning. Whispering Leaves was burning while I dreamed. Whispering Leaves was burning, and I must fight my way to safety through the smoke that rushed in at my open door!

"Pell!" I called in terror as I ran out into the hall. But there was no answer to my cry, and the next minute when I looked into the child's room, I saw that the bed was empty. They had saved him and forgotten me. Well, at least they had saved him!

Of the next few minutes, which seemed an eternity of terror, I can recall nothing now except a struggle for air. I must have fought my way through the smoke upstairs. I must have passed that savage light so close that it scorched my face, which was blistered afterward, though I felt no pain at the moment. I must have heard that rush of flames so near that it deafened me; but of this I can remember nothing to-day. Yet I can still feel the air blowing in my face on the lawn outside. I can still see the little green leaves on the cedars standing out illuminated in that terrible glow. I can still hear the cry that rang out:

"Pell! Where is Pell? Didn't you bring Pell with you?"

Fifteen years ago. Fire and ashes, pain and happiness, have passed and are forgotten; but that question, as I heard it uttered then, still sounds in my ears.

"Where is Pell? Didn't you bring Pell with you?"

"I thought he was safe," my voice was so thick that the words were scarcely articulate. "His room was empty."

"He isn't with the other children. We thought he had gone to you." The speaker I have forgotten—Cousin Pelham or his wife, or the nurse, it is no matter—but the words are still living.

"I will go back." This was Cousin Pelham, I knew, for he had turned to enter the burning house.

"It is too late now." This was not one, but several voices together. As they spoke the windows of the house shone like the sunrise while a torrent of flame swept through the hall.

"Oh, Pell! Pell!" I cried out in agony. "Cannot you come to me?"

For a minute—it was scarcely longer—after I called, there was no answer. We stood in that red glare, and round us and beyond us closed the mysterious penumbra of the darkness. Without the circle, where we clung together in our horror, there was the freshness and the sweetness of the spring, and all the little quiet stirs that birds make when they nest at night. And it was out of this bird-haunted darkness that a shape moved suddenly past me into the flames, a shape which as the light caught it round, I saw to be that of the old negress.

"She is looking for him," I cried now. "Oh, don't you see her?"

They gathered anxiously round me. "The fire has blinded her," I heard them say. "She is looking straight at the flames."

Yes, I was looking straight at the flames, for beyond the flames, past the unburned wing of the house, from the window of an old storeroom, which was never opened they had told me, I saw the shape of the old negress pass again like a shadow. The next instant my heart melted with joy, for I saw that she was bringing the child in her arms. The little face was pale as death; the red curls were singed to black; but it was the child that she held. Even the unperceiving eyes about me, though they could see only material things, knew that Pell had come unharmed out of the fire. To them it was merely a shadow, a veil of smoke, which surrounded him. I alone saw the dark arms that enfolded him. I alone, among all those standing there in that awful light, recognized that dark compassionate face.

Her eyes found me at last, and I knew in that moment of vision what the message was that she had for me. Without a word I stepped forward and held out my arms. As I did so, I saw a glory break in the dim features. Then, even while I gave my voiceless answer, the face melted from me into spirals of smoke. Was it a dream, after all? Was the only reality the fact that I held the child safe and unharmed in my arms?

(The end)

FOUR FERINGHEES IN INNER ASIA

IV. THROUGH PHœNICIA TO THE PROMISED LAND

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

IT was with a distinct feeling of regret that we drew near Aleppo, for, now that we were approaching the fringes of civilization, we felt that our adventures and experiences were at an end and that shortly we would emerge into the prosaic, humdrum world again. It was as though we had reached the last page of an absorbing novel. But our fears that we had exhausted Asia's store of the strange and the curious proved premature, for, when barely a score of miles from the gates of Aleppo, Ladew gave a sudden ejaculation of astonishment.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed, pointing across the desert.

Following with my eyes the direction of his outstretched finger, I discerned what appeared to be a great cluster of enormous beehives, covering many acres, rising from the tawny waste. As we drew closer, however, they resolved themselves into houses, apparently built of adobe, but the most extraordinary houses I had ever seen. From ten to twenty feet in height, they looked for all the world like the noses of monster shells made for some titanic cannon. It was our first sight of the curious "beehive" villages which are the homes of the semi-sedentary Arabs who inhabit the plain stretching from the Euphrates to the Orontes, between the desert and the sown. These windowless houses, which are built of sun-dried bricks and covered with plaster, are a cross between the conical thatched hut of Equatorial Africa and an Eskimo igloo. Though some of them are of considerable size, they contain only one room each, access to which is gained by crawling through a low doorway. Though

not the most convenient way of entering a house, these low doorways have the merit of discouraging unwanted visitors, for the householder, standing in the dim interior, can run the intruder through with neatness and dispatch as the latter attempts to enter on all fours. What puzzled us was why any human being should *wish* to gain admittance. After enduring ten minutes in the interior of one of these beehive dwellings, where the odors of unwashed Arabs, sweat-soaked clothing, foul straw, garlic, roast mutton, and dung-fed cooking-fires combine to form a stench that rises to high heaven, my only wish was to regain the open air.

After loitering about the village for an hour, taking photographs of its houses and their uncommunicative and extremely suspicious inhabitants, we proceeded on our way. An hour later, topping a little rise, we saw in the distance the slender minarets and snowy buildings of Aleppo rising from an oasis of vivid green. The metropolis of Northern Syria is so old that its beginnings are lost in the mists of antiquity. It was a great city when the Pharaohs ruled in Egypt; that we know. Abraham is said to have dwelt there and to have distributed milk to every thirsty stranger, whence the place's Arabic name—Haleb. The Arabs, I might mention parenthetically, are a Semitic people, and, like the Hebrews, claim Abraham as the founder of their race.

Since history began, the meeting-point of the great trade routes from Anatolia, Armenia, Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Syria, and one of the chief gateways to all those regions,



THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, BA'ALBEK

the thoroughfares of Aleppo provide a fascinating and endless panorama of all the types of Western Asia, the picturesqueness and variety of its street scenes being heightened by the contingents of Annamites, Malagasys, Senegalese, Algerians, and Moroccans who form the bulk of the French garrison. Though the city does not possess the romantic traditions of Baghdad, or the Scriptural interest which attaches to Damascus, it is, nevertheless, a peculiarly attractive city with the slender minarets of its many mosques rising against the Syrian blue, its dim and bustling bazaars, and its flat-topped houses—white, pale blue, pink, or lemon—set picturesquely on the terraced hill-slopes amid fragrant gardens. It has two buildings which are deserving of special mention. One is the Great Mosque, which contains the alleged remains of Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist—an enormous structure with a square campanile and a sort of loggia surrounding an immense marble-paved court. The other is the Citadel, an imposing pile of ruined masonry dating from the times of the Saracens. Standing on the highest of the city's seven hills, it can be seen for

miles around. With its deep moat, its massive gateways, its loopholed towers, and its crenelated ramparts, it is the mediæval stronghold of one's imagination. As I stood in the blazing sunlight before the mighty pile, it required but scant effort of the imagination to hear the clang of its portcullis and the creaking of its drawbridge, to see the archers and the crossbowmen who once lined its battlements, and, issuing from its imposing portals, such a procession as rode forth in the days of Saladin. What a superb setting, I thought, for a motion picture!

When we arrived in Aleppo the first Syrian Parliament was in session and the city was crowded with French officials and native politicians. It was like New York during the week of the Automobile Show, and to obtain a bed in any of the hotels was out of the question. Thanks to the good offices of the American Consul, however, the Syrian proprietor of the largest and most fashionable of the many *cafés chantants* which have sprung up in the wake of the French armies of occupation, generously placed at my disposal a sumptuous apartment. After having endured for many weeks the discomforts of the desert, I

should have slept well in spite of the lace hangings of the bed, the perfumed satin coverlet, and the rococo decorations, had it not been for the racket rising from the garden beneath my windows, where the tortured strains of a jazz orchestra, the cries of harrassed waiters, the clatter of dishes, the popping of champagne corks, and the voices of French, Russian, and Levantine *chanteuses* raised in song continued without intermission from ten o'clock in the evening until long after dawn.

"If this is civilization," I said to myself, after two sleepless nights, "take me back to the desert again."

It is somewhere near half a thousand miles from Aleppo to Jerusalem, and in all the world there is no journey of equal length so rich in historic interest. We tore southward past rivers, mountains and towns bearing names with which we had been familiar ever since we were children in Sunday School. The Land of the Hittites, the Cedars of Lebanon, Phoenicia, Samaria, Judea—it was as though there were being turned before us the leaves of a great picture Bible. How I should have enjoyed having with me on that journey certain

European acquaintances and expatriated Americans who patronizingly refer to the United States as "a crude, new country" and to Americans as "a young people!" For the lands through which we passed were rich and powerful when Europe was still peopled by skinclad barbarians dwelling in wattle huts. How a member of the oldest European aristocracy could be patronized by a native of Hamah, for example, that sleepy, picturesque town on the Orontes which is mentioned in the inscriptions of Thotmes as being a great city fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ!

Two score miles south of Hamah lies the rather dilapidated Syrian town of Homs, whose splendid Temple of the Sun was once famous throughout the ancient world, one of its priests, Helio-gabalus, exchanging his sacerdotal vestments for the purple robes of an emperor of Rome. Under its walls, when Christianity was not yet three centuries old, Aurelian defeated the armies of Zenobia and carried to Rome as his captive the beautiful Palmyran queen. Three hundred and fifty years later Homs fell before the onslaught of the Saracens, but, in the closing year of the eleventh century, the Crusaders rode in



ONE OF THE "BEEHIVE" VILLAGES ON THE EDGE OF THE SYRIAN DESERT



THE MEDIEVAL STRONGHOLD OF ALEPPO

triumph through its opened gates and replaced the crescent with the cross.

Fifty miles farther on we paused in our southward flight for a day at Ba'albek, which was once the most magnificent of Syrian cities and the Heliopolis of the Græco-Roman world. It stands in a sort of oasis, amid gardens and trees, on the bare brown flanks of the Anti-Lebanon, thirty-eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. Though it has been almost wholly destroyed by wars and earthquakes, its ruins are perhaps the most beautiful in existence. Among its maze of monuments and shrines are three of surpassing beauty and importance: the Temple of Venus, the Temple of Jupiter, and the Great Temple of the Sun God, Ba'al. All of them date from the second century after the Crucifixion, though the platform of the so-called Acropolis, on which the two last-named temples stand, is considerably older. This great building must have borne a striking resemblance to the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, for it was originally surrounded by fifty-four columns, twenty-two feet in circum-

ference and seventy-two feet in height, the half-dozen which are still standing serving to give an idea of the temple's majestic beauty and cyclopean dimensions. Close by stand the remains of the Temple of Jupiter, which, though smaller than the Temple of the Sun, was nevertheless larger than the Parthenon at Athens. It has been described as "at once the most perfect and the most magnificent monument of ancient art in Syria," and, for the lovers of the beautiful, it is well worth going half across the world to see.

The quarries from which the material for the temples at Ba'albek was obtained are in the outskirts of the native village. Interesting though they are, it is not a place in which to linger, particularly on a hot day, for the Arabs use the numerous small caverns in the vicinity as burial places for their dead. Here one may see huge blocks of stone, sixty feet long by thirteen thick, which have lain there, just as they were cut, since that bloody day, twelve centuries ago, when the Arabs stormed the city, destroyed its splendid monu-

ments, and butchered its priests on their own altars. But the Arabs must have been slipshod in their work of devastation, for, in the first year of the fifteenth century, Ba'albek was more scientifically pillaged by the Tartars under Timur the Lame, the destruction being made complete by an earthquake in 1759. The crowning desecration occurred, however, in 1899, when the Kaiser, during his spectacular progress through the Bible lands, affixed to the wall of the Great Temple an ornate marble tablet, lettered in German script and looking like an enormous Christmas card, to inform future visitors that Ba'albek had been honored by the presence of the All Highest!

In General Gouraud, the French High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Syria, I found an old acquaintance, for during the Great War I had been his guest at headquarters, when he was commanding the French forces in the Champagne. He has the beard of a *poilu* and the eyes of a poet. With his empty right sleeve pinned across his chest—for he lost his arm at

Gallipoli; his splendid, soldierly bearing; and the breast of his white uniform ablaze with stars and crosses, he is one of the most picturesque figures in all the armies of France. For his official residence he had taken a building in the Moorish style, originally erected as a casino for gambling, which stands in the edge of a plantation of pines in the outskirts of Beirut. Doubtless because he wished to hear the details of our desert journey, General Gouraud gave a dinner at the Residency in our honor. I have been a guest at many official dinners, in many countries, but I can recall none with so picturesque and colorful a setting. The large, high-ceilinged rooms of the Residency, the windows of colored glass, the beautifully carved *mush-rabieh* woodwork, the rare Turkish carpets, the profusion of brassware from Damascus, and the silent-footed native servants in their gold-embroidered jackets, voluminous trousers, and red tarbooshes, made me feel that I was looking at a setting on a stage and that shortly the curtain would descend and to it all put an end.

At the long table sat the courtly



ALEPPO AND THE CITADEL

American Consul-General, Mr. Knabenshue, and his wife; the Vice High Commissioner, Vicomte de Caix, whose mother was an American and who speaks the English of Fifth Avenue; a famous French artist, who had come out to Syria at the invitation of the government to paint pictures of the latest addition to France's colonial empire; staff officers in beautiful sky-blue uniforms, women whose white shoulders gleamed with many jewels, and men whose black coats blazed with many decorations. Toward the close of the dinner the general rose in his place and toasted the United States, and Consul-General Knabenshue responded by toasting France, and then we all strolled out on the terrace for cigarettes and coffee. From behind a clump of palms came the seductive strains of a native orchestra; the soft night air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers; in the distance the snow-capped Anti-Lebanon range rose skyward like a mighty wall. And, in curious contrast to the luxury and gaiety of it all, a crescent moon shone down on the machine guns posted at the gate and on the bayonets of the Senegalese sentries.

Even her most enthusiastic champions can hardly claim that France's administration of the Syrian mandate has been an unqualified success. Even the most casual visitor cannot remain in Syria for a week without realizing that the natives are dissatisfied with French

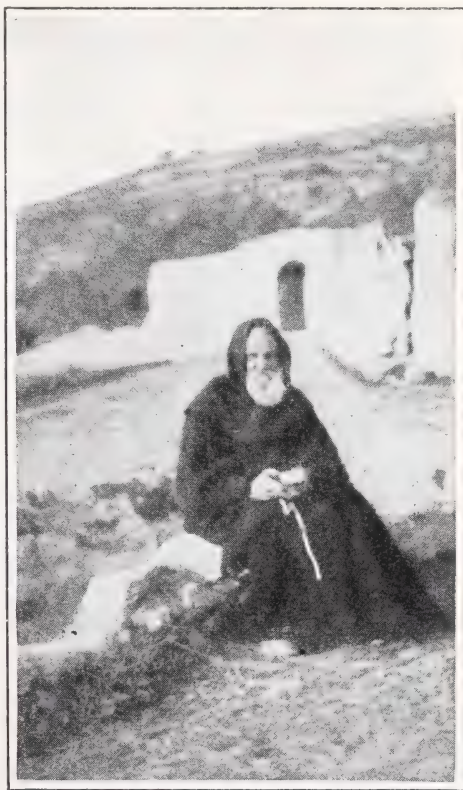
methods of government and are eager to see an end to French rule. Whereas the Syrians confidently expected that, as a result of the Allied victory, they would be given their independence, they found, to their astonishment and disappointment, that they had merely exchanged masters, that the seat of government had been transferred from Constantinople to Paris.

Now, though French rule is, in the

main, just, it is far firmer than was ever that of the Turks, who, when all is said and done, always gave the Syrians a considerable measure of independence. In considering the Syrian question it should be borne in mind that France did not want to govern Syria under a mandate. The mandate was President Wilson's idea, and France agreed to it only because she had no choice. What she *wanted* to do was to annex the country outright, just as Great Britain *wanted* to annex Mesopotamia and its oil wells. Nor was the mandate welcomed by the Syrians themselves.

What they wanted

was absolute independence, bitterly resenting their classification by the Powers as "a backward people." But, if a mandate was unavoidable, then they wanted it confided neither to England nor France, but to the United States. So the French found, to their chagrin, that, instead of being welcomed by the Syrians as liberators and benefactors, they were regarded as intruders who were not welcomed at all.

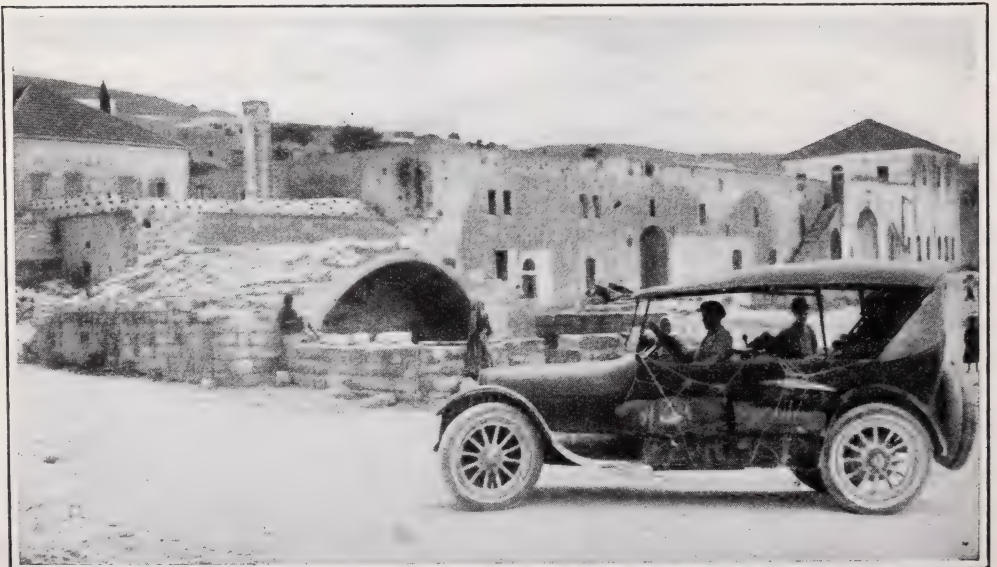


THE CUSTODIAN OF THE TOMB OF THE VIRGIN, NEAR JERUSALEM

France made her cardinal mistake in Syria when she filled many of the civil posts in the new government with French officials brought from the colonies in Africa. Though these were honest and competent men, they had learned their trade in the Dark Continent, and they proceeded to treat the proud, sensitive, high-spirited Syrians as they had been accustomed to treat the negroes of Senegal and the Congo. They used the iron hand where they should have used the velvet glove. Under the countless new laws and numerous irritating regulations introduced by the new regime, the Syrian quickly became sullen and resentful. To make matters worse, the French, in selecting natives to fill certain important posts, made several extremely bad appointments, notably in Damascus, where they appointed as governor and as chief of police Syrians who had been dismissed from the Turkish service for incompetency and corruption.

The visit to Damascus, in the spring of 1922, of Mr. Charles R. Crane, who had been there three years before as a member of the Commission on Mandates, when he had strongly urged the

American government to accept the mandate for Syria, provided the discontented Damascenes with a pretext for a demonstration against the unpopular governor and the chief of police. This demonstration was interpreted by the French as a threat against themselves and was suppressed by the military authorities with quite unnecessary harshness. The leaders of the demonstration, all men of high standing, were arrested, and tried by a French military tribunal, eight of them being sentenced to long terms of penal servitude. Dr. Abdulrahman Shabander, a graduate of the American College at Beirut and one of the leading physicians in Syria, and M. A. Afifi, an Egyptian, were sentenced to twenty years each at hard labor; the others were given terms ranging from five to fifteen years. The severity of the sentences aroused such widespread indignation that it looked for a time as though the Syrians would rise in revolt, but, fortunately for everyone concerned, wiser counsels prevailed. But an irreparable blunder had been committed, and from the Hauran to Aleppo the French found that their well-meant efforts met with suspicion.



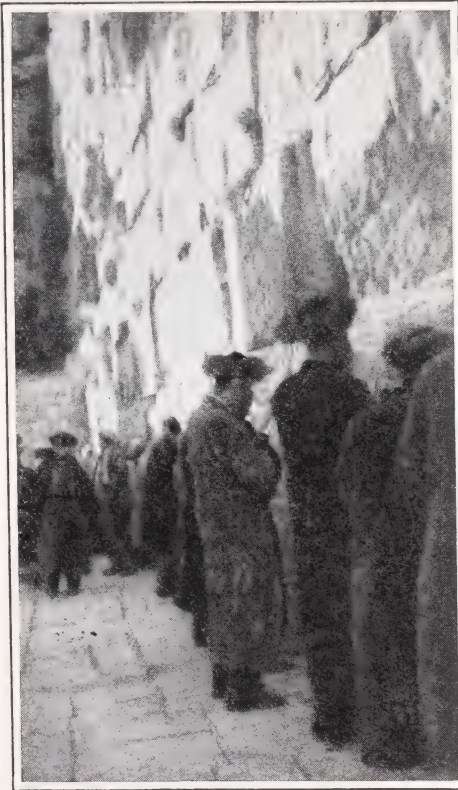
NAZARETH—THE WELL OF THE VIRGIN AND THE CAR IN WHICH WE MOTORED DOWN TO THE PROMISED LAND

But the French, who have, after all, a real genius for governing Oriental races, quickly recognized their mistake and profited by it, having during the past few months, instituted many reforms, including the virtual substitution of a civil for the military government. Yet, when all is said and done, the mandatory form of government has not proved successful in Syria. The French have discovered, just as the British have discovered in Palestine and Mesopotamia, that the day has gone by when any people will be content to let any other people play the part of an earthly providence to them. It was a British statesman—Campbell-Bannerman, if I remember rightly—who summed it up when he said that most peoples prefer to be self-governed rather than well-governed.

In ante-bellum days there were two ways by which you could travel from Syria to Palestine. If you were not pressed for time, and were content to endure the discomforts of execrable roads, you could drive by carriage from Beirut to Jerusalem, the journey occupying about a week. Or you could travel from Beirut to Jaffa by steamer and thence to Jerusalem by a tinpot Turkish railway. The difficulty with this latter route was that, particularly during the winter months, when rough weather generally prevails in the Eastern Mediterranean, it was frequently impossible for the steamers to land their

passengers at Jaffa and they were carried on, perforce, to Port Said. It was a very common thing, indeed, for those who wished to go to Egypt, and who knew the ropes, to purchase their tickets only as far as Jaffa, on the theory that, if a heavy sea was running, they could not be disembarked at Jaffa and would be taken on to an Egyptian port for nothing. But to-day, as a result of the excellent roads which have been con-

structed by the French in Syria and by the British in Palestine, all that is changed, and you can travel from Beirut to Jerusalem by motor car quite comfortably in a single day. Not that I should advise anyone devoting so brief a time to so fascinating a journey, like those American tourists who boast of having "done" the Louvre in an hour. We employed for the trip a young New Zealander, a former aviator, who between Beirut and Jerusalem has established a regular bus service with half-a-dozen American-made steam cars. (All aboard for Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Mount



THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS

Carmel, Cæsarea, Nablus, Nazareth, Jerusalem, and other points in Phœnicia, Samaria, Galilee, and the Promised Land!) South of Sidon—a mud-walled village surrounded by acres and acres of olives, oranges and mulberries—the road passes through a sort of defile formed by two ranges of hills.

"I was nearly killed right here a few trips back," our driver remarked nonchalantly, as we entered the defile. "Some Arabs ambushed me and put

seventeen bullets in the car and two or three through my hat. But there isn't much danger now," he added reassuringly as I drew my automatic around where I could get at it more readily. "Sometimes I make three or four trips running without anything happening. If things keep on as they're going, life here will be so tame pretty soon that it won't be interesting."

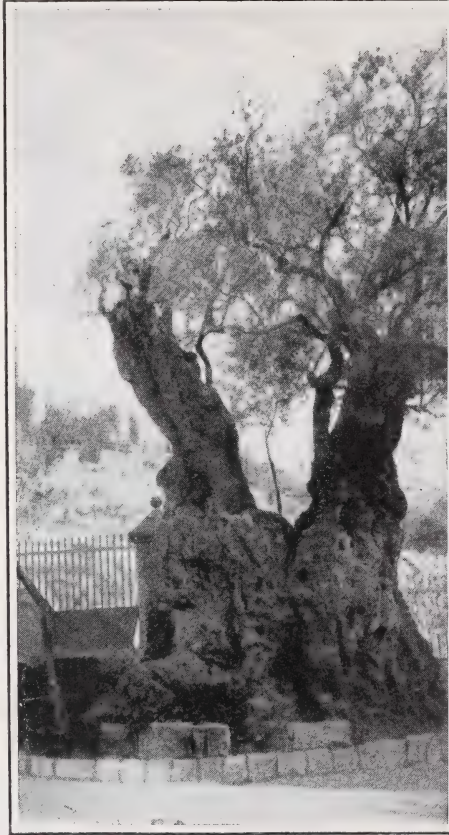
As a matter of fact, the only hint of excitement came as we were laboring up the series of steep zig-zags, cut in the face of a cliff, which rises sheer from the sea, known as the Ladder of Tyre. As we halted at the summit to cool the engine there suddenly rose from the ultramarine depths a hundred yards below a round, black, whiskered head of incredible ugliness, set on a sleek, black, tapering body, fully a dozen feet in length, resembling that of an enormous seal. I hazarded the guess that it was a sea lion, though I had never heard of one in Levantine waters; Hutchings opined that it was a manatee; while Ladew, who probably came the nearest to being right, insisted that it was a dugong, that curious aquatic mammal which gave rise to the mermaid myth, that had wandered northward, through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, from its habitat on the beaches of Socotra. In any event, it was a peculiarly fitting spot in which to come upon this monster of the deep, for we

were on the coast of Phoenicia, where so much of our mythology began.

A few miles south of Tyre, at the summit of a steep hill which commanded a superb view of the sea, our driver stopped the car abruptly in response to a peremptory challenge from a soldier in an unfamiliar uniform. It was the southern boundary of Syria; we

were entering Palestine. No one can enter this land without deep emotion, but I must confess that our emotions received a rude shock when we were curtly ordered to leave the car and enter a small whitewashed barrack beside the road, where a sullen looking young Jew in British khaki cross-examined us for half an hour in German! At length, after questioning us minutely as to our antecedents and the object of our visit, and warning us that, under penalty of a fine, we must report ourselves to the health authorities immediately upon our arrival in Jerusalem, he permitted us to proceed. But the romance, the eager anticipation, was gone.

Shortly after crossing the frontier the excellent road which we had been following ran out in deep white sand, which the ingenious British engineers had made passable for cars, however, by covering it with tightly stretched wire netting, like that used around a chicken yard. But eventually we debouched upon the broad white margin of the U-shaped bay which separates Acre, famous as the



THE ANCIENT OLIVE TREE IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

Beneath which Jesus is believed to have sat

base of the Crusaders, from Haifa, the bustling modern port which is the rail-head of a line connecting, beyond Jordan, with the Hedjaz Railway. Our driver stopped at a sort of general merchandise store to replenish his store of gasoline, and, as the shelves were lined with bottles of a well-known English gin (at eighty-five cents a bottle!) we utilized the delay by mixing a couple of quarts of cocktails. No shaker being available, we used a large tin bucket.

Dusk was at hand when we left Haifa and darkness had fallen long before we drew up before the Casa Nova hospice in Nazareth, where we were to spend the night. The principal "sights" of Nazareth are Joseph's carpenter shop, or what is alleged to be his shop, a small subterranean chamber or grotto to which access is gained through the crypt of the church that has been erected on the supposed site; and the Well of the Virgin, a stone-arched fountain, such as may be found in every Eastern town. The Well of the Virgin is one of the few spots of Scriptural interest in the Holy Land which is unquestionably authentic, for it is the only place in that part of the town where drinking water is procurable. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the mother of Christ went there to fill her earthen jar nineteen hundred years ago, just as the chattering damsels of Nazereth do to-day.

Leaving Nazareth late the following morning, we took the long, straight road which, dipping down from the Galilean hills, runs like a chalk mark across the great green plain of Esdraelon. At our left was Mount Tabor; at our right the rugged outline of Mount Carmel rose against the western sky. At Jenin, which is now a great British camp, we lunched at the mess of the Army Transport Corps, whose officers drew lavishly on their meager store of bottled beer and tinned goods for our entertainment. After lunch we took the road to Jerusalem, a winding road with an excellent surface but many hairpin turns, which led us through the

Bible hills. Most of them were stony—the stony places made so familiar by the Parable of the Sower; some were ablaze with scarlet anemones and clumps of cyclamen grew under the overhanging rocks. It was rather cold, like a brisk spring day at home, and there was fog in the high hills, but down in the valleys we could see orange groves bright with fruit and miles and miles of almond blossoms. At frequent intervals we passed trim-looking troopers of the newly formed Palestine Gendarmerie in khaki uniforms, their slouch hats fastened up rakishly in front, Australian fashion. This force is composed, in the main, of former Black and Tans, who were brought out to Palestine when their usefulness was ended in Ireland. Arab peasants, astride of diminutive donkeys, sometimes leading behind them strings of heavily laden camels; sun-bronzed nomads from the country beyond the Jordan; ramshackle Fords packed with strange-looking Jews, all the males, old and young, with hanging side-locks; British Tommies in shorts and quilted helmets, went by in endless panorama as we sped toward the Holy City.

We were in the outskirts of Jerusalem before we realized it. We turned a corner in the road, and there before us rose the city, set upon a hill. In its narrow, noisome alleys, its tortuous lanes, its dim bazaars, its four-square houses with their brown mud walls, rising on the hillside, one above another, like chairs in an amphitheater, it resembles many another Oriental city. But above the flat-roofed dwellings rise scores of imposing buildings in brick and stone, churches, convents, monasteries, hospices, mosques, and synagogues, representing the religious devotion of Protestant and Catholic, Latin and Greek, Copt and Armenian, Moslem and Jew. For it must be remembered that Jerusalem is the Holy City of the Hebrews and of the Mohammedans no less than of the Christians, for here Solomon reared the Temple and on its site stands the great

Mosque of Omar, the third holiest place in the Moslem world.

There is probably but slight resemblance between the modern city and the Jerusalem known to Christ, for every spot having any conceivable connection, real or fancied, with the Saviour, has had built upon it a church or a shrine or a monastery, so that it requires a very vivid imagination to picture the place as it must have looked at the time of the Crucifixion. Moreover, none of the authorities agree on the site of the Crucifixion or of the Holy Sepulchre, even Baedeker enumerating no less than four sites for the latter. The first thought of all who go to Jerusalem, of course, is to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the holy of holies of the Christian world. The church, which is built, according to tradition, on Calvary, one of its chapels marking the site of the cross and another that of the rock tomb where the body of Jesus was laid, stands in the very heart of the bazaars, the streets, or rather alleys, which lead to it being too narrow to admit of vehicles, so that all who approach the shrine must do so on foot. The façade is by no means imposing, but the vast, dim interior, with its hundreds of hanging lamps, its marble floors and columns, its jeweled shrines and golden altars, and its many styles of architecture, is most impressive. Nor could it be otherwise, for it is the center, the power-house, of the Christian world. The church is controlled jointly by the Greeks, the Latins, and the Armenians, who hold services simultaneously every morning and afternoon, each of them, with true religious fanaticism, despising and loathing the others. Though the priests and pilgrims who throng the church are there for the purpose of worshipping Him who said "Love One Another," the authorities have found it necessary to station Mohammedan gendarmes throughout the building in order to prevent the representatives of the various Christian sects from fighting each other!

The Sepulchre itself is situated in the center of the great edifice, covered by a very ornate chapel with an entrance so low that one has to stoop to enter it. Within, in a tiny chamber apparently cut from the solid rock, is a marble slab perhaps six feet long by four wide, worn smooth and shiny by the kisses of generations of pilgrims. This slab, according to tradition, covers the shelf in the rock on which the body of the Saviour was laid after the descent from the cross. Though there is grave doubt in the minds of most investigators as to the authenticity of the site; though the decorations of the shrine are oppressively ornate and even tawdry; though there prevails an atmosphere of fanaticism, intolerance, and factional jealousy, no one can stand in this low-roofed, dimly lit chamber without experiencing deep emotion. Of the four of us, Sherin was the only Roman Catholic, and the only one, perhaps, who was deeply religious, but that did not prevent us from buying candles from the old Greek priest who is the guardian of the shrine and burning them in memory of Him who was the founder of our faith.

Winding in and out through the teeming, tangled labyrinth of the lower town, goes the Via Dolorosa, the modern counterpart of the steep and narrow path which led from Pilate's palace to the summit of Calvary. Along it, marked to-day by shrines and chapels, are the various "Stations of the Cross"—the spot where He was scourged, where He was shown to the populace, where He fell, and where Peter lifted the cross from His shoulders. The last station is marked by a monastery of Abyssinian monks—bearded black men in sandals and snowy robes—who dwell in a cluster of little whitewashed huts on the flat roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Perhaps the most curious sight, in a city so full of sights that it bewilders the imagination, is the Wailing Place of the Jews. It is a long, narrow, cobble-paved alley at the foot of the wall of

cyclopean granite blocks which was the foundation of Solomon's Temple. Here on Saturdays, the more devout of the Jews repair to pray and to bewail the departed glories of Zion. The men wear long velvet gowns of the most gorgeous colors—orange, peacock blue, emerald green, crimson descending to their heels and round caps trimmed with a band of brown fur resembling sable. They all had beards, certain of the younger men bearing a rather striking resemblance to pictures of the Saviour—but they were all rendered rather repulsive by the greasy curls or side-locks which hung down in front of their ears. They lean against the wall for hours, pressing their lips against the rock, whispering into its crevices, reading from the Talmud, chanting, praying, groaning. A curious spectacle and not a pleasing one. To my way of thinking, at least, they would be better Jews and better citizens if, instead of spending their days in bewailing the departed glories of Zion, they would join the thousands of industrious, energetic, patriotic Jews who, under the ægis of Great Britain, are engaged in building for the people of their faith a prosperous and well-governed homeland.

Government House, the seat of the British administration and the official residence of the British High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, is the vast and imposing building formerly known as the Rhine Schloss, which the Kaiser built on the slopes of the great down, three miles from Jerusalem, known to all Christendom as the Mount of Olives. This immense structure, half palace and half hospice, is the showiest of the numerous Teutonic advertisements which the Germans erected all over the Holy Land before the war. As the British government rents it from the Germans, it remains virtually unchanged since pre-war days. Within the vast courtyard may still be seen the great stone statues of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and beside them, a little larger, a little more imposing, a statue of that apostle of German *kultur*,

William Hohenzollern. We dined at Government House one evening as the guests of Sir Wyndham Deedes, who, in the absence of Sir Herbert Samuel, was the acting High Commissioner. At the table I heard spoken about me English, French, Hebrew, Turkish, Greek, and Armenian. And I found myself sitting between the wife of the Mayor of Jerusalem, a beautiful Levantine who had been born in Syria, educated in Constantinople, and spent most of her life in Paris; and a charming Englishwoman who had been born in Ecuador, had married in the South Seas, and had lived in turn in Cyprus, the West Indies, the Malay States, and Palestine. The white shirt-fronts of the men, the white shoulders of the women, the silent-footed servants in their picturesque costumes, the flowers, the music, the lights, the laughter, all combined to form a brilliant and memorable scene. But after dinner, while the coffee and cigarettes were being served in the great drawing-room, I stepped to the window and drew aside the heavy hangings. High in the sky rode a full moon which cast a silver radiance over the wooded slopes of the Mount of Olives. And as I looked it seemed to me that I could discern a solitary, white-clad figure, head on breast, lost on meditation, pacing slowly between the ordered rows of olive trees.

Three days later we set sail from Beirut for Constantinople. As the *Pierre Loti* steamed slowly out of the harbor I leaned against the rail and watched the Syrian coastline drop from view. The stately peaks of the Lebanon grew faint and dim. I realized, with a distinct sense of regret, that our Great Adventure was over. The palaces of Tehran, the Kermanshah bazaars, the Kurdish bands in their high black *kolas*, the sun-scorched orange desert, the low black tents, the files of swaying camels, the Bedouins, the old, old cities—these were only memories now, topics of conversation before an open fire or around a dinner table.

SHALL THE CALORIES BE FORGOTTEN?

BY CASIMIR FUNK AND BENJAMIN HARROW

In our own day the mediæval idea of a static society yields only grudgingly, and the notion of inevitable vital change is as yet far from assimilated. We confess it with our lips, but resist it with our hearts. We have learned as yet to respect but one class of fundamental innovators, those dedicated to natural science and its applications.—Robinson: *The Mind in the Making*.

AN achievement ranking little behind Newton's law of gravitation was Lavoisier's experimental proof that foods are oxidized in the body in accordance with the well-established laws of combustion. The candle containing the elements carbon and hydrogen is converted to carbon dioxide and water when burned; and the foodstuffs containing carbon and hydrogen are likewise burned in the body to carbon dioxide and water. And just as heat is evolved when the candle burns, so heat is evolved when food is burned in the body.

The analogy of the burning of a candle to the combustion of foods in the body led inevitably to another analogy: that of comparing the body to an engine. Food for the body and coal for the engine: food and coal are transformed into the same end products, heat being evolved. The final touches toward establishing a mechanistic conception of man came with the discovery that the quantitative laws of science held as rigidly for man as for the machine. Definite amounts of food, like definite amounts of coal, always produce the same quantity of heat.

The heat produced in a reaction may be measured by recording the increase in temperature of a known weight of water when heat is imparted to it. If the amount of heat imparted to one

kilogram of water (roughly two and one-fifth pounds) is sufficient to raise the temperature one degree (centigrade), then we say that we have the equivalent of one *calorie* of heat. The calorie is our unit for measuring heat just as the foot and the pound are our units for measuring length and weight respectively.

One of several ways of measuring the calorific needs of the body is to measure the amount of heat evolved by the individual. The subject is kept in a specially arranged chamber known as a calorimeter, and the amount of heat he liberates in the course of twenty-four hours is measured in calories. These calories represent energy expended, and they at once afford an indication as to the fuel needs of the body. If, for example, the amount of heat liberated by the man under investigation is equivalent to 2,700 calories in the course of twenty-four hours, then it stands to reason that he must be provided with enough food which, when burned in the body, will yield this number of calories. Since it is as easy to determine the calorific value of foods as it is to determine the calorific needs of the body, we have the data embracing income and expenditure.

Since the days of Lavoisier's masterly investigations—the same Lavoisier who lost his life during the French Revolution—nutritional investigators in many lands have busied themselves with determinations of the calorific value of various foods—cereals, meat, poultry, eggs, fish, dairy products, fruit, vegetables, etc.—and of the calorific needs of diverse individuals, classified according to age, sex, occupation, and what not. The average of thousands of determina-

tions in many parts of the world leads to a figure closely approximating 2,700 as the number of calories per day "needed" by man. This is merely another way of saying, that the "average" man "burns" enough food each day to yield 2,700 calories, and therefore the body needs to be replenished by this amount.

During the Great War—and to this day in parts of Russia and Austria, China and India, and among the very poor in every country—it was not always easy for man to procure enough food to yield 2,700 calories. Some wise ones told him to chew his food longer than was his wont; others suggested certain plant products that make up for bulk what they lack in fuel value (clay in your coal, as it were). The results, sometimes encouraging at first, invariably ended in the same way: a lowering of the general resistance of the organism and therefore a greater susceptibility to disease. Biochemists and bacteriologists, working with rats and bacteria, might have prophesied some such result, for even bacteria refuse to thrive when undernourished!

Holt, the children's specialist, finds from his experience that a child one year old needs 100 calories for every kilogram of body weight (the kilogram being two and one-fifth pounds), that the needs slowly decrease to 80 calories until the tenth year is reached, and that after the growth cycle is completed, 44 calories per kilogram suffice. During growth there is active substitution and addition of tissue; after the growth cycle has been reached there is substitution only.

A beautiful illustration of the value of calorimetric studies not only in health but in disease may be found in cases of thyroid or "goiter" disturbance. The thyroid is a gland situated in the neck, near the larynx (organ of voice) and the windpipe. When overactive (hyperthyroidism), it causes the human engine to run at an accelerated rate, so that, for any given time, the amount of heat produced by the body is much above

normal—sometimes as high as 75 per cent above normal. On the other hand, where there is hypo-thyroidism, with a consequent decrease in activity, the rate at which changes in the body take place is retarded, and the heat production falls below the normal level. These "basal metabolic" studies, as they are called, have been of the utmost importance in diagnosing "goiter" diseases; and what is still more important, once the diagnosis has been made and a method of treatment adopted, its progress can be followed by periodically carrying out such metabolic experiments. If the patient suffers from hyperthyroidism, a successful treatment will gradually show a lowering of the metabolic rate.

For many years it seemed as if only the details were wanting to complete the structure erected for the science of nutrition. It seemed as if the science would take its place with physics and chemistry in the group of physical sciences, leaving behind some of the more purely biological divisions of physiology, or rather, those divisions that were "biological" only because master minds were wanting to find the appropriate physico-chemical laws for them. Of course, even the earliest investigators were not so blind to the experiences of man on this planet as to suppose that merely supplying the daily calorific needs solved the problem completely. If the average of man's requirements is taken at 2,700 calories per day, and if the calorific yield of one pound of tomatoes is taken at 100, it would hardly do for the nutritional expert to advise the consumption of 27 pounds of tomatoes a day so as to fulfil calorific needs. Man's diet, we say, must be *varied*. This is a departure from the conception of man as a machine. Give the engine enough coal and that is all it needs. Its diet need not be varied; it need not consist, for example, of a mixture of paper and coke and coal and wood and oil. Not so with man's diet. His calories must be appor-

tioned between fats, proteins, and carbohydrates.

The conception of man as a machine received another setback in the following discovery: that not only does man need a definite number of calories, not only is it necessary to divide these calories into definite quantities of fats, proteins, and carbohydrates (as, for example, butter, meat, and sugar), but the diet has to include an appropriate amount of mineral salts, or, as they are commonly called, "ash." This was in many ways a revolutionary discovery. The ash in coal is so much waste material; it does not burn and therefore is of no heat value. The market value of coal is inversely proportional to its ash content; the larger the percentage of ash, the less the price. Not so with food, the fuel of the body. Its mineral salts are invaluable for the growth and repair of tissue and for the normal concentration of body fluids; yet they are not oxidized in the body and yield no heat whatever.

The peculiar function of these mineral salts, like the function of other substances about which we shall have something to say presently, began to be gleaned only when the careful quantitative analyses of the chemist found an application in nutritional studies. There is every reason to believe that the aborigines dating back to the remotest period in the world's history needed mineral salts—and even vitamins—in their diet. Fortunately for the preservation of the race, nature's foods are rarely pure compounds, but mixtures of chemical substances, containing smaller quantities of various impurities. Much of the chemist's work in the laboratory consists in devising methods for getting rid of impurities; but the impurities in foods, of which mineral salts and vitamins form a part, are as essential to life as are the fats, proteins, and carbohydrates. Foods, then, are not necessarily fuels of the body.

The next advance that led to a further modification of the calorific conception

of foods had its origin in the work of the organic chemist. Led by Emil Fisher, the presiding genius at the University of Berlin, an exhaustive study of the chemistry of the three main classes of foodstuffs was undertaken. The results obtained with the most complex of chemical substances, the proteins, are of particular significance here, since they paved the way for more modern conceptions.

Proteins, it has been shown, are chemical structures the bricks of which are called "amino-acids." The latter are relatively simple chemical compounds. When the bricklayer in the shape of the synthetic chemist links a sufficient number of these amino-acids in a particular way, a substance is obtained that is in many ways indistinguishable from the proteins found in nature. Decomposition of a protein yields amino-acids; the coupling up of the latter gives us a protein again. The differences between proteins are due to differences in the number, types, and amounts of amino-acids they contain. There seems good reason for believing that not many more than sixteen different amino-acids go to the making up of the various proteins found in nature.

What the chemist does with a great deal of difficulty in the laboratory, is done with the utmost ease within the body. Proteins in the form of meat and milk and eggs and cheese are split in the stomach and intestines into amino-acids; these are absorbed, many of them are carried by the blood to the various cells of the body, where they are re-synthesized into tissue proteins, and some are discarded and finally eliminated. The discarded amino-acids are those not needed for the synthesis of tissue protein.

From what has just been said, it may be seen that certain amino-acids are of greater importance for the formation of tissue protein than are others. It follows, therefore, that some proteins in food will be of greater importance to the body than others, because the amino-acids yielded by the former are more

easily available for the formation of tissue protein than are the amino-acids yielded by the latter. And this leads us to the inevitable viewpoint that merely prescribing so much protein per day is of little value, for we must be certain that the protein is valuable from the *biological* standpoint,—that it includes certain essential amino-acids.

Let us illustrate with an example. As far back as the French Revolution, scientists of the French Academy conceived the idea that the poor people could get all the protein they needed by eating gelatin in place of meat. Gelatin is a typical protein; it can be easily extracted from bones and is much cheaper than meat protein. The scientists of the French Academy were well aware that protein was a necessary constituent of the diet, and they even had some decided opinions as to how much protein was to be included in the diet; but they were not aware that any one protein was, from the biological standpoint, more important than any other. On the strength of the Academy's recommendation, the gelatin diet was introduced into a number of hospitals. The results were disastrous. The sick people became sicker and some even died. Like the politician who is the hero today and becomes the traitor to-morrow, poor gelatin was thrust from its lofty pedestal back into the refuse from which it had been rescued.

Only years later, when the amino-acids of proteins were studied, did the deficiencies of gelatin become apparent. Then it was discovered that gelatin is deficient in two amino-acids, known as tyrosine and tryptophane. That the absence of these two amino-acids makes gelatin a "deficient" protein was proved by experiments on dogs, where it was shown that whereas gelatin as the sole source of protein in the diet gave rise to loss of weight and general decline, gelatin *plus* tyrosine *plus* tryptophane enabled dogs to retain their weight and to remain in normal health.

The entire question of amino-acids in

proteins and their importance in nutrition has been thoroughly studied by two American investigators, Professor Mendel of Yale and Doctor Osborne of the Connecticut Experimental Station. One or two of their more significant results will be referred to.

They have shown, for example, in experiments on rats, that casein, the chief protein in milk, serves excellently as the sole source of protein. Since casein contains little if any of the amino-acid glycocoll, we reason that the latter does not belong to the group of essential amino-acids. When, however, the protein gliadin (derived from wheat) is substituted for casein, the rats decline. Gliadin is deficient in the amino-acid lysine; we therefore assume that lysine is essential—an assumption that gains strength when the animal is fed with a mixture of gliadin and lysine, for then the animal gains weight and behaves just as any normal animal might be expected to behave. In a similar way Doctors Osborne and Mendel have shown that zein, a protein derived from maize, is a deficient protein. Zein lacks the amino-acids lysine and tryptophane. When these are added to the diet the animals develop normally.

These experiments, and others that could be cited, indicate that no matter how many calories a diet yields, no matter how well the diet is distributed among the foodstuffs, no matter how much protein is given, if the protein part of the diet is deficient in certain amino-acids, life becomes impossible.

But we have yet to point out that a diet may include carbohydrate, fat, and mineral salts, and a protein rich in essential amino-acids, and still be insufficient to support life, even though the calorific value of the food is in excess of what is normally needed. Here again an increase in our knowledge was the result of the application to the problems of nutrition of more refined chemical methods. If the fat, carbohydrate, protein, and mineral salts in milk, "the perfect food," are isolated and carefully

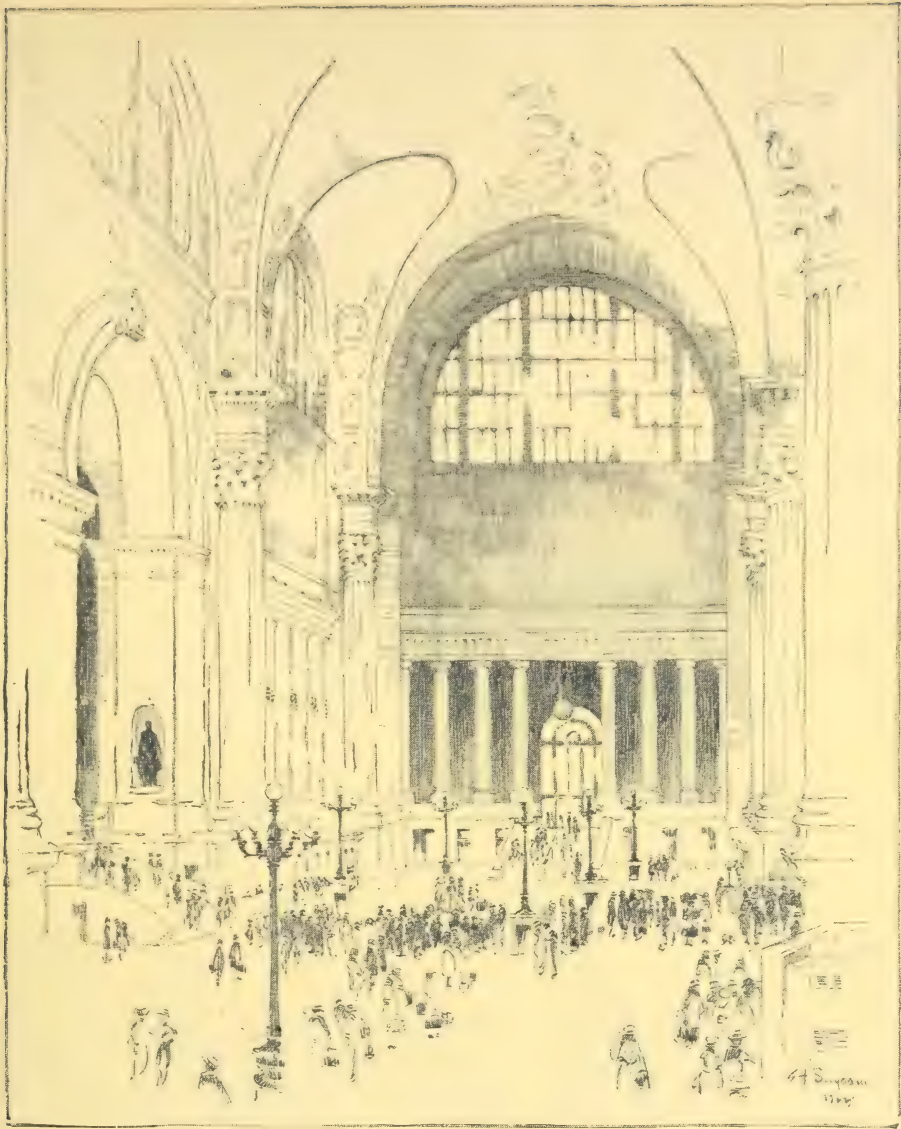
purified, and these products offered in appropriate proportions to young rats, they lose weight and show obvious symptoms of malnutrition. If to this diet as little as one-thirtieth of a pint of milk (per rat per day) is added, the rats quickly recover. Evidently, then, there is a minute quantity of some substance in milk, which does not belong to any one of the recognized classes of food-stuffs, and which is absolutely essential to the health of the animals. This substance—and others of a similar nature—has been given the name “vitamine” by one of us.

Unscrupulous persons have exploited the subject of vitamins so unmercifully, that one of the most brilliant discoveries in the history of nutrition threatens to become, in the estimation of the layman at least, a South Sea bubble. Voxom's Vitamines for Virility are making the acquaintance of Bloxom's Beans for Babies and Poxom's Pills for Pale People. It is not the fault of the scientist if some of his finest inventions and discoveries are distorted. He discovers several hitherto unknown constituents of foods that are shown to be of importance in contributing to the health and vigor of the human race—of “all things that have life,” for that matter. Thereupon the exploiter craftily translates the discovery into his own profitable language, which reads that foods are devoid of these essential constituents, and that the only way of turning a sick man into a healthy one, or of a healthy person into a still healthier specimen, is by eating Voxom's Vitamines for Virility.

Neither vitamins nor mineral salts are “burned” in the body. Nor is it possible to show, in terms of calories, why the amino-acid lysine is more important in nutrition than the amino-acid glycocoll. Considerations other than heat units enter into the problem of nutrition. This has suggested to some the desirability of replacing the calorie

with a unit that is more truly representative of the factors that enter into the composition of a normal diet. Pirquet, a well-known pediatricist in Vienna, has adopted as his standard one cubic centimeter (approximately one-thousandth of a quart) of milk, a product which approaches as nearly as we know the ideal food containing all essential constituents. Pirquet's unit, the “nem”—derived from the initial letters in “nutrition,” “element,” and “milk”—has been adopted by the Austrian authorities in Vienna and also by the Hoover commission stationed there. Around his unit Pirquet has built a system of nutrition which has been applied with marked success in the course of feeding the three hundred thousand undernourished children in the Austrian capital. By the use of relatively simple mathematical equations which he has suggested, we can determine to what extent the child is undernourished and the number of “nems” needed for its normal nourishment. Pirquet assumes that the protein should form ten per cent of the total diet, that the fat and carbohydrate are interchangeable (in that you can employ a high carbohydrate and low fat diet, or *vice versa*), and that it is important to include foods containing vitamins.

If we have stressed the desirability of widening our nutritional horizon beyond the limits of the calorie, it is not because we believe that the calorie is “dead and buried.” Far from it. We have merely wished to point out its limitations,—to show that food in terms of calories gives us but part of the information we need. The calorie is a “machine” unit, whereas man is more than a machine. On the other hand, if the total calorific intake is below the requirements of the individual, his health will suffer even though the food includes the necessary proteins, mineral salts, and vitamins.



THE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL—NEW YORK CITY

Going South
Sketches by E.H. Suydam



THE CAPITOL SEEN FROM THE BOTANICAL GARDENS—WASHINGTON, D. C.

The New Grant Memorial, recently dedicated, stands in the foreground



SAINT AUGUSTINE—FLORIDA

The Plaza de la Constitución, with the Old Spanish Church in background



PALM BEACH—FLORIDA

The boat landing of the Royal Poinciana



MIAMI BEACH—FLORIDA

A sunny playground for northern visitors



THE LIGHTHOUSE—KEY WEST, FLORIDA
The last American Stepping-Stone to Cuba



THE PLAZA DE LA CATEDRAL—HAVANA, CUBA
In color and movement the scene is romantic as an opera setting



THE PARQUE CENTRAL—HAVANA, CUBA

The Marti Monument, Teatro Nacional, and the Hotel Inglaterra in the background

DAMAGED SOULS. III: THOMAS PAINE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

OH, what fun it is to be a rebel: to shatter, scatter, tear down, and destroy, and let others worry about building up again; or, if you like, to frame cloud fancies of possible utopias and then brand the dull things of earth who will not let you make such fancies real!

The first half of the eighteenth century was an age of convention, in both good and bad senses, convention in politics, in manners, in thought, in art, in morals. There is nothing like convention to breed rebels, and the last half of the eighteenth century, with the first years of the nineteenth, is a fruitful time for studying the type. The rebel hates control, restraint, limit; demands and delights in the free, abundant exercise of his own will, his own ardent sense of initiative and personality. He likes to assert himself, to make others feel that there is something there to assert: it affords him a concrete assurance of the fact, which is comforting; and it appears that we get the strongest evidence of our own stability and reality when we destroy something else. The rebel has a splendid, joyous confidence in his own convictions, believes that his bright, glittering reason was given him to hew and cut and thrust through all that seems to him sham, pretence, and old, worm-eaten, time-consecrated falsity. He pursues his triumphant, disastrous way, untroubled by the criticism and abuse of spite and malice, indeed rather stimulated by them; and his royal self-assurance is rarely disturbed by the subtle intrusion of skeptical humor: if he has humor, it turns him from a rebel into something else. Finally, the rebel, at his best, is saved by a passionate enthusiasm for humanity. He wants to

make the world over. Of course the way to do this is to begin by turning it upside down. The great ideal rebels are Prometheus and Satan, though perhaps the human enthusiasm was a little more evident in the former.

Thomas Paine was essentially a rebel. As Mr. Sedgwick puts it, "Wherever revolution was, there was Paine also," and Mr. Sedgwick also quotes Paine's noble reply to Franklin, who said, "Where liberty is, there is my country," "Where liberty is not, there is mine." It is true that Paine had not the dignity of Prometheus, or the picturesqueness of Satan: he was just a commonplace rebel, entirely practical, a trifle sordid, and altogether English.

Paine was born at Thetford, England, in 1737. He was of Quaker parentage, of rather humble station, but slightly educated. Up to middle life his existence was humdrum and insignificant: two wives lost, by death and separation, little means, little comfort, and no glory. In 1774 he came to America, at the prompting of Franklin, and made his pen a vigorous agent in the American Revolution. He returned to England, wrote *The Rights of Man* and stirred up this world, went to France, mingled in the French Revolution, as a member of the Convention, was shut up in prison by fiercer rebels than himself, and there wrote *The Age of Reason* and stirred up the other world. Monroe got him out of his difficulties, he was reinstated in the Convention, but achieved little further in France. In 1802 he returned to America, found himself, to his surprise and disgust, at odds with American respectability, and died in 1809, practically unfriended and forlorn, though by no means forgotten.

Paine's enthusiasm, when he first arrived in America, after being drenched for nearly forty years in English obscurity and penury, reminds one of Matthew Arnold's remark: "When the dissenter lands in America, he thinks he is in heaven." The man's delight, his ecstasy, over this new-found paradise are really touching. The natural surroundings are inexhaustible in richness, incomparable in beauty. The people are comfortable, contented, happy, untrammelled by old traditions, unvexed by old exactions. They have shaken off the past, they look forward, and when they look forward, every prospect pleases with the promise of a world which may be shaped and molded to all the dream perfections that any rebel ever imagined.

Though he had made only one or two unimportant attempts at writing in England, the charm of this outlook and his gratitude for being offered a share in it made Paine an author; and his pamphlet, *Common Sense*, printed early in 1776 and followed at intervals by the various numbers of *The American Crisis*, stirred and spurred his new fellow-countrymen far more actively on the road to freedom than any other words produced by tongue or pen, unless the Declaration of Independence. Neither these writings nor anything in Paine's later life indicate a gift for practical statesmanship or concrete administration; but his words burn everywhere with a large and splendid ardor for democratic ideals, for liberty, equality, and opportunity for everyone, and he was especially happy in insisting upon just the points that were important in the critical condition of American affairs. When everyone was hesitating over the audacity of complete separation from Britain, he spoke right out: why palter, why delay? Be free, set up for yourselves, a great destiny is before you, show yourselves worthy of it. He preached nationality, co-ordination, co-operation, that the people should feel that they were a people and should grow strong in that consciousness. He preached

federal union, that petty jealousies and local narrowness should be forgotten, "Our great title is Americans—our inferior one varies with the place." It was Thomas Paine who first used the words that now echo over the whole world, "The United States of America."

For he had a wonderful power of building phrases, of shaping swift, sharp sentences that should pierce dull ears and dead hearts and make them throb and thrill and work and live. He began his first *Crisis* paper, "These are the times that try men's souls," and few words have been oftener or more aptly repeated. He had a surprising, startling vigor of intense, direct utterance that made the most inert feel that he must do something. And of course he sometimes overshot himself, let the fury of his pen betray him into violence and insult. England? He was said to hate England. He did not hate England, but he did hate some English ways of doing things: "It was equally as much from her manners as from her injustice that she lost the colonies," he remarks shrewdly. King George? He was a "Royal Brute," which disposes of him. Tories? "Every Tory is a coward."

But, human nature being what it is, it must be admitted that even these extravagances added to the effect of Paine's pamphlets. And the effect was enormous. *Common Sense* was sold by the hundred thousand. "Every living man in America in 1776, who could read, read *Common Sense*," wrote Theodore Parker. Even the judicious Trevelyan is hurried into superlatives on the subject: "It would be difficult to name any human composition which has had an effect at once so instant, so extended, and so lasting."

The consequence of all this was at first naturally an immense admiration and enthusiasm for Thomas Paine, a general applause that might have turned any man's head. He was given the degree of Master of Arts by the University of Pennsylvania. The sober and judicious Franklin spoke of *Common*

Sense as having "prodigious effects." Washington, whose opinions were always moderate and well-weighed, praised "the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet"; and he was so impressed with the trumpet exhortation of the first *Crisis* that he ordered it generally read to his dispirited army. When Paine returned to England, he was almost equally admired there in the more liberal circles. He dined with dukes and visited them. He was lauded and, what was perhaps even more complimentary, he was feared. When he crossed to France, then in the earlier agonies of the Revolution, he was welcomed as a divine messenger. Here was the man who had established liberty in the new world; why could he not do as much in the old? And as a later but overwhelming climax, Napoleon told him "That a statue of gold ought to be erected to him *in every city in the universe*;" he also assured Paine that he always slept with a copy of *The Rights of Man* under his pillow, and conjured him to honor him with his counsel and advice.

This was all rather too smooth sailing for a rebel. But by the time Napoleon was praising, Paine's popularity in America had greatly fallen off. His well meant but indiscreet interference in the financial tangle of Silas Deane first somewhat shook public confidence in him. And as he went on with his later political, and finally with his religious writings, the general attitude changed from extreme enthusiasm to a bitterness, a contempt, a hearty repudiation, which lasted for a century at least, is hardly now forgotten, and would be difficult to surpass in the history of human prejudice. In England he was tried for sedition. In America, bitterest irony of all, he was refused the right to vote as an American citizen. And the fierce invective of Cobbett will serve as an illustration of the abuse which the world long heaped upon one who supposed he had done it service: "There he lies, mana-

cled, besmirched with filth, crawling with vermin, loaded with years and infamy. . . . Like Judas he will be remembered by posterity; men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural, and blasphemous by the single monosyllable, Paine."

When one examines Paine's writings in the light of the changes that have taken place since his time, it is difficult to find anything in his general principles that accounts for all this storm of obloquy. As regards politics, he seems to have urged many of the reforms, generally considered beneficial, which are now so much accepted that we cannot imagine the world without them. It is the hard fate of rebels to be sooner or later looked upon as mere conservatives by those who succeed them in the same line of activity. Even Paine is to some extent liable to this misfortune. He was unwilling to go the later lengths of the French Revolution. He reiterates his firm adherence to the principle of private property. In many of his political ideas he is nobly and broadly constructive; and though there is a great deal of vague talk about "rights," such as always tickled eighteenth-century ears, the rights that are asserted are such as one must sympathize with, whether one considers them wholly practical or not.

Still, though the construction in Paine is obvious and undeniable, the destruction is even more obvious, indulged in with more relish and carried on at all times with all the rebel's intense and unrelenting vigor. Construction is so difficult, involves such painful thought, is at best so pervious to criticism. Destruction is so easy. You have only to flourish your pen, and kings and crowns totter—on paper, at any rate. Let us throw over those old relics, get rid of tyranny, get rid of aristocracy, get rid of government, if you push us. What is government any way, but a device of the devil to override the sacred natural instincts and the lovely primitive kindness of man?

And this dangerous, treacherous pen

does slip so easily into violence and abuse. Paine could frame noble compliment and eulogy; but he could also write bitter, savage, cruel, contemptible sentences, sentences the bitterness of which was sure to damage their author more than anyone else. This tendency to bitterness grew with age, perhaps naturally. There was plenty of such writing in the last years of the eighteenth century, and others may have been much worse than Paine; but Paine was bad enough. The "Letters to American Citizens" are brutal and disgusting. The "Letter to Washington," written after Paine's release from the French prison, from which he thought Washington should have extricated him earlier, is inexcusable, in spite of all efforts to excuse it. "You commenced your Presidential career by encouraging and swallowing the grossest adulation, and you traveled America from one end to the other to put yourself in the way of receiving it"—this sort of thing could not hurt Washington, but it damned Paine.

So much for politics. But not content with drawing down upon himself the odium of abusing Washington, this light-hearted, quick-tongued iconoclast also set himself to abuse God. The task was even easier, but at the same time a good deal more dangerous. Not that he ever quarreled with God directly. On the contrary, he always treated the Deity with a tenderness not exempt from patronage. But for those things—whether of religious or social convention—that in his day were chiefly associated with God he had little respect, and he handled them with a fierce directness which sent icy shivers down all correct and orthodox backs.

Even here he was not wholly destructive. Indeed, in social reforms he was a pioneer in much that scandalized his own age but is realized, or soon to be realized, in ours. Marriage he respected, and he thought wealth would soon be so harmless that it was not worth bothering with. But he anticipated the abolition of slavery, he anticipated the Society for

the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he anticipated old-age pensions, he anticipated the Sheppard-Towner Bill.

And Paine's religion was constructive enough as regards essentials. He affirmed and reaffirmed, with obvious sincerity, his belief in God and his abiding and comforting trust in a future life. In general, the positive side of *The Age of Reason* and Paine's similar writings is normal, cheerful, and hopeful. There are occasional noble touches, like the saying: "Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe"; while no one can question Paine's honest intent to inspire in his fellow man "a spirit of trust, confidence, and consolation in his creator."

Only he was not a profound thinker. He was shrewd, keen, acute, and his very preoccupation with the surface of things often puts him in the position of modern, objective Biblical criticism, without regard to theological subtleties, as Conway justly points out. But the depths of philosophical discussion are utterly beyond him. Above all, he was a rebel: he had no awe, no reverence, and he did like to pull down, cut up, and tear to pieces. When he was eight years old he made up his mind that "any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." When he was nearly sixty, he wrote *The Age of Reason* and knocked the Bible into a cocked hat. The prophets and the disciples, the miracles and the mysteries, the odd adventure of Jonah, and the sweet adventure of Ruth, the Virgin and the Magdalen, the Immaculate Conception and the Resurrection, all alike were game for him. His object may have been to inculcate "a spirit of trust, confidence, and consolation in the creator"; but what sold his book in huge numbers and made millions read it, as thousands read it still, was something very different and much less edifying.

Which does not mean that the man was not by nature a believer. Indeed,

what perpetually astonishes me is the number of things he believed and his happy faculty of doing it. Perhaps it will be found that the rebel is always a believer, whereas the true conservative is the skeptic who is afraid to lift his foot, lest he should not know where to set it down. At any rate, Thomas Paine was a believer. He had such a luxurious abundance of belief that he could afford to throw away a few beliefs here and there. Why should anybody mind the loss of a belief or two, when they could be had like cherries for picking from the trees? He believed in man, the honesty of man, the future of man, the rights of man, an endless catalogue, above all, he performed the superb logical feat of believing in Thomas Paine. After that, who could call him a skeptic?

The truth is, he had a splendid confidence in human reason. That which to some of us seems only an alluring, deceiving will-o'-the-wisp, to be used, since we have nothing better, but never to be trusted, was to Paine a clear light, a sure guide, a sharp, unerring instrument which could be relied on to penetrate to the heart of everything. As bearing on others, this is not quite so certain. They may need a word of caution occasionally: "Alas, nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self!" But Thomas Paine's reason—. "My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light," he says in one case, and it applies in most cases; for does he not himself tell us that God "has given me a large share of that divine gift"?

You sometimes meet a shrewd, thoughtful, uneducated mechanic, who in half an hour will afflict you with reasons, old as the world, but perfectly new and perfectly convincing to him, reasons that smother you like a heap of feathers, as light and as suffocating. Such was Thomas Paine. He had no faintest conception of the huge, involving, shadowing night of ignorance which descends upon the mind that knows something of past and present and hon-

estly and profoundly begins to think. Perhaps he was better off without such conception. The sense of one's own ignorance does little positive good in the world, shatters no ideals, rights no wrongs. But it has some pale and negative merits, such as tolerance, patience, humility. It would have done Paine good, if he could have remembered the sentence of the great Jefferson, whom he admired, and who was something of a rebel himself: "Error is the stuff of which the web of life is woven and he who lives longest and wisest is only able to weave out the more of it." And ignorance has also the tranquil virtue of repose. "I rest my head upon ignorance as upon a pillow of down," says Jefferson again. Or, in the words with which a poet of to-day addresses the indulgent, night-enveloped, all-suffusing, all-enfolding goddess:

Grant me thy supreme repose,
Medicine my vast despairs
With the calm that never knows,
And the peace that never cares.

Repose, humility, and the recognition of ignorance were not distinguishing features of the character of Thomas Paine. Still, though he was mainly rebel, he was not all so: it is interesting to look for the non-rebel traits in him, however one may be chiefly impressed by their insignificance. Even in his wandering, unsettled, bohemian career there come gleams of longing for quiet, tranquillity, domestic peace. When he is in the thick of European excitement, he writes to Jefferson, "I feel like a bird from its nest, and wishing most anxiously to return." Of home, of family surroundings, of the staid continuity of daily routine he knew little, at least in later years. Perhaps he did not much care for them. Yet he wrote to a young lady: "Though I appear a sort of wanderer, the married state has not a sincerer friend than I am. It is the harbor of human life, and is, with respect to the things of this world, what the next world is to this. It is *home*; and

that one word conveys more than any other word can express."

Of his relations with women we know little, but enough to be sure that they did not play any considerable part in his life. Although he cared for his mother in her old age, she described him in a letter—possibly not authentic—as "the worst of husbands." His first wife died early. His second left him soon after marriage and it is affirmed that they never had any conjugal relation. After this no woman was closely connected with him except Madame Bonneville, who cared for him for a time in old age, but without any admissible suggestion of scandal. "His relations with ladies were as chaste as affectionate," is the charming expression of his biographer. I accept the chastity, but doubt whether the affection went very deep. He had no children, but was kind to the children of others and took a moderate interest in them.

As regards men, I find no traces of near intimacy. Paine of course met all sorts in all places. Some liked him and some detested him, but I do not know that any made a way into his heart. Socially, he could be very attractive, when he was in the mood, and the company pleased him. To anyone who has read his writings it is hardly necessary to say that he had no humor in the sense of irony, no subtle, detached appreciation of the strange, unhinging contrasts of the world. But he had quick, vivid thrusts of wit, his memory was stored with all sorts of apt anecdotes, and he was ready to argue without end.

Of the various æsthetic and intellectual diversions that might afford relief from the strenuous career of rebellion Paine knew little or nothing. It does not appear that he had ever heard of painting or sculpture. He had an ear for music, and liked to take part in a chorus; but his ordinary preoccupations did not leave much place for the finer ecstasies of harmony. One or two passages in his books suggest a certain sensitiveness to the natural world: "Everything conspired to hush me into

a pleasing kind of melancholy—the trees seemed to sleep—and the air hung round me with such unbreathing silence, as if listening to my very thoughts." But these notes are few, and whatever he learned from Rousseau, it was not his intense passion for the beauty of nature. Nor did he read for the pure delight of it. He had little education in youth and little desire in age to make up for the deficiency. "Indeed," says Yorke, "he seems to have a contemptuous opinion not only of books, but of their authors." Even in science, in which he took a constant interest, what attracted him was the purely practical. The fascination of knowing for itself was quite omitted from his composition.

Nor did Paine have any great taste for the enjoyment of life, either in simple amusements or in costly and luxurious ones. His wants were moderate and his way of living frugal, sometimes to the point of privation. For a short period in Paris he had means and kept up a certain establishment. But in the main his surroundings were humble and he knew little of ease or comfort. As he expresses it with his unfailing energy of language, "I have confined myself so much of late, taken so little exercise, and lived so very sparingly, that unless I alter my way of life, it will alter me."

Such a mode of existence did not involve the spending of money, and Paine did not need it and consequently had no great desire to get it. He constantly proclaimed that his writings were meant to benefit mankind, with no thought of profit; and in spite of their immense circulation, they yielded him practically nothing. When one remembers the sums paid to Byron, Moore, and Scott a few years later, one cannot but admire Paine's disinterestedness, though bare need sometimes drove him to appeals for public assistance that are not entirely prepossessing. Bare need seems to have been all that made him think of money through the greater part of his life. He was free in giving what he had for public and private causes. And never at any

time, even in the bitterest attacks on him, was any charge of dishonesty proved or seriously maintained. In his later years it is admitted that he became a trifle parsimonious, but that would appear to have been no more than the dread of a weakening age when the dearest ideal of life has been independence.

Disregard of money is apt to bring disregard of work, and Paine was sometimes accused of indolence, though others insist upon his enormous capacity for labor. J. J. Henry, with whose family he boarded during the *Crisis* years, remembered him chiefly as eating, sleeping, and dawdling. This is absurd in a man who accomplished so much. The truth is probably that his whole soul toiled by impulse and then rested and relaxed again by impulse, without much thought of order or system, such not being rebel characteristics.

And the same essential irregularity of temperament will account for what truth there is in the exaggerated stories of his untidiness. Roosevelt called him "a filthy little atheist," and his hostile biographers, Oldys and Cheetham, give a disgusting picture of his later years. Untended, wandering bachelorhood is not always neat, and it may be conceded that Paine's quarters might not have suited a tidy housekeeper. But he was neither filthy, little, nor an atheist. He was of good height and dignified in appearance, with a quick and piercing black eye, and impartial observers describe him in age as careless and indifferent as to his dress, but by no means unpresentable.

The same deductions must be made from the accounts of his drinking. It was a drinking period and Paine was no exception. He himself confessed to Rickman that when he was overcome by discouragement in Paris, he drank heavily, and his drinking was probably not light at other times. His ardent biographer, Conway, whose zeal sometimes overweighs his obvious desire for truth, insists on his idol's sobriety per-

haps a little more than it will bear, and I cannot forget the testimony of the printer Chapman at the trial connected with *The Rights of Man*, that "religion was a favorite subject with him when intoxicated." But here again the grosser stories are manifestly absurd.

In short, what impresses me most in all these attacks on Paine is their futility. The bitterest enemies, hunting every flaw in a character always exposed to the largest public view, could establish nothing but that he sometimes drank and that he was not clean. These are serious objections to a housemate. No doubt it is good to be clean and sober and conservative and do what your fathers did and shun ideals. But some of us occasionally like to think new thoughts and step out of the beaten track, and we like one who makes us do these things, even if he is a trifle untidy in his person. Here is a man who upset the world, and you say he did not brush his clothes. Here is a man who beat and shook conventions, who stirred up dusty and old titles till he showed their rotten vanity, and you complain because some of the dust got on himself. This is childishness.

For, whatever else Paine was, he was a rebel, delighted in change, delighted in novelty, believed the old order rotten and doomed, and that he and his like could make the world over and better. "We live to improve, or we live in vain," he said, in his swift, incisive fashion, and he meant it. Even his untidiness was in a way a protest against the unmeaning formality of life. "Let those dress who need it," he said to a friend. He was interested in innovations of all sorts, theoretical and practical. One of the most useful things he ever did was his invention and designing of iron bridges. He fully shared Franklin's passion for discoveries that would benefit mankind. He tried to contrive the steam engine. He tried to conquer yellow fever. He even added a fine touch to his friend Jefferson's precious gunboats.

He had the rebel's restlessness, could not keep still, did not wish to keep still. When he was sixteen, he began life on a privateer, and from then on he kept moving, moving, always. After the American Revolution he thought he should settle down. But movement possessed him more than ever. He never settled down.

He had the rebel's essential virtue, pugnacity. His Quaker antecedents had instilled into him the love of peace; but that did not prevent a perfect readiness to fight when fighting was called for. How admirable is his utterance as to this nice distinction: "I am thus far a Quaker, that I would gladly agree with all the world to lay aside the use of arms, and settle matters by negotiation; but unless the whole will, the matter ends, and I take up my musket and thank heaven he has put it in my power." He did take up his musket, literally, and figured in the revolutionary armies, perhaps with no especial glory, but certainly with no discredit. He had a good, live word for his own physical courage when addressing Lord Howe, not being given to hiding any of his merits: "I knew the time when I thought that the whistling of a cannon ball would have frightened me almost to death; but I have since tried it, and find that I can stand it with as little discomposure, and I believe, with a much easier conscience than your lordship." And his moral courage, besides many other proofs, is solidly established by his fine stand for the king's life in the French Convention. No doubt there were other motives mixed with this, as well as the wish to be humane; but, whatever the motive, it required splendid pluck to vote for clemency in the face of the wolves who were howling for blood.

Also, Paine was absolutely sincere. He adopted his principles on what he considered sufficient reasons, and he stuck to them through all abuse and animosity, perhaps with more relish, the greater the abuse. He was not only persistent, he was fiercely obstinate, even

in little things, refusing to change for any one what he had written. No threat and no discouragement deterred him. William Duane, who was no conservative, endeavored to dissuade him from religious controversy: "I have fairly told him that he will be deserted by the only party that respects or does not hate him, that all his political writings will be rendered useless and even his fame destroyed." It was quite unavailing. And the persistency did not fail in the presence of death, though religious partisanship sought to misrepresent this, as with Voltaire and many others. Paine admitted no terror as to the future and no doubt as to the goodness of God. When a benevolent and intrusive old lady, in a scarlet cloak, visited him in his last illness, insisting that she had a special message from the Almighty, urging him to repent, he turned her out with the apt though petulant comment: "You were not sent with any such impertinent message. . . . He would not send such a foolish, ugly old woman as you about with his messages. Go away. Go back—shut the door." The old lady went, dissatisfied. He was persistent because he had an immense ardor and enthusiasm, a belief in his cause, in its justice, its nobility, its ultimate triumph, and a determination to live and die serving it.

Not, I think, that Paine had the pure intellectual passion which inspires men like Spinoza or Lucretius and puts them in an altogether different class from Paine's. He did not spend his days and nights in tortured anxiety to arrive at abstract truth. The principles that interested him were those that led to the direct practical benefit of humanity. He did not concern himself deeply with their philosophical foundations. Though he liked mathematics, he was not an elaborately logical, systematic thinker. His intelligence was rather keen, alert, shrewd, attentive to the surfaces of things and darting rather than delving into the hidden places.

What he did have supremely was the

gift of words, and there is no more shining and convenient—and dangerous—weapon in all the rebel's armory. Really the man was an astonishing writer. Some critics have been fooled by his ignorance of grammar. Shakespeare was ignorant of grammar, yet some think he could write. Paine was ignorant of everything, though his remarkable memory made him appear to know a great deal. But he certainly was a master of words. They would glow and glitter at his bidding, and fire men's hearts, and turn a small spark into a great flame. They would bite, too, and dart and sting and lash, till his victims writhed and were forced to take refuge in ignoble and, even worse, in dull retaliation. I think Paine's secret, like Swift's, lies more in rhythm than in anything else. His diction is clear and simple and direct; but above all his phrases snap and crack like whips, with a firm and vigorous movement that every daily journalist must envy. How far he understood his own style is a question. He was too busy to study it. That some of the strange problems connected with words interested him is evident from his charming remark: "I have often observed that by lending words for my thoughts I understand my thoughts the better." That he appreciated all the terrible dangers of words is unlikely: rebels seldom do appreciate them. But that he luxuriated in his own verbal power is clear enough.

For he was not a man to miss any of his powers or let anyone else miss them. On the contrary, he enjoyed them thoroughly. He himself tells us that he was not ambitious: "I never courted either fame or interest." Many other persons tell us the same, and perhaps in Paine's case it was true, in the larger, deeper sense. But he had a huge, simple, naïve vanity, which is obvious everywhere, and much increased as life went on. He liked to be prominent socially, liked to be "in as elegant style of acquaintance here as any American that ever came over." He liked to be prom-

inent politically, thought that Washington "did not perform his part in the Revolution better . . . than I did mine, and the one part was as necessary as the other," and he wished others to think so. Above all, he enjoyed his literary success, and his candor in asserting it is almost unbelievable: "I have not only contributed to raise a new empire in the world, founded on a new system of government, but I have arrived at an eminence in political literature, the most difficult of all lines to succeed and excel in, which aristocracy with all its aids has not been able to reach or rival."

But even greater than his delight in his own verbal achievements, was his true rebel's delight in destruction. Of course he would have denied this, and maintained that construction was his only true pleasure. Well, construction is pleasant; but it is laborious and uncertain. And destruction is so simple. The enthusiastic biographer betrays the whole secret when he says, "The force of Paine's negations was not broken by any weakness for speculations of his own." It was not; and his infinite riotous glee in knocking over what antiquity consecrated and ages had revered is so evident as hardly to need confirmation. His gay doings with the Bible were just pure fun. He tells that when he wrote the first part of *The Age of Reason*, he had no Bible to refresh his memory, and consequently drew it mild; but when he got hold of a copy, he found things so much worse than he thought, that he regretted his former leniency. He made up for it. When he finished, he was able to say: "I have now gone through the Bible, as a man would go through a wood with an axe on his shoulder, and fell trees." Can't you hear his chuckle of real rebel's exultation? The game was so easy to play! As the man says in the French comedy: "*Quel joli métier, et si facile!*" It was such endless fun, to shatter the miracles and overturn the prophets, a cheap and ready amusement that can no longer be enjoyed, since few people to-day take either prophets or

miracles seriously enough to be scandalized. But Paine could carry on the merry revel to his heart's content, could smash idols, and grind up crowns, and blast conventions, and turn society topsy-turvy, making one grand climax in the toast which he gave at a public dinner, with gorgeous satisfaction, to "the Revolution of the World."

All this exposure of the weaker side that Paine insisted on exposing so copiously himself should not make us overlook the finer elements in the man's nature. Whatever vanity and self-assertion there may have been in his constant and energetic efforts, and however unpractical and misdirected some may consider them, they were steadily aimed at what he believed to be a lofty object. Through discomfort, through penury, through obloquy, he toiled for an ideal. Such a life has a far nobler strain in it than the long struggle for self-aggrandizement of a man like Aaron Burr.

And Paine's work was inspired by the love of humanity. This love is perhaps less manifested in particular instances, though during the French Revolution he labored to save lives rather than to destroy them, and such labor was much out of style. But in the larger sympathy for the poor and downtrodden Paine's merits were real and his accomplishment substantial. His own noble words are absolutely just: "I defend the cause of the poor, of the manufacturers, of the tradesmen, of the farmer, and of all those on whom the real burden of taxes

falls—but above all, I defend the cause of humanity." He looked forward, he looked upward, with courage and cheerfulness and hope. He anticipated the large benevolence and benign aspiration of the League of Nations, preached the common interest of all peoples in the pursuit of peaceful progress and democratic advancement, the abolition of war and the cultivation of universal understanding, and it is only just to say that the toast given above to "the Revolution of the World" was transformed a few months later into a similar toast to "the Republic of the World."

So it must be recognized that, if Paine, like most rebels, did a considerable amount of harm to mankind, he also did a great amount of good. By his very turbulence, he taught men to think and when you remember how averse they are to that process, he deserves some credit for it. He taught them the value of liberty, even if he was not a very sure guide as to the use of it. He taught the worth of a high ideal and the lasting, increasing value of the largest human sympathy. And every American ought to be grateful to him as one of the active founders of the United States of America.

As for the rebels, it must be admitted that, though they are occasionally foul-mouthed and slovenly, and often vain, noisy, and altogether distasteful, they are the power that moves the world. I sometimes wish I had the courage and the character to be a rebel myself.

THE CONTRACT OF CORPORAL TWING

BY SOLON K. STEWART

TWO men sat on a sandstone ledge, looking out across the desert. Behind them stood a third.

To the north, just visible over the edge of the dun-hued cliff, two hawks wheeled and circled in the cloud-flecked sky. These, and the figures on the ledge were the only life in the compass of hills and bluffs which ringed them round on every side.

It was that transitional period when—the last of the snows a month gone, the terrible heat of Mesopotamian summer weeks in the future—the upland valleys of the Jebel Hamrin still bloom like a garden, their fragrance riding down the wind even past Deli Abbas far out on the desert, already parched and burning under the ardent sun.

The country was such as would have delighted the eye of the scenic painter: the long, serrated ridges of crumbling sandstone, the broad swales, the grass-and flower-grown valleys between the bold, upstanding cliffs, an occasional flaring patch of scarlet poppies giving a touch of color to their towering drabness.

At their right, its spidery legs asprawl on the rock, the steel ferrules firmly wedged in a natural fissure, and two holes drilled for them, the tripod of a signallers' glass was standing, the telescope pointed through the break in the escarpment four miles away, where the Mosul road debouched from the hills, meandered across the desert to Deli Abbas; and, crossing the Khalis, straggled on through Baqubah to Baghdad, sixty miles away.

The smallest of the three had the air of one intently watching, his hands clasped about his bare knees, the iron heel-plates of his heavy ammunition boots braced in a jagged crack of the

rock. The other seated figure, his face shaded by the peak of his *topee*, was setting down, letter by letter, in carefully-made block capitals, the message repeated by the man whose eye was glued to the lens of the telescope.

The desert spread its immensity before them.

Far away to the southwest, a dark smudge of cloud against the dancing horizon showed where Abu Saida and Abu Jezra, the most advanced outpost of the British, across the Diyalah, lay baking under the brassy sun. A blue-green island in the tawny sea betokened Deli Abbas; the caravan routes, threading their way hither and yon across the vast emptiness, looked for all the world like streaks of foam left on the placid surface of the unrippled ocean by some vessel long since hull down over the horizon.

Here and there, attracting the eye rather by motion than color, a black bar, like a water-logged spar, bespoke a random Arab; his *aba* merging into the desert background as soon as motion ceased. Brown patches, as of floating seaweed, resolved themselves into camel-hair *khayyams* of Bedouins; their scattered flocks like schools of slow-moving fish.

The men were silent, impressed by the dreary majesty of the scene unrolled like a map before their feet. The garish sun beat down out of a brazen sky on the tortured world. Under its rays objects five miles away were well-nigh as distinctly seen as if half a mile distant in a less clear atmosphere. So it was that the *askari*, crouching in the shelter of a great upstanding dun-colored boulder, was able to make the shot he would otherwise never have attempted.

For more than an hour, moving with infinite caution, he had made his way along the narrow, sand-covered bench, a quarter of a mile distant. It was the only spot in the immediate circle of hills from which a rifle bullet could reach the ledge occupied by the signalers without coming in range of the machine-gun standing with legs wide aspraddle a few feet from the glass. His *tarboosh* was laid aside, his head wrapped in a strip of khaki, the same tint as the sandstone ledge along which he crawled. His *khundaras*, the heavy, hob-nailed Turkish marching boots, had been removed, and his feet wrapped in a pair of puttees. His buttons were blackened in the fire, every bit of metal about his rifle sandpapered, and covered with khaki paint. For the Turkish snipers left nothing undone to insure success when stalking their human prey.

Taking advantage of every projection in the dun-hued wall, crawling flat on his belly, lying for long periods absolutely motionless, he gained the nearest point, on the desert side of the valley. So skillful had been his approach, that the sharp eyes of the seated cockney, ceaselessly moving up and down the valley, narrowly scanning the face of the opposite bluff from time to time, had failed to notice him.

Reaching the narrowed end of the ledge, where another foot's advance would have plunged him over the edge, to go hurtling down two hundred feet to the rocks below, he carefully thrust forward his rifle, moving with infinite slowness and patience. He knew the range; and carefully adjusted the telescope sight, which he extracted from the padded case strapped to his side under his armpit. Resting the muzzle on the edge, he took aim. Holding his lungs half full, his sinewy forefinger curling about the trigger with a steady pressure instead of a pull, he fired.

As the echoes reverberated in avalanches of sound, flying back and forth from wall to wall, filling the gorge with thunderous roars, the seated figure

sprang to his feet, threw his arms aloft with the jerky motion of a marionette, and half spun about on his toes. Then he plunged, face downward on the scorching surface of the rock, his head striking with the sickening crunch of bone. His splaying fingers clawed the rock, his body gave a convulsive twitch, and then lay still in the garish sunlight.

Instinctively the two remaining men threw themselves flat beside the gun.

"From across the valley," whispered the man who had been looking through the telescope. "Right through the chest. It couldn't have come from any other direction."

"Yuss," answered his companion in a hoarse, broken voice. "Bli-me! That Johnny can shoot. Poor ole Perkins—"

In far-away Deli Abbas a heliograph was twinkling, and the signaller's voice trailed away into tense silence, as he read the pregnant dots and dashes.

A A A Message received A A A If can hold out till dark relieving party leaves Deli Abbas hr past dark A A A Repeat back for confirmation if recd A A A

The cockney uttered a crackling oath, snarling in savage anger as he turned to his companion.

"Much bloody good it'll do us, the bleeders starting an hour arter dark. 'owever, we'll 'ave to bloody well acknowledge their—message. Gawd's truth! You'd think the barstards was in barricks, pipe-claying their belts and a-polishin' of their—buttons, they're that cashul like.

"Gawd stri-me pink! British Harmy? Mob of perishing—!

"Watch out for that there Johnny, an' fire at anythink wot moves; 'e 'as 'imself wrapped in khaki, more'n likely; but 'e must rise to fire, an' you'll see 'im move."

Waiting till his silent companion had the gun adjusted, the muzzle trained tentatively toward the opposite bluff, the signaller cautiously raised himself;

and, with lowered head, advanced slowly to the helio. A puff of smoke sprang out from the ledge, and he fell flat on the rock beside the instrument, uttering a string of lurid obscenities as the bullet struck within six inches of his head, ricocheted, and hummed down the valley like some angry giant fly.

As an echo to the thunderous roar of the Turk's rifle, the gun's prattle sounded like the ripping and tearing of some gigantic fabric. The steel stream swept the wall a quarter of a mile away. In the clear air they saw the sniper stagger half way to his feet, claw wildly at his chest, and spin over the edge, his body twisting round and round before it struck the bottom with a sickening crunch which carried to their ears.

Once more the cockney rose. He made a lightning adjustment, and flashed back the RD signifying they were alive, and the message received. He did not dare stand upright long enough to repeat the message back, not knowing what unseen eyes might be watching from some concealed niche in the rocks. As he threw himself down, his blue eyes darting up and down the valley with quick, terrierlike glances, he reached out a scrawny, sunburned hand and drew his rifle toward him. The other raised his head slightly, and sent a long, searching look in the direction of the Sakaltuton Pass, seven miles away. He started to speak. His eyes wandered toward the break in the escarpment; and he remained silent, as his eyes ranged the vast expanse of drab desolation. Insensibly, he yielded to the influence of the wonderful prospect unfolded maplike before him. No one can look for long at the desert and remain unresponsive to its subtle quiescence.

The rock became hotter and hotter as the morning advanced, and the sun climbed toward the zenith. From time to time puffs of dead, sterile wind blew over them, making the flesh tingle where the drenched flannel shirts clung to them like plaster. The metal work

of the gun was almost unbearable to the touch; and their spine-pads were heated as if by the blast from an open furnace door.

"Gawd bli-me!" the smaller man's voice broke the pervasive quiet, the tones, for all their sharpness, sounding dead and flat in the still void. "Saint Peter fryin' on 'is bleedin' grid was 'aving a chill to wot we're getting 'ere, along of roasting on this—rock, and blistering under this bloody sun, wiv no water to drink between nah and sundahn.

"Gawd's curse on this country, and them as wants to tyke it! Let Johnny keep it an' be damned to 'im! The whole damned Mesopot ain't worth the life of one Tommy—such as 'im," and he choked suddenly, as he indicated the motionless form of their mate, face downward on the scorching rock; above which two *tayaaras*, the Mesopotamian vultures, were already slowly circling high in the blue emptiness.

"Well, well," the other answered, his voice, quiet, grave, deep-toned, sounding in strange contrast to his companion's querulous, hysterical speech, "swearing never did any good yet, that I could see. Keep your pecker up, and carry on. We only have to sit tight, and keep our eyes open, and they'll be here before midnight.

"Though God knows—"

The cockney interrupted with a snarling laugh.

"Oh, yuss! Of course Gawd knows all abaht it, no daht. But a bloody lot 'e cares for the likes of you and me. 'Ere's you, an' me, and 'im," with a convulsive movement of the throat, as he indicated the quiet form, "we're blinkin' Christians—or so our crime sheets an' medical 'istries says. Rahnd in these yere 'ills is the bleedin' Turks, wot worships Aller, and their bleedin' Mahomet. They're tykin' pot shots at our—Christian 'eads, like narsty little boys shyin' cocoanuts on 'Ampstead 'Eath August bank 'oliday, every time we raises our nappers. Garn! You give

mè the pip. The ruddy chaplains say the cross'll prove triumphant over the blinkin' crescent. "But—wot price the cross, with us a-grillin' like two—kippers, 'ere on this sizzlin' rock?"

"If we only trust—"

"Yah! You gospel *wallahs* is all alike. You give me the bleedin' sick, wiv your trust and bloody faif. We 'ad faif and trust in our bleedin' officer; an' 'ere we walks plumb into this *nullah*, wiv the Turks pottin' us from every rock, till there's only me an' you an' poor ole Perkins 'ere, waitin' till some sniper sends us West. Arf the Turkish harmy between us an' Abu Saida, an' you tell me to trust.

"If Gawd knows we're 'ere, why don't 'e stretch out 'is hand, an' bloody well get us aht of it; or at least go *arsty* wiv the 'eat of the ruddy sun."

The other did not answer. His long, lean figure, asprawl on the rock, looked like some fantastic mannikin; thrown carelessly down, its part played out. The spidery supports of telescope and heliograph looked too tenuous to be real. The squat gun was like some great toy beetle, the stumpy tripod fixed firmly in the fissured rock giving it a maimed, one-sided appearance, as if one of its legs had been torn off in the drama just played.

The cockney continued, after a brief pause. His voice was low and far-away, the monotonous sing-song showing that he talked as much for his own satisfaction, as for the other's ears.

"Elijah Twing. Elijah! That's me: signaller corpril, passed aht at Canterbury, expert signaller, wiv two flags up, and droring proficiency pay. Gawd bli-me! Wiv a monniker like Elijah—an' the 'eathen Turks a-chasin' of me through these perishin' 'ills, leavin' me 'ere a-grillin' on the rocks.

"The sparrers fed Elijah in the wilderness, an' took 'im up in a bleedin' chariot of fire—w'ich couldn't 'ave been pleasant, if it was arf as 'ot as this sun on my backside, and the rock a-scorchin' of me in front. And Joshua 'e told the

sun to stand still. Why? 'e was a blinkin' genril. 'E 'ad a bloody E. P. tent to sit under the shyde of. Wot did 'e care—grantin' it's all true—if 'is—men 'ad to march in the 'eat, carryin' their rifles an' baynits, an' their bleedin' packs. 'E was a perishing officer. It's them as always 'as the best of it. 'ere's us—roasting. Does the officer oo got us into this mess 'ave to lie 'ere an' bake? Nah. 'E cops it peaceful-like, an' leaves the likes of you an' me to be roasted, an' baked, an' potted, w'ile another officer, miles away across the bleedin' desert 'eliographs to us to trust in 'im—'e'll bloody well get us aht of it.

"Yuss; they'll get us aht of it—w'en we've snuffed it, and the—wild 'ill Arabs 'as cut an' 'acked us, an' took our clobber off, and left us nakid 'ere for the . . . jackals to sniff and gnaw at.

"An' you a-wantin' to snuffle a yimn. Oh yuss, I know. Me favver an' me muvver was bible punchers same as you, always a-tellin' of 'im an' 'is ways. But 'e's always for them wot has. I've seed it since I came 'ere to the East—always on the side of the officers. The Tommies? Bli-me! They can shift for themselves: Gawd's busy lookin' out for the officers, an' the bloody Turks.

"One of us must be right. You're C. of E. I'm chapel, Perkins there was R. C. One of the three must 'a been Christians. But w'en night comes, the 'eathen Turks'll come, led by this Aller they worships, an' 'oo'll be better off—me, as trusted my officer, you oo trusted to Gawd, Perkins oo went to mass last week, or Johnny, as trusts to Aller—an' cops the bloody lot of us?"

The low, monotonous voice droned on. Under garish light of Eastern mid-day, death ringing them round, death beating down from the unclouded sky, to strike them down with a touch if their heads were for a moment uncovered by the pith *topees*, he droned of his home in the London slums, the life of hardship and semi-starvation, the years in the board school, the voyage, the return to the slums, the enlistment to escape

the prospect of a quick old age, the workhouse, and the potter's field at the end. The war came; and he looked on death in every hideous form, never to see the shielding, guiding hand of God, though every Gospel *wallah* and bible puncher told of His mercy and loving kindness.

He laughed cynically.

"So," he concluded, "'ave it as you like. Gawd or no Gawd, I'm 'aving none in mine. A signaller corpril I am, Elijah Twing wot rose from the ranks by 'is own 'elp, knowing that if 'e must trust somebody, it was 'imself, signaller corpril Twing."

He had said it all before, in barracks, on the transport, in camp on the desert's outermost rim. It was long familiar to the man at his side, who gave no heed, his eyes incessantly sweeping the valley's length.

Watchful as he was, he did not see the figure six hundred yards away, clinging like a fly to the sheer wall, up which he had been working for an hour past.

The ledge on which they lay commanded the knife-cut in the hills known as the Abu Hajar Pass. To gain the desert and Deli Abbas, the Turks must run the gauntlet of the gun's murderous fire. Alone of the outpost of twenty men, Twing and Carson had been able to gain it; where they remained, straining anxious eyes toward Deli Abbas and the supporting column. The Thirteenth Turkish Army Corps, and the British Thirteenth Division were speeding toward the pass; one from the plains between the Jebel Hamrin and the Persian frontier, the other across the desert from the railhead at Abu Saida. British and Turkish planes had plotted the hills, engaged in battle, returned to their commands to report. The British outpost had arrived first in the pass, been surprised, wiped out with the exception of the men on the rock. And in their hands, an unbelieving, ignorant cockney, and a deeply religious, taciturn clerk, was the fate of two

armies. So are the destinies of nations decided.

The climbing *askari*, like his luckless precursor, gained the seemingly inaccessible peak, uncoiled the rope wrapped about him, fastened it to a pinnacle of the rock. Half-screened by the shoulder of the cliff, clinging to the rope as they climbed, a dozen Turks swarmed up, to find ample footing. The machine gun was hoisted, assembled, trained on the unconscious figures on the lower ledge.

Twing was about to resume his monody of unbelief when the valley once more resounded with the tattoo of machine-gun fire, and the steel struck the rock about the two signallers, whirling down the stony corridor like a flight of insane bumble bees. The tall man gave a sudden, sharp cry, half-starting from his recumbent position. Then he collapsed and lay still, the stain on the rock telling its own grim story.

There was a slight depression a few feet away. To it the corporal dragged his wounded mate. His first-aid kit was torn open, and the hurt, a ragged groove across the chest, quickly and skilfully dressed.

"Right-O, matey!" and one who had heard the blasphemous utterances would not have recognized the voice, its tones soft and gentle as a woman's. "Right as a top, my old brancher. Lie doggo, wile I give the bleeders wot for."

Clinging like a limpet to the rock, he moved cautiously forward, an inch at a time, till he could reach the ankle of the dead signaller. He pulled the body forward till it lay, a parapet of flesh and bone, along the edge of the depression. With a sudden spring and rush, he reached the gun, picked it up, and slid into the depression, the bullets from the Turks' weapon singing about him like angry wasps. With quick and capable hands he adjusted the piece, straightened the belt.

Many and long were the hours when, cursing the sergeants mentally, filled

with hot, blind rage at this intangible, compelling something called discipline, his eyes burning, his face grimy with sweat and powder-smoke, his throat smarting with the pungent fumes, he had fired at the butts on Salisbury Plain. Now he thanked whatever gods he worshiped that the sergeants had been men who knew their work, that he had learned it well, hateful though it was.

The smoking muzzle just clear of his mate's dead body, he sent a tentative shot or two droning up the gorge. The range found, the tap-tapping of the gun quickened to the steady roar of the weapon served by expert hands. The Turkish fire died away, as the crew threw themselves down to escape the steel messengers of death.

As soon as their fire ceased, he ceased in turn, watching the ledge cautiously, above the dead body.

Telescope and helio had been smashed, but the night lamp, safe in the depression, had escaped injury.

The heat grew and grew as the sun reached the meridian, and began sliding down toward the Tigris and Lake Shari. The wounded man, unprotected, burning with the raging fever induced by a gunshot wound, had not uttered a complaint since that first sharp cry. Twing raised his head, and rested it on his knee, placing his own body so that it would shade the other somewhat.

The long afternoon dragged its seemingly interminable length across the brazen sky. Now and again the Turks, perched on their dizzy pinnacle, sent a desultory shot in the direction of Twing and his wounded companion. Each time it was received with a snarling curse, and answered by a withering stream of fire which made them throw themselves flat for safety on the rock.

Once, the party in the pass attempted a sudden rush, thinking to catch him unawares, and gain the shelter of the fallen sandstone slabs, just inside the mouth of the pass. This done, they could have held it against any force

from the desert till their main body, five hours' march away, came up.

At the first echoing sound of the iron-heeled *khundaras*, which carried far through the somnolent air, Twing depressed the gun, traversing to the left. As the *askaris* dashed into the open, the gun spat fire, the bullets ricocheting from the rocky bottom; the bent and twisted steel inflicting wounds more terrible than direct hits. Followed by the cries, the groans, the calls on Allah from their stricken fellows, they crowded back into the shelter of the rock.

Carson was delirious, the burning fever of the gunshot wound increased by the terrific heat. There was nothing Twing could do to ease him. Their water was gone, spilled from bullet-struck bottles in the night. That in the casing of the gun was all but boiling, impregnated with oil. His ears tortured by the ceaseless moaning, which was occasionally broken by wild cries as his mate strove frantically to rise and dash away in search of a cooling drink, the little corporal sat huddled behind the gun, his body interposed between the sun and the raving man. He cast his eyes toward the desert, and stiffened in every fiber, as his eyes swept the far-away horizon.

Far away, almost at the desert's rim, something was moving. Out from the smudge which represented Qualat al Mufti, midway between Abu Jezra and Deli Abbas it came, skirting the Serajik Marshes: a long, slow-moving snake, crawling toward the hills.

"Oh, yuss!" he said hoarsely; his broken, discolored teeth showing in a snarl like a dog's. "You're a-comin' for us—arter we're done in by these bleedin' Turks. And I 'ope they don't arf mess you abaht, afore you drives 'em aht of it."

Both tripods were smashed by the Turkish bullets. But, "grouse" as he might, the instinct of discipline was strong within him. He reached out with infinite caution, and drew the brass-bound telescope to him. It drew

a shot, which he automatically returned; and the torrid silence once more settled down. Luckily, the lenses were unbroken. He focused the glass, resting it across the dead man's haunches. Yes, the long column, advancing slowly, determinedly, was heading straight into the escarpment. As he looked, the helio at Abu Jezra twinkled, and he caught the CC signifying a code message. He read. It was to the effect that the column was to rest at Deli Abbas an hour upon arrival. The men already there were to fall in as soon as darkness fell, take the pass, relieve the party established there, hold the position till the supporting column moved up.

"Oh, yuss! But would the bleeders be so bloody anxious if they knew all that was left of their party was us, and—this! This, wot was poor ole Perkins? Tell 'em? I don't think!"

Mile by mile, as the sky became overcast with the afternoon's banked-up clouds, the column wound its way across the desert while the unprotected corporal held his sun-tortured body before his mate. Had the summer been at its height, he would never have lasted the day. As it was, the crest of the heat passed, leaving him weak, spent, half-crazed with heat, thirst, and anxiety.

The western horizon dimmed, and faded, as the sun drooped low behind Lake Shari and the Tigris. The flamboyant colors of the Mesopotamian sunset flaunted their chromatic splendors across the sky, which purpled, flamed into saffron and crimson-gold, faded into pink, to pearly grey. Then the all-pervading purple wrapped the world in mystery. A lone jackal yapped once, somewhere far off in the twisting maze of gorges and valleys.

As the darkness settled, Twing sent a tentative shot wailing down the gorge, to warn the Turks that he was watching, always watching. There was no answer; the hills were as quiet as the desert.

The night lamp was uninjured and again discipline asserted itself. He adjusted it. Then taking off his shirt, he

wrung out the sweat, and rolled it into a cushion for Carson's head. Rising, he stretched his cramped limbs, drawing in deep breaths of the keen night air. With night, coolness came with a suddenness almost startling. In ten minutes, though the rock was still almost unbearable to the touch, he was shivering, his teeth chattering.

He had thought the day long. He did not know the seconds could drag so slowly by, as he sat down again, straining tensely in the dark; now to hear a rumor of the British approach, now to discern some stealthy sound telling that the Turks were stealing down the pass. For eighteen hours he had been without water, the greater part of the time under the fiercest heat in Asia. He had heard his mates struck down in that wild *mêlée* in the dark, and had barely won his way by stealth back to the ledge where Perkins and Carson were left with the instruments. Their fire had stemmed the rush of the Turks, uncertain what strength was there. The last to die had done so, horribly, within reach of his outstretched hand—and he unable to do a thing.

Through the day he had had something to watch, on which to concentrate his mind. The care of his wounded mate engaged his attention when he was not watching the Turks. Now, Carson slept. And, stark and stiff, the body of Perkins served him as a back rest, as he sat, legs asprawl straight out in front of him.

The mysterious night noises of the hills, intensified a hundredfold by the echoes, filled the air with vague, unreal whisperings, as if the dead walked through the night, whispering to themselves and him. His head throbbed from the sun which had beat down on him all day. He broke into a sweat, despite the chill; felt himself cringing with unnamed dread, greater than any fear ever experienced when he looked Death in the eyes, smiling and unconcerned. A sudden tinkling sound caused him to spring frantically to the gun, and

sear the darkness with the flashes from its muzzle. Whether or not the Turks had ventured into the open, he did not know.

"My Gawd, my Gawd! will the bleeders ever come!" he cried aloud; and then shrank within himself at the sound of his voice, thin and flat in the pervasive stillness. And he had not noticed till then how very still it was, as if the whispering dead ceased for a moment, listening to his cry.

"Bloody well balmy; off my chump," he muttered, getting control of his jangled nerves.

He had thought it quiet. Now, he knew that never, in London's busiest hour, had he heard so many sounds, so many whispering voices, unseen, but close at hand.

Carson awoke with a moaning request for water.

"Yuss, yuss, matey. I know its cruel 'ard. But there just ain't a drop. I'd drain my 'eart's blood, if that'd 'elp. But wot can I do, nah; wot can I do?"

"Oh my God, water, water—just one drop," and the wounded man's voice trailed off incoherently; though ever and again Twing caught the one word, "water!"

"W'en they come," Twing began, pausing as a sudden thought struck him. "Wot if . . ."

Bending low, he lit the night lamp, adjusted the shutter, trained it toward where he thought the break in the escarpment to be. If they could see, if they had hearts, they would hurry, hurry, bringing water to his wounded mate. Again and again he sent the cry for help, peering into the darkness desertward for the flashed RD which would tell him his message was caught. It was useless; and the hours dragged by with no sound from Turks or British.

The noises of the hills again began their chorus. Carson woke calling for water in a weak whisper, fainter than before. The sound wrenched Twing's heart. With proper care, Carson's wound would not be fatal. But, burning

with fever, two hours under the morrow's sun would end in raving madness, and ghastly, searing death. Unless . . .

He cast a quick glance upward at the spreading, thickening canopy of cloud—the same overspreading blackness that the leading files of the British column, lying among the rocks outside the pass were watching, as they awaited the supporting column.

"My word!" the speaker seemed to have uttered the exclamation without volition. "Lightning—and at this time of the year."

The words drew a sharply-whispered reprimand from the nearest sergeant. But it drew the men's eyes aloft. And as they watched with an interest which deepened into wonder, the flash on the clouds was followed by a series of shorter ones, resolving themselves into the preliminary of a message, flashed by the shutter of a signal lamp.

The signallers among them read, repeating word by word the message dashed and dotted against the cloud-screened sky; a message the column heard with a rustle of amazed whisperings, which the officers did not think to stop. Slowly and evenly the dots and dashes followed each other in measured, ordered sequence, filling them with an emotion they could not have expressed in words.

A A A God this is corporal Twing expert signaller passed out Canterbury A A A I here on bloody rock my mate private Carson wounded A A A Rest of us gone West Some of them will get to you A A A God I said I didn't believe in you I don't now A A A Get my mate out of this bleeding mess and I believe in you A A A It's a bargain A A A God it ain't for myself I say this A A A It is laid down that NCO at all times see to comfort and safety of men in their charge A A A So I got to get him to British lines A A A It's a damn hard job A A A God give me the guts to carry on what I'm a doing of and carry on

Corporal Twing signaller.

and there followed the VE signifying the end of the message.

There was no order given to the leading platoons. The platoons, as disciplined bodies of men, for a space were non-existent; for a space were stricken from the rolls of the British Army. There arose a murmur, which grew and strengthened to the deep-chested, roaring cheer of the English going into action, the wild yells of the Irish, the sullen shouts of the Highlanders, the eerie screeching of the Gurkhas, their sworn blood-brothers. There came the clatter of accouterments, the scraping of iron-shod heels on the rocks. Instinctively opening out, they moved at a run, straight toward the dark, sinister mouth of the pass. Their officers shouted at them unheeded, unheeded beat them with their fists, menaced them with a drawn revolver here and there. They went forward steadily into the menacing darkness. Far up the pass sounded a shot, a rocket streaked up, burst into a blossom of flame, illuminating for an instant the dun, drab walls of the Abu Hajar. Then came the steady prattle of a machine gun.

"Damn your eyes, then!" a boyish voice sounded above the clatter of feet, as a subaltern cursed his men with fear-some blasphemies. "Come along, and see if you're as willing to carry on as you were to start."

They answered according to their nature. The English and the Scots fixed bayonets as they ran; the Irish clubbed their rifles; the little Gurkhas threw theirs clattering on the rocks, drawing the curved, wicked *kukris* dangling against their buttocks.

The Turks, too, had seen the message flashed on the clouds. Not able to read it, they had taken it as a signal to advance; and, reinforced by the rapidly arriving companies, started down the pass to meet the British.

Jammed in the narrow gut, they met breast-on in the dark; and, pressed forward by the eager men behind, were crushed so closely together, straining, grunting, swearing, sweating, neither side unable to raise arms with which to

strike, till the Gurkhas, wriggling between the legs of their brothers, the Highlanders, ham-strung the foremost Turks, or ripped their bellies with the murderous knives. Stumbling and sliding, their weapons freed from the pressure by the fallen Turks, the British advanced a pace, swung their bayonets with the "hay-maker's" cut, uttering a sobbing "hu-uh!" as the steel struck home. The Highlanders cut and stabbed cannily in dour silence. Here and there a dull thud told when an Irish rifle crushed a Turkish skull. The Gurkhas yelped incessantly, as they plied their *kukris*, like eager hounds pulling down their prey.

Brought up hurriedly from the rear, a machine gun was mounted on a jutting ledge, and its streaming fire went above the advancing men into the Turks massed at the turn of the pass.

The Turks fought bravely. But the pressure of the British was irresistible. Their foe retreated slowly, sullenly, fighting doggedly, as is their habit. The turn of the pass was reached; and as the gorge opened into the broader valley, the leading files opened out, and sent a scattering volley into the rearmost companies. As more and more men came up, bringing the machine gun, the fire increased, and the retreating Turks moved faster and faster, back toward the heart of the hills, followed by the exultant, triumphant British. Through the range, till they streamed out onto the plain of the Nahrin.

The open country before him, dimly seen as a blue-gray shadow, vague, unreal under the stars, the British commander gave an order, and a bugle shrilled the recall.

When the sun came up behind the towering, snowclad Pusht-I-Koh, the mighty Persian Hills, and the day flamed suddenly into the Abu Hajar, the Thirteenth moved up, company by company, to occupy the coveted pass. The search party was already afoot before dawn; but it was not till day made

clear the configuration of the pass that Corporal Twing was found.

He was lying at the foot of the steep, tortuous path leading up to the ledge where he had made his bargain. Creeping down, the unconscious Carson on his back, he was caught in the jam, knocked off his feet, trod upon alike by Gurkha, Scot and Turk. Throwing himself on his prostrate mate, he saved him from the tramlings of the iron-shod press. When the pressure lessened he was able to struggle back a few feet, dragging Carson with him. Once clear of the *mêlée*, his exhausted body could do no more. He drifted into unconsciousness kicked, bruised, terribly punished. He was restored to consciousness by the ministrations of a sergeant of the R. A. M. C.

As an officer, regarding him with wonder, kindliness, an abashed self-consciousness at the memory of the message he had read, gave orders to carry him to the rear, Twing spoke, his voice tremulous and weak, but a certain doggedness in his tones.

"Begging your pardon, sir. But might I ask a favor, sir?"

"Yes, corporal. What is it? Certainly. Anything that's possible."

"Well, sir; you see, sir, it's like this here. I didn't know you was comink, so I made a contrack."

"Yes?" the officer asked, as the other passed.

"Well, if it's possible, sir, I'd like the sergeant to 'elp me up to that perishing ledge. My dead mate's up there—Perkins. Privit Carson'll pull through, sir."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I been a bit of a rotter—but I bloody well 'ave to keep a contrack, bein' a N. C. O., 'aven't I?"

"Could you, sir?" and his drawn, haggard cheeks were suffused, as a shamefaced expression flitted across his face, to leave his jaw set doggedly. "I'd like to stay there arf a mo by myself, sir, afore they tykes me to the bleedin' 'orspital."

"I want to kneel by my mate to say me—prayers."

THE FATES

BY W. H. DAVIES

LAST night I saw a dying man:
What power have I in me to bring
Comfort to him while in this world,
Whose limbs can feel the creeping cold—
Or shall I pray, or shall I sing?

But there, with his bright eager look,
His eyes are staring into space;
He cannot hear what I would say,
Nothing of mine can come his way—
His eyes are set beyond my face.

He sees a face not flesh and blood,
He hears a voice that has no tongue:
Had he a second mortal breath,
To sing the ecstasy of death—
Who would not hear this dead man's song?

THE LION'S MOUTH

SOWING THE WIND

BY F. M. COLBY

GETTING in at the death of important persons with lamentations that imply a greater degree of intimacy with the important person in his lifetime than the circumstances justify is of course a common practice, but it went rather far in the case of the late Lord Northcliffe. For example, one of those mortuary articles which implied the keenest sense of personal loss was written by a friend of mine who had never seen Lord Northcliffe in his life. Barrett—so I will call him—dictated that article, as I happen to know, from three newspaper clippings and one magazine sketch two days after the announcement of the death. The first three paragraphs consisted of nouns and adjectives pertaining to power and success, so arranged as to form a complete circle or wreath which, except for two mentions of the *London Times*, would have been equally suitable to Scipio Africanus or Andrew Carnegie, thus: "Personal vigor of mind and character was his mainspring;" "he dominated circumstance by the vital, gripping, and indomitable forces of his nature;" "the secret of his power was his personal energy," etc. Then came the "human side" in two paragraphs. On the human side, said Barrett, Northcliffe was singularly human—ready with a hearty handshake, a straight look in the eye, a ringing laugh, or whatever the occasion demanded. "Personally he was a big human man of rugged frame, and well-modelled features, strong and decisive, but lit with a boyish smile." The last paragraph was filled with Barrett's sense of the loss to Barrett's profession

of journalism and of the loss to Barrett personally of a companion and a friend.

I doubt if this will enable anyone to distinguish this article from others published on that occasion, but it was more successful than most of them. Although Barrett's intimacy with the subject of his text dated only from the moment of its compilation, it brought Barrett four requests from magazine editors each for an article on "Lord Northcliffe as I Knew Him" and one invitation to lecture on "Lord Northcliffe the Man." Better still, and more to Barrett's purpose, it exhibited Barrett not only as linked with the foremost man in his profession but as in some sort the official spokesman of that profession on important occasions, calamitous or otherwise. If Barrett were mayor of Hoboken, he would publish a telegram of condolence on the death not merely of other mayors in New Jersey but on the death of crowned heads and chief executives generally throughout the world.

I mention this, however, not for the purpose of moralizing about it, but simply as one of Barrett's subsidiary professional activities. Others include pallbearing, dedicating fountains, and serving on committees for welcoming strangers, expressing thanks, opening, raising, planting, launching, hoisting, and unveiling objects, and for presenting anything to anybody in the open air—in short, appearing at almost every point of the publicly decorative, memorial, funereal, processional, semi-centennial, congratulatory, and dedicative periphery of social life. Whenever in public something is being done which can as well be done by one man as by another, Barrett is generally doing it. His, therefore, is

one of those round visages poured by the illustrated magazines like barrels of apples into the public eye as "interesting people of the hour" or discernible with the aid of field glasses among the polka dots on the festoons of human bodies that form around a public speaker. This seems the only immediate reward of his public appearances.

Then there is the large variety of private and social activities, for which, so far as I can see, he receives no immediate reward whatever—such, for example, as his accumulation of chairmanships and directorships. These useful co-operative activities have gradually filled up the interstices of his leisure, till now board meetings of one kind or another overspread all the spare patches of his existence, just as potatoes used to grow on the front lawn and between the clothes poles in wartime. If he starts to do anything, even merely to amuse himself, he becomes the chairman of a committee charged with the execution of amusement. He set out to play golf last year, but instead of playing it he has since been presiding over meetings for reforming the constitution of the country club, and when he went on a fishing trip five years ago he became at once vice-president and treasurer of the Sunny Mountain Fly-Fishing Association and has not yet cast a fly. If Barrett ever has an impulse to *desipere in loco* it somehow gets itself organized and executed co-operatively, with Barrett as chairman of the entertainment committee. The last two inches of his biography in *Who's Who* consist entirely of chairmanships, half of them representing originally Barrett's ideas of fun.

Barrett's friends deny the relevance of these activities to his advancement, attributing them to vanity, or, as some say, to a sort of "bandwagon" enthusiasm or platform passion which Barrett is unable to resist. They think he meets important persons simply because he cannot control himself, and that most of this extraneous agitation of his life arises from mere suggestibility or instinct of participation

—as when six dogs bark in the early morning, only the first dog knowing why, or college presidents express the fear of anarchy. There is no plan or policy in the thing, they say. They believe he worked a whole week to stand on the platform with Clemenceau merely for the innocent pleasure of standing there.

I myself incline to the theory of design though I admit the difficulty of tracing it. Taken by themselves, these things do indeed seem to lead nowhere, but, in the long run, I think they converge on an object. Seeming to know an important person like Lord Northcliffe, or shaking the hand of one French general, probably adds very little to Barrett's reputation. But suppose whenever a well-known person dies one says the proper foolish thing just at the right time and shakes the hand of ten French generals in succession. Consider the contagion of importance and the possibilities of a systematic attachment of your name to greater ones for fifteen years in club lists, photographs, films, newspaper notices, parade programs, charity bulletins, obituaries, and public dinner invitations. Writing foolishly about one dead person probably does the writer no good, but if he writes foolishly about forty dead persons, always in the nick of time, he may, after ten or fifteen years, be appointed minister to Belgium. Merely by sowing every puff of wind, here a little, there a little, the patient citizen may reap in time whirlwinds of popularity. That, I believe, is what Barrett is doing. He is not, as his friends say, carried away by the blind love of immediate notice; he is carried in the direction that he wishes to go.

The means seem haphazard because the end is distant, but they dovetail across the years and form a pattern. Barrett is a better judge of means than his critics. The man who could turn *Home and Kitchen* from a grim, technical little magazine read by only five thousand rather erudite housewives into the great bland "nation-wide" weekly that now bears its name certainly has a fine

flair for the wider demands; nor is it at all likely that the *flairing* would stop at his private career. Not one of Barrett's critics could have foreseen his success with *Home and Kitchen*. Indeed, the same critics who cannot see any purpose in Barrett's platform and headline routine never could see any point in the pages of *Home and Kitchen*, their disdain deepening almost in proportion as the circulation increased, so that by the time they were wondering how on earth any woman could read it, nearly every woman was doing so. Regard for the comments of these fastidious persons would have ruined Barrett thirty years ago.

Barrett perceived early in his career that you cannot please the smallest class in the community and at the same time delight the largest one. He saw that if *Home and Kitchen* were to gratify the small, aristocratic, rather blasé class of women who remembered their high-school education, it must inevitably contain large areas of text unintelligible and even offensive to the whole abounding mass of hearty, unsophisticated American womanhood, mothers of democracy, who had forgotten their high-school education or had not had one. A magazine hewn to the very margin of illiteracy, a magazine so close to the level of undeveloped mind that the first steps of the female intelligence might be taken on it, hospitable to the mentally unfortunate or neglected, first aid to the general barbarity, swept clean of the artificial barriers of age, color, civilization, taste, tact, training, education, mental competence, and ideas—a truly household magazine with columns on "What the Baby Needs" intelligible even to the baby—such was Barrett's dream. And the bitterest of Barrett's critics will admit that he almost realized it, though they were blind to the processes that brought it about. They are blind also, I think, to the value of these subsidiary processes.

For my part, I believe in the pertinence of Barrett's acts, no matter how irrelevant they seem. I think they are links in

a larger design and that it is unfair to set them down to weakness or vanity. When Barrett serves on a committee for presenting a silver cup to a yacht club, it is not for the first fine careless rapture of the thing, but with a purpose. Each of these acts to be sure is a labor of love, but each is also a stitch in his reputation. Barrett works on his reputation as women knit, easily, absently, indoors and out, nobody noticing, till somehow the thing becomes a stocking—and somehow the reputation grows. The critics I have quoted do not even know that he is knitting. It seems to me a pity that they should show so little real understanding of one of America's coming men.

THE WISDOM OF LAZINESS

BY FRED. C. KELLY

ONE of the lessons in McGuffey's Readers that made a deep impression on me dealt with the nonconformist attitude of Lazy Ned, who deplored the time and energy which must be devoted to trudging up a hill after coasting down. All the rest of the merry party accepted the long climb as unavoidable and inevitable, just as docile-minded, unphilosophical individuals usually accept whatever is customary. Lazy Ned, it appears, was the only one of the coasting party who showed any intelligence. He was there for the thrill of the long slide and naturally resented the delay between slides. The chances are that he went and hunted up a layout of hills where the swift coast down one of them might take him part way up the next. To-day the best toboggan slides are arranged on that principle. A few, I believe, are even equipped with elevators. We have no record of what became of Lazy Ned in after life. But presumably he grew up to be a successful executive, or an efficiency engineer, with a knack for industrial economies, labor-saving devices, and the practical application of the widely accepted but often unheeded theory that a straight line is

the shortest distance between two points.

From childhood we hear our elders talk about lazy people as if laziness were ignoble, whereas the truth is that except for our lazy men there would be no progress and the lives even of energetic persons would be filled with drudgery. When a little girl helping her mother to clear away the dinner dishes sensibly carries a large tray-load to eliminate more trips, the mother chidingly observes: "Lazy man's load!" and the child thinks she has done something wrong. After a few reprimands of that sort, she falls into the habit of squandering her energies by needless steps until by the time she is grown, she wears the world-weary expression so characteristic of housewives who imagine that laziness is a curse. Most women, it may be noted, show their age sooner than men, doubtless because the average woman is less lazy than her husband and doesn't mind ten steps where one or two would be enough. She would rather be conventionally tired than intelligently lazy.

The lazy waiter in a restaurant is always the most satisfactory and best. He brings everything that the diner will need *the first trip* because he regards every extra step as an abomination. It is the energetic waiter who brings coffee but no sugar or spoon and doesn't object to unnecessary journeys one at a time to fetch these while the coffee grows cold. Not being lazy, he feels no incentive to save steps and at the same time give prompt, intelligent service.

Nearly all progress in human affairs must have been due to the contrivings of lazy men to save themselves steps. When our early kinfolk lived in rude caves, every time a man desired a drink of water he had to walk to the spring. Presently some lazy fellow, tiring of so many trips to quench his thirst, must have fashioned a rude pail in which he could bring home a day's supply all at once. But even carrying a bucket of

water is not pleasant, if one is lazy enough, and the next step was doubtless to hew troughs by which water could be diverted from the spring direct to the cabin of the consumer. A later achievement of the lazy man, to avoid carrying his water *up* a hill, was a pump and windmill. Similarly, the first boat, consisting of a hollow log, must have been born of the desire of one of our ancestors to avoid walking around the lake or along the bank of the river.

More than one hundred years ago, so the story goes, a lad, Humphrey Potter, was hired to sit alongside of a crude steam engine and let out the exhaust steam, or something or other, after each stroke of the driving rod. Being lazy, he found his task tiresome and rigged up some strings and latches by which the valves could be opened and shut automatically. This not only permitted him to run and play or sit by a brook, but also immediately doubled the capacity of the engine. He had lazily discovered the principle of reciprocating valves.

More recently we have agricultural machinery *with seats*. These were not first thought of by energetic farmers who didn't mind walking all day, but by those to whom the idea of sitting down had a strong appeal. True, inventors often devise labor-saving machines that they themselves would never have occasion to use. A bookkeeper may fashion an improved farm implement. But he does this because he knows that there are always plenty of lazy men who will be interested in avoiding effort, and that he can make money by selling his patented labor-saving article to others. The money thus acquired will enable him to live *without working so hard* at his bookkeeping. Thus it is laziness that prompts his inventive effort. He can save himself from toil by saving others.

Frank B. Gilbreth, the great industrial engineer and student of human motions, frequently makes moving pictures of expert workmen in various trades, to determine how few different

movements are needed in performing a piece of work. He finds that the best worker—that is, the one from whom others can learn the most, is invariably a lazy man, willing to work only just hard enough to hold his job. He is too lazy to waste a single motion that he can avoid. The more energetic man is far less efficient, because he doesn't mind squandering his energy in unnecessary movements. At the end of the day he is fatigued out of all proportion to the work done. We often hear a man who makes a great commotion about his job spoken of approvingly as a hustler. But the average hustler never outgrows taking orders from some more quiet fellow seated at a desk in the main office. Most great executives are lazy. It is logical that they should be. A good executive is one who never does anything that he can get anybody else to do for him. Only years of laziness can establish in a man the habit of having others wait on him or do things for him, instead of briskly doing them himself. Napoleon was notoriously indolent at school, his biographers tell us, and never did anything that he could contrive to delegate to others. Thus did he lay the foundations for leadership. He was not the kind ever to perform a military chore that could be done by an assistant.

Whether in an executive or an individual capacity, it is a tremendous asset to be lazy enough willingly to sit still until a bright idea comes along, instead of frittering away the golden hours in wearying routine activity. The best books are written necessarily by lazy authors. Too energetic an author pants to be up and doing and cannot content himself at a desk calmly improving his manuscript or idly waiting hours at a time for a bright phrase or a clever twist of plot. Many of our greatest statesmen were brought up on farms and would have remained on farms if they hadn't been too lazy to face so much hard work and looked about for something easier. It is the scholars and

thinkers too lazy for much physical activity, who do most to change the thought of the world for the better.

Moreover, mental laziness appears to be equally advantageous. Most important rules and formulas have been arrived at by lazy men who were trying to make mental short cuts. The discoverers of the laws of gravitation and of falling bodies must have been lazy men tired of laboriously working out the explanations for each separate bit of phenomena. Think what a job it would be to determine how long it takes an apple to fall from the top limb of a tree, or for a cat to drop from a balloon a mile high, without actually trying it, if one had no law of falling bodies! For that matter, think of the complications and wearisome annoyance we should have in ordinary daily affairs if some lazy individual had not established the general rule that two and two are invariably four!

Most men of genius are lazy. Mark Twain did much of his best work while lying in bed. An astounding number of men who have achieved fame in thinking roles were so indolent in school that they were considered hopeless dullards and inevitable failures. Indeed, a formidable array of men whose names are listed in halls of fame owe their success to the fortunate circumstance of having been fired from school because of their laziness and aversion to work, before school had standardized them to a mold of mediocrity. They disliked school because they lacked the energy necessary to gain passing marks in half a dozen subjects. Even a lazy student however, doesn't wish to be entirely idle and is usually willing to pursue some *one subject* that excites his interest. In the long run, the specialist is the one who arrives. But a schoolmaster—particularly if he is energetic himself and out of sympathy with lazy pupils!—is sure to oppose such specialization. The consequence is that those who remain in school must scatter their efforts on so many subjects that they may

never make a big success at any. Most pupils are not too lazy to conform to the teacher's wishes. Only the exceptionally lazy are lucky enough to be fired and thus gain an opportunity to specialize along the line of natural aptitudes.

Darwin doubtless would never have written his *Origin of Species* if he had been a star pupil in school, studying with equal energy whatever subject was set before him. He could not master any language, and when he left school his father was informed that the boy was below common standards of intellect. Sir Isaac Newton stood so low in his classes that he was taken out of school and sent to work on a farm. The world owes much to the fact that these men were—presumably—too lazy to attempt mastery of too many subjects. Sir Walter Scott lazily neglected his school work to read quantities of poetry and fiction. Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, stood low in his classes because he couldn't give thought to his studies and also to the subjects that really interested him. Samuel Johnson, Hegel, Byron, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Goldsmith, Goethe, Emerson, William Cullen Bryant, Thackeray, Gladstone—all were indolent and failures at school. So was Herbert Spencer.

Ibsen did not rise above the lowest grade in which he could possibly graduate. Curie, who with his wife discovered radium, got along so poorly that his parents had to take him out of school and employ a private tutor. Now, of course, there may have been various causes contributing to the failures of these men in their school days. But the biographers of nearly every one mention indolence as a conspicuous characteristic. Without this indolence there would have been a scattering of mental activities and consequent lack of that specialization which made for success. Both they themselves and the world at large profited by their laziness.

One of the great advantages of laziness is that it helps a worker to make more money. Whenever a man ener-

getically tries to produce too much the quality of his goods fails and then he is paid only the low rates that go with average routine output. But, reversing the process, when one is lazy enough to use a little thought about how to get along with less work, his salary is likely to increase. Take me, for instance. I used to be police reporter on a big morning newspaper. The hours were such that even if I went home and to bed immediately after my daily task was done, I had to gulp down my breakfast rapidly next morning and hasten to the office to reach there on time. Moreover, the city editor had a theory that the public doted on nothing so much as gloom. I was supposed to collect all manner of information pertaining to death, disaster, crime, and other troubles of mankind with which the police had to deal. Because of my seeming willingness to work thirteen or fourteen hours a day, my salary was \$18 a week. So many hours, mostly in depressing surroundings, were not suitable for a person born with a reluctance to engage in arduous work. As Frank Adams once sagely observed, a job cuts into one's time. Being lazy, I gave much thought to the problem of how I might work less. Hotel lobbies had always fascinated me because of the easy chairs and the opportunity to study all sorts of people. One day I proposed to the editor that I should quit writing police news and do a column dealing with funny facts about prominent people at various hotels. He told me to go ahead. At the end of a week he raised my salary. I found I could gather the material needed and write the column carefully in about six hours a day. But the trouble was I was held responsible for obtaining important interviews with guests who arrived at hotels late in the evening. This made it necessary to do a lot of walking about from place to place after dinner when I desired to sit at home and read. Once again I suggested a change—that I be relieved of all routine and permitted

to write in my own time a daily column of gossip about prominent citizens. I felt certain that after such a column had been going a short time people would telephone me and relate funny facts about their friends and that such volunteer co-operation would relieve me of much irksome walking about. That was exactly what happened, and having more time at my disposal for writing, I was able to do it better, with the result that I talked the boss into another increase of salary. I could do my work in from two to three hours a day. But there were days even yet when I had to go from one place to another in different parts of town. How nice it would be, I reflected, if I could only find enough prominent men to write gossip about, all under one roof. Then I might be obliged to work only an hour or so a day! The only place I could think of where one might find such a warren of prominent men was the Capitol at Washington. I moved to Washington, and wrote a daily *half* column of gossip that a newspaper syndicate was able to sell to about forty papers. My income was several times as much as it had ever been before. And I rarely needed to work more than an hour or two a day. Then an unfortunate thing occurred. For some reason I suddenly quit being so lazy, and began to write for magazines. Since then I have had to work sometimes for hours at a stretch.

Almost anybody can look about him and see examples of men profiting by their inherent antipathy to toil. Even so obvious a convenience as the telephone is used most effectively by lazy men. A hustling fellow in an office on the same floor with the man he wishes to see walks down the corridor to that man's office, sends in his card, is informed that Mr. Soandso is in conference—which means that the man is chatting with a friend—and has to wait for three-quarters of an hour. He overlooks the fact that it is always easier, notwithstanding private secretaries, to get a man's ear by telephone

than face to face. A busy executive may pause in a conference to answer the phone, when he would not go out to the front office to greet the same caller.

Because of the absurd prejudice against laziness that was in existence long before the chronicle of Lazy Ned, thousands of people stand when they might just as well be seated, and life becomes to them an endurance test instead of the pleasant experience it could be. Most bank tellers, clerks in stores, and scores of others whose work could be done seated, nevertheless are obliged to stand all day long for no reason except that a stupid custom, traceable partly to snobbery, demands it.

Did you ever stop to consider how many business enterprises could not exist except for lazy people? I do not refer to such obvious examples as taxicab lines. Think of the theaters and other places devoted to vicarious entertainment. Too energetic a person is not content to sit still for three hours, watching others do things. He would rather take active part in his entertainment. Professional baseball would cease except for the lazy spectators. Eighteen men play while a hundred thousand look on! At least two-thirds of all jewelry and ultra-fashionable clothing is sold to people too lazy to accomplish anything of consequence to satisfy their vanity, and obliged therefore to gain an artificial sense of self-importance by buying it in the form of trophies over a counter.

The truth is that lazy people, both those who get things done, and those who do not, are the folk on whom progress must mainly depend. It is time that we lazy people were receiving the serious consideration that is our due. We comprise the hope of the race.

TWO BOOKS

BY CYRIL B. EGAN

I WOULD far rather borrow my books from a library than buy them at a bookshop. A public-library book is not

only a more economical, but it is an infinitely more interesting proposition than the bought article.

To illustrate my point:

To-day I took out two books. The first volume was fiction. It was a tremendously fascinating work. It told me all about the gastronomic habits of the previous reader. He certainly had a great appetite for literature, and for other things besides. Evidently, he liked to cultivate all his appetites together.

For with Chapter One he had taken eggs. There was no mistaking that bright yellow splotch deposited as a graceful souvenir of his meal on the third page.

The second instalment he had taken with tomatoes.

The third chapter was buttered. . . . I detest buttered fiction, don't you?

And Chapter Four the man had deliberately dipped into a beefstew. I know, because I had it analyzed by a chemist.

My wife asked me, when I had finished: "What do you think of the story?"

"I don't know," said I; "but if you put it to boil in the pot, it ought to make a delicious soup!"

The other book was even more entertaining: a trifle heavier in tone, but intensely exciting. The author expounded therein his theories on world disarmament; but he was far from having his own way, as one of the precious borrowers argued the question with him from preface to finish—nearly every consecutive page being littered with caustic commentary.

It was, of course, rather a onesided debate. The author would set forth his views, and the marginal critic would

promptly squelch him with one or two scrawls of his ready pencil.

"What about Japan?" the latter would pointedly ask, and the poor author would be left quite speechless. Or "What about Germany?"; or "This is the sheerest sort of rot. What about the statistics for the Birth Rate in France?" The silence of his opponent naturally proved the cogency of the Critical Reader's argument.

Not only had this particular reader been critical, disputatious—he had also been vituperative.

When the author averred that it was fear which produced wars, and that it was only a matter of time when the human race should control this purely animal emotion with the ethical notion of love, the Argumentative Reader burst into laughter.

"Ha-ha!" he wrote—"You fool—You poor fish!"

Again on page 983, when the author had mentioned the Millennium, the reader burst into incontinent cachinnations.

"*Millennium*," he wrote—"Ha-ha!—You idiot!—You blithering idiot!"

Where the disarmament expert had written *Finis*, the reader supplied a tail-piece, drawing a picture of the author and, opposite him, the likeness of a derisive young man with his fingers impolitely raised to his nose—probably a portrait of the artist himself.

Taken all in all, it was the most delightful work on international questions that I have ever read. So that henceforth, whenever my literary concoctor asks me how I will have my books, I am bound to say:

"*Borrowed*, please: and don't forget to garnish 'em with a little Egg and Acrid Commentary!"



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IF one reads the newspapers faithfully, he must conclude that the world is not making a running start of it in its race toward the new era. On the contrary it is laboring profoundly. The clouds above it are very black, so black as to make our Ambassador at London observe that the condition of Europe has become immeasurably worse in the last two years and that if it had to go through another year like those, he did not know what would happen to it or to any of us. So he said at a public dinner. He is not a gloomy man like Dean Inge. When he takes so dark a view of things, it sounds quite solemn, even though he suggests that it may be the darkness before the dawn.

And so it may. Something has got to break in Europe, and it may be those clouds. It is a common condition of improvement that things should get worse. That condition has been steadily and progressively met during the last two years. Europe as managed by its governments has justified the sentiment of a former ambassador to London, who wrote in a letter in December, 1915: "The sheer stupidity of governments is amazing. They are all so human; so very human. I would not be a government for any earthly consideration. I'd rather be a brindled dog and trot under a wagon."

Walter Page, when he wrote that, had been through a year and a quarter of the war, and was in intimate relations with all the nations engaged in it. Besides being the London agent for the United States, which was enough in itself, no doubt, to account for his feelings, he had charge of the embassies of

all the Central Powers, and his duties had not left in him a good opinion of government officers. "Of course," he wrote, "everybody is worked to death, but something ails the lot of them all the way from Constantinople to London." And his comment on governments—"They are all so human, so very human"—carries the implication of frailty, of faultiness, of not being up to the job, and fastens it not merely on the officials, but on the governments they serve. For of course when the world goes to wreck the conclusion that its governments are incompetent is inevitable.

And since the war ended, the best that governments could do has been so far short of being good enough that not without due grounds a contemporary critic notices as one of the most obvious political phenomena of the day the loss of confidence in representative government. Really it is not so gay a pastime as it used to be to govern the nations. When the Greeks the other day shot their unsuccessful generals and the ministers who sent them out, they gave the governmental calling a very rude shock.

A more restrained and even more impressive demonstration of dissatisfaction in government is the rise of the Fascisti in Italy where a lot of amateurs have taken the reins away from the professionals, pitched them off the box seat, and are now driving the coach of state. Moreover their performance is as yet considerably admired. Kemal and his Turks are another lot of interlopers taking charge successfully when the constituted authorities had fallen

down on their job. Russia and the Soviets is an appalling example of much the same thing, and in England since the late election, the Labor Party, who have never governed, have become His Majesty's Opposition, to which the King must turn for a new Prime Minister whenever Bonar Law's collection loses its majority in Parliament. We had elections here last November. The striking thing about them was the evidence of mutiny against government as it was. If it had been a presidential election our government would probably have changed hands. There seems to be a powerful new impulse all over the world that most existing governments do not represent. There is doubtless such an impulse in France, but French elections are far apart and it cannot make itself felt yet, and the present French government seems to be making an extreme exertion to accomplish something agreeable to the French mind while it still has power.

It is hardly too much to say that all the considerable governments of the world are in a fair way to lose their jobs. Our own is no exception. The Ku Klux is an absurd body, but since the Fascisti got on top in Italy, it gets its share of serious examination. The Legion has possibilities, much impaired to be sure by its propensity to raid the treasury. The farm bloc has numbers and wants, and a hard-luck story that has the merit of truth in it. If this country, the least distressed of all, has organized disturbance on such a scale, is it wonderful that the world in general is coming to be a great cave of Adullam, swarming with the discontented and full of ripening mutinies.

It is not hard to attribute most of the major misfortunes of mankind to governments, and to make the imputation look plausible. Except for governments the great war could not have happened, could it? Governmental rivalries and ambitions brought it on. Except for government and its mistakes there need not

have been rebellion in Ireland. Except for misgovernment in Russia Lenin and Trotzky might never have been heard of. Except for the cupidities and rivalries of governments at Versailles, and of politicians later at Washington, Greece would not have gone to smash. Smyrna would not have been burned, and the Turk would not have got a start again, nor Europe be in the mess in which we see it. Except for governments there could not have developed poison gas and all the new machines of war. Except for governments the farmer bloc, the Legion and the Ku Klux would have no target at which to aim their grievances. It looks as if government was the root of all evil and that the anarchists are right in thinking that the world would do better without it.

But we know better: We know that the real alternative to government is a new government. We know by reading, observation and experience that anarchy is hell and that wherever it bobs up it is the instinct of human beings to contrive a combination, any combination, to beat it. We know that bad government is better than no government and that if bad government is the best we can get we had better put up with that. Government is the thing in sight, the organized power which is made responsible for the consequences of human infirmity. "They are all so human" said Page, "so very human." So they are. So governments must be. You cannot make them out of anything but humanity, and humanity is constitutionally prone to err. The irresponsible combinations that rise to buck up against governments serve the purpose of communicating ideas, some of which require to be disclosed, but as substitutes for government they are far from engaging. The Ku Klux, the farmer bloc and the Legion may be some good for the organization of remonstrance, but would we trust any one of them with the power to govern us? No. No. Any one of them which got that power would have to go through a course of preliminary

political training that would take out of it most of the likeness to what it is now. It is the merit and the weakness of representative government that in order to continue it must in the long run be more acceptable to a majority of the voters than something else. Any government that suits more than half the voters is bound to be defective because of the large proportion of fatuity in the popular support that it rests upon. To satisfy half the voters sufficiently to keep their votes, the best minds have to make such concessions to popular preferences as Mr. Wilson made when he appointed Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State. The real hope for improvement in government is identical with the hope of improvement in people, and no people are really safe who have not intelligence enough to take care of themselves in spite of their governments.

Are we frightened by the Ku Klux—by the farmer bloc—by the acquisitive propensities of the present managers of the Legion? Are we scared because Oregon's extraordinary new school law gives evidence of a purpose to deprive parents of any say about their children's education? Does such a law, following the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law, make us wonder how long any poet will still call these States "the land of the free"? It does make us so wonder undoubtedly, but current organizations for regulative or legislative purposes do not much scare us. They come and go, usually accomplishing something of good as they pass, and disappearing whenever they get to be too gross a nuisance. But government does not so disappear. It is like the vulnerable and ailing physical body of us that holds our soul. Our government never is the soul of the nation, but it is the mechanism through which for some purposes that soul has to work. We know how much trouble we have in making our bodies behave well. We and all nations must expect to have the same sort of trouble with our governments. Just as our bodies can be scared into

good habits by sickness, so governments can be scared into the paths of wisdom by the spread of political disease. The Ku Klux and the Oregon school law are symptoms of disease, and so in a way is the farm bloc, but not of a fatal disease. We won't die of it: we won't die of prohibitions. We may be sick but we will get well in due time.

The great disease that makes trouble just now for all governments is the lack of co-operation among the nations. The people of the world have contrived governments by means of which, faulty as they are, they keep order and get a chance to make their livings. But the nations have not yet been able to accomplish that exploit. They live unprotected except by armies and treaties, and ungoverned except by temporary apprehensions, and variable, unstable and very unequal moral sense. None of them has escaped the consequences of the immensely disturbing and destructive experience which the world has lately gone through. As a family they are in a situation very like what any people would be in without government. Any member at any time is liable to start something that threatens the family's peace, and there is not yet a family council adequate in representation and influence to handle things so started. The League of Nations was invented to do that office and might do it if the United States would come in. We have stood out stubbornly against it. With what consequences? With the result that the world, as our London agent tells us, is immeasurably worse off than it was two years ago, that all governments are falling into disrepute, that our own got an appalling black eye in the late elections, that the farm bloc due to pains caused by lack of buying capacity in Europe threatens us with bad finance, that secret or quasi-secret organizations like the Ku Klux, and class organizations like the Legion, are springing up with intention to compel special and objectionable legislation by

terrorizing politicians. The Anti-Saloon League showed how to do it, and what can be done for one purpose may presently be done for ends much less excusable. We would not participate on a reasonable basis in an effort to heal a world disabled by war and torn by factions, and now we face a prospect of being torn by factions ourselves.

In a sense then, things in going very badly are going very well. If a patient won't take his medicine, and doesn't seem to be getting better without it, the best chance for him is to get worse until he comes to a better mind. The medicine that is needed in this detail of the universe is a better line of international co-operation, with the United States an active participant in consultations. The recognition that all governments are bad and some of them awful, but that any government is better than none, might well bring us to more reasonable feelings about the League of Nations. To be sure the League is not a government, not the super-government its critics have said it was, but it represents the most definite effort that exists to get the nations out of the wild waste of anarchy. Cut out Article Ten; leave the League without any provision for physical force, and with only moral means of influencing the world; it would still be powerful and still helpful if only it included all the members that ought to belong to it and was imbued with a resolute purpose to do its office. One must not look for perfection in the League, especially to start with. It is more reasonable and more hopeful to think of it, as one must of government, as an objectionable institution, liable to restrict freedom of action, often foolish, usually selfish, but better than anarchy. The purpose of government is not to make people do as they should but to give them a chance to live; not to destroy their individuality but to develop it. The purpose of a central council like the League should be the same; not to impose manners upon the nations but to give them a chance to

live; not to destroy nationality, but to give racial talents a chance to develop.

For in spite of the way the world goes and in spite of the fact that when you call the government human, it means disparagement, there are an extraordinary number of people in the world working overtime to save it, and having on the whole more success than they get credit for. Take our own country. The government of it you can read about in the newspapers and call it anything you like, without necessarily implying disrespect to its constituent members, but in the same newspapers you read things every day about the citizens of the country and it makes you wonder how things can go badly with so many people working so hard and so intelligently to make them go right. Even in Europe—most parts of Europe—in spite of the gloomy advice we get, it seems to go better with people than with governments. There are plenty enough good people in the world to keep it going if they have a fair chance. The thing that most of all deprives them of that chance—that cripples them, halts them, puts them back—is war. The true aim of government is not to restrict the liberties of men but to enlarge them by giving them due protection. The true aim of the League is not to restrict the freedom of nations, but to enlarge it by giving them security so that they can divert their energies awhile to the trades, arts and vocations they are good at, and away from soldiering and the production of war material.

But we must help, we must help—we of the United States. M. Clemenceau, though he did not quote Scripture, virtually told us that having put our hand to the plough, we had turned back. That would not do, he said: we must come back to the plough handles.

And we shall have to in the end, and the end of certain phases of feeling and conduct often comes suddenly, and the end of our aloofment may be imminent.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



"A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS. WE'RE—WE'RE SAVED!"

THE BURNT BOKHARA

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

THE Mallisons were married in haste but it could not be said they repented at leisure. They contrived to be simultaneously happy and very hard-up. They were that sort of people. They took the Old Vicarage at Little Cheddeshden and moved in with the utmost alacrity, Mallison's soldier-servant, two Chippendale chairs, a Bokhara rug rolled up in a kit bag, and several horses; the rest of their gear arrived a day or two later.

They were cheerfully behindhand with the rent every quarter, enormously in love with each other, and hoped some day to win the Derby; of this, however, there was no immediate prospect. They had some money but not much, they were always in debt,

rode to hounds and raced whenever they could, and they were both exceedingly popular.

Mallison, his hands in his pockets, and a spaniel lurking obediently at heel, stood one bright October morning in the cobblestone-paved stable yard of the Old Vicarage with a look of considerable obstinacy on his face, and watched a groom in box-cloth gaiters blanketing a bay horse with straight hocks, high shoulders, and a small head—Whip o' Will, by Conquering William, out of Heart o' Darkness. He had bought Whip o' Will as a yearling at a sale in Sir Marcus Stern's stable chiefly because nobody else wanted him and he was to be had for next to

nothing, but, till the first Epsom Spring Meeting, when he ran second in the Marlborough Stakes, he had never faced the flag. Mallison did not believe in racing two-year olds. Consequently, his performance at Epsom had been particularly encouraging, and, after two or three private trials in which he displayed something more than a mere promise of form, Whip o' Will was withdrawn from all engagements up to the last Newmarket Meeting, in order to be prepared for the Northamptonshire Handicap.

A look of greater obstinacy than ever came into Mallison's face. It was caused not so much by the uncertainty of winning as it was by the uncertainty of even starting—he did not know how he could possibly raise enough money to send Whip o' Will by rail to Newmarket and keep him there until the race. He also owed his bookmakers two hundred and eighty-five pounds and only a liking for him had induced them to let this stand over the last Autumn Meeting—if he scratched Whip o' Will now for the Northampton he would owe them two hundred more, having backed his horse at twenty to one for that amount some time earlier.

"Dickie," his wife said that afternoon, "are we very hard-up?"

Mallison, who was solemnly reading in *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, lowered that work, and looked at his wife.

"Hard-up!" he exclaimed. "My dear Bunty, the jolly old English language hasn't the word for it. We're absolutely broke."

"Oh!" said Bunty, rather blankly. Then she went on: "The Padre's coming over for tea—at least, he's coming over here this afternoon. I'm not so sure about the tea."

"No tea?"

"There's tea, of course, but there's very little else."

"Pretty rotten," said Mallison cheerfully.

"I suppose we don't run to a cake do we, Dickie?"

"We don't so far as I'm concerned," said Mallison. "I've got Whip o' Will on my hands and exactly fivepence in my pocket."

"Well, we might get a cake in the village on tick," she said presently.

"Yes, we might," agreed Mallison significantly, "and again we might not. They were a bit stuffy about it the last time. Fact is," he went on, "I don't know how on earth I'm goin' to raise that money for Newmarket next week."

"Oh, something's sure to turn up," Bunty

said with starry eyes and the immortal philosophy of Mr. Wilkins Micawber. "I wouldn't bother about that just yet, Dickie."

"If I can't raise enough money for a beastly cake," said Mallison, "I might as well try to raise sardines in the Sahara."

But there the conversation ended. It ended owing to the sudden appearance of Mallison's soldier-servant, who stood stiffly at attention in the doorway as though on parade.

He said: "The 'ay's come, sir."

"Capital," said Mallison. "Just have it tucked away, Cards, will you?"

"The man said somethin' about a bill, sir."

"It's a jolly sight worse than that," said Mallison. "Tell him to leave the thing—I'll fix it up later."

"I told 'im that, sir."

"Quite right, too."

Cards looked uncomfortably at nothing.

"Well, what about it, Cards? What did he say to that?"

"Said 'is bill 'ad to be fixed up now, sir."

"The shabby old beggar!" exclaimed Bunty vindictively.

There was a thoughtful silence.

"What do you think, Cards?" asked Mallison presently.

"If you was to see 'im, sir, I dessay 'e'd be more reasonable like."

"Perhaps he would—after all. You never can tell. I'll give the blighter a drink, too."

"Ask him if he wouldn't like some flowers for his wife," said Bunty. "You'd better do that, Cards—for me."

Mallison glanced about the drawing-room. It was a large, paneled, rectangular room with French windows opening on the red-brick terrace and the neat and smiling garden, high-ceiling and admirably proportioned, but comparatively empty. There was a sofa in front of the fireplace, two or three chairs (which were not Chippendale), a table heaped with odds and ends, some framed photographs, and a large Bokhara rug. Over these Mallison's practiced gaze passed as easily as water sliding down some gentle weir.

"I don't see anything else we can give him," he remarked regretfully.

"Unless he'd like one of my photographs," said Bunty with a rueful smile.

"Dash it all, we've got to hang on to that hay," Mallison said, "Pretty ghastly, what?" and moved reluctantly toward the door. Then he said, "Well?" and looked back at her. It wasn't just the bill for the hay, though

that was important, of course—there was Newmarket the following week. How on earth would they manage that? They'd have to ship Whip o' Will by rail, there would be other expenses—

"Wait!" she called.

That rug—wasn't it worth something?

She made a little triumphant gesture of satisfaction.

"Dicky! I've got it. We can sell the rug."

"Sell the rug? What rug? Where?"

She pointed to the fireplace where the Bokhara lay, worn, soft, faded red and blue, with its patterning of black peculiarly distinct in the sunshine which lent it in advance a glamour of gold. It was an unmistakable, genuine, rather valuable Bokhara. Mallison remembered his aunt had picked it up at an auction, said it was a bargain, and bestowed it upon him by way of a wedding present.

"My Lord, so we can!" he ejaculated, gleefully. "I'll buzz up to town and sell the jolly old thing this very day."

"No," said Bunty—"You won't. The Padre's coming over for tea."

"So he is. Naturally, I won't. Quite right—as usual. Eh, Cards?"

"Quite, sir."

"Go out and see the hay man," said Bunty presently. "Tell him we'll settle his bill without fail by the end of the week. You know, Dicky—"

"Exactly," said Mallison. "*Suaviter in modo*, so to speak."

Humming "A-huntin' we will go" with enormous cheerfulness, Mallison departed to interview the local corn-chandler.

In this he was eminently successful.

There was something fictitious about the brightness of that beautiful October afternoon. By tea-time the sky was overcast. By nightfall it was raining. The rector, who had thoroughly enjoyed himself, was easily prevailed upon to stay for dinner; in honor of this, and, indeed, of Bunty's providential piece of inspiration that afternoon special efforts were made; and dinner, too, turned out to be a great success. It was very pleasant sitting in the twinkling yellow candlelight of the white-paneled dining-room, listening to the rain pattering against the windows with persistent purpose. A cheerful sea-coal fire glowed in the grate; Cards miraculously had dug up a bottle of champagne somewhere; and now they were sitting over coffee, smoking some excellent

cigars—the last, as a matter of fact, in the house. Peace enveloped Mallison like a cloak.

"Goin' up to Newmarket to see us pull off the Northamptonshire, Padre?" asked Mallison.

The Rector of Great and Little Cheddesden shook his head.

"I am afraid not. My parochial duties, you know," he said. "Still, I dare say you can win without my assistance."

"I wasn't quite so certain about it at lunch-time," she announced casually. "What with one thing, and another."

"By Jove, yes—I thought we'd blown out a fuse too. However—"

"However what?"

"Well, we're pretty hard-up, and the trouble was I couldn't think how on earth I could scrape up enough money to pay our Newmarket expenses—shippin' Whip o' Will up by rail, fees, hotel bills, and all that, you know; but, look here, Padre, let's push into the next room, it's more comfortable there."

"Yes," said Bunty suddenly, "but there's no fire!"

"H'm, I hadn't thought of that," said Mallison.

Then his eye fell on the sea-coal blazing cheerfully in the dining-room grate and his face brightened.

"That's easily fixed," he said cheerfully.

"I'll just transfer a shovelful of coals from that grate into the drawin'-room grate and there you are, merry and bright in no time."

"I want to hear about this change in your prospects," said the Rector. "It sounds mysterious."

"It isn't, as a matter of fact. The answer's a rug."

"A rug!" exclaimed the Rector with an astonished gesture. "What in the world has a rug got to do with your racing Whip o' Will?"

Mallison did not immediately reply. He deftly scooped out a shovelful of red-hot coals from the dining-room grate and this he produced triumphantly in mid-air. Bunty had gone ahead to see about lights; the Rector regarded him in perplexed uncertainty.

"You said a rug, didn't you?"

"A rug. One of the best Bokhara rugs."

Mallison made a careless movement with the heaped shovel. The coals glowed and winked like flaming jewels in the soft yellow candle-light. The Rector edged away.

Mallison led him out of the room. He halted in the doorway, and looked into the drawing-room. "I say, Bunty," he added, "just ring for Cards to stand-by with some coal, will you?"

"I think," observed the Rector, "I'll stand back."

"I beg your pardon, Padre?"

He glanced back over one shoulder, saw the Rector following, and advanced farther into the room, gently and contentedly humming "Drink, puppy, drink" to himself as he made his way nearer and still nearer the fireplace where his wife stood, lighting some candles. He was conscious of the pattering of the rain on the windows, and a vague pleasant impression of the room itself; in his mind, he was standing far down the rails at Newmarket Heath, watching a jockey in a blue cap, with striped sleeves, piloting a raking bay into the lead on the last stretch for home, and he could hear the sudden cry, "The favorite's beaten!" faintly but perfectly distinctly; in another moment he was conscious of a sharp snap, an aghast exclamation, a rattling sound, and the unattached handle of shovel in his hand. There was at once a strong smell of burning, very pungent and unpleasant, and the Rector was suddenly acting like a madman playing hockey. He was knocking little glowing golden balls about the room with a long old-fashioned hunting crop and enormous enthusiasm.

"Good Lord, the rug!" shouted Mallison.

With his fragment of shovel he, too, started knocking golden glowing little balls about.

It was a disastrous business. By the time the last live coal had been gathered up, the end of the Padre's hunting crop was burnt through, there were large blisters all over the floor, the toes of Bunty's new slippers were hopelessly blackened, there was a prevailing smell of burning wool and paint, and, worst of all, there were four large irretrievable holes burnt in the Bokhara rug. Cards, who had arrived half-way through that sinister hockey match, held it up for his master's silent and melancholy inspection.

"Well, *that's* jolly well torn it," he said presently.

There was a prolonged depressed silence.

And then, peal after peal of pure, silvery, and exceedingly unhysterical laughter, how-

ever, rose in that large, rectangular, and devastated room. The Rector, Cards, and Mallison stared at Bunty's slight, convulsed figure in dismay, sympathy, astonishment. And still she laughed; the tears were rolling down her cheeks; she sat helplessly on the floor, in a little, huddled, shaking heap, and laughed till she could not laugh any more.

"Water!" ejaculated Mallison desperately.

He flopped down on his knees beside her.

Bunty sat up suddenly with a little gesture of aching helplessness.

"The rug!" she said breathlessly.

"It's ruined."

"It's insured," she cried, "The Providential—they pay so punctually, too. A hundred and fifty pounds. We're—we're saved!"

Down by the rails of Tattersall's ten days later, the Mallisons stood together in a corner, watching through their glasses a far, brightly-colored, shifting wheel of horses. It was a clear, cold, autumn afternoon with little wind and pale sunshine. Mallison lowered his glasses.

"They're off!"

He could not bear to look any longer but leaned against the rails and stared intently at the toe of one boot, his elbows crooked, his glasses in readiness, and his shoulders hunched; Bunty slipped an arm through his and pressed it.

There was a tremendous roar.

"The favorite's beaten!"

Then somebody shouted:

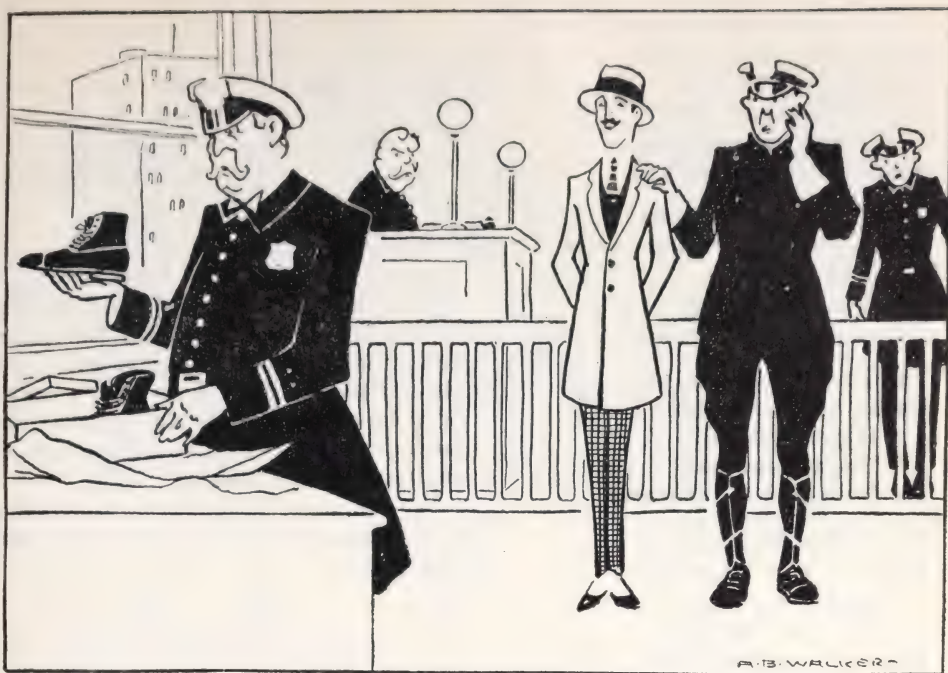
"Who is that out on the rails?"

Mallison looked up. Out on rails, a length and half ahead and galloping up the long stretch of turf in big easy unfaltering strides, was Whip o' Will. Nothing could catch him now. Another roar went up—"Whip o' Will wins!" There was a sudden streak of bright colors, the noise of galloping horses in a hammering crescendo of sound, and the numbers went up: Seven, Two, Nine. He had won by a length and a half.

Tears of purest emotion stood in Mallison's eyes.

"We're home," he said presently, pressing his wife's arm in his. "My dear old girl, we'll have that rug jolly well framed."

Then, adjusting his tie, and cocking his hat to a jauntier angle Mallison made his way calmly into the Paddock. He had won exactly twenty-five hundred pounds.



Under Suspicion

Jones is very lucky. This is the first pair of real shoes he has carried home for months—in that box

A Transportation Problem

THE Osage River in Missouri is a crooked stream. A farmer who lived on its banks loaded his small flat boat with produce one day and floated it down to the market town, six miles away. He exchanged the produce for goods at one of the stores, and loaded the goods on the boat.

"How are you going to get your stuff home?" asked the merchant. "Get a steamboat to tow you back?"

"Not at all," replied the farmer. "I'm going to float it back."

"How is that? I don't understand."

"I guess you don't know much about this river. It doubles on itself just below here and runs back to within less than a quarter of a mile of my house. I've got a landing on both banks and a team of horses that can drag the boat over from one landing to the other. Understand now?"

Why We Beat the World

IN a lecture entitled "Our Country" a speaker in a Western county school explained:

"One reason the United States keeps so

far ahead of the other nations is because we are getting up and going to work every morning while the people on the other side of the globe are just going to bed."

Grandma

MY Grandma sits beneath the trees,
With fine white shawls across her knees.
And every now and then she'll say:
"Heigh-ho!" or else, "Alack-a-day!"

She has no rules that she must keep.
No room to tidy up or sweep,
No meals she mustn't hurry through,
No milk to drink, or sums to do.
But every morning mother brings
Her trays of most delicious things:
Biscuits that only mother makes,
And currant wine, and little cakes.

I'm sure I cannot understand
When one is comfortable and grand
How one can sit and only say:
"Heigh-ho!" or else, "Alack-a-day!"

CAROL HAYNES

The Young Intelligentsia
 The Young Intelligentsia
 Deplored our violencia;
 Our manners rude,
 Our morals crude
 Aroused their apprehensia.

The Young Intelligentsia
 Maintained their high pretencia
 To finer souls
 And nobler goals
 With flaming eloquencia.

The Young Intelligentsia,
 Devoid of recompensia
 (Devoted band!),
 To save our land
 Put forth their full potencia.

The Young Intelligentsia
 Received in consecuencia
 Rebuff and blame,
 And took the same
 With calm indiferencia.

The Young Intelligentsia
 Would have no more nonsensia!
 "Adieu!" said they,
 And fled away
 To Rome or else Florencia.

The Young Intelligentsia,
 Above our comprehensia,
 Have left us flat!—
 Enough of that;
 The rest shall be silencia.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

He Did His Share

A GOVERNMENT official, addressing an audience on the question of the conservation of our natural resources, made a special plea for the forests. "I am sorry to say it," he went on, "but I do not suppose that a single person in this gathering has ever done anything to save timber."

Whereupon a timid young man rose and said: "Excuse me, sir, but I once shot a woodpecker."

How He Got Rid of Him

THE private secretary was summoned to the desk of the general manager, who seemed a bit curious concerning a certain caller that had just left the office.

"Who was that strangely persistent fellow?" asked the general manager.

"He was a book agent, sir."

"Glad you didn't let him in here. What method did you employ to get rid of him?"

"The usual method, sir. I bought a set of books."



BYSTANDER: "Would ye like the loan o' me pick and shovel, mister?"

A Culinary Expert

DALE'S Sunday School teacher had just finished telling the story of the feeding of the multitude with but five loaves and two fishes.

"And now, children, what would you do if you had only two little fishes and five loaves of bread to feed so many hungry people?"

Dale sat quietly with the other children for a moment, then the training of his mother, who was a domestic-science teacher, revealed itself and he said:

"I'd put them through the food chopper."



"Mother, what does being in comfortable circumstances mean?"

"Why, Billy, it means having plenty for one's needs."

"Well, Fido has plenty, but he doesn't seem to be in very comfortable circumstances."

Permanent Residents

A PARTY of men and women interested in prison reform were being escorted through a penal institution by the chief warden. They came in time to a room where three women were sewing.

"Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures! What are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home. This is our sitting room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly responded the chief warden.

An Unknown Quantity

AT a bend in the river opposite a likely pool a portly gentleman in new fishing togs stopped a native in order to obtain some necessary information about the surrounding country.

"Do you suppose," asked the city man, "that it would be worth my while to try fishing round here?"

"Well," said the native, thrusting his hands into his pockets and settling back on his heels, "the fishin' ain't good, but of course I don't know how ye value your time."

Too Much to Ask

A MEMBER of an actors' club tells of a player who, after enacting one part for a great many years, one night forgot his lines.

When the actor came off, his manager was waiting for him in the wings. "It's a curious thing," said he, "that you are not letter-perfect in that part by now. You have been doing it for nearly twenty years."

"Well," retorted the player, "do you expect me to remember it forever?"

The Measure of His Gratitude

DURING a certain church conference one of the speakers saw fit to launch into a tirade against the universities, expressing gratification that he himself had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

When he had been talking for some time the chairman interrupted with the question:

"Do I understand that the gentleman is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Yes," was the answer, "if you wish to put it that way."

"Then," continued the chairman, sweetly, "all I have to say is that you have much to be thankful for."

A Gentle Deception

A BUS filled with passengers was going slowly up a long hill in Arkansas. The driver leaped down from his seat in front and walked by the side of the horse. The poor beast toiled slowly and wearily, but the six passengers inside were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the bus progressed.

Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and then shut it with a slam. The passengers started, but thought the driver was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed.

When he opened and closed the door a second time the travelers turned round angrily to ask why he had disturbed them.

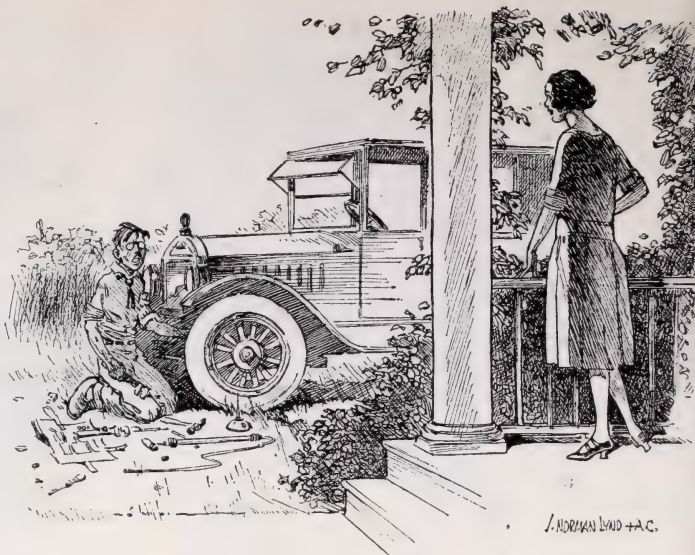
"Hush!" whispered the driver. "Don't speak so loud. She'll overhear us."

"Who is 'she'?"

"The mare. Speak low," he continued, holding his hand before his face. "I am deceiving the creature. Every time she hears the door slamming that way she thinks one of you-all is getting down to walk up the hill, and that kinder raises her spirits."

Where Their Pennies Went

THE Sunday School teacher had on a lovely new frock, which the children



"Well, dear, I've stopped one of the squeaks. Now she's only three squeaks and two rattles ahead of me."

greatly admired. All of them expressed their approval of it, but little Mary. Finally she remarked thoughtfully,

"We had to bring our pennies to Sunday School for lots and lots of Sundays before you could buy that dress—didn't we, teacher?"

Still Hopeful

TWO clerical friends of a clergyman, whose home is in a stony farm region, were driving over the hills when they saw a farmer plowing in a field, the soil of which was so thin and gravelly that it seemed like flying in the face of Providence to ask it to produce anything.

"Dear me!" said one of the ministers, drawing rein. "How can that poor man expect to raise anything in that field of anguish? My friend," he continued, raising his voice, "may I inquire what you are turning the soil over for?"

"Just to encourage it," was the toiler's cheery reply; "and," with a flicker of fun in his eyes, "to see what's on the other side!"



Mr. Carlyle drops in to spend a pleasant evening with Mrs. Whistler

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Sherwood Anderson has taken a conspicuous place among American novelists who have broken from the traditional literary manner. The books which have done most to establish his present reputation are *Winesburg, Ohio*; *Poor White*; and *The Triumph of the Egg*.

Stephen Leacock begins in this issue a new series of burlesques, which satirize not only stage plays of the present and past generation, but also the modern motion-picture dramas. **Ben Ray Redman**, poet and literary critic, has appeared frequently in these pages.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney resides in Sussex, England. For a number of years her stories, which deal chiefly with English country life, have had a prominent place in *HARPER'S*. **Ethel M. Hewitt** is an English poet whose verse appears frequently in American periodicals.

Gertrude Mathews Shelby has for a number of years been an investigator of co-operative banking and merchandising. Not only has she studied at first hand the co-operative movement in the United States, but she has visited most of the European countries where many co-operative enterprises have passed from theory to soundly established institutions. **Carolyn Wells**, whose verse is usually of a humorous turn, is moved to pay a sincere and beautiful tribute to Lincoln.

Ellen Glasgow, whose two-part story is concluded in this issue, has written another story which is soon to appear in *HARPER'S*. **E. Alexander Powell** reaches the end of his thrilling and picturesque journey through the Arabian desert and Palestine. He has returned to America, and is at present engaged in lecturing and putting into book form his Asiatic adventures. **Benjamin Harrow** is associated with the Biochemical Laboratory of Columbia University. He is the author of a recent study of vitamins and other popular books on biological chemistry.

Gamaliel Bradford's delightful series of "Damaged Souls" has evoked an unusual amount of interest among readers everywhere. There are still other papers in the series to follow in the March and April magazines. **Solon K. Stewart**, a new contributor to the Magazine, writes from a rich and unusual military experience in the Near East. He resides at present in Texas. **W. H. Davies**, the English poet, will be remembered as the author of a group of remarkable poems which appeared in the March, 1922, issue.

F. M. Colby and **Fred C. Kelley** are both old friends to *HARPER* readers. **Cyril B. Egan** is a new contributor to "The Lion's Mouth."



We shall soon be able to make definite announcement of the first of James Norman Hall's articles on Iceland, where he has been adventuring for several months. The following letter from Mr. Hall will give our readers a foretaste of the wonderful story he will have to tell:

AT SEA—NORTH OF ICELAND.

"The stream of travel is full of delight. Oh, who will set me adrift on this Nile!"

A few days ago I came across this quotation from Maurice de Guérin's journal. And here I am adrift on an Arctic Nile! Not precisely adrift, however. This little 800-ton steamer is at anchor for a few hours off the little village of Husavik. The wind is blowing great guns, screaming through the rigging, and as there is only an open roadstead here, we are rolling and pitching considerably.

I am on my way from Akureyri to Seydisfjörður, on the east coast. I shall stay here until December 14th and then return overland, to Akureyri, with the postman. Lest you should fail to realize what a hero I am, let me tell you that Icelanders think I have gone quite daft to think of making this mid-winter overland journey through some of the loneliest country in Iceland. No one travels in Iceland in the winter except the poor postmen, who are compelled to do so; and even they only for short distances, and the mail is relayed on by the next postman. However, don't think I am

traveling reluctantly. Quite the contrary. I am enjoying myself hugely. And I have plenty of warm clothing.

On November 2d I returned from a journey into the wildness in the search for a volcano which started an eruption in October. No one knew just where it was, although from observations telephoned from various parts of the country it was possible to guess at its location. At night we could see the explosions almost due south from Akureyri—an awe-inspiring sight. I knew the eruption must be somewhere in the Vatna Jokull—a vast glacial area of more than 3,000 square miles. I knew, too, from my reading, and the directions given by various observers in different parts of the country, that it must be in the western part of the Vatna Jokull. This area has been crossed only four times in the history of Iceland, and only in the summer. Of course, it was hopeless to think of reaching the volcano at this time of the year; but I decided to go as near to it as I could, hoping for at least a view of it. I hired a string of five ponies and a man to go with me, and at the last farm on the edge of the desert country I secured three additional ponies to carry hay, for there is none to be found in that abomination of desolation, the central part of Iceland. However, I don't mean to tell you all the story at this time. It is enough to say that we didn't reach the volcano, but even so, I would not have missed the journey for anything. This is the first time anyone has gone into the interior of the country at this time of the year; and we could not have done it had not the weather been unusually favorable. But coming back it changed suddenly. Winter came down with a rush, and the last three days we had a time of it, I can tell you. Two of the ponies gave out, and one of them, alas! has since died and I have had to pay for it.

Travel in this country is extremely expensive, and particularly so in winter; for hay is very scarce and costly, and you must hire and feed at least five ponies for a journey. However, I am managing pretty reasonably, and have many excursions in prospect.

The days are very short now. The sun appears over the mountains at 9 A.M. and disappears behind them at 1 P.M. By three-thirty it is quite dark. . . .

We are on our way again. What a wind! I should think you might hear the rigging complaining even so far as New York. Looking out of my port-hole I can just make out the black line of the land against the somber southern sky. Over two hundred men lost their lives off the coasts of Iceland last year, and I am told that was a fair yearly average of disaster. Well, if this letter reaches you, you may know that this little eight-knotter reached her destination (Bergen) safely, having called at Seydisfjordur on the way.

Sincerely,

JAMES NORMAN HALL.



As an interesting postscript to Meredith Nicholson's article in the Christmas issue, "Are We a Happy People?" we reprint the following article which Mr. Nicholson wrote for the *New York Sun*:

In reply to a question as to my reason for broaching the question, "Are We a Happy People?" I would answer that I believe America is experiencing just now a spiritual twilight. Thirty years ago Matthew Arnold duly inspected us and declared that we as a people were deficient in intellectual seriousness. Time has, I think, emphasized the justice of his remark. While I doubt whether we are realizing happiness with that completeness which our opportunities and traditions would encourage a contemplative Martian to expect of the most favored nation on this planet, we are not serious about the things that most vitally concern us. We avoid the disagreeable. We are given to side-stepping situations that require honest thought and decisive action.

This is a most unfortunate remark, attributed to Lincoln—in effect, that we as a people may wander and stumble, but that in the end we will "wobble right." Many apparently find great consolation in this utterance. Another quotation that is much invoked by the cheery optimist is Browning's blithe declaration that God being in His heaven all's right with the world.

It's the business of getting God on earth that is giving concern to many who really believe that a democracy like ours needs for its full realization and security a spiritual light. This, it seems to me, the churches are not diffusing. The reason men are falling away from the churches is that they do not find in them that lift and inspiration which it is the business of religion to impart. Dogma has become an increasing burden upon Christianity. Too many people try to explain Jesus. Jesus of all characters in history least needs explanation. He told His own story and left behind the ineffable impression of an incomparable life.

There is in all men some avenue of approach to spiritual things—to a confidence in a power above and beyond us that makes for righteousness. It is not my affair to say to the exponents of dogmatic religion that they must do this or that or they will find themselves ministering to diminishing congregations. One need only glance at the church advertisements in newspapers all over the country to be aware that Protestantism is fighting with its back to the wall. Frantic efforts to win men to the church by a flourish of broadmindedness in the choice of sermon topics and by other concessions to liberality are not helping matters greatly.

"When half gods go, the gods arrive." The trouble with most preaching is not that it holds up an ideal of God that the average man is unable to grasp, but that the ideal isn't big enough. It is made to fit some rather ridiculous cramped

pattern of a deity fashioned by theologians in the dark ages.

It is much easier to believe in an eternal spirit that broods over the world than in God as a person, in whose image we ourselves are fashioned. When I have expressed to Christian ministers of various orders my inability to comprehend God as a superman directing the affairs of this planet somewhat as a towerman in a railroad yard distributes the traffic with his levers I have been told that this was merely an evidence of the failure of my finite mind to grasp the infinite. There are many who, like myself, seek some light and leading, but grow very impatient over this sort of quibbling.

But something in man seeks eternally for a help that is beyond himself. Our forefathers had it, but if what satisfied their spiritual longings has lost its power in these iron times then we must find something else. Materialism has got a strangle hold on America. Democracy is in peril when the divine fire that kindled it begins to fade. It is a matter of daily complaint that political leadership in America was never so feeble as now. Certainly there was never so little conspicuous spiritual leadership. A diminished spiritual vigor naturally brings a lowering of ideals in politics, for democracy isn't merely a system, a formula, but the development and expression of aspirations "deep in the general heart of man," which are the bond between him and eternal things.



This has evoked the following reply from William Frederick Dix, whose recently published book, *Man and the Two Worlds*, offers to bewildered churchgoer and non-churchgoer alike a constructive solution of the problem:

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, in an article in *The Sun* of December 21st, states that this country is in a "spiritual twilight" and that "the business of getting God on earth" is giving concern to the many of us who no longer find in the teachings of modern churches—or what are really the unmodern churches—the inspiration which it is their business to impart. He very truly remarks that "dogma has become an increasing burden on Christianity," that "there is in all men some avenue of approach to spiritual things," and that the trouble with most preaching is that it does not hold up an ideal big enough to satisfy the man of modern intelligence.

He says that it is not his affair to say to the exponents of dogmatic religion that they must do this or that or they will find themselves ministering to diminishing congregations. The congregations of our Christian churches have been diminishing for years; if not, in a few cases, in actual numerical strength, certainly in proportion to our growing population, and, unlike Mr. Nicholson, I have the temerity to say that I most decidedly

consider it my affair to express my opinion as to what they should and should not do to make their high office the influential and stimulating one it should be.

The intelligent man of to-day is, quite naturally, dissatisfied with the concept of a God who is presented to us from the pulpit, as Mr. Nicholson graphically puts it, as one "who is a superman directing the affairs of this planet somewhat as a towerman in a railroad yard distributes the traffic with his levers." Many modern men have reached a plane of intellectual development where the age-long contradiction which has always existed in dogmatic religious teaching is so inescapable that they are no longer content to accept the only explanation which the Church always resorts to, which is not an explanation at all, but an evasion, a subterfuge. When a man has the courage to think for himself, he is confronted with the two basic beliefs of our mistaught Christianity, which conflict utterly with each other:

1. God created the world and is all-powerful.
2. God is infinitely good.

The unescapable contradiction lies in the fact that evil undoubtedly exists in the world. Man is doomed through the centuries to suffer mental, physical and spiritual anguish of every sort. How, then, if God is all-powerful, can he be infinitely good if he can allow to exist for one instant all the evil to which man is heir? If he is infinitely good, no evil can proceed from him, and if he is the creator of all things, he must be the creator of evil. Here is a hopeless contradiction and to meet this question, which grows more and more important as man grows in his ability to think clearly, the Church is forced to resort to a subterfuge which no longer satisfies. This subterfuge is that we must have faith that it is all in God's infinite and all-wise plan, and that there are some things which we cannot understand. That side-stepping of a natural and insistent question is what is robbing the Church of its power and driving conscientious and intelligent thinkers into atheism. The Church does not reveal a God who is understandable.

In a book which my friend, Randall Saulisbury, and I have just written in collaboration, and which has just been published, *Man and the Two Worlds*, we have solved this problem to our own entire satisfaction. We have found a God who *is* understandable, and we have recorded our progress away from the faith taught by dogmatic theology and our further progress toward and arrival at a new and intensely satisfying faith where we have found a God freed at last from the responsibility of evil in the world. We have written this book in the hope and belief that it may bring the same comfort and inspiration to others that it has brought to ourselves.

It is, of course, impossible to epitomize the book in a brief letter such as this. It is sufficient to say that we have discarded all previous testimony and started with our own fundamentals, taking nothing

on faith. We do not believe that God is the creator of the world or has any control over matter. He is exclusively spiritual. He is not "a towerman in a railroad yard distributing the traffic with his levers." He is the fountainhead of spirit, the essence of love. He is forever arrayed on the side of man in his age-long struggle against evil which exists only in matter. Any evil in man is due to his biological, material being. Man is partly material and partly spiritual, and his spiritual side helps him to overcome evil in proportion to his power of attuning himself to respond to the spiritual influence. God is thus no longer a punitive one or a taskmaster sending evil into our lives for the purpose of character-training. He is relieved of the responsibility for all evil and for the countless violences of matter which are inimical to man.

God is spirit and should be worshipped, as Jesus truly taught us, "in spirit and in truth," and not with bead-telling and "vain repetitions of praise." The authors have found an answer which satisfies them, to the age-long contradiction which is depopulating our churches. They believe that their idea may also satisfy and inspire others, and when I said that I had the temerity to tell the exponents of dogmatic religion what they should and should not do, I mean that I believe they should realize that their present system of creeds is no longer effective, that they should abandon illogical tenets, which could be effective only over primitive minds and which conflict with modern knowledge and intelligence. If they will take to heart the true message of Jesus, they will discover, I believe, the true God, who is spirit and spirit only, not a tribal God of anger, not a ruler over the world of matter, but who is the principle of altruism—which breaks the first law of matter, self-preservation—and which is a positive influence toward the ideal which lifts man into a higher plane. The true theology is summed up in three words, "God is love."

Mr. Nicholson is quite right, I think, when he says, "there is in all men some avenue of approach to spiritual things." Let our religious leaders unfold a true, spiritual religion, unconfused with archaic dogma and legendary tenets, and man will respond so quickly and universally that the Church will take its true place as a leader of men's lives and ideals.

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The Magazine extends its congratulations to Newman Levy ("Flaccus"), who has been awarded the prize of a gold watch annually given for the best contribution to F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" in the *New York World*. Mr. Levy during the past year has joined the ranks of contributors to HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

❖ ❖ ❖

Lack of space this month prevents our including a number of letters in praise—and

criticism—of Mrs. Gerould's article "The Land of the Free." We anticipated that our readers would be very enthusiastically *for*—or very violently *against*—the thesis so brilliantly sustained by Mrs. Gerould. We shall present an animated discussion in these pages next month. We print here two letters which have just come to hand:

NEW YORK, January 2, 1923

DEAR HARPER'S,—I have the honor of expressing the opinion that HARPER'S for January is the best issue of any magazine I have ever seen. This may sound a trifle fulsome. But I think it, so why not let you know it?

Katherine Fullerton Gerould's essay, "The Land of the Free," expresses what a lot of us are feeling, yet have not been able to say. Yet she manages to say it incisively, though without rancor. Splendid! I wish we could compel every congressman to read it—and every senator to read it twice.

We expect great stories from Wilbur Daniel Steele. But "Arab Stuff" is superb. I've lived in that country, and I know that he knows. The stories of Sheila Kaye-Smith and Alice Brown are perfect, too. Any one of these three stories is worth a year's subscription to any magazine. And a lot of our academic highbrows talk about the "decline" of American literature!

The Benedict Arnold article and Mr. George's and Major Powell's stuff are of the highest grade. My only question is: Aren't you leaving the post too fast to last out a year's run?

Most sincerely and admiringly—(and, by the way, both myself and my mother are subscribing on the strength of this phenomenal issue)—

yours,

KINGSLEY MOSES.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

DEAR HARPER'S,—The other evening I was reading Gamaliel Bradford's "Damaged Souls. I: Aaron Burr" which appeared in the December HARPER'S. I asked Mother whom the author meant when he referred to "rich fools like Blennerhasset"? For answer Mother went to the bookcase and got out one of the bound volumes of HARPER'S and turned to the article, "And Who Was Blennerhasset?" which was printed in the February issue of 1877.

After I had read the article, which was most charmingly written (and, by the way, when I finished reading I felt more pity for Blennerhasset than scorn) I could not help but think what a remarkable thing it was for a magazine to print an article which was so vividly written that it would be remembered for forty-five years. Or have I missed the point? Is it my mother's memory which is remarkable?

Very sincerely yours,

W. W.





Painting by Frances Rogers

Illustration for "As the Law Directs"

SHE TOOK THE KEYS FROM HIM, UNLOCKED THE DOOR AND WENT IN

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The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART I

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on,
Day and night, and night and day. . . .

Shelley.

AT eight months of age his only experience of life had been one of well-being. He was fed when hungry; he slept when sleepy; he woke when he had slept enough. When bored or annoyed or uneasy he could cry. If crying brought him attentions it was that much to the good; if the effort was thrown away it did no one any harm. Even when least fertile of results it was a change from the crowing and gurgling which were all he had to distract him when left to his own company.

Though his mind worked in co-operation with the subconscious more than with the conscious, it worked actively. In waking minutes there was everything to observe and register.

His intimate needs being met, there were the phenomena of light and darkness. He knew not only the difference

between them, but in a general way when to expect the turn of each. He knew that light brought certain formalities, chiefly connected with his person, and that darkness brought certain others. The reasons remained obscure, but the variety was pleasing.

Then there was the room, or rather the spectacular surroundings of his universe. The nursery was his earth, his atmosphere, his firmament, the ether in which his heavenly bodies went rolling away into the infinite. And, just as with grown-up people, the nearness and distance of Mars or Sirius or Betelgeuse have gone through experimental stages of guesswork first and calculation afterwards, so the exact location of the wardrobe, the table, or the mantelpiece, was a subject for endless wonderment. At times they were apparently so close that he would put out his hand to touch them from his crib; but at once they receded, fixing themselves against the light-blue walls, home of a menagerie of birds and animals, with something between him

and them which he was learning to recognize as space.

There was also motion. Certain things remained in place; other things could move. He himself could move, but that was so near the fundamental necessities as hardly to call for notice. True, there were discoveries even here. The day when he learned that once his legs were freed he could lie on his back and kick was one of emancipation. In finding that he could catch his foot with his hands and put it in his mouth he made his first advance in skill. But there was motion superior to this. There were beings who walked about the room, who entered it and left it. Merely to watch their goings and comings sent spasms through his feet.

Little by little he had come to discern in these creatures a difference in function and personality. Enormous in size, irresistible in strength, they were nevertheless his satellites. One of them supplied his wants; another worshiped him; the third lifted him up, carried him about, tickled him deliciously with his mustache or his bushy outstanding eyebrows, and otherwise entertained him. For the first his tongue essayed the syllables, Na-Na; for the second his lips rose and fell with an explosive Ma-Ma; the last sent his tongue clicking toward the roof of his mouth in the harsher sound of Da-Da; and yet between these efforts and the accomplishment there was still some lack of correspondence.

Of his many enthralling interests speech was the most magical. In his analysis of life it came to him early that these coughings and barkings and gruntings were meant to express thought. He himself had thoughts. What he lacked was the connection of the sounds with the ideas, and of this he was not unaware. They supposed him a little animal who could only eat and sleep, when all the while he was listening, recording, distinguishing, defining, correlating the syllable with the thing that was evidently meant, so that later he

should astonish his circle by uttering a word. It was a stimulating game, and in it his daily progress was not far short of marvelous.

If the nursery was his universe, his crib was his private domain, cushioned and soft, and as spotless as an ermine's nest. It was a joy to wake up in it, and equally a joy to go to sleep. Joy, Tenderness, and Comfort, were the only elements in life with which he was acquainted. Thriving on them as he throve on the carefully prepared formulas of his food, he grew in the spirit without obstacles to struggle with, as his body grew in the sunlight and the air.

By the time he had reached the May morning on which his story begins he had come to take Comfort, Tenderness, and Joy, as life's essentials. Never having known anything else, he had no suspicion that anything else could lurk within the possible. The ritual that attended his going out was as much a matter of course to him as a red carpet to tread on is to a queen. He took it for granted that, when he had been renewed by bottle and bath, she for whom he tried to say Na-Na would be in a flutter of preparation, while she whose sweet smile forced the Ma-Ma to his lips would put a little coat on his back, a little cap on his head, little mittens on his hands, and smother him with adoration all the time she was doing it.

On this particular morning these things had been done. Nestled into a canopied crib on wheels, he was ready for the two gigantic ministrants whom he could not yet distinguish as the first and second footmen. These colossi lifted his vehicle down the steps, to set it on the pavement of Fifth Avenue, where for the time being dramatic episodes were at an end. The town didn't interest him. Moreover, a filmy curtain, to protect him against flies as well as against too much sun, having shut him in from the vastness of the scene, he had nothing to do but let himself be lulled to his customary slumber.

II

Miss Nash, the baby carriage in front of her, furrowed a way through the traffic of the avenue, relatively scant in those days, and reaching the safety of the other side passed within the Park. She was a trained child's-nurse, and wore a uniform. England being at that time the only source of this specialty, examples in New York were limited to the heirs-apparent of the noble families. Between a nursemaid and a trained child's-nurse you will notice the same distinction as between a lady's maid and a princess's lady-in-waiting.

Having entered the Park, Miss Nash stopped the carriage to lift the veil protecting her charge. He was already beyond the noises and distractions of the planet in his rosy, heavenly sleep. Miss Nash smiled wistfully, because it was the only way in which she could smile at all. A superior woman by nature, she clung to that refinement which best expresses itself in something melancholic. Daughter of a solicitor's clerk and niece to a curate, she felt her status as a lady most fittingly preserved in an atmosphere delicate, subdued, and rather sad.

And yet when she looked on her little boy asleep she was no longer superior, and scarcely so much as a lady. She was only a woman enraptured before one of those babies so compact of sweetness, affection, and intelligence that they tug at the heartstrings. She was on her guard as to loving her children overmuch, since it made it so hard to give them up when the minute for doing so arrived; but with this little fellow no guard had been effective. Whether he crowed, or cried, or kicked, or snuggled in her arms to croon with her in baby tunelessness, she found him adorable. But when he was asleep, chubby, seraphic, so awesomely undefiled, she was sure that his spirit had withdrawn from her for a little while to commune with the angels.

"No," she confessed one day to her

friend, Miss Etta Messenger, the only other uniformed child's nurse among her acquaintance in New York, "it won't do. I must break myself. I shall have to leave him some day. But I do envy the mother who will have him always."

"It don't pay you," Miss Messenger declared, as one who has had experience. "Anyone, I always say, can hire my services; but my affections remain my own. Now this little girl I'm with while I'm in New York, I could leave her to-morrow without a pang if—but then I've got something to leave her for."

"And what does he say to things now?" Miss Nash inquired, with selfless interest in her friend's drama.

Miss Messenger answered, judicially, "I've put it to him straight. I've told him he must simply fix a date to marry me, or give me up. As I know he simply won't give me up—you never knew a fellow so wild about a girl as he is about me . . ."

The fortnight which had intervened between that conversation and the morning when our little boy's story opens had given time for Miss Messenger's affairs to take another turn. In the hope of learning the details of this turn Miss Nash sought a corner of the Park, not much frequented by nursemaids, where she and Miss Messenger often met, but Etta was not there. Drawing the carriage within the shade of a miniature grove of lilacs in perfumed flower, Miss Nash once more lifted the veil, wiped the precious mouth, and adjusted the coverlet outside which lay the mittened baby hands. Since there was no more to be done, she sat down on a convenient bench to her reading of *Juliet Allington's Sin*.

In the scene where the lover drowns she became so absorbed as not to notice that on a bench on the other side of a lilac bush Miss Messenger came and installed herself and her baby carriage in the shade of a nearby fan-shaped elm, bronze-green in its young leafage. Miss Nash looked up only when, her emotions having grown so poignant, she could

read no more. She was drying her eyes when, through the branches of the lilac, the flutter of a nurse's cape told her that her friend must have arrived.

"Why, Etta!"

On going round the barrier she found herself greeted by what she had come to call Etta's fighting eyes. They were fine flashing black eyes, set in a face which Miss Nash was further accustomed to describe as "high-complexioned." Miss Messenger spoke listlessly, and yet as one who knew her mind.

"I saw you. I thought I wouldn't interrupt. I haven't very good news."

Miss Nash glided to a seat beside her friend, seizing both her hands. "Oh, my dear, he hasn't ——?"

"That's just what he has." Etta nodded, drily. "Bring your baby round here and I'll tell you."

But Miss Nash couldn't wait. "He's all right there. He's sound asleep. I'll hear him if he stirs. Do tell me what's happened."

"Well, he simply says that if that's the way I feel perhaps we'd better call it off."

"And are you going to?"

Etta's eyes blazed with their black flames. "Call it off? Me? Not much, I won't."

"Still if he won't fix a date . . ."

"He'll jolly well fix a date—or meet me in the court."

"Oh, but, Etta, you wouldn't . . ."

"I don't say I would for choice. There are two or three other things I could do, and I think I'll try them first."

"What sort of things?"

In the answer to that question Miss Nash was even more absorbed than in Juliet Allington's sin. Juliet Allington was after all but a creature of the brain; whereas Etta Messenger's adventures might conceivably be her own. It was not merely some one else's love story that held her imagination in thrall; it was the possibility that one of these days she, Milly Nash, might have a man playing fast and loose with her heart's purest offering. . . .

III

Anyone closely watching the strange woman would have said that her first care was not to seem distraught; but then, no one was closely watching her. On a rapturous May morning, with the lilac and syringa scenting the air, and the tulip beds in only the passing of their glory, there were so many things better worth doing than observing a respectably dressed young woman, probably the wife of an artisan, that she went unobserved. As there were at that very minute some two or three hundred more or less like her also pushing babies in the Park, the eye that singled her out for attention would have had more than the gift of sight.

What she did that was noticeable—again had there been anyone to notice her—was to approach first one little group and then another, quickly sheering away. One would have said that she sheered away from some queer motive of strategy. Her movements might have been called erratic, not because they were aimless, but because she didn't know or didn't find the object of her search. Even if that were so, she neither advanced nor receded, nor drifted hither or yon, more like a lost thing than many another nursemaid giving her charge the air or killing time.

There was nothing sinister about her, unless it was sinister to have moments of seeming dazed or of muttering to herself. She muttered to herself only when sure that there was no one to overhear, and with similar self-command she indulged in looking dazed only when she knew that no eye could light on her. As if aware of abnormality, she schooled herself to a semblance of sanity. Otherwise she was some thirty years of age, neatly if cheaply clad, and too commonplace and unimportant for the most observant to remember her a second after she had passed.

At sight of a little hooded vehicle, standing unguarded where the lilac bushes made a shrine for it, she paused.

Again, the pause was natural. She might have been tired. Pushing a baby carriage in a park is always futile work, with futile starts and stops and turnings in this direction or in that. If she stood to reconnoiter or to make her plans there was no power in the land to interfere with her.

Her further methods were simple. Behind the bench on which Miss Nash and Miss Messenger were by this time entering on an orgy of romantic confidence there rose a gentle eminence. To the top of this hill the strange woman made her way. She made it with precautions, sauntering, dawdling, simulating all the movements of the perfect nurse. When two women, wheeling young laddies strapped into go-carts, crossed her path she walked slowly till they were out of sight. When a park attendant with a lawnmower clicked his machine along to cut a distant portion of the greensward, she waited till he too had disappeared. A few pedestrians were scattered here and there, but so distant as not to count. A few riders galloped up or down the bridle-path near Fifth Avenue, but these too she could disregard. Except for Miss Nash and Miss Messenger, turned toward each other, and with their backs to her, she had the world to herself. Softly she crept down the hill; softly she stole in among the lilacs.

"My little Gracie! my little Gracie!" she kept muttering, but only between closed lips. "My little Gracie!"

"Oh, don't think, Milly," Miss Messenger was saying, "that I shan't give him the chance to come across honorable. I shall. You say that an action for breach doesn't seem to you delicate, and I don't say but what I shrink from it. But when you've a trunkful of letters simply burning with passion, simply *burning* with it, what good are they to you if you don't? . . . And he's worth fifty thousand dollars if he's worth a penny. Don't talk to me! A fishmonger, right in the heart of East Eighty-eighth

Street, the very best district. . . . If I sue for twenty-five thousand dollars I'd be pretty sure of getting five . . . and with a sympathetic jury, possibly six or eight . . . and with all that money I could set up a little nursing home in London . . . say in the Portland Place neighborhood . . . with a specialty in children's diseases . . . and put you in charge of it as matron. You and me together . . ."

"Oh, but, Etta, I couldn't leave my little boy, not till he's able to do without me. By that time there may be other children for me to take care of, so that I could keep near him. I've thought of that. He being the first, and his father and mother such a fine healthy young couple, with everything to support a big family . . ."

During the minutes which marked his transfer from one destiny to another, Miss Nash's little boy remained in the sweet, blest country to which little babies go in dreams. When a swift hand raised the veil, lifting him with deft gentleness, he knew nothing of what was happening. While the cap was peeled from his head and pulled over that of a big, featureless rag doll shaped to the outlines of a baby's limbs, he was still on the lap of Miss Nash's angels. On the lap of these angels he stayed during the rest of the exchange. The strange woman's hand was tender. Lightly it drew over the little boy's head the soiled, cheap bonnet worn by the big rag doll; lightly it laid the little warm body into its new bed. Where he had nestled the big rag doll with his cap on its head gave a fair imitation of his form, unless inspected closely. By the time the veils were lowered on the two little carriages there was nothing for the most suspicious eye to wonder at. A respectable woman of the humbler classes was trundling her baby back to its home. The infant rested quietly.

The rag doll, too, rested quietly when Miss Nash returned to her charge, as Miss Messenger to hers. Miss Nash had heard so much within an hour that she

was not quite mistress of herself. Nothing was so rare with her as to neglect the due examination of her child, but this time she neglected it. Etta had given her so much to think of that for the minute her mind was over-taxed. Because the love theme had become involved with the compelling dictates of self-interest, which even a sweet creature like Miss Nash couldn't overlook, she laid her hands absently on the push-bar, beginning to make her way homeward. There was no question as to Etta's worldly wisdom. The choice lay between worldly wisdom and the warm, glowing, human thing we call affection. In Milly Nash's experience it was the first time such a choice had been put up to her.

"Don't talk to me!" Miss Etta pursued, as they sauntered along side by side. "I simply love my children up to every penny I'm paid for it, not a farthing more; and if you'll take my advice, Milly Nash, you'll follow my example."

Miss Nash felt humble, rebuked. Through fear of disturbing her little boy, she pushed as gently as a zephyr blows.

"I'm not sure that I could measure it out, not with this little fellow."

"This little fellow, fiddlesticks! He's just like any other little fellow."

"Oh, no, he isn't. There's character in babies just as there is in grown-up people. This child's got it strong, all sweetness and loveliness, and so much sense—you'd never believe it! Why, he knows—there's nothing that he doesn't know, in his own dear little way. I tell you, Etta, that if you had him you'd feel just like me."

"Just like you and be out of your heart's job—your heart's job, mind you—as soon as he's four years old, and they want to put him with a French girl to learn French. Oh, I know them, these aristocrats! When I get my alimony, or whatever it is, I'm simply going to provide for the future, and you'll be a goose, Milly Nash, if you simply don't come with me, and do the same."

While Miss Nash was shaking her

head with her gentle, perplexed smile the strange woman was crossing Fifth Avenue. Having accomplished this feat, she entered one of the streets running from that great thoroughfare toward the East River. Squalor being so much the rule in New York, the wealthier classes find it hard to pre-empt to themselves more than a long thin streak, relatively trim, bearing to the general disorder the proportion of a brook to the meadow through which it runs. The strange woman had left Fifth Avenue but a few hundred yards away before she and her baby were swallowed up in that kind of human swarm in which individuals lose their identity. Afraid of betraying some frenzy she knew to be within her by mumbling to herself, she kept her lips shut with a fierce, determined tightness. She was a little woman, and when you looked at her closely you saw that she had once possessed a wild dark prettiness. Even now, as she pushed her way between uncouth men and women, or screaming children at play, her wild dark eyes blazed with sudden anger or swam with unshed tears by fits and turns.

The house at which she stopped was hardly to be distinguished from thousands of others in which a brief brownstone dignity had fallen, first to the boarding-house stage, and then to that of tenements. From the top of a flight of brownstone steps a frowzy, buxom, motherly woman came lumbering down to lend a hand with the baby carriage.

"So you've brought your baby, Mrs. Coburn. Now you'll be able to get settled."

The reply came as if it had been learned by rote. "Yes, now I'll be able to get settled. I've got her crib ready though all my other things is strewed about just as when I moved in. Still, the crib's ready, which is the main thing. She's a fretful baby by nature, so you mustn't think it funny if you hear her cry. Some people thought I'd never raise her, so that if you ever hear say that my little girl died . . ."

"I'll know it's not true," the buxom

woman laughed. "She couldn't die, and you have her here, now could she? Do let me have a peep."

By this time they had lifted the carriage over the steps and into the little passageway. Seeing that there was no help for this inspection, the strange woman trembled but resigned herself. The neighbor lifted the veil, and peered under it.

"My, what a love! And she don't look sick, not a little mite."

"Not her face, she don't. Her poor little body's some wasted, but then so long as I've got her . . ."

"I believe as it 'd be too much lime-water in her milk. She's bottle-fed, ain't she? Well, them bottle-fed babies—I've had two of 'em out of my five—you got to try and try, and ten to one you'll find as it's that nasty lime-water that upsets 'em."

Having unlocked her door, which was on the left of the passageway, the strange woman pulled her treasure into a room stuffy with closed windows, and dim with drawn blinds. Turning the key behind her, she was alone at last.

She fell on her knees, throwing the veil back with a fierceness that almost tore it off. She strained forward. Her breath came in racking, panting sobs.

"My Gracie! my Gracie! God didn't take you! God wouldn't be so mean! I just dreamed it, and now I've waked up."

Suddenly she changed. Drawing backward, she put her hands to her brow and pressed them down the whole length of her face. Her eyes filled with horror. Her face turned sallow. Her lips fell apart.

"I'll get twenty years for this. Perhaps it'll be more. I don't think they hang for it, but it'll be twenty years anyhow, if they find it out." She sprang up, still muttering in broken, only partly articulated phrases. "But they'll never find it out. What's there to find? It's my baby! My precious only baby!" She was on her knees again, dragging herself forward by the sides of the little

carriage, her eyes strained toward the infant face. "My little Gracie! I've missed you all the time you've been away. My heart was near broke. Now you've come back to me. You're mine—mine—mine!"

He opened his eyes. It was his usual hour for waking up. For the first time in his history amazement gave an expression to his face which it was often to wear afterward. Instead of being in his own nest, downy, clean, and scentless, he was in a humpy little hole unpleasant to his senses. Instead of the Na-Na with her tender smile, or the Ma-Ma with her love, he saw this terrifying woman's stormy eyes, rousing the sensation he was later to know as fear. Instead of his nursery, spotless and gay, he was dumped amid the forlorn disarray of furniture that has just been moved into an empty tenement. Without getting these impressions in detail, he got them at once. He got them not as separate facts, but as facts in a single quintessence, distilled and distilled again, till no one element can be told from any other element, and held to his lips in a poisoned draught.

All he could do was to wail, but he wailed with a note of anguish which was new to him. It was anguish the more bitter because of the lack of explanation. His only awareness hitherto had been that of power. He had been a baby sovereign, obeyed without having to command. Now he had been born again as a baby serf, into conditions against which his will, imperious in its baby way, would beat in vain. Once more, he knew this, not by reasoned argument, of course, but by heartbroken instinct. It was not merely the distress of the present that was in his cry, but dread of the future. There was something else in the world besides Comfort, Tenderness, and Joy, and he had touched it. Without knowing what it was he shrank back from the contact and sobbed.

And yet such is the need for love in any young thing's heart, that when the strange woman had lifted him up, and cradled him on her bosom, he was partly

soothed. He was not soothed easily. Though she held him closely, and sang to him softly, seated in the low rocking-chair in which she had rocked her baby-girl, he went on sobbing. He sobbed, not as he had sobbed in his old nursery, for the sport or the mischief of the thing, but because his inner being had been bruised. But his capacity for sobbing wore itself out. Little by little the convulsions grew calmer, the agony less desperate. Love held him. It was not the love of the Ma-Ma or the Na-Na, but it was love. It had love's embrace, love's lullaby. Arms were about him, he was on a breast. The shipwrecked sailor may be only on a raft, but he is not sinking. Little by little he turned his face into this only available refuge. A dangle embroidery adorned it, and in his struggle not to go down his little hands clutched at that.

IV

His first conscious recollection was of sitting on a high chair drawn up to a table at which he was having a meal. He could never recall whether this was in Harlem, Hoboken, Brooklyn, Jersey City, or the Bronx. Because they moved so often he had little more memory of places than he had of clouds. Tenements, streets, and suburbs of New York melted into one big sense of squalor. It was not squalor to him because he was used to it. It only obscured the difference between one dwelling and another, as monotony always obscures remembrance. Wherever their wanderings carried them, the background was the same, crowded, dirty, seething, a breeding place rather than a home.

What marked this occasion was a question he asked and the answer he got back. ^a

"Mudda, id my name Gracie, or id it Tom?"

The mother spoke sharply, as she whisked about the kitchen. "What do you want to know for?"

The question was difficult. He knew

what he wanted to know for, and yet it wasn't easy to explain. The nearest he could get to it in language was to say: "I'm a little boy, ain't I?"

"Yes, you're a little boy, but you should have been a little girl. It was a little girl I wanted."

"But you want me, don't you, mudda?"

She dropped whatever she was doing to press his head fiercely against her side. "Yes, I want you! I want you! I want you!"

He remembered this paroxysm of affection not because it was special but because it was connected with his gropings after his identity. Paroxysms were what he lived on. They were of love or of anger or of something which frightened him and yet was nameless. He thrummed to himself, beating time on the table with his spoon, while he worked on to another point.

"Wadn't there never no Gracie, mudda?"

She wheeled round from the gas-stove. "For goodness' sake, what's putting this into your head? Of course there was a Gracie. You're her. You don't suppose I stole you, did you?"

He ceased his thrumming; he ceased to beat on the table with his spoon. The mystery of being grew still more baffling.

"Mudda!"

"What's it now?"

"If I wad Gracie I'd be a little girl, wouldn't I?"

She stamped her foot. "Stop it! If you ask me another thing I'll slap you."

He stopped it, not because he was afraid of being slapped. Accustomed to that he had learned to discount its ferocity. A sharp stinging smart, it passed if you grinned and bore it, and grinning and bearing had already entered his life as part of its philosophy. If for the minute he asked no more questions it was in order not to vex his mudda. She was easily vexed; she easily lost her self-control; she was easily repentant. It was her repentance that he feared. It



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

SOFTLY SHE STOLE AMONG THE LILACS

was so violent, so overwhelming. He loved love; he loved caressing; he loved to sit in her lap and sing with her; but her tempests of self-reproach alarmed him.

As she washed the dishes or switched about the kitchen, he watched her with that trepidation which makes the children of the poor sharp-witted. Though under five years of age, he was already developing a sense of responsibility. You could see it in the gravity of a wholly straightforward little face, which had the even tan of a healthy fairness, in keeping with his crisp ashen hair. He knew when the moment had come to clamber down from his perch, and snuggle himself against her petticoats.

"Mudda, sing!"

"I can't sing now. Don't you see I'm busy! Look out, or this hot dish-water'll scald you."

Nevertheless, a few minutes later they were settled in the rocking chair, he on her knee, with his cheek against her shoulder. She was not as ungracious as her words would have made her seem, a fact of which he was aware.

"What'll I sing, Troublesome?"

"Sing 'Three Cups of Cold Poison.'"

So she sang in a sweet, true voice, the sort of childish voice which children love, her little boy joining in with her whenever he knew the words, but with only a hit-or-miss venture at the tune.

"Where have you been dining, Lord Ronald, my son?"

Where have you been dining, my handsome young man?"

"I've been dining with my true love, mither, make my bed soon,

There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie doon."

"And what did she give you, Lord Ronald, my son?"

And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"

"Three cups of cold poison, mither, make my bed soon,

There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie doon."

"What'll you will to your mither, Lord Ronald, my son?"

What'll you will to your mither, my handsome young man?"

"My gowd and my silver, mither, make my bed soon,

There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie doon."

"What'll you will to your brither, Lord Ronald, my son?"

What'll you will to your brither, my handsome young man?"

"My coach and six horses, mither, make my bed soon,

There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie doon."

"What'll you will to your truelove, Lord Ronald, my son?"

What'll you will to your truelove, my handsome young man?"

"A rope for to hang her, mither, make my bed soon,

There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie doon."

His next conscious memory was more dramatic. He had been playing in the street, in what town he could never remember. They had recently moved, but they had always recently moved. A month in one set of rooms, and his mother was eager to be off. Rarely did they ever stay anywhere for more than the time of moving in, giving the necessary notice, and moving out again. When they stayed long enough for him to know a few children he sometimes played with them.

In this way the thing happened. The boy's name was Frankie Bell, a detail which remained long after the larger facts had escaped him. Frankie Bell and he had been engaged in scraping the dust and offal of the street into neat little piles, with the object of building what they called a "dirt-house." The task was engrossing, and to it little Tom Coburn gave himself with good will. Suddenly, as each bent over his pile, Frankie Bell threw off the observation, casually uttered:

"My mother says your mother's crazy."

Tom Coburn raised himself from his stooping posture, standing straight, and looking straight. The expression in his dark blue eyes, over which the eyebrows even now stood out bushily, was of pain, and yet of pain that left him the more dauntless. Though knowing but vaguely what the word crazy meant, he knew it was insulting.

"She ain't."

Frankie Bell, a stout young man, lifted himself slowly. "Yes, she is. My mother says so."

"Well, your mudda id a liar."

One rush and Frankie Bell lay sprawling with his head in the cushioned softness of his own dirt-heap. The attack had taken him so much by surprise that he went down before he could bellow. Before he could bellow his enemy was upon him, filling his mouth with the materials collected for architectural purposes. Victor in the fray, Tom Coburn ran homeward blinded with his tears.

He found his mother at the stove, stirring something with a tablespoon.

"Mudda, you're *not* crazy, *are* you?"

His reply was a blow on the head with the spoon. The woman was beside herself.

"Who said that?"

Rubbing his head, he told her.

"Don't you ever let them say no such thing again. If you do I'll kill you." She threw back her head, her arms outstretched, the spoon in her right hand. "God! God! What'll they say next? They'll say I stole him. It'll be twenty years for me; it'll be forty; it may be life. I won't live to begin it. I know what'll end it before they can . . ."

He was terrified now, terrified as he had never been in all his terrifying moments. Throwing himself upon her, he clutched at her skirts.

"Don't, mudda, don't! I'm your little boy! You didn't steal me. Don't cry, mudda! Oh, don't cry! don't cry!"

When, in one of her sudden reactions, she sank sobbing to the floor, he sank with her, petting her, coaxing her, wiping away her tears, forcing himself to laugh

so that she should laugh with him; but a few days afterward they moved.

V

"Mudda, can I have a book and learn to read?"

The ambition had been inspired in the street, where he had seen a little boy who actually had a book, and was spelling out the words. Tom Coburn was now nominally six years old, though it was in the nature of things that of his age no exact record could be kept. His mother had changed his birthday so many times that he observed it whenever she said it had come round.

Bursting into the room with his eager question, he found her sitting by a window looking out at a blank wall. Given her feverish restlessness, the attitude called attention to itself. The apartment was poorer and dingier than any they had lived in hitherto, while it had not escaped his observation that she was living on the ragged edge of her nerves. This made him the more sorry for her, and the more loving. He put his hand on her shoulder, tenderly.

"What's the matter, mudda?"

It was one of the minutes when a touch made her frantic. "Get away!"

He got away, not through fear, but because she pushed him. He didn't mind that, though the rejection hurt him inside. He stood in the middle of the floor, pity in his young countenance, wondering what he could do for her, when she spoke again.

"I've got hardly any money left. I don't know what to do."

It was the first time his attention had been called to finance. He knew there was such a thing as money; he knew it had purchasing value; but he had not known its relation to himself.

"Why don't you get money where you got it before?"

"Because I ain't got a husband to die and leave me another five thousand dollars of insurance."

"And did you have, mudda?"

"Of course I had. What did you think?"

The question voiced his inner difficulty. He had not known what to think. Having observed that a fundamental social unit was formed of husbands and wives, he had also understood that husbands and wives could, in the terms which were the last to hang over from the lingo of his babyhood, be translated into faddas and muddas. They in turn implied children. The methods were mysterious, but the unit was so composed. The exception to this rule seemed to be himself. Though he had a mudda, he could not remember ever to have heard of a fadda. He had pondered on this deficiency more times than anyone suspected. The effort to link himself up with the human family was far more important to him now than the ways and means of getting cash. Standing pensive, he peered into the blinding light, or the unfathomable darkness, whichever it may be, out of which comes human life.

"Mudda, did Gracie have a fadda?"

She snapped peevishly, her gaze again turned outward to the stone wall. "Of course she did."

He came nearer to his point. "Did I?"

"I—I suppose so."

He approached still nearer. "Did I have the same fadda what Gracie had?"

"No, you hadn't." She caught herself up hurriedly, rounding on him in one of her fits of wrath. "Yes, you had."

The inconsistency was evident. "Well, which was it, mudda?"

She jumped to her feet, threateningly. "Now you quit! The next thing you'll be saying is that your name is Whitelaw, and that I stole you. Take that, you nasty little brat!"

A smack on the cheek brought the color to his face, and the tears to his eyes. "No, I won't, mudda. I won't say you stole me, or that my name is—" oddly enough he had caught it—"or that my name is Whitelaw. My name is Tom Coburn, and I'm your little boy."

Rushing at her in the big outpouring

of his love, he threw his arms about her and cried against her waist. He cried so seldom that his grief drove her to one of her paroxysms of repentance. Her self-reproaches abating, all she could do to comfort him was promise him a book, and begin to teach him to read.

The book was procured two days later, and by a method new to him. Doubtless some other means could have been adopted, but the necessity for sparing pennies had become imperative. Moreover, she had never willingly looked at print since the day when she opened a paper to find that, without knowing who she was, all the forces of the country had been organized against her.

They went out together. After traversing a series of streets he had never been in before they stopped in front of a little shop, in the window of which stationery, ink, wallpaper, rubber bands, and books were arranged in artistic confusion. The impression on the fancy of a little boy already groping toward the treasures of the mind was like that made on the tourist in Dresden by the heaped up riches of the Grüne Gewölbe.

The geography of the shop was explained to him before entering. The stationery counter was on the right as soon as you passed the door. The children's books were opposite, on the left. Books forming a cheap circulating library were back of that, and opposite these, where the shop was dark, were the wallpapers, in small, tight rolls on shelves. She was going to inspect wallpapers. The woman in the shop would exhibit them. He would remain alone in the front part of the shop, and close to the counter with the children's books. He was to keep alert and attentive, waiting for a sign which she would give him. When she turned round in the dark part of the shop, and called out, "Are you all right, darling?" he was to understand it as permissible to slip from the counter any small work on which he could lay his hands, and button it up inside his overcoat. He was to do it quickly, keeping his booty out of sight, and above all say-

ing nothing about it. The plan was exciting, with a savor of adventure and manly incentive to skill.

If in the Grüne Gewölbe you were told you could take anything you pleased you would have some of Tom Coburn's sense of enchantment as he stood by the book-counter, waiting for the sign. He could see his mother dimly. More dimly still he could follow the movements of the shop-woman eager for a sale. Sample after sample, the wallpapers were unrolled, and hung on an easel where their flowers lighted the obscurity. Even at a distance he could do justice to their beauty, but more captivating than their glories were the wonders at his hand. Pages in which children and animals depicted in colors far beyond those of nature were piled in neat little rows, and so tempting that he ached for the signal. He couldn't choose; there was too much to choose from. He would put out his hand without looking, guided by fate.

"Are you all right, darling?"

Curiously to the little boy, the question came just when he himself could perceive that the shop-woman had dived beneath the counter for another example of her wares. All the conditions were propitious. No one was entering the shop; no one was looking through the window. Without knowing the moralities of his act, he understood the need for secrecy. He stretched forth his arm. His fingers touched paper. In the fraction of a fraction of a second the object was within his overcoat, and pressed to his pounding heart.

A few minutes later his mother came smiling and chatting down toward the exit, giving her address, which the shop-woman jotted in a note-book. "I think it will have to be the pale-green background with the roses. The room is darkish, and it would light it up. But I'll decide by to-morrow, and let you know. Yes, that's right. Mrs. F. H. Grover, 321 Blaisdel Avenue. So much obliged to you. Good morning."

Having bowed themselves out they went some yards up the street before the

little boy dared to express his new wonderment.

"Mudda, what did you say you was Mrs. F. H. Grover for? And we don't live on Blaisdel Avenue. We live on Orange Street."

"You mind your own business. Did you get your book? Well, that's what we went for, isn't it?"

The expedition having proved successful, it was tried on other planes. Now it was in the line of groceries; now in that of hardware; now in that of drygoods; now in that of fruit. Needed things could be used; useless things could be sold, especially after they had moved to distant neighborhoods. While the procedure didn't supply an income, it eked out very helpfully such income as remained.

It furnished, moreover, a motive in life, which was what they had lacked hitherto. There was something to which to give themselves. It was like devotion to an art, or even a religion. They could pursue it for its own sake. For her especially this outside interest appeased the wild something which wasted her within. She grew calmer, more reasonable. She slept and ate better. She had fewer fits of frenzy.

With but faint pangs of misgiving the little boy enjoyed himself. He enjoyed his finesse; he enjoyed the pride his mother took in him. In proportion as they grew more expert they enlarged their field, often reversing their roles. There were times when he created the distraction, while she secreted any object within reach. They did this the more frequently after she became recognized as his superior in selection.

For a superior in selection the great department stores naturally offered the widest field for operation. They approached them, however, cautiously, going in and out and out and in for a good many days before they ventured on anything. When they did this at last it was amid the crowding and pushing of a bargain day.

The system evolved had the masterly

note of simplicity. The little boy carried a satchel, of the kind in which school-boys sometimes carry books. He stood near his mudda, or farther away, according to the dictates of the moment's strategy. On the first occasion he kept close to her, sincerely admiring a display of colored silk scarves conspicuously marked down to the price at which it was intended, even before their importation, that they should be sold. Women thronged about the counter, the little boy and his mudda having much ado to edge themselves into the front to where these products of the loom could be handled.

The picking and choosing done, the mother still showed some indecision.

"I'll just ask my sister to step over here," she confided to the saleswoman. "Her judgment is so much better than mine. Run over, dear, to your Aunt Mary," she begged of the boy, "and ask her to come and speak to me." Holding the scarf noticeably in her hands, she smiled at the saleswoman, affably. "I'll just make room for this lady, who seems to be in a hurry."

She did not step back; she merely allowed herself to be crowded out. From the front row she receded to the second, from the second to the third. Keeping in sight of the saleswoman, she looked this way and that, plainly for Aunt Mary to appear. At times she made little dashes, as Aunt Mary seemed to come within sight. From these she did not fail to return, but on each occasion to a point more distant from that of her departure. With sufficient time the poor saleswoman, who had fifty other customers to attend to, would be likely to forget her, for a few minutes if no more.

The moment seemed to have come. With the scarf thrown jauntily over her arm where anyone could see it, the mother forced her way amid the crowds in search of her little boy. If intercepted she had her explanation. He had gone on an errand, and had not come back. When she had found him she would return and pay for the scarf, or decide not

to take it. Her story couldn't help being plausible.

"Aunt Mary" was a spot agreed upon near one of the side doors, and far from the centres of interest in silk scarves. Agreed upon was also a little bit of comedy, for the benefit of possible lookers-on.

"Oh, my dear, I've kept you waiting so long. I'm so sorry. Tell your mother this is the best I could do for her. I knew you were waiting, so I didn't let the lady wrap it up. Open your bag, and I'll put it in."

The bag closed, the little boy went out through one door, and his mother through another. The point where she was to rejoin him was not so far away but that he could walk to it alone.

VI

"It's all right, mudda, isn't it?"

He asked this after their campaign had been carried on for a good part of a year, and when they were nearing Christmas. He was now supposed to be seven. For reasons he could not explain the great game lost its zest. In as far as he understood himself he hated the sneaking and the secrecy. He hated the lying too, but lying was so much a part of their everyday life that he might as well have hated bread.

"Of course it's all right," his mother snapped. "Haven't I said so time and again? We get away with it, don't we? and if it wasn't all right we shouldn't be able to do that."

Silenced by this reasoning, even if something in his heart was not convinced by it, he prepared for the harvest of the festival. Christmas was an exciting time, even to Tom Coburn. Perhaps it was more exciting to him than to other boys, since he had so much to do with shops. As long ago as the middle of November he had noted the first stirrings of new energy. After that he had watched the degrees through which they had ripened to a splendor in which toys, books, skis, skates, sleds,



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"THEY'LL SAY I STOLE HIM. IT'LL BE TWENTY YEARS FOR ME"

and all the paraphernalia of young joyousness, made a bright thing of the world. Where there was so much, the profusion went beyond desire. One of these objects at a time, or two, or three, might have found him envious; but he couldn't cope with such abundance. He could concentrate, therefore, all the more on the pair of fur-lined mittens which his mother promised him, if, as she expressed it, they could haul it off.

By Christmas Eve they had not done so. They had hauled off other things—a purse, a lady's shopping bag, several towels, a selection of pen-trays, some pairs of stockings, a bottle of shoe-polish, a baby's collapsible rubber bathtub, a hair-brush, an electric toaster, with other articles of no great interest to a little boy. Moreover, only some of these things were for personal use; the rest would be sold discreetly after the next moving. It was in the nature of the case that such grist as came to their mill should be more or less as it happened. They could pick, but they couldn't choose, at least to no more than a limited degree. Fur-lined mittens didn't come their way.

The little boy's heart began to ache with a great fear. Perhaps he shouldn't get them. Unless he got them by Christmas Day the spell of the occasion would be gone. To get them a week later wouldn't be the same thing. It would not be Christmas. He couldn't remember having kept a Christmas hitherto. He couldn't remember ever having longed for what might be called an article of luxury. The yearning was new to him, and because new, it consumed him. Whenever he thought that the happiness might after all elude him he had to grind his teeth to keep back a sob, but he could not prevent the filling of his eyes with tears.

It was not only Christmas Eve but late in the day before the mother found her opportunity. At half-past five the counter where fur-lined mittens were displayed was crowded with poor women who hadn't had the money or the time

to make their purchases earlier. In among them pressed Tom Coburn's mother, making her selection, and asking the price.

"Now where's that boy? His hands grow so quick that I can't be sure of anything without trying them on."

With a despairing smile at the saleswoman, she followed her usual tactics of being elbowed from the counter, while she looked about vainly for the boy. At the right moment she slipped into the pushing, struggling mass of tired women, where she could count on being no more remarked than a single crow in a flock. The mittens were in the muff which was the prize of an earlier expedition. At a side door the boy was waiting where she had left him. Without pausing for words she whispered commandingly.

"Come along quick."

He went along quick, but also happily, projecting himself into the "surprise" to which he would wake on Christmas morning.

They had reached the sidewalk when a hand was laid on the mother's shoulder.

"Will you come back a minute, please?"

The words were so polite that for the first few seconds the boy was not alarmed. A lady was speaking, a lady like any other lady, unless it was that her manner was quieter, more forceful, more sure of itself, than he was accustomed to among women. But what he never forgot during all the rest of his life was the look on his mother's face. As he came to analyze it later it was one of inner surrender. She had come to the point which she had long foreseen as her objective. She had reached the end. But in spite of surrender, and though she grew bloodlessly pale, she was still determined to show fight.

"What do you want me for?"

"If you'll step this way I'll tell you."

"I don't know that I care to do that. I'm going home."

"You'd better come quietly. You won't gain anything by making a fuss."

A second lady, also forceful and sure of herself, having joined them they pushed their way back through the throng. At the glove counter a place was made for them. The saleswoman was beckoned to. The woman who had stopped them at the door continued to take the lead.

"Now, will you show us what you've got in your muff?"

She produced the mittens. "Yes, I've got these. I bought and paid for them."

The saleswoman gave her account of the incident. Women shoppers gathered round. Floorwalkers came up.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" the boy heard his mother cry out, as the girl behind the counter told her tale. "If I didn't pay for them it was because I forgot. Here's the money. I'll pay for them now. What do you take me for?"

"No; you won't pay for them now. That's not the way we do business. Just come along this way."

"I'm not going nowheres else. If you won't take the money you can go without it. Leave me alone, and let me take my little boy home."

Her voice had the screaming helplessness of women in the grasp of forces without pity. A floorwalker laid his hand on her shoulder, compelling her to turn round.

"Don't you touch me," she shouted, "If I've got to go anywheres I can go without your tearing the clothes off my back, can't I?"

For the little boy it was the last touch of humiliation. Rushing at the floorwalker, he kicked him in the shins.

"Don't you hit my mudda. I won't let you."

A second floorwalker held the youngster back. Some of the crowd laughed. Others declared it a monstrous thing that women of the sort should have such fine-looking children.

Presently they were surging through the crowd again, toward a back region of the premises. The boy, not crying but panting as if spent by a long race, held his mother by the skirt; on the

other side one of the forceful women had her by the arm. He saw that his mother's hat had been knocked to one side, and that a mesh of her dark hair had broken loose. He remembered this picture, and how the shoppers, wherever they passed, made a lane for them, shocked by the sight of their disgrace.

They came to an office, where their party, his mother, himself, the two forceful women, and two floorwalkers, were shut in with an elderly man who sat behind a desk. It was still the first of the forceful women who took the lead.

"Mr. Corning, we've caught this woman shoplifting."

"I haven't been," the boy heard his mother deny. "Honest to God, I haven't been."

"We've been watching her for some time past," the forceful woman continued, "but we never managed before to get her with the goods."

The elderly man was gray, pale-eyed, and mild-mannered. He listened while the story was given him in detail.

"I'm afraid we must give you in charge," he said, gently, when the facts were in.

"No, don't do that, don't do that," she implored, tearfully. "I've got my little boy. He can't do without me."

"He hasn't done very well with you, has he?" the elderly man reasoned. "A woman who's taught a boy of that age to steal . . ."

He was interrupted by the coming in of a policeman, summoned by telephone. At sight of him the unhappy woman gave a loud inarticulate gasp of terror. All that for seven years she had dreaded seemed now about to come true. The boy felt terror too, but the knowledge that his mother needed him nerved him to be a man.

"Don't you be afraid, mudda. If they put you in jail I'll go to jail too. I won't let them take me away from you."

"You'd better come with me, missus," the policeman said, with gruff kindness, when the situation was explained to

him. "The kid can come too. 'Twon't be so bad. Lots of these cases. You'll live through it all right, and it'll learn you to keep straight. One of these days you may be glad that it happened."

They went out through a dimly lighted passageway, clogged with parcels and packing-cases which men were loading into drays. It was dark by this time, the streets being lighted as at night. The police-station was not far away, and to it they were led through a series of by-ways in which there were few foot-passengers. The policeman allowed them to walk in front of him, so that the connection was not too obvious. The boy held his mother's hand, which clutched at his with a nervous loosening and tightening of the fingers. As the situation was beyond words they made no attempt to speak.

"This way."

Within the police-station the officer turned them to the right, where they entered a small bare room. Brilliantly lighted with unshaded electrics, its glare was fierce upon the eyes. At a plain oak desk a man in uniform was seated with a ledger in front of him. Another man in uniform standing near the door picked his teeth to kill time.

"Shoplifting case," was the simple introduction of the party.

They stood before the man at the desk, who dipped his pen in the ink, and barely glanced at them. What to the boy and his mother was as the end of the world was to him all in the day's work.

"Name?"

She gave her name distinctly, and less to the lad's surprise than if she hadn't often used pseudonyms. "Mrs. Theodore Whitelaw."

"Address?"

She gave the address correctly.

"Boy's name?"

He spoke carefully, as one who had prepared her statements. "He's been known as Thomas Coburn. He's really Thomas Whitelaw. His father was my second husband."

"If he's your second husband's child why is he called by your first husband's name?"

She was prepared here too. "Because I'd given up using my second husband's name. I was unhappily married."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he is."

Never having heard before so much of his private history, the boy registered it all. It was exactly the sort of detail for which he had been eager. It explained too that name of Whitelaw, allusions to which had puzzled him. He was so engrossed by the fact that he was not Tom Coburn but Tom Whitelaw as hardly to listen while it was explained to his mother that she would spend the night in the Female House of Detention, and be brought before the magistrate in the morning. If the boy had no friends to whom to send him he would be well taken care of elsewhere.

The phlegm to which she had for a few minutes schooled herself broke down. "Oh, can't I keep him with me? He'll cry his eyes out without me."

She was given to understand that no child above the nursing age could be put in prison even for its mother's sake. From his reverie as to Tom Whitelaw he waked to what was passing.

"But I won't leave my mudda," he wailed, loudly. "I want to go to jail."

The kindly policeman put his arm about the boy's shoulder.

"You'll go to jail, sonny, when your time comes, if you set the right way to work. Your momma's only going to spend the night, and I'll see to it that you —"

In a side of the room a door opened noiselessly. A woman, wearing a uniform, with a bunch of keys hanging at her side, stood there like a Fate. She was a grave woman, strongly built, and with something inexorable in her eyes. Even the boy guessed who she was, throwing himself against her, and crying out, "Go 'way! go 'way! You won't take my mudda away from me."

But the folly of resistance became evident. The mother herself understood it so. Walking up to the woman with the keys, she said in an undertone:

"For God's sake, get me out of this. I can't look on while he breaks his little heart. He's always been an angel."

That was all. She gave no backward look. Before the boy knew what was about to happen, she had passed into a corridor, and the door had closed behind her.

She was gone. He was left with these strange men. The need for being brave was not unknown to him. Not unknown to him was the power of calling to his aid a secret strength which had already carried him through tight places. He could only express it to himself in the words that he mustn't cry. Crying had come to stand for everything cowardly and babyish. He was so prone to do it that the struggle against it was the hardest he had to make. He struggled against it now; but he struggled vainly. He was all alone. Even the three policemen were talking together, while he stood deserted, and futile. His lips quivered in spite of himself. The tears gathered. Disgraced as he was anyhow, this weakness disgraced him more.

The room had an empty corner. Straight into it he walked, and turned his back, his face within the angle. The head with an old cap on it was bowed. The sturdy shoulders, muffled in a cheap top-coat, heaved up and down. But the legs in their knickerbockers were both straight and strong, and the feet firmly planted on the floor. Except for an occasional strangled sound which he couldn't control, he betrayed himself by nothing audible.

The three policemen, all of them fathers, glanced at him, but forbore to glance at one another. One of them tried to say, "Poor kid!" but the words stuck in his throat. It was the kindly fellow who had brought the lad and the woman there who recovered himself first.

"All right, then, boys. The Swindon Street Home. One of you can 'phone

that we're on the way." He went over and laid his hand on the child's shoulder. "Say, sonny, I'm goin' to take you out to see the Christmas Tree."

The thought was a happy one. Tom Coburn had never seen any Christmas Trees, though he had often heard of them. He had specially heard of the community Christmas Tree which was new that year in that particular city. It was to be a splendid sight, and against the fascination of splendor even grief was not wholly proof. He looked shyly round, an incredible wonder in his tear-stained, upturned face.

In the street they walked hand in hand, pausing now and then to admire some brightly lighted window. The boy was in fairyland, but in spite of fairyland long deep sighs welled up from the springs of his loneliness and sorrow. To distract him the policeman took him into a druggist's and bought him a cone of ice-cream. The boy licked it gratefully, as they made their way to the open space consecrated to the Tree.

The night was brisk and frosty; the sky clear. In the streets there was movement, light, gayety. At a spot on a bit of pavement a vendor was showing a dancing toy, round which some scores of idlers were gathered. The dancing was so droll that the little boy laughed. The policeman bought him one.

When they came to the Christmas Tree the lad was in ecstasy. Nothing he had ever dreamed of equalled these fruits of many-colored fires. A band was playing, and suddenly the multitude broke into song.

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem!

Even the policeman joined in, humming the refrain in Latin.

Venite, adoremus;
Venite, adoremus;
Venite, adoremus,
Dominum.

Passing thus through marvels they came to the Swindon Street Home. The night-nurse, warned by telephone, was expecting them. She was a motherly woman who had once had a child, and knew well this precise situation.

"Oh, come in, you poor little boy! Have you had your supper?"

He hadn't had his supper, though the cone of ice-cream had stilled the worst pangs of hunger.

"Then you shall have some; and after that I'll put you in a nice comfy bed."

"He's a fine kid," the policeman commended, before going away, "and won't give you no trouble, will you, sonny?"

The boy caught him by the hand, looking up pleadingly into his face, as if he would have kept him. But the policeman had children of his own, and this was Christmas Eve.

"See you again, sonny," he said, cheerily, as he went out, "and a merry Christmas!"

The night matron knew by experience all the sufferings of little boys homesick for mothers who have got into trouble. She had dealt with them by the hundred.

"Now, dear, while Mrs. Lamson is getting your supper we'll go to the washroom and you'll wash your face and hands. Then you'll feel more like eating, won't you?"

Deprived of his policeman, despair would have settled on him again, had it not been for the night matron's hearty voice. The deeper his woe, and it was very deep, the less he could resist friendliness. Just as in that first agony, when he was only eight months old, he had turned to the only love available, so now he yielded again. He was not reconciled; he was not even comforted; he was only responsive and grateful, thus getting the strength to go on.

Going on was only in letting the night matron scrub his face and hands, and submitting patiently. As they went

from the washroom to the dining room he held her by the hand. He did this first because he couldn't let her go, and then because the halls were big and bare and dark. Never had he been in any place so vast, or so impersonal. He was used to strangeness, as they moved so often, but not to strangeness on so immense a scale. It was a relief to him, because it brought in a note of hominess, to hear from an upper floor a forlorn little baby cry.

His supper toned him up. He could speak of his great sorrow. While the night matron sat with him and helped him to porridge he asked, suddenly:

"Will they let me go to jail and stay with my mudda to-morrow?"

"You see, dear, your mother may not be in jail to-morrow. Perhaps she'll be let out, and then you can go home with her."

"They didn't ought to put her in. I'm big. I could work for her, and then she wouldn't have to take things no more."

"But bless you, darling, you'll be able to work for her as it is. They won't keep her very long—not so very long—and I'll look after you till she comes out. After that . . ."

"What's your name?" he asked, solemnly, as if he wished to nail her to the bargain.

"Mrs. Crewdson's my name. I'm a widow. I like little boys. I like you especially. I think we're going to be friends."

As a proof of this she took him to her own rooms, instead of to a dormitory, where she gave him a bath, found a clean night-shirt which, being too big, descended to his feet, and put him to sleep in a cot she kept on purpose for homeless little children in danger of being too lonely.

"You see, dear," she explained to him, "I don't go to bed all night. I stay up to look after all the little children—there are a lot of them in this house—who may want something. So you needn't be afraid. I'll leave a light

burning, and I'll be in and out all the time. If you wake up and hear a noise, you'll know that that'll be me going about in the rooms, but mostly I'll be in this room. Now, don't you want to say your prayers?"

He didn't want to say his prayers because he had never said any. She suggested, therefore, that he should kneel on the bed, put his hands together, and repeat the words she told him to say, as she sat on the edge of the cot.

"Dear God"—"Dear God"—"take care of me to-night"—"take care of me to-night"—"and take care of my dear mother"—"and take care of my dear mudda"—"and make us happy again"—"and make us happy again"—"for Jesus Christ's sake"—"for Jesus Christ's sake"—"Amen"—"Amen."

"God's up in the sky, isn't He?" he asked, as he hugged his dancing toy to him and let her cover him up.

"God's everywhere where there's love, it seems to me, dear. I bring a little bit of God to you, and you bring a little bit of God to me; and so we have Him right here. That's a good thought to go to sleep on, isn't it? So good-night, dear."

She kissed him as she supposed his mother would have done. He threw his arms about her neck, drawing her

face close to his. "Good night, dear," he whispered back, and almost before she rose from the bedside she knew he was asleep.

Somewhere toward morning she came into the room and found him sitting up in his cot.

"Will it soon be daytime, Mrs. Crewdson?"

"Yes, dear; not so very long now."

"And when daytime comes could I go to the jail?"

"Not too early, dear. They wouldn't let you in."

"Oh, but I don't want to go in. I only want to stand outside. Then if my mudda looks out of the window, she'll see her little boy."

Throwing herself on her knees, she clasped him in her arms. "Oh, you darling! How I wish God had given me a little son like you! I did have one—he would have been just your age—only I—I lost him."

Touched by this tribute to himself, as well as by his friend's bereavement, he brought out a fine manly phrase he had long been saving for an adequate occasion.

"The hell you did, Mrs. Crewdson!"

Having thus expressed his sympathy, he nestled down to sleep again, hugging his dancing toy.

(To be continued)

The Drama As I See It

STUDIES IN THE PLAYS AND FILMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

II.—“*The Soul Call*”

AN UP-TO-DATE PIFFLE-PLAY—PERIOD 1923

(In which a Woman and a Man, both trying to find themselves, find each other)

AT the opposite pole of thought from the good old melodrama, full of wind and seaweed and danger, is the ultramodern up-to-date Piffle-Play.

It is named by such a name as *The Soul Call*, or *The Heart Yearn*, or *The Stomach Trouble*—always something terribly perplexed and with sixty per cent of sex in it. It always deals in one way or another with the “problem of marriage.” Let it be noted that marriage, which used to be a sacrament, became presently a contract and now a problem. In art and literature it used to constitute the happy ending. Now it’s just the bad beginning.

You always hear of *The Soul Call* long before you see it. It is being played in London before New York, or in New York before London, or at any rate it is always played somewhere else first. It has to be. That’s part of the charm of it; so that you have heard people discussing it at dinner and debating whether Helga was right in wanting to poison her husband, and how Lionel Derwent could live with such a woman as Mabel.

When at last it is played it is put on in a Little Theater, just a small bijou place, with seats for two hundred and fifty. Even that is too many. The great mass of the theater-goers don’t go to *The Soul Call*; they are all round the corner in a huge picture house (capacity three thousand) looking at

Big-Hearted Jim, A Film of Western Life, Through Which Blows the Ozone of the Cow Pasture. That’s the stuff they want. But the really cultivated people want to know whether Helga should or should not have poisoned her husband and whether Mabel should or should not live with Lionel Derwent. So they are all there in evening clothes, with other people’s wives with white necks and plenty of jewels in their hair. Hence the setting of *The Soul Call* is not a bit like the setting of the old melodrama with the huge theater full of noise and clatter, the boys shouting “Peanuts, Program!”

In the Little Theater all is quiet, with just dim red lights here and there and noiseless ushers selling the Book of the Play on embossed paper for fifty cents. This is the only kind of atmosphere in which people can properly analyze the Problem of Marriage.

When the Piffle-Play begins the curtain doesn’t go up; it is parted in the middle and silently drawn aside by a thing in black silk knee breeches. When it is drawn back the scene is a room. It is called A Room in The Derwent’s Residence, and it is evidently just a “room.” The stage of the old melodrama had wings and flies and drops and open spaces up above and glimpses at the sides of actors not wanted and waiting till they were. But the stage of the piffle-play is made into

a room with a real ceiling and real doors and a real fire burning in a real grate.

By the time the audience have examined this, they see that there is an ineffective young man in a gray tweed suit seated at a little table on the left, playing solitaire with a pack of cards.

He flings down a card and he exclaims, "Oh, hang these cards!" then calls, "Meadows, I say, Meadows!" The audience by looking up on their programs "the characters in the order of their appearance" know that the ineffective young man at the table is Lionel Derwent, husband of Mabel Derwent. The book of the play explains to them that "Lionel Derwent is the type of young man who would rather smoke a cigarette than work in a coal mine. In appearance he looks as if a proposition in solid geometry would bore him. He is quite visibly a man who might be fond of a Pekingese dog, but one sees at once that he would not care to attend a Hotel Men's Annual Convention at Niagara-on-the-Lake." Reading this, the audience know exactly what sort of man he is.

When Derwent calls "Meadows, I say, Meadows!" in comes the butler. Derwent says, "Get me some more

cards, will you, Meadows. These are perfectly rotten," and Meadows says, "Yes, sir, at once, sir," exactly as a butler would say it. The acting is so perfect that it isn't acting at all. Meadows is, or at least *was*, a butler. That's how he got the part. In the old melodrama days the actor made the part. Now the part makes the actor. The old-time actor used to act anything and everything. One day he was a villain, the next a hero; one day old, the next young. One week he was six feet high, the next he had shrunk to five feet, four inches. He acted a bishop one night and an idiot the next. It was all the same to him. Bring him anything and he'd act it.

But in the Piffle-Play on the New Stage the actor is cast for his part. When they want a man to act as a butler they don't advertise for actors; they advertise for butlers.

Meadows has in his hand a little silver tray with a card on it and he says: "Mr. Chown is downstairs, sir. May I show him up?"

Derwent says, "Queen—four—Queen, —yes, do, Meadows."

Derwent goes on, "King—six—eight . . ." till the door opens again, and Meadows announces "Mr. Chown."



"HELGA!"—"LIONEL!"

In comes another young man with a hat and stick in his hand. This is Charles Chown. He is just as well dressed as Derwent (only well-dressed people can get into a Piffle-Play) but he looks somewhat rougher in texture. In fact the book says of him:

"Charles Chown is evidently the kind of man who would react more vigorously to a share of Canadian Pacific Railway stock than to a bunch of carnations. His air is that of a man who would fail to read a page of Bergson's philosophy but would like a marginal option in an oil company. He would probably prefer a Cattle Show to a meeting of Secondary School Teachers." So we know exactly what Charles Chown is like.

Lionel says languidly, "Ah, Charles. Sit down—ace—ten—queen—"

"I've just run in for a minute," says Chown, "to give you your cigarette case. You left it at our house last night. Still nothing better to do than play solitaire, eh?"

"My dear fellow, what *is* there to do? Everything's been done long ago."

Chown grunts.

"After all, what is there in *life*? One simply *lives*."

Chown grunts.

"Take the thing any way you will, I'm hanged if I can see anything more in existence than simply existing. One breathes, but why?"

Chown grunts. He evidently doesn't see why.

"I mean, here one is. Did one ask to be? Hardly. It is a matter in which one had no say. One wasn't consulted."

At this point Lionel Derwent gets up and walks over to the mantelpiece where he takes a cigarette and lights it. This thrilling piece of action quite palpably lifts the whole play up.

Charles Chown goes and puts his hat and stick down on a table and pulls a chair near the fire and lights a cigar. This again is a regular thriller. In fact the action of the play is getting too wild altogether. So Lionel and Charles go back to their analysis of life. Some

of the audience, who don't understand that they are "analyzing life," wonder what in Hades they're talking about. But these are uncultivated people who have no business in the Little Theater and ought to be at *Big-Hearted Jim* next door. The bulk of the audience is fascinated.

Chown speaks: "That's all right, Derwent, but its all rot—(*puff*)—You ought to come down to the Exchange—(*puff*)—some morning. Then you'd know that there's something doing in life—(*puff*)."

"My dear fellow!"

"*This* morning, for instance. Steel fell fifteen points."

Lionel, very languidly, "Fell down or fell up?"

"Why, down of course. You never heard such a racket as the fellows made."

"How can they care about it?"

"Why, hang it, think of the *money* it meant!"

"Money! Oh, I say, Chown, money! Come, come!"

Lionel, who has been standing, stretches his elbows with a yawn and walks over and stands looking at a picture and muttering, "Money! I say, Chown, that's rather thick!—money!"

Lionel's acting when he yawns is simply admirable. In fact it was principally his yawn that got him where he is. In the old melodrama a good actor was one who could handle a broadsword in a Highland dueling scene, or leap off a lighthouse into the sea. In the Piffle-Play it means one who can yawn.

"Well I must skip along," says Chown. "I must get down to the Exchange. So long."

When Chown goes out Lionel shrugs his shoulders as he lights another cigarette.

"What a clod!" he murmurs. Then he pushes a bell button and calls out, "Meadows!"

The butler reappears.



LIONEL GIVES HER A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT

"Will you kindly dust off that chair where Mr. Chown was sitting."

"Yes, sir."

Lionel watches Meadows dusting the chair for a minute. Then he says:

"I say, Meadows."

"Yes, sir."

"Has it ever occurred to you, Meadows, that some men have souls about the size of a share of preferred stock?"

"No, sir, I can't say it has; ah, excuse me, sir, there's the bell."

In another half minute Meadows reopens the door with the words:

"Mrs. Chown!"

Helga Chown comes sliding into the room. She is dark, very beautiful and as slender as a liqueur glass. Her clothes are pure Art and droop on her like a butterfly's wings.

As to her character, the audience know all about it already from reading about *The Soul Call* before they see it; and anyway they have the Book of the Play which says:

"Helga, the wife of Charles Chown, is a woman whose soul has overgrown her body. Life presses on her on all

sides and she cannot escape. She beats her wings against the bars in vain." On the old-fashioned stage this "beating her wings against the bars" might have been misunderstood. But not so now.

Derwent rises and they come together, saying "Helga!" and "Lionel!" with an infinite depth of meaning.

Helga draws off her gloves and drops into a chair.

"Charles here?" she says.

"Just left. Did you want to see him?"

"No, to not see him. Give me a cigarette."

Lionel comes over near her and gives her a cigarette and lights it.

"Where's Mabel?" she asks.

"Gone out to the Dog Show!"

They both shudder.

"And Charles?"

"Went down to the Stock Exchange."

They both shiver.

The audience are following the play with great expectancy and growing excitement. They don't expect a passionate love scene. They know better

than that. But Lionel and Helga are going to "analyze themselves!" and the audience are waiting for it.

Lionel starts first.

"How easy people like Charles and Mabel seem to find life!"

Helga nods. "Yes, don't they."

"They never seem to stop to analyze themselves."

"Perhaps," murmurs Helga, "they can't." This terrible thought holds them both silent for a minute. Then Helga speaks.

"Lionel," she says, "lately, I've been trying to think it all out, what it all means. I want to see it all clearly,—you and me and everything—"

Lionel has taken her hand very gently.

"Yes, dear?" he murmurs.

"No, don't—I mean, don't take my hand, not now." She turns to him with a perplexed beautiful face. "I want to *think!*"

It is evidently so difficult for her to think that if he takes her hand he'll queer it.

"I want to think it all out, and when I think about it I want to be all *me*—can't you understand?—just me and not a bit *you*. Do you know how I mean?"

"I think I do, dear."

He doesn't really; but this is the kind of lie that must be told.

Helga goes on with rising animation, breaking into passionate analysis of herself.

"Sometimes I sit by myself and think, and try to analyze myself, and everything seems so small and myself so small, too, as if nothing mattered, just like an infinitely small bit of something bigger, something lost in itself and looking for itself in itself. You know what I mean."

"I think I do."

"Often it seems as if there were just nothing."

"I know," Lionel murmurs.

"And then, sometimes, it seems as if there must be something."

"I know," murmurs Lionel again.

Then they are both silent. Presently Helga speaks in a more commonplace tone.

"Doesn't it seem queer, Lionel, how people just go on living? Take Charles and Mabel. There they are, two commonplace ordinary people. They go about together—to Dog Shows and things, and that seems to be enough—I suppose they like each other and that's all—they seem satisfied—and with you and me it's so different—people like them don't seem to know when the soul calls to another soul."

"I know," Lionel murmurs. His part in the play here is very difficult. He has to sit and look like a soul and keep murmuring "I know," and he can't even yawn.

Helga goes on:

"The other night at that silly Dog Show as soon as I saw you I could feel my soul calling to yours, right over the dogs, and at the Cat Show, the same thing. But Charles and Mabel don't seem to feel things like that. At the Dog Show they seemed to be looking at the Dogs. Just imagine!"

There is a long silence, and then Lionel gets up and walks the whole length of the room and back again and sits down again. This dramatic piece of action means that something is coming.

He speaks.

"Helga," he says, "I only mention this as an idea. Have you ever thought of poison?"

Helga very calmly takes out a cigarette from a case and lights it very deliberately. The audience are desperately anxious. Has she or has she not?

"Have I ever thought of poison? Poison for whom? Do you mean for us, for you and me?"

"Oh, dear, no. For Charles and Mabel. Mind, it's only an idea. If you don't like it I'll say no more about it."

Helga turns to him a face of passionate yearning.



"AND, MEADOWS, I WISH YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GET A PACKET OF ARSENIC"

"Yes, Lionel, I have thought of it—often, and often. In fact I came over here to talk of it. Every time I look at Charles I feel that the only way my soul can grow is to poison him."

"I know," Lionel murmurs. "I feel that way toward Mabel, and it's only just to her, poor girl, to poison her."

Presently Helga says, "When can we do it?"

"To-day would be all right. Mabel's going to tea with you this afternoon isn't she? We can arrange it for then."

"But I don't know whether I have any poison in the house. I am so unpractical a housekeeper, you know, dear."

"That doesn't matter. I'll tell Meadows to get some and take it over to Annette, your maid."

"But then Meadows would know."

"So he would. But that needn't matter. One could poison Meadows, too."

"But Annette?"

"The simplest thing would be to poison Annette as well. After all, what does life mean for people like Annette and Meadows? They breathe, but that's all."

"And after it's over?"

Lionel and Helga have risen and he draws close to her and puts his hand on her shoulder and is looking into her eyes.

"After it's over then we shall be *free*, free to be ourselves and go away, far, far, away—together—"

They embrace, and when they break away Lionel leads Helga to the door and shows her out.

Then he goes and sits down again and picks up a newspaper to read. After a minute he rings the bell. Meadows comes.

"I say, Meadows. Pack up a trunk of my things. I'm going away to-night."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Meadows, I wish you'd be good enough to go out and get a packet of arsenic."

"Yes, sir."

"Get enough to, let me see—"

"To poison an animal, sir?"

"Yes, four animals. Thank you, Meadows."

And with that the two sides of the curtain fall slowly together and the act is over.

In the old melodrama when the cur-

tain fell there was always a wild burst of music and bright lights and shouts of "Peanuts." Not so in this. Only very soft lights, mostly red, are turned on and mere wisps of music thin as smoke.

Meantime everybody discusses the play. In the old days the men used to go out and drink. Now they stay in and discuss. There is a general feeling among the women that Helga is quite right in proposing to poison Charles. Till she does that she can never expand. The case of Mabel being poisoned is not clear. The audience haven't seen her yet, so they can't tell. But it is certain that two commonplace people like Charles and Mabel have no right to prevent Lionel and Helga following the higher call of their natures. The discussion is still at its height when the curtain slides aside on

ACT II

The Drawing-Room of the Chown Residence

And there are Lionel Derwent and his wife, Mabel, being shown in by Annette, the stage maid.

It is a large and sumptuous room with a real ceiling like the one in the first act, and with real mahogany furniture and Chippendale chairs and vases of Beauty roses—in fact, just like the rooms that the audience have come out of. There [are] tea things on a large Hindoo brass tray on eight legs.

Mabel Derwent goes over to the Hindoo tray and picks up a big cream-candy out of a box and eats it and says "Yum! Yum!" with animal relish. All the audience look at Mabel. They see in her a dashing, good-looking woman, a blond, all style, and with just a touch of loudness. All the women in the audience decide at once that she ought to be poisoned; but the men aren't so sure.

Mabel says: "I say, Lionel, do eat one of these. They're just scrumptious."

This is meant to show how terribly material she is.

Lionel just shrugs his shoulders in mute appeal to Heaven.

Mabel walks around the room looking at things. She picks up a book and reads the title. *Bergsonian Illusionism*, she says, "Oh, help!" and drops it.

This shows how uncultivated she is.

Presently she says, "Wonder where Charles is. If he's out in the stables I'll go out and dig him up. He told me he has a new hunter, a regular corker. Suppose we go out to the stables."

Lionel says with great languor, "Thank you. I take no interest in stables."

By this time the audience are supposed to have the exact measure of Mabel Derwent—materialism, ignorance, candy, and the horse stable. But even at that a lot of the men would refuse to poison her. Her figure is too good. On the other hand, all the thin women in the audience think her too fat. The amount of fat permitted to actresses in the Piffle-Play is a matter of great nicety. They have to be cast for it as carefully as tallow candles.

So, as the audience now know exactly what Mabel Derwent is like, the play passes on.

Charles Chown comes briskly in, shaking hands with both of them. "Hullo, Mabel, How do you do, Lionel, so sorry to keep you waiting. I think Helga's in the conservatory. She'll be here in a minute."

In which Lionel Derwent says, "In the conservatory? Then I think I'll go and look for her. I want to see that new begonia that Helga's so keen about."

And with that out he goes, leaving Charles and Mabel together, as they are meant to be.

And just the minute they are alone, Mabel comes close up to Charles and looks all round and says, "Well?" in quite a different voice from anything she has used before. So the audience are certain that there is going to be something doing.

Charles says, "It's all right. Everything all arranged."

And Mabel says, "Good boy," and then she says, "Take that," and comes and gives him a kiss—a real one, one with no new art or new thought about it.

Charles goes on. "It's all arranged. We'll go out to the stables presently and I've got a taxi coming round there with your things in it."

"And it's all right about the trains?"

"Right as rain," says Charles, drawing out a railroad folder. "We get the five-thirty at the Central, change trains half an hour out of town to get the Havana boat to-morrow evening."

"Lovely!" Mabel says, and then repeats more slowly and thoughtfully, "Lovely, and yet do you know, Charlie, now that it's come at last, I feel—don't you know—half afraid—or not that—but don't you know?"—hesitating.

Charles says, "Nonsense!" and is just about to draw her to him when the door opens and Lionel and Helga come in. Lionel says to his wife:

"Helga's just been showing me her new begonia—a most amazing thing."

And Mabel says: "A new begonia. Where did it come from, Helga?"

And Helga answers, "From Havana. They grow so beautifully there. I should just love to see Havana. Shouldn't you?"

This little touch makes quite a hit with the audience. The irony of truth always does. As a matter of fact, Sophocles started it four or five hundred years before Christ. But they don't know it. They think it awfully up-to-date.

After this there's a little random conversation just to fill up time, and then Charles says:

"I say, Mabel, how would you like to come out to the stables and see my new mare before we have tea?"

And Mabel answers:

"Oh, I'd love to! I wanted to ask you about her. Come along. We won't be long, Helga."

And with that they go out, and Lionel and Helga are left together.

Just as soon as they are alone Helga says:

"So you're off the poison idea?"

"Clear off it," says Lionel, "as I told you just now I don't think it's worth it."

"Worth it?"



"IT'S ALL RIGHT. EVERYTHING ALL ARRANGED"

"Yes, I mean it would involve such a terrible fuss and nuisance. Here's the poison—Meadows got it all right."

Lionel takes from his pocket a large packet in light-green paper, marked with a skull and crossbones and labeled ARSENIC in large letters.

"We can use it, if you like. I'm not awfully particular. Only I don't believe that much would kill Mabel anyway."

Helga takes the packet of poison and holds it in her hand, musing.

"But think," she murmurs, "of the relief of death. Think of the relief to a person of Charles' temperament to be dead—"

"Oh, I know that. And, for that matter, Meadows ought to be glad to be dead. But you see Helga, it isn't done."

Lionel walks across the stage and lights a cigarette.

"But what can we do?" says Helga. She clasps her hands about her knees as she sits. When she does that the audience know at once that she is going to analyze herself. "Do you ever look into yourself, Lionel, deep, deep into yourself? I do. Sometimes I try to picture to myself that it's not me but just something inside of me. Do you know what I mean, dear?"

"I think I do," murmurs Lionel.

They're off. For the next ten minutes Helga plunges into a fierce analysis of herself. As the critics of the play say afterward, she "bares her soul," and when she has bared it it's "the soul of a woman buffeted by the intense light of self-perplexity and finding no anchorage in it."

When she is finished, or as nearly finished as she is likely to be, Lionel says, "Then I suppose we must simply go on as we are."

"I suppose so, Lionel. If, as you say, Charles and Mabel have a right to live, it seems as if we have to be satisfied."

"Perhaps it does," says Lionel. He takes a turn up and down the room and then he says:

"There's just one thing I've thought about, Helga. It's only an idea, so, of course, you can say no to it at once, if there's nothing in it. But couldn't we perhaps just get on a train together and go away together?"

"Where?" says Helga.

"Oh, just anywhere. Its only an idea. You mentioned Havana just now. Couldn't we just get a train or a boat or something and go to Havana?"

"I don't know, Lionel. It all seems so strange. I must *think*."

Helga presses her hand to her forehead: this is always a sign that she is thinking, or trying to. Lionel lets her think undisturbed.

"I don't know, Lionel, I must think it all out. I must analyze myself and try to analyze Havana. Listen, Lionel, let me think a month. Perhaps it will be clearer then—"

Lionel looks at his watch.

"I say," he says, "Charles and Mabel seem a long time in looking at that mare. How strange it seems that commonplace people like Charles and Mabel can know nothing of the kind of thing that means so much to us. I suppose they never stop to think."

"They never analyze themselves," murmurs Helga.

And just then there is a light knock at the door and Annette steps in with an envelope on a tray.

"Mr. Chown asked me to give you this letter, ma'am, after he had gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, ma'am, he went away in a taxi with Mrs. Derwent."

"In a taxi?"

"Yes, ma'am, with luggage in it."

"A taxi with luggage. Give me the letter."

Annette presents the letter and goes out.

Helga takes the letter, tears open the envelope and reads aloud:

"Dear Helga:

"Mabel and I have decided to go away together. We are taking a train South this afternoon. I have made



"TO HAVANA!" THEY BOTH REPEAT

every arrangement for you in regard to money and that sort of thing, and, of course, now you will be completely free. We shall not be in your way at all as we are going far away—in fact, we are going to Havana!"

As Helga finishes reading, she and Lionel remain looking at each other.

"To Havana!" they both repeat, and then there is a little silence.

After which Lionel says, "Do you know, Helga, it rather occurs to me that it's the commonplace people who *do* things."

On which the curtain comes sliding together, and the audience rises and wraps its furs round its neck and goes home with a Piffle-Problem theme to ponder over and with an impression of profound thought.

For You

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

THIS is for you, this awful quietness.

For you each window's down; each shade is drawn.

For you the women go in somber dress;

Yes; and for you half-stifled sobs are born.

Yet if you came again, you'd rush to play

On that piano they have shut so tight;

You'd mock black gowns, and in your laughing way,

You'd push the windows up for air and light!

The Lordly Sun

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

Department of Geological Sciences, Yale University

MANY people have an idea that the end of the world may not be far away. Some think the earth is drying up. Others are sure that the sun is rapidly losing its heat, so that the earth will presently be a cold, lifeless sphere revolving around an equally cold, invisible sun. The airless moon with its vast crater pits and its bitterly low temperature in the shadows is cited as an example of what may in time befall the earth. The people who hold these ideas should sympathize with the man who was listening to a lecture on the evolution of the earth. The lecturer stated that physicists have calculated that the world will become cold and lifeless in thirty million years. "How soon did you say that would happen?" the man interrupted anxiously. "I said in thirty million years the earth will be cold and lifeless." "Oh," said the man with an air of great relief, "I thought you said *three* million."

In geology, as in other sciences, the teachings of science run as freely as the waters of a brook. What was believed yesterday has to-day become part of the great ocean of discarded theories. Geologists now hold that a billion years ago—yes, a billion, not a million—the earth had a climate not greatly different from that of to-day. The radio-active minerals and their products in the rocks seem to prove that the earliest known sedimentary rocks must have been laid down a billion or more years ago. The life of that time as read from the rocks was essentially like the lower types that still exist. Similar shellfish, worms, and other forms to-day can live only where the temperature does not remain permanently below freezing and where it

never rises much above perhaps 150 degrees Fahrenheit. The air of those vastly remote days must have been much like that of to-day, for even the lowly forms of life require oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, and water in order to live and reproduce their kind. The sun itself cannot have been greatly different from our present sun, for otherwise the earth's climate would have been so different from that of to-day that it would have been wholly incompatible with the forms of life from which all present life appears to be descended.

So for perhaps a billion years the climate of the earth has apparently not passed beyond the limits where life, as we know it, can flourish. How this is possible, how the sun can have remained hot, how the earth's atmosphere can have retained so nearly the same composition, and how the climate can repeatedly have changed and yet always have been brought back almost to the same condition, is one of the most puzzling of the unsolved mysteries of science. Moreover, if the past is any clue to the present, there is every probability that the earth will remain habitable for hundreds of millions of years in the future. Even though the human species may already be a million years old, as many geologists believe, man may be only at the beginning of his career. In another million years he may differ from present man even more than the people of to-day differ from the brutish, apelike men of Java, the most primitive human beings whose remains have yet been discovered.

In spite of the extraordinary constancy of the earth's climate, there have

also been innumerable changes. At least four main glacial periods, and perhaps more, have covered millions of square miles with vast sheets of ice. Some of the periods, and perhaps all, have consisted of several epochs, each with its own separate advance of the ice. Between the glacial epochs there have been inter-glacial epochs when the climate was as mild as or milder than today, for the great icesheets of Greenland and Antarctica show that we are still in the tail of the last glaciation. Between the glacial periods there have been eras of enormous duration when the earth's climate has been so mild that tree ferns, corals, and other warmth-loving species lived as far north as Greenland. Even since the height of the last glacial epoch minor changes have driven mankind backward and forward in many parts of the world.

These conditions of climate—the vast uniformity which has prevented the climate from going beyond the limits where life is possible, and the vast variability whereby no type of climate has even been permanent—these conditions, it appears, have been of almost limitless importance in the development of life. During the mild periods the same species have persisted indefinitely and have spread out over huge areas. Like races of men that live in luxury and ease, they have lost their pristine vigor and have become weak and degenerate. Then there has come a change of climate. At first the warmth-loving species shivered and dumbly protested when cold winds, cold currents, violent storms, ice, and snow began to prevail in high latitudes. Then they began to die or migrate. The first to be affected were those in the highest latitudes or in the centers of great continents where the climate is always most severe. Then destruction spread far and wide as icesheets began to creep out from the highlands and the oceans began to be filled with cold waters and floating icebergs. Thus it happened that thousands of species were wiped out. But at the same time new species began

to develop with phenomenal rapidity. Perhaps the extremes of temperature and the new conditions of food caused the marked changes which the biologist calls mutations, and which seem to be the origin of species, although as to this we are not yet sure. Or perhaps the harsh climate merely killed off all the weaker, less resistant forms, and allowed only those to persist which had certain special kinds of vigor.

Whatever the exact process, it appears that in glacial periods the changes in living creatures during a thousand years may have been greater than during a million years of the mild climate of the long intervening periods. It was during the stress of the last glacial period that man evolved his present high powers of mind. With him the quality that counted most in resisting the storms, the cold, and the changes of that trying time was not speed in flight, thickness of fur, fierceness in pursuit of prey, or ability to lie dormant during periods of low temperature. It was something higher than any of these, namely, the mental power which led man to use fire, invent clothing, build means of shelter, store food, and otherwise adapt himself to the harsh climate and the fierce struggle for existence which the narrowing limits of the habitable earth imposed upon him. So we must look back to the last great series of climatic changes as the inexorable but stimulating agent in raising man from the level of the brutes to the heights of manhood. Perhaps another glacial period with its restriction of the earth's habitable area and its consequent demand for high mental and moral ability in order to survive may be needed to cause the next great step in human evolution.

Whatever the future may have in store, it is clear that climate, and especially changes of climate, have been of almost incalculable importance in the development of the earth's inhabitants. Hence the thoughtful mind raises two questions: Why has the earth's climate remained so long within certain fixed

limits, when we should have expected that it would long, long ago have become too cold for every kind of life? And why, within these limits, have there been such great and stimulating changes? Many factors co-operate to produce these results, but among these there is probably none more important than the sun. That body has been lord of the life of the earth in the past, and will presumably be lord for an indefinite future. Why it remains so changeless no man can yet answer, except that such uniformity seems to have something to do with radio-activity and with the ultimate structure of the ions and electrons within the atoms that were once thought to be the smallest particles of matter. Throughout the whole realm of astronomy the new developments of radio-activity are leading to the belief that changes which once were supposed to require thousands of years actually take millions.

The variations of the sun, if such there have been, are as puzzling as its uniformity. There is every reason to think

that the sun's temperature cannot fluctuate back and forth in any such way as would be needed to cause the climatic changes which the earth has suffered. Yet there is much evidence that somehow the sun has been subject to fluctuations and that those fluctuations have caused changes of climate. The key to the whole matter seems to lie in the discovery of a Dutch scientist who three hundred years ago affirmed that when there are many spots on the sun the earth's temperature is abnormally low. No one paid much attention to this. Nor did the world heed a conclusion reported by Francis Bacon:

"There is a toy, which I have heard, and I would not have it given over, but waited upon a little. They say it is observed in the Low Countries (I know not in what part), that every five and thirty years the same kind and suit of years and weathers comes about again; as great frosts, great wet, great droughts, warm winters, summers with little heat, and the like, and they call it the prime; it is a thing I do the rather mention, because, computing backwards, I have found some concurrence."

For three hundred years the momentous conclusions of the Dutch scientist as to solar cycles lay dormant, but little by little more evidence accumulated. One investigator after another was forced to believe that when sunspots are numerous the earth's climate is different from what it is when they are few. Some very thorough students, however, such as Simon Newcomb, the great American astronomer, were skeptical. They saw that almost invariably low temperature in one region is balanced by unusually high temperature elsewhere. With rainfall and atmospheric pressure the same is true. Moreover, there may seem for



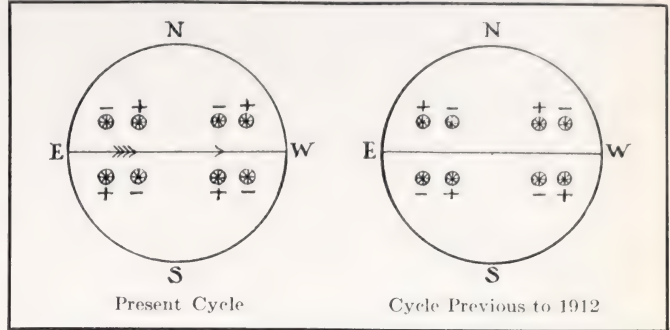
A GROUP OF UNUSUALLY LARGE SUNSPOTS

Associated with the auroras of May 13 and 14, 1921. This photograph was made with the 60-ft. Tower Telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

some decades to be a close correspondence between solar activity and the weather, but suddenly it disappears, and an exactly opposite relationship may prevail for a while. Such contradictions appeared more baffling the more widely the problem was studied. So for nearly three centuries the changes in the activity of the sun were almost ignored as causes of the earth's climatic variations. But Simon Newcomb, although one of the greatest and most accurate men of his day, was one of the most mistaken. He "proved" mathematically that aviation would never be possible because no known material is strong enough to stand the strain. Unwittingly, he helped to kill poor Langley, who made the first real aeroplane, but who died broken-hearted because his crude contrivance persisted in falling into the river. Newcomb was accurate, practical, and wrong. Langley was visionary, impractical, and right.

The present century has seen a movement away from Newcomb's skepticism. It is almost universally agreed that when sunspots are numerous the earth as a whole is cooler than when sunspots are few. This is most remarkable, for the sun's radiation tends to be unusually abundant at times of many spots. Hence we should expect the earth to be warm, not cool. Some people think that the paradox of a hot sun and a cool earth arises from the fact that much ozone is formed in the upper air when the solar radiation is low, and this is supposed to act as a blanket and thus conserve part of the heat which would otherwise be radiated into space. A simpler and more effective explanation seems to be that when sunspots are numerous the number and severity of storms increase. A storm in middle latitudes is usually preceded by relatively warm winds, and followed by cold winds from

higher latitudes. The cold air pushes its way under the warm air, and actually raises it to high levels. Thus much heat is carried aloft, and the temperature at the earth's surface is lowered. But let no one think that, because there is a large spot on the sun, he or any



THE BI-POLARITY OF SUNSPOTS

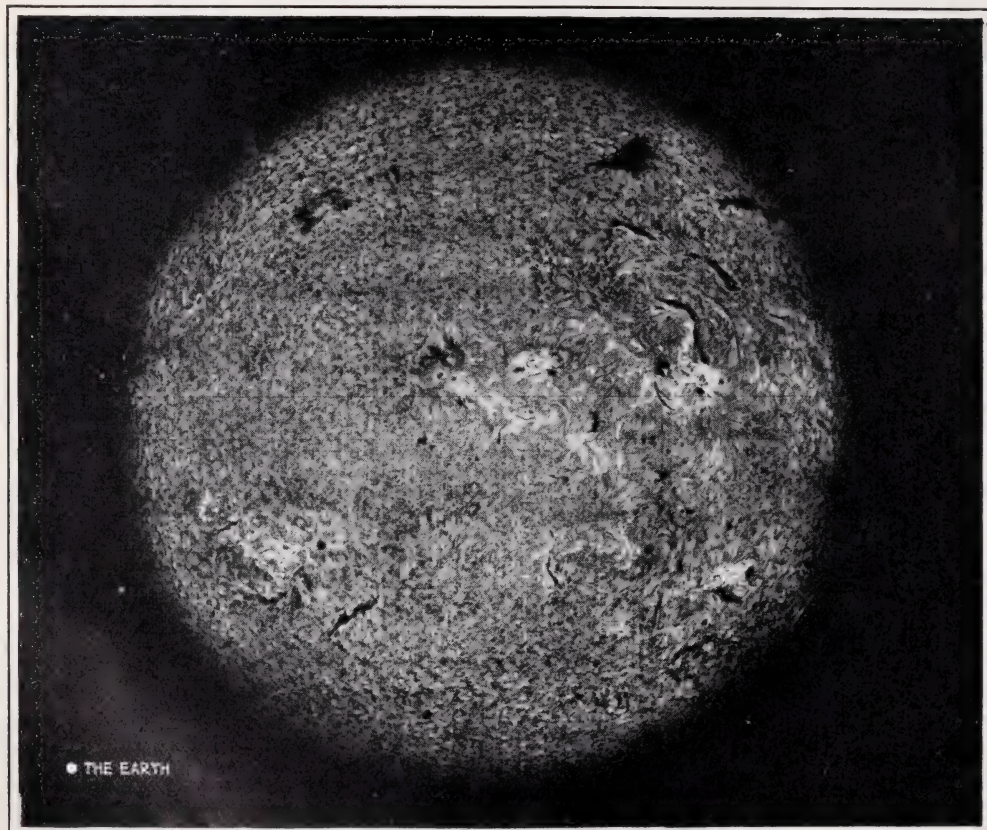
Notice that the signs in the northern and southern hemispheres are reversed. Also notice that the signs for the present and former cycles are reversed.

one else can safely connect that spot with any given storm. The relation between the sun and the earth is so complex that not for a long time will accurate predictions be possible. In fact, a large number of the best scientists, including those of the United States Weather Bureau, do not believe the hypothesis which is here set forth. Perhaps they are looking at a different part of the stream of truth, which we, too, are scrutinizing.

There are many curious anomalies in the relation of the sun and the earth. Not only does a hot sun produce a cool earth, but the activity of the sun causes the temperature and atmospheric pressure to rise in some parts of the earth and fall in others. Stranger than this is the fact that the east side of the sun produces a different effect upon the earth from the west; and spots in the sun's northern hemisphere act contrary to those in the southern. Take, for example, the puzzling meteorological phenomena of atmospheric electricity. They are hard to measure, hard to understand, and hard to correlate with other factors. Recently, however, the Department of

Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington has found that the earth's atmospheric electricity seems to vary in response to the movements of the sun. Even during the short period of a solar eclipse the atmospheric electricity and the related phenomena of the earth's magnetism show an appreciable change of strength. I have found that during the years from 1904 to 1909 the atmospheric electricity at Kew near London shows a distinct relation to the areas of the spots on different parts of the sun's disk. When a sunspot appeared on the eastern margin of the sun's northern hemisphere it either had no appreciable effect on the so-called potential gradient of the atmospheric electricity at Kew, or else was associ-

ated with a decrease in the potential gradient. During the two weeks while the sun's rotation was carrying the spot across the solar disk, however, there was a gradual change whereby the spot tended to lose its negative relationship and to acquire a positive relationship so that it was associated with steep gradients when it approached the western margin. Before the margin is reached, however, the apparent effect of a spot rapidly diminished or was even reversed. A similar spot in the southern hemisphere acted in precisely opposite fashion. From 1904 to 1909, the only years that have yet been tested, the barometric contrasts over the North Atlantic ocean responded to sunspots in essentially the same way as did the atmospheric elec-

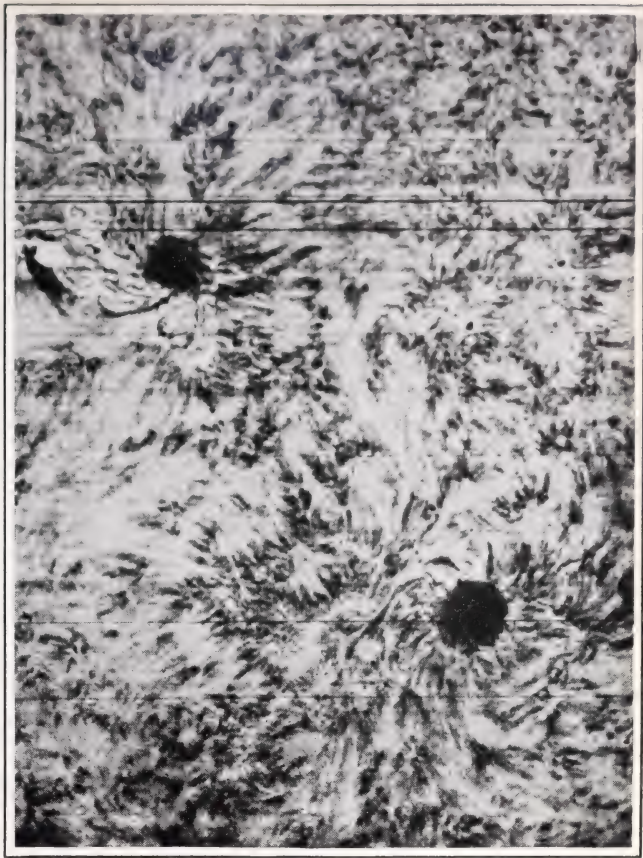


PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN TAKEN WITH THE 60-FT. TELESCOPE AND 5-FT. SPECTROHELIOGRAPH OF THE MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY, AUGUST 12, 1917

The sun is here shown as it would appear to an eye capable of seeing only the red light of hydrogen. Notice the much greater disturbance of the solar atmosphere near the equator than at high latitudes. The dark objects are prominences, some of which sometimes shoot out to heights of 200,000 miles or more. Note the comparative size of the earth as indicated in the lower left-hand corner.

tricity at Kew. Slight barometric contrasts and fair weather were associated with sunspots in the northern and especially the northwestern portion of the sun's disk, while great barometric contrasts and stormy weather tended to prevail when spots were numerous in the southern solar hemisphere, especially when they approached the western margin of the solar disk.

So remarkable a contrast in the effect of different parts of the sun's disk seems impossible unless the sun itself shows highly peculiar characteristics. And so it does. The recent discoveries by Dr. George E. Hale and his colleagues at the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington show that sunspots are highly electrified and occur regularly in pairs as shown in the diagram. The leading member of the pair is generally the larger. The leaders at present are positively electrified in the sun's northern hemisphere and negatively electrified in the southern hemisphere. The second, or following, spot in each pair is electrified in the opposite way. Thus sunspots form what may be called bi-polar pairs, of which the strong leader is positive in the sun's northern hemisphere and negative in the southern hemisphere. When spots appear singly, they almost invariably show the magnetic sign of the leaders in their respective hemispheres. Moreover, Dr. Hale has discovered invisible sunspots which are often located where the second member of a pair would be if a single spot were double. To add to the complexity of the arrangement, the signs of the spots in both solar hemispheres were reversed in 1912. Thus to-day the leaders in the northern hemisphere are



SUNSPOTS NORTH AND SOUTH OF THE SUN'S EQUATOR,
SEPTEMBER 9, 1908

Notice how the spiral markings around the two spots trend in opposite directions. This photograph was taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory with hydrogen light from the upper part of the sun's atmosphere, where that gas predominates.

positive where they were negative before 1912.

The complex arrangement of the bi-polar sunspots seems exactly to fit the peculiar response of the earth to the sun. The leader in each pair of sunspots is stronger than the follower. Hence, as a pair crosses the solar disk the effect of the leader gradually piles up, as it were, and reaches a maximum when the spot has passed perhaps three-fourths of the way across the disk. By that time the leader is turned away from the earth and the follower has a chance to produce some result of an opposite character. Thus, a pair of spots on the sun's eastern margin must produce a different effect from a pair on the western margin, while a pair in the southern hemisphere must

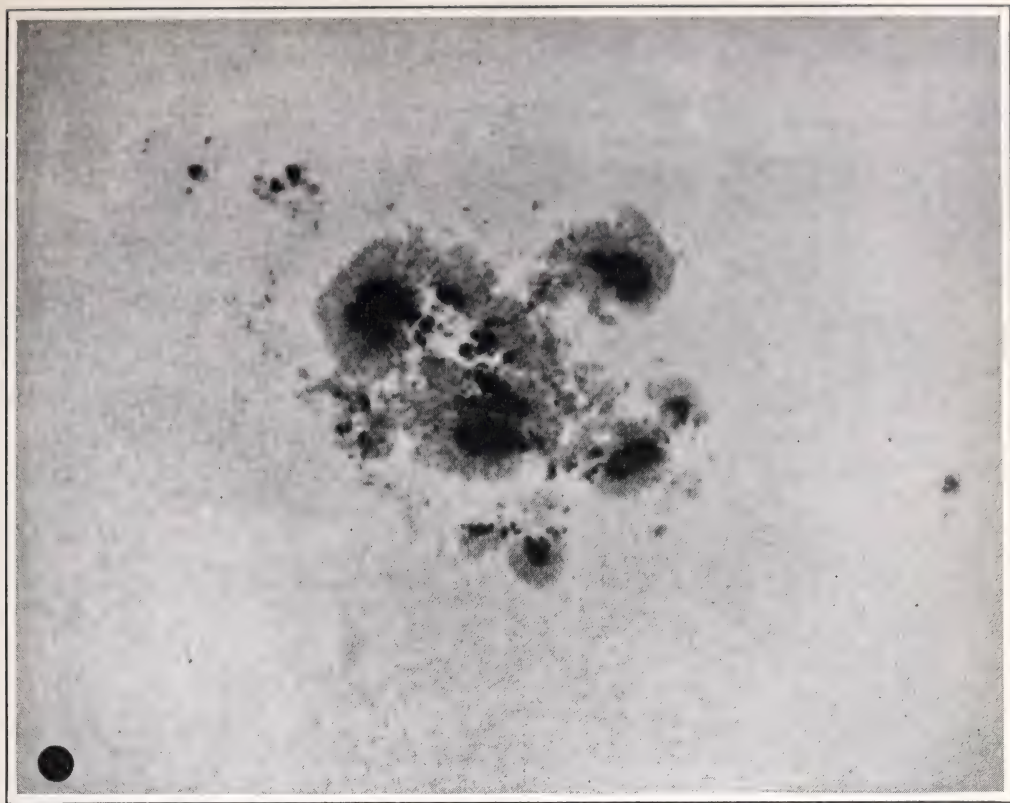
act in the opposite way from a pair in the northern hemisphere. This is what we actually have found from 1904 to 1909. Sunspots apparently send out electrical emissions in the form of positive particles from positive spots, and negative particles, or ions, when the spots are negative. These particles are shot to the earth with almost the speed of light. Presumably, however, they do not pursue straight paths, for they must be deflected by the magnetic fields of both the sun and the earth. Reaching the earth, the electrons influence the atmospheric electricity; and thus appear to modify barometric pressure and have an effect on storms. Perhaps the reason why the storminess of both the northern and southern hemispheres is largely concentrated in belts is because the earth's magnetic field deflects the solar electrons into a certain zone in each hemisphere.

These facts sound convincing. The peculiar relation of the earth to sunspots seems to be completely matched by the highly peculiar bi-polar arrangement of the spots. But here, as so often happens in scientific work, we are met by an objection which to many people seems insurmountable. A calculation of the effect of atmospheric electricity upon atmospheric pressure by Professor W. J. Humphreys of the United States Weather Bureau seems to show that no matter how strong the electronic emissions from the sun, they could not produce more than a most insignificant effect on the weather. This conclusion seems almost unassailable, but perhaps it is like Newcomb's conclusion as to aviation. Or possibly the case resembles that of the transfusion of water and sap through plants. Physicists have tried again and again to explain the mechanism by which the water rises in the trunks and is given off by the leaves. Atmospheric pressure, capillary attraction, and osmotic pressure due to differences of chemical composition all play some part in the matter; but even when every known possibility is taken into

account it seems mathematically impossible to raise the sap much more than 150 feet. Nevertheless, the sap, unconscious of the trouble which it makes for the physicists, actually rises to heights of 200, 300, and even 400 feet in the tallest trees. Some physical law which is not yet understood allows the tree to do that which is apparently impossible.

Perhaps the same may be true of sunspots and the weather. From 1904 to 1909 there was certainly the peculiar relationship which we have seen. We must either choose between the facts and the mathematical theory, or pursue the course of withholding judgment until more facts are available. If the electrical hypothesis of the weather is true, it may explain the puzzling way in which a storm sometimes becomes suddenly strong or weak without warning, or perhaps splits into two parts, or changes its course, or perhaps moves faster or slower than was expected.

The electrical hypothesis may also help to explain how the sun's temperature may have remained almost constant for hundreds of millions of years, and yet solar variations may have helped to cause great changes of climate on the earth. At times of many sunspots the earth's climate seems on a small scale to reproduce the conditions which on a large scale give rise to glacial periods. This suggests that the glacial periods which have done so much to determine the character not only of plants and animals, but of man, may have been connected with disturbances in the sun's atmosphere. What could cause such disturbances? Most authorities have assumed that the present solar disturbances such as sunspots, prominences, faculae, flocculi, and the other kinds of gaseous clouds that variegate the sun's surface, are due to commotions arising solely from the sun's own heat. There is much evidence, however, that while the energy of these commotions is derived from the compression and contraction of the sun itself, the times when the disturbances occur and their degree of violence depend



GREAT SUNSPOT GROUP, PHOTOGRAPHED AUGUST 8, 1917

Compare the size of the spots with that of the earth as indicated by the black disk in the lower left-hand corner.

on outside causes. A number of famous scientists have suggested that the intensity of the sunspots somehow depends upon the relative distances and positions of the planets. They have also suggested that the planets influence the sun electrically as well as by means of tides. That is, just as the sun's electrical activity seems to cause disturbances in the earth's atmosphere, so the electrical activity of the planets and their varying distances may initiate disturbances in the solar atmosphere.

If little bodies like the planets can initiate disturbances in the sun's atmosphere, the vastly larger, hotter, and more effective stars may produce similar effects on a far greater scale, provided they come near enough to the sun. I have tried to estimate the probability that any stars are now or have recently been near enough to the solar system to have an appreciable effect upon climate. If

we suppose that the present sunspots owe their periodicity and relative strength primarily to Jupiter, since that planet is much the most effective, we can form a rough estimate of the effect produced by stars of various types at any given distance. Alpha Centauri, the nearest known star, appears to have some effect in keeping the sun's atmosphere in a state of perturbation. When the two parts of that double star are approaching each other in their highly eccentric orbits, sunspots are much more numerous than when the two parts are receding. This is what would be expected, for if the earth or Jupiter can disturb the sun, as seems to be the case, the two parts of Alpha Centauri which revolve around each other at a distance not much greater than that of Neptune from the sun, must be in a state of almost incredible disturbance. Moreover, about twenty-eight thousand years

ago Alpha Centauri was at a minimum distance of about one and one-half light-years from the solar system, and its effect must have been multiplied several fold. This, again, accords with the terrestrial facts. Geologists generally agree that the last glaciation reached its last climax from twenty-five to thirty thousand years ago; they also agree that the earth has not yet entirely passed out of that glacial epoch. Thus, whether we look at the small fluctuations of the present or at the great pulsations of the past, the actual course of the earth's climatic history has been what would be expected if the stars, like the planets, disturb the sun's atmosphere and thus cause the earth's climate to become stormy and cool.

As to remoter eras, we have as yet no exact data. Recent discoveries, however, make it seem probable that the solar system has not infrequently passed close enough to other stars so that the sun's atmosphere may have been disturbed. These discoveries tend to show that many of the stars are far larger and brighter and move much more rapidly than was formerly supposed. For example, the great red star known as Betelgeuse has a diameter nearly two hundred and fifty times that of the sun. A double star much farther from the sun consists of two parts, one of which is twelve thousand and the other fifteen thousand times brighter than the sun. A third star appears to move at the rate of nearly eight hundred miles a second—fast enough to go around the earth a hundred times a day, or to the moon and back five times. The larger and brighter a star, the greater its capacity to radiate light and electrical energy into space; the faster it moves the more likely it is to approach other stars. Hence, if there are many such huge, brilliant and rapid stars, the chances that the sun has been influenced by some of them during geological history are much

greater than if the stars average only about the size of the sun.

Each day our relation to the vast universe changes a little. The "fixed" stars are no more fixed than are the clouds in the sky. Even in ten thousand years their relative positions change appreciably. And in the course of geological history the whole aspect of the heavens has utterly changed time and again. Stars that are now hundreds of light-years away may once have been near neighbors of the sun. Sometimes the solar system may have pursued its course far from other stars and almost undisturbed by outside influences. At such times, the earth may have enjoyed a mild climate with little change from summer to winter or from latitude to latitude. The warmth-loving forms of life expanded, enjoyed themselves, and grew weak and incapable of resistance. Then the steady cosmic sweep of the sun and stars brought the sun into a region where it passed within perhaps one to ten light-years of a group of stars, some of which were large and double or even triple, as is frequently the case. At such times all sorts of disturbances may have arisen in the sun's atmosphere, and the earth's climate may have been correspondingly stormy and severe. All living species may have fallen into the throes of a great struggle for existence and old species may have been extinguished, while new ones, more resistant, more specialized, and more adaptable, supplanted them. If this hypothesis is correct, man may owe much of his mental development during the last half million years to the presence near the sun not only of Alpha Centauri, but of other stars which have been able to engender disturbances in the solar atmosphere. If such is the case, the sun has indeed been the lord of the earth's development, but in its turn it has been no more than the pawn of the vastly greater forces of the cosmos.

Island Wild Folk

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

WE lay flat in the soft sand on the shoulder of a low dune and, scarcely daring to breathe, watched the monster coming. In the white moonlight its armored sides and back seemed to glisten with the water of the sea from which it had just emerged. The size of it amazed us. Never had I dreamed that great sea creatures like this walked the lonely beaches of the coast by night; and as it crawled ponderously nearer and nearer, looming all the larger in the moonlight because my eyes were so close to the surface of the ground, it recalled the image of some strange, extinct reptile of the Age of Reptiles. Fascinated, and perhaps a little afraid, for it was heading almost directly toward us, I watched it as it came slowly on; and I was not sorry when, a moment later, it turned slightly and, passing us at a distance of about thirty feet, disappeared behind a ridge of sand. Determined to secure the coveted treasure which now seemed almost within our grasp, we crept around the side of the dune and on hands and knees followed the broad trail.

Now a narrative so stirringly begun should have an equally exciting ending; but, unfortunately, to this one there is no ending at all, because I cannot remember how the adventure ended. I was a boy then; and that big sea turtle, which came up so weirdly out of the sea and lumbered heavily across the moonlit sands that night to lay its eggs above high-water mark, was the first of these great ocean dwellers that I had ever seen. Several other adventures, gloriously thrilling to a youngster new to such things, had already befallen us; it was my first night on a lonely beach of

an island which seemed to me very lonely and wild; and I think it must have been one of those nights when the light of the moon, abetted by a mistiness in the air or by the exaggerating effect of moisture held in suspension, plays especially queer tricks on human eyes. Somewhere therein may lie the reason why the first part of this nocturnal encounter is impressed so vividly upon my mind, while all that followed is but a hazy and uncertain memory. I have been on many turtle-egg hunts since then, and the conclusion of this one is confused with others of later date, so that I cannot now recall whether or not we got the eggs which we desired so dearly. But the strange coming of the monster out of the roaring surf and across the beach to excavate its nest among the dunes, the prehistoric look of it as it came, its astonishing bulk as we, flat on our stomachs, saw it loom against the sky line in the magnifying moonlight, the atmosphere of mystery that hung about the whole adventure—all these were things that could never be forgotten.

It was an adventure to be thankful for. Ever since then the big sea turtles of this coast have been creatures of mystery; and ever since that night the long, low barrier islands along the edge of the sea, where the turtles come up out of the surf by the light of the moon to lay their eggs in the sand, have been islands of enchantment. There are more than a hundred miles of these barrier islands, strung along the South Carolina coast from Winyah Bay to Tybee Roads, separated from one another by inlets some of which are small and shallow, while others are really the deep, wide

mouths of large rivers. In front of the islands lies the ocean, and behind them, dividing them from the mainland, stretch wide plains of marsh through which wind numberless salt-water creeks, opening here and there into broad, shallow sounds. Most of them are wild and lonely places, uninhabited except perhaps by some oyster planter or fisherman in his little house on the inlet shore; and, though some of them are small and are little more than sand reefs, others are ten or twelve miles in length and are covered, except a strip of sea beach and a belt of dunes behind it, by dense, half-tropical woods and thickets.

These barrier-island woods, although containing many of the same plant forms, are utterly unlike the woods of the mainland. They are jungles rather than forests, jungles which have changed but little since Blackbeard lay off the coast with his pirate fleet and perhaps came ashore with a boatload of his buccaneers to bury a chest of treasure in the sands. Tall palmettos, naked almost to their tops or bristling with the stubs of cast-off lateral fronds, are on every side. The live-oaks and cedars are short and squat and often fantastically twisted and bent, and the thickets of myrtle and cassena are so dense that sometimes it is necessary to hack your way through them. Long, slender vines, almost as strong as wire, impede your passage. The ground is uneven and treacherous, now rising into a little hill, now falling into a wet hollow deep in semi-aquatic grass; and here and there, some of them hedged about by almost impenetrable canebrakes, are pools or ponds of glassy, wine-colored water. There is no trace in these island jungles of the calm and mystical loveliness which pervades the woods and fields and the river marshes of the Carolina plantation country. If there is beauty in them it is a shaggy and uncouth beauty. To the average man they are as intolerable as the cool, clean beaches of the barrier isles are inviting and delightful; yet, because of

the wild things that live in them, they are fascinating places, and all the more fascinating because to most people they are forbidden ground.

It is in summer that the animal life of the island woods is most abundant, and it is in summer, therefore, that they are most interesting to the naturalist; but unless you are very firmly bent upon some definite quest, you are not likely to remain long in these seaside wildernesses in the warm season. The island jungle has abundant means of making the intruder regret his rashness. It calls to its aid the insect armies that have their headquarters in its recesses, armies of many battalions, flying in clouds through the air, marching in unseen myriads over the ground, lying in wait in the green ambush of thicket and vine tangle. It is a very tough or a very determined explorer who will still push on despite the incessant attacks of these vast hordes of tiny warriors who seem to be rendered all the more vigorous and fierce by the terrific heat; and so the island jungles in summer remain almost inviolate, a stronghold of the wild creatures into which man seldom penetrates far and in which he seldom tarries long. In winter one may explore the island woods without great difficulty, but in winter much of their mystery and fascination has gone out of them. Thus it is only in the warm season that you may hope to hear the wild nocturnal music of a bull alligator—and even then this is a rare sound on the barrier isles—or see at sunset a flock of white herons come flying in from the marshes to drop, with craning necks and dangling legs, down to their sleeping place in the inaccessible heart of the woods. In winter most of the herons have gone farther south, and the alligators have withdrawn into their secret dens, to remain hidden there until the succeeding spring. It is as though the jungle, unable to defend itself from invasion when the cool weather comes, conceals or sends away its most precious possessions until it may safely bring them back again.

Thus it preserves its mystery and remains, summer after summer, as alluring as ever.

Yet, even in winter, although they have then lost much of this element of mystery, the island woods are full of interest. Thus late fall and early winter are the seasons of love and of mating for the bald eagles of the coast, when, throwing their royal dignity to the winds, they swoop and swerve above the woods and marshes and chase each other madly through the air with wild, harsh screams of almost maniacal laughter. By the middle of January at the latest the two big white eggs have been laid in a huge castle of sticks, bark, and Spanish moss built in the top of some tall pine. The barrier islands are favorite nesting places, not only because of their loneliness and inaccessibility, but also because of their proximity to the sea; and the birds return to the same nest year after year, building a new nest only when some disaster befalls the old one or some venturesome collector robs it of its eggs.

There is something characteristic of the great bird itself, and something attractive to the mind, in the permanence of the eagle's home. Most birds' nests are ephemeral things. After a few weeks or months they are gone, and not only gone, but forgotten. The eagle's home is like an ancestral mansion. It stands year after year, enduring for a longer time than many a man lives, cared for and kept in repair by the winged architects who built it and who seem to feel a genuine affection for it. On a plantation near the coast there is



THE EAGLES ARE KINGS OF THE AIRY SPACES

a nest in a pine one hundred and twelve feet above the ground. For more than fifty years the same pair of eagles have inhabited this nest;¹ and it is possible that they will still be living there when houses that men are building to-day, out of the kind of lumber with which one must now be content, have fallen into ruin. For the bald eagle's span of life is long—fully twice as long as man's, according to some naturalists—and a pair of eagles which have kept themselves safe for fifty years amid all the perils which surround them should have a good chance of living fifty years more. Among eagles, as among men,

¹This statement is made on the excellent authority of my friend Arthur T. Wayne, widely known as an ornithologist, who lives not far from this eagle nest and has made a careful study of its inhabitants.



A FEATHERED FAMILY OF THE PINES

increasing years probably bring increase of wisdom, and it is likely that not until he is very old indeed do an eagle's physical powers begin to fail.

The eagles are the kings of the airy spaces above the barrier islands. They are splendid, stalwart kings. Of all feathered creatures, the eagle is at once the most inspiring and the most beautiful; for there are many kinds or grades of beauty among birds, and the eagle's is the royal kind. No other bird, perhaps no other animal of any sort except the serpent, so deeply stirs the imagination; and this is so not only because of his large size, his rarity in most regions, and his supposed ferocity, as illustrated by the many false tales that are told of babies carried away through the air, but also because he seems the supreme example in nature of physical perfection

and the very type of wildness and freedom. The mere sight of an eagle lifts up the spirit and has been known to put new courage into an army. It was not only because the eagle was the Roman bird that the soldiers of Germanicus sprang forward with redoubled ardor to the attack when seven of these great winged warriors flew out in front of the Romans and seemed to marshal the legions on their way. I have never seen seven eagles at once, but I have seen as many as four, and that, to my mind, was so fine a sight that it almost made me forget the thrilling business upon which I was engaged at the moment—the business of landing, or, rather, trying to land, a big channel bass, a twenty pounder at the least, with which I was having a glorious tussle in the surf one autumn a year or so ago.

The bass won, and perhaps it was to his own strength and courage, rather than to my poor handling of my rod, that he owed his victory; but during the brief struggle amid the breakers before he shook the hook out of his mouth, I was thinking almost as much of the four great birds over my head as of the big bronze fighting fish in the foamy water before me, and this may well have played a part in my discomfiture. At any rate, when the bass had gone on his way triumphant, I took time to look at the eagles before casting my line into the surf again. They were soaring directly above me, two of them fairly low, the two others so far up that at times they faded into the blue of the sky. How long they had been there, sweeping round and round in great circles, I do not know, but some two hours

later two of the four were still in the high heavens, and I wondered, as I had wondered many times before on similar occasions, whether they were not fast asleep up in the blue. The mystery of the soaring bird, "the way of an eagle in the air," has puzzled many wise men after Solomon. How do we know that the eagles do not set their wings, lay a course which will keep them swinging constantly in circles, and then calmly go to sleep up in their high kingdom where no harm can come to them?

If they are not actually asleep at such times, at least this high soaring in wide circles or ellipses is the next thing to sleep.

Yonder bird
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder,
where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard—

so wrote Henry Timrod, poet of the Carolina Low Country, sixty years ago, and it may well have been a soaring eagle that was the inspiration of these lines, illumined by one memorable phrase, though the chances are that it was a soaring turkey buzzard. But

whether it was the eagle or the buzzard that Timrod had in mind, he might have pictured it as not merely seeming to be at rest, but as being actually at rest in the sense of repose; for, although, according to the orthodox view, this lofty soaring is a form of exercise, I think there is little doubt that when the big birds swing round and round, sometimes for an hour or even for several hours at a time, in the solitudes of the upper air, they are doing for their muscles and sinews just what a man does for his when, being weary, he stretches himself upon a bed or couch. They are resting, taking their ease, enjoying the refreshment which is obtained by the suspension of physical exertion. There is so little effort in their soaring that it requires the employment of only a minute quantity of energy, the use of only a tiny portion of the bird's muscular equipment; and, meanwhile, all the rest of its powerful and complex physical mechanism is in repose, while, in large degree—perhaps to the point of actual slumber—its mental activities are probably suspended. It is only in these upper spaces of the air that the eagle is perfectly safe. Down near the earth, in a tree among the dunes, or even in the

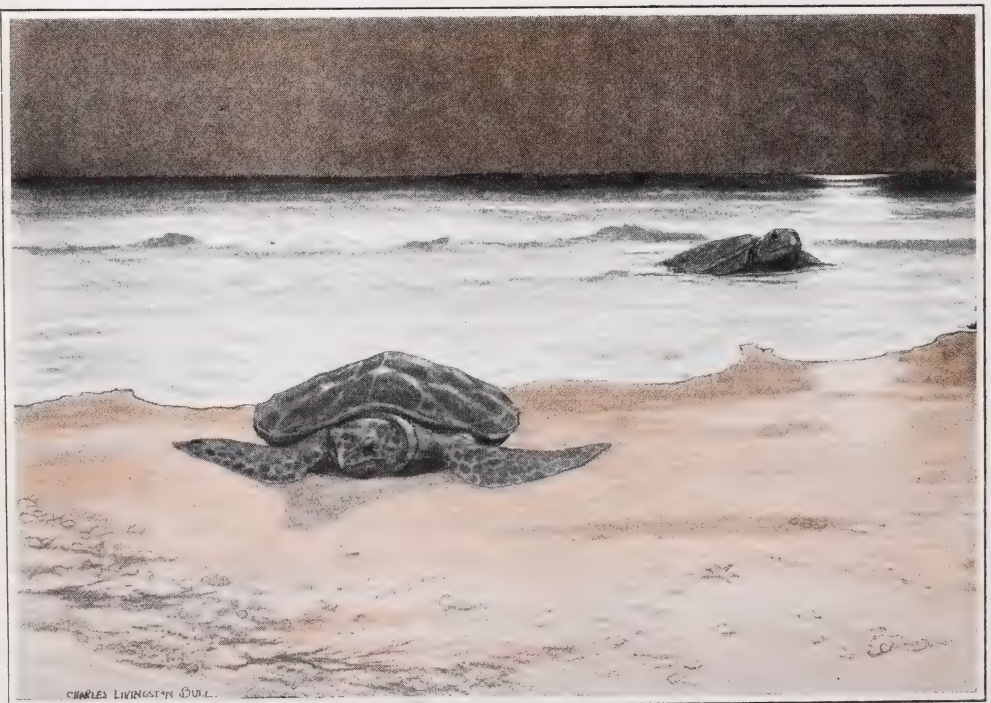


AFTER DARK 'POSSUMS AND RACCOONS PROWL ABOUT

scores or even hundreds of raccoons. The latter flourish in almost incredible numbers on some of the larger islands. Two winters ago one man caught in his traps on one island more than four hundred of these animals, yet raccoon tracks were as numerous as ever the following autumn, the sands in some places being literally criss-crossed with trails, as though dozens of 'coons had gathered there the night before. Most of the trails that one finds in the loose, soft sand between the woods and the beach are made by these and other woods dwellers. They come out of the jungle and, after winding around for greater or shorter distances among the dunes, lead back into the jungle again. But the most interesting trail of all comes not from the jungle, but from the sea, and goes back into the sea—the wide, straight trail or "crawl" of the big sea turtle.

To the negro beach comber a turtle crawl is only a turtle crawl, a track in the sand which will lead him, if he is a skillful turtle-egg hunter, to a subterranean nest

with its rich store of from sixty to two hundred soft-shelled, delicious eggs. But a turtle crawl is really much more than that. It is a thing almost unparalleled in nature, the visible trace or record of an almost unique phenomenon which does not properly belong to this age of the world, but has come down to it from ages past and gone. There is something grotesque and monstrous, even something uncanny, in the picture which a turtle trail paints in the mind—a great, waddling, ponderous sea creature, perhaps three times the weight of a man, emerging from the surf by night in the ghostly loneliness of the moonlit beach, and lumbering heavily across the strand, to vanish presently among the shadowy dunes; then, when its business on land has been completed, waddling back across the dim beach and disappearing into the breakers, from which it will never emerge again until another year has passed; and if one tries to analyze and explain the weirdness of this picture, he will conclude that it is compounded



SEA TURTLES COMING OUT OF THE SURF AT NIGHT

of several elements, but that the *unnaturalness* of the whole proceeding is the principal reason why it so powerfully fascinates the mind.

It is an almost invariable rule that the creatures of the sea do not emerge from the sea. Inhabitants of fresh-water rivers and lakes—alligators and water serpents, for instance—spend much of their time upon the banks; land animals sometimes go down into the ocean or into arms of the ocean, such as inlets and bays; but the animals of the ocean do not come out upon the land. With very few exceptions, they remain always in their accustomed element and are inseparable from it; and so this emergence of the sea turtle runs counter to one's instinctive idea of the natural order of things and produces somewhat the effect of a violation of the laws of nature. And not only does it seem in this sense unnatural, but there is even something of the supernatural about it, for it recalls irresistibly old legends of fabulous monsters of the sea. Very seldom in nature, but very often in fable and myth, the dwellers in the deep come from their invisible, watery homes out upon the solid land; and so mysterious and so terrifying was the ocean with its unknown inhabitants that there was generally something evil and sinister about these mythical visitations, and the myth makers could conceive of few things more dreadful or more terrible than this image of an apparition from the ocean's depths.

One is reminded of William Butler Yeats's fantastically beautiful poem, "The Green Helmet," inspired, I suppose, by some old Irish myth, in which the Black Men, with heads like the heads of cats, appear out of the "misty moonlit sea" to claim, as the watchers in the little house believe, their awful debt of blood.

Coal-black, and headed like cats,
They came up over the strand—

but it was not their coal-blackness nor their catlike heads that made them so

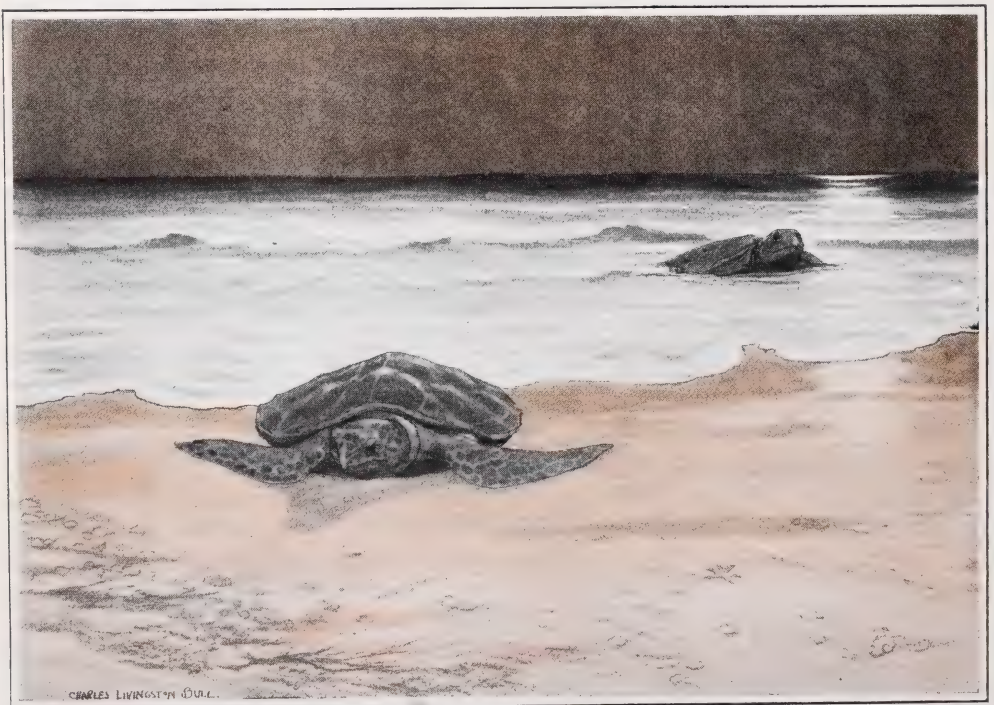
terrible to Conall and Laegaire. Rather it was the fact that they had come up out of the sea, the vast, mystical, unknown, and unknowable sea. And although we moderns no longer believe in such things and have no fear, as we walk some lonely beach by night, that a strange and awful sea being may emerge suddenly from the waves and seize us in clammy arms and carry us down to a dark sea cave, there lingers in us still some trace of that old feeling about the sea and sea apparitions, and there is still something, not terrifying, but grotesque and almost supernatural, in the idea of a great sea creature coming up out of the moaning surf in the darkness to walk upon the land.

The beach comber, coming upon a turtle trail leading up from the waves, knows and feels nothing of this. Nor does he know, as he follows the trail across the beach to the soft sands above high-water mark, that it is possible to travel along that trail to stranger countries than he has ever dreamed of. The sea turtles of to-day do not really belong to to-day. They are feeble reminders of an ancient race which came to its prime millions of years ago and which now has almost vanished. These latter-day sea turtles seem huge to us, and they are huge compared with most modern reptiles, some of them weighing more than five hundred pounds; but they are mere pygmies beside some of the turtles which flourished in the Cretaceous seas when great fish-eating mosasaurs, forty or forty-five feet long, patrolled the littoral waters where herds of porpoises now swim up and down, and when long-limbed, dragonlike dinosaurs twice as tall as a man and twice as long as the longest crocodile, sometimes stalked along the beach. The largest of these ancient turtles was Archelon, whose length from stem to stern was not less than twelve and perhaps as much as fifteen feet, and whose weight was about two tons; and not only were there mightier turtles in those days than any now living, but the number of species

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was vastly greater, so that often in the egg-laying season the ancient beach must have swarmed with these strange creatures of many kinds and shapes, some of them so huge that it is hard to see how they managed to drag their colossal bodies over the sand. Those were the palmy days of the turtle tribe; and every turtle trail on the beaches of the barrier islands leads the mind back and back and back, through all the changes of the ever-changing world of the past, to the shore of the Cretaceous ocean, where, tens of thousands of centuries ago, Archelon drew her mammoth bulk up out of the breakers and crawled ponderously across the beach to the place where she would scoop out her nest in the sand and lay her eggs.

There is yet another reason why a turtle trail is the most interesting animal track that one may find on the barrier islands. It is full of the fascination that clings to far journeys into unknown seas. If one could follow it through the water after it leaves the beach, there is no telling where it would take him, for the big marine chelonians are found in all the tropical and semi-tropical oceans, and, for aught that is known to the contrary, the individual turtles which lay their eggs on these beaches may have circumnavigated the globe once or twice in the course of their lives. If that is unlikely, it is certain, at any rate, that these creatures are great travelers. All the warm seas are theirs to wander over, and, since they live to a great age, and never come ashore except once each year for the purpose of laying their eggs, they have plenty of time for wandering. It is an odd fact that of all the wild creatures of the islands—except, of course, the birds—these seemingly sluggish giants are the most mobile, the freest, the least circumscribed by barriers. They can visit Brazil or Africa or Borneo if they choose, whereas most of the other forms of island life are confined pretty closely to the island on which they first saw the light.

Next to the turtles, the raccoons and

minks are probably the greatest rovers among the four-footed island dwellers. The soft, boggy soil of the marshes behind the islands forms no barrier for them, and they roam widely across the green marsh plains, often swimming the marsh creeks, and thus pass from one island to another. The deer, too, which have their homes on the larger islands of the chain, travel from one to another, not by way of the marshes, but by swimming the inlets, apparently without fear of the sharks which inhabit these waters in the warm season. On these night journeys up and down the coast the deer sometimes visit even the smaller islands where there is little cover and where ordinarily no deer are to be found. An old hunter and woodsman sent me the other day an account of an adventure with an island buck which seems to me especially interesting because it throws light upon a question concerning which little precise information is to be had—the question how far a deer can jump. "I was walking," he said, "through the woods toward the beach, accompanied by a collie that had been trained to handling and driving cattle. He had trotted ahead of me and reached the open beach when I was yet thirty yards from it. The brush was sparse at this spot and I saw a big buck lying on my left and within fifteen feet. I stood looking at him for perhaps five seconds, when he rose and was off with a rush to the beach.

"The collie saw him coming and seemed to think it his duty to take charge and drive him down the beach and round to the cow pen. It was a beautiful race for a moment. The collie kept between the deer and the woods for about seventy-five yards, after which the deer steadily gained, and entered the woods thirty yards ahead of the dog and two hundred and fifty yards from the spot where he came out. Five minutes later the dog returned. I think the excuse he gave himself for his failure to carry out his training with this new breed of kine was that it would be useless to pen it, anyway, as the fence

would not hold an animal that could jump like that.

"Later we obtained a tape line and measured a number of the deer's strides on the beach. They ranged from sixteen to twenty-eight feet, but one leap (measured from front foot to front foot) was thirty-one feet one inch. This race was on a clean, level part of the beach, with nothing in the way and no apparent incentive for a specially long leap, so I assume the buck could have done better than that if he had tried."

Perhaps he could have, but thirty-one feet one inch seems a fairly good jump for an animal that travels on four legs and has no wings.

Most of the barrier islands, I have said, are wild and lonely places. Some of them are lonelier to-day than they were seventy-five or a hundred years ago. Thus there is one small island, where I have often fished in the surf, which was once the site of a town. Here stood Edingsville, the summer home of the prosperous planters who farmed the fertile soil of larger islands lying between the more southerly barrier isles and the mainland and who lived like lords on their fine plantations, where they grew the best long-staple cotton in the world. There were three churches, it is said, and more than sixty houses in Edingsville, some of them large, three-storied structures, handsomely finished, with carved mantles and fine woodwork, for the landowners of the coast were of the best blood of the South, and some of them were men of great wealth as wealth was reckoned then. To-day scarcely a trace of their little seaside city remains. A few short, broken posts projecting from the sand at low tide, here and there a litter of loose bricks washed about by the waves, some fragments of the old "tabby" concrete in common use in those days—only these are left to tell the story. Long ago, no man now living knows just when, the ocean began to march against the town, and year after year it advanced, inch by inch, foot by

foot, steadily and relentlessly. The disastrous ending of the Civil War, reducing most of the planters from affluence to poverty, had already dimmed Edingsville's gayety, and the invading ocean seemed bent upon completing the destruction which war had begun. Finally a great hurricane in the 'seventies or 'eighties—accounts vary as to the date—sent giant breakers surging through the place, and the planters realized that it was no longer safe to trifle with the Atlantic. Most of the remaining houses were dismantled for the sake of the good lumber in them; and now, the sea having continued its slow onward march, a man might walk from end to end of Edingsville beach and never guess that out where the long rollers are curling once stood three rows of dwellings, extending for nearly three miles along the sands.

Nature has reclaimed her own. Resentful of man's intrusion upon her lonely beaches, she has called the ocean to her aid and has driven him back whence he came. Not long ago a deer—a white deer, by the way—which had swum across the inlet from the next barrier island, was killed at low tide on the sands which were once the back yards of Edingsville. I have caught many a channel bass where the village houses once stood, and have seen great sharks swim over the site of the town, and herds of porpoises plunge and roll in the breakers where, half a century and more ago, men and women walked along the sandy streets; and some moonlit night in June I am going down to this beach and hide among the dunes and see a big turtle come up out of the surf. I have found turtle trails there, and I can see the turtles themselves if I take the trouble to look for them in the season of turtles. It will be worth the trouble, for I can think of few sights more strange than the sight of one of these armored, barnacle-incrusted sea monsters coming up in the night out of Edingsville's watery tomb.

Three Sonnets

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

BUT WHAT WILL THEY REMEMBER

BUT what will they remember of the arm
That bundled them and shouldered their first cry
When ogres of the floor came stealing nigh
Disguised as careless pins—intending harm;
And that small hand which held their smaller warm
And led it through strange thoroughfares; the eye
So watchful lest one movement slant awry:
Will they recall how sleepless its alarm?
Suppose they fashion keys of inquiry,
Unlock the rooms and corridors of dream,
Retrace themselves, approach identity
With infancy, and what she might have been?
Will they discover where she keeps the art
Which hid itself in her persistent heart?

A MAN BESMITTEN SO

THERE never was a man besmitten so
With self, he couldn't throw the thing aside
If drifting clouds but sued him forth to ride
The undulating waters of the blue—
To leave the self behind or let it blow
Off to the yesterdays that never glide
The same sky twice, nor ever could abide
That they toward other days should onward flow—
Except a man I know of conscious parts,
Who sits him down from dawn to dusk to dark
To squander each and every, all the arts
Toward urging fourteen lines to be a lark!
Who thinks, if thoughts grow words, and words a throng,
The sum of such a noise would sing a song.

THE MOUNTAINS STOOP TO HILLS

THE mountains stoop to hills and hills to stones,
That shrug and wrinkle, hunch their backs and crook
A rhythmic stairway for the water tones
To strike clear intervals and cause a brook
To lead a melody, arpeggios
Might hurry to a precipice and lose,
If shorter gaps, cautious rests, softer blows
Forgot to intervene, or art to choose:
Below, the music broadens to a stream,
An island interrupts with dissonance;
But contrapuntal fusion saves the theme,
And reaches resolution in the sea:
Horizons round the cadence, close the trance
Whose stones and water carve a symphony.

Romance

BY EVELYN GILL KLAHR

THEY reached the park in time for the second half of the afternoon concert, and because the day was over cool they were lucky enough to find seats, in fact a whole bench to themselves.

On the platform in front of them the band of Scotch Highlanders added gayety to the world, not only by their jolly music but also by their bright plaids, their kilts, their glengarries and their sporrans.

Even before they were seated, May's serious dark eyes behind the shell glass were scanning the platform anxiously, searchingly.

She was a dumpy little thing whose clothes were always ill-fitting. The proximity of Bella seemed only to increase her dumpiness. Bella was statuesque, was a Juno with smooth hair bulging at the exact places dictated by fashion, with large smooth face and smart frock which fitted smoothly across a large bust and hung in excellent lines. The frock was just short enough to show shapely legs tightly stockinged in silk.

The first view of the band sent Bella into silent convulsions of laughter. She leaned slightly against May so that May felt the large form shake.

She gave Bella a look of annoyance—to which Bella was oblivious—and then turned her gaze back to the platform, searching and searching.

"Honest, I could die laughing," Bella whispered behind a big shapely hand.

May stiffened. "They are one of the best bands in the country," she retorted coldly.

"I know," Bella whispered back, as

best she could for her laughing. "But to see them in those silly little skirts."

A faint indignant flush came into May's dull cheeks. "If you knew anything about history, or if you had read Scott, or if you knew anything about what they did in the war you wouldn't say that," she challenged Bella.

It all passed over Bella's head. Let them rail at her all they wanted, she always said, for what she didn't know. She never cared.

"Look at the leader," she nudged May. "Look at the leader!" she whispered behind her hand, "If he is going to wear that tight basque, what he needs is a corset." She giggled more convulsively.

May shrugged away from Bella's big body. And just then she caught her lower lip between her teeth. She held her breath. She had just discovered him—away in the back. The reason that she had not discovered him before was because he looked so different in glengarry and kilts. But he hadn't seen her yet. She hoped when he did discover her that Bella wouldn't notice. She wouldn't for all the world have Bella know that this was a pick-up. It wasn't that she herself had so often reproached Bella for her ease in making acquaintances without introductions. Bella, of course, would taunt her about it; but she wouldn't mind that. It was just that she was afraid that Bella would somehow spoil it. There was something common about Bella which turned common every experience that you even told her about. And May wasn't going to have anything happen to *this*!

Bella suddenly leaned against her with special confidence. She cast a

cautious glance behind her to see if anyone was likely to hear. "Say," she whispered, "do they wear *pants* under those kilts?"

"I don't know," May replied indignantly, and she let it be known by her emphasis and her hauteur that she didn't consider it a proper subject to be discussed by ladies.

The rebuke passed over Bella without her even noticing it. "My heart! Their poor old knees must be cold," she went on, and laughed to herself at the thought. "Pull up your socks, boys," she urged them under her breath.

Then in a minute or two she had become quite used to the spectacle and was ready to resume her own personal history again.

People were like that, May had noticed, getting used to everything so quickly. Here all around her sat Troy, and Bangor and Kansas City, reading their papers and crocheting, as nonchalantly as if they had all this at home. And yet most of them looked, May thought, like people who might be, as she herself was, in Florida for the first time.

The difference with May was that she kept on being thrilled by them. Any night she could go out and feel a-quiver with excitement over the strangeness of it all, over the stately outlines of tall royal palms or of the little palms with their polished green leaves like outspread hands reaching up in the moonlight to her.

And so here was Bella now already grown accustomed to being entertained by kilted musicians from Scotland.

Bella reverted to the personal narrative that she had been telling May.

"Where was I?" she demanded.

May was glad to assist her. It left May free for her own watching and her own remembering.

"You were telling me about being in Pittsburgh," May obligingly reminded her.

"Oh, yes! Well, you know I was visiting Mabel and we was walking

along there in the East End, and these fellows came along in their car. Honest to goodness, I thought Mabel knew them when she said we would go for a ride. And it was a swell car, too." And on and on her voice rambled.

May was conscious of it only as an accompaniment to her own thoughts. This is what she was thinking: she was remembering how she had gone out the previous evening right after supper to get a breath of air, because Dad always kept the wood-stove so red hot, and living in one room like that, one had to get out and get a breath. (She did wish she could have a little room to herself, if it was no more than a cupboard, and not have to stay always in that room with Mom and Dad and with no more privacy than could be obtained—when she undressed and when she slept—from the unsteadiest of screens.) And so she had gone out for a breath of fresh air and had walked down to the water front. There was a green wooden bench down by the seawall in front of the yacht club. Before it was the seawall and behind it an oleander tree, sheltering it from the gaze of the yacht club. And while she was sitting there he had come along and sat there, too, pretending he didn't see her. She kept moistening her lip trying to get up courage to say something, because he looked so nice and so young and so lonely.

Then after all, it was he who had spoken first: "Isn't this the darnedest hole?" he had said.

But she found out it was because he was homesick and hadn't a nice place to board and because the fellow he was rooming with was a rotter. Also, that he was worried about his brother, who was all he had and who was alone in the north and was sick.

Then she had told him all about herself, how she had come down with her father and mother because her father had rheumatism and because her mother had nearly died of pneumonia the winter before and the doctor had said she

might have it again if they didn't go south. She had told him how her best friend, Bella, also of Curryville, had come down with them and was waitress in a hotel, but that in spite of her having to work, they had lots of time to go about together.

"You would be crazy about Bella," she told him. "She is the best looking thing."

"I shouldn't unless she is like you," he had retorted.

It had been stupid of her, she knew, not to have something to retort in turn. But she had felt too deliciously excited to think.

Then he had told her the most wonderful thing of all: had told her that he played in the band.

"Will you come to the concert tomorrow?" he had wanted to know. He had looked at her intently, beseechingly.

"Why?" she had demanded boldly.

His eyes had grown more imploring, almost humorously so, begging her to understand without being told. "You know why," he had said.

And here she was, at the concert, and there he was, wonderfully, on the platform. And he hadn't seen her yet!

But see! Now two men of the band were carrying out the xylophone. Troy and Bangor and Kansas City sat up and began applauding. And oh! how hard her heart began to beat when she saw who it was who was coming out to play and who it was they were applauding like this.

And he did look so dear, she thought, in his cap and his kilt. He was a slight boyish youth with a humorous air—now that he wasn't looking gloomy as he had looked the night before. His hair was dark but his eyes were very blue. His nose, a thin-nostrilled nicely made nose, had a humorous pinch to its tip. When he smiled at his audience he made them smile back and he made them love him.

All at once he saw May. He did see her. Suddenly he stopped smiling. He

was looking right at her. How her crazy heart thumped! She was afraid everyone would see that he was sending her an intimate message—though she did not at all know the words of the message—a message to her across the heads of all those strangers!

Then he dashed into his tune. And oh! the pride of her when she heard him! When she heard the dashing, dazzling adorable melodies that he conjured from his strange instrument and sent out into his audience.

And Bella was chattering on. It seemed incredible that she could still be talking as if nothing were happening. "But I never let him have my address," she was saying. "I just gave him an old kodak picture of me."

Now they were encoring him. And he was coming back. And they encored him again and again. Her heart was near bursting.

When he had taken his seat again and the band was resuming the business of the day, she saw to her secret, quivering delight how his eyes kept seeking her out.

Then she became aware that Bella's confidential accompaniment of personal narrative had very suddenly ceased. Two young men in expensive-looking clothes had seated themselves on the other half of the bench.

May glanced up at Bella's face. It looked preternaturally expressionless, and by that token May knew that Bella was bursting to laugh. Indeed, as Bella half leaned against her, May could feel a spasmodic quiver of her flesh, as if Bella would not long be able to retain this uncanny gravity.

In the pause between numbers she heard one young man, the blond one, say to the other, the stoutish one, in a voice that was meant to carry at least to the girls beside him, "Funny, isn't it, how a girl will think you are good enough to dance with one night and the next day will cut you dead when she sees you?"

May felt Bella's body shake with silent convulsive mirth.

"Funny thing that," said the stoutish man.

The blond man sighed heavily and humorously.

Then suddenly to May's amazement, she heard Bella's voice. "Get over the dance all right?" she was inquiring of the two young men.

They feigned surprise at seeing her. "Why, how *do* you do?" they wanted to know. And then the two men said to each other what a surprise it was, and wasn't it a coincidence that they had happened to sit right down there and that never until she spoke did they see who it was, and so on and so on.

Upon which everyone laughed very loudly.

Perfunctorily, Bella introduced May.

May saw how promptly the two men appraised her and thereupon how promptly they dismissed her from mind.

She and Bella parted right after the concert, and May hurried home to see that the old people were all right. She always felt guilty when she had been away as long as this.

Arrived home, she found the room too hot, as it always was, and her father, comfortably drugged with the heat, napping on the lounge which served May as her night bed.

Mrs. Doyle sat knitting, with a sweater draped across her shoulders in spite of the heat, a sop, as it were, thrown out to the respected monster of pneumonia which she ever felt to be lurking at her heels.

She raised a warning finger of silence as May entered.

"Gee! it's hot in here," May whispered back.

Her mother ignored that as unimportant.

"What are you going to have for supper?" she wanted to know.

"Oh! I hadn't thought yet."

"Well, Poppa says mush and milk would go kind of good."

May nodded without enthusiasm. Then, remembering, her eyes brightened a little. She detested mush and milk

herself, but they bought the mush ready cooked and so she would not have to cook anything this night, which meant specially and in particular that this would give her plenty of time for a walk—say, down to the water front—before going to the cafeteria for the mush.

She tiptoed over to the crowded cupboard in the corner and got the brown bowl and the basket and the napkin.

"What you going so early for?" her mother demanded in disappointment.

"He's asleep and we can't talk," she whispered back. "And it is too hot in here," she defended herself further. "I want some exercise. Been sitting still at the concert all afternoon."

Mrs. Doyle compressed her lips into her most martyred expression; but May left without compunction. Now that she had reassured herself as to their welfare, she could justify herself in abandoning them a little longer. "I am young," she reminded herself. "I can't be cooped up with old people all the time."

How fast her shabby little brown oxfords carried her to the green bench between the oleander and the seawall!

He wouldn't be there, she told herself over and over, nevertheless her heart beat high and confidently, so that indeed it was a depressing moment when she found the bench quite deserted.

And then while she was trying to decide whether to walk on or to wait a little, she caught sight of him farther down the front, standing on the seawall and staring, rather moodily it seemed, into the water.

Happy again and confident, she sat on the bench to wait. The water was a lovely placid blue-gray laid over with little lakes of lavender by the setting sun. She watched the big, good-natured pelicans diving for their dinners, the greedy gulls hanging about in the hopes of getting a meal without working.

And while she watched, she was aware that he had discovered her and



Drawn by H. J. Mowat

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING SO EARLY FOR?"

was walking briskly along the seawall toward her.

"I was watching the pelicans," she explained promptly, after their shy greetings, so that he wouldn't think she had been waiting for him.

"Ever see the gulls light on their backs when they come up?" he asked.

No, she had never happened to see that.

"Trying to get the fish, you know," he explained. "Sometimes they light right on the pelican's head. Talk of your nerve!" he said.

And then presently, softly, he said, "You came to the concert, didn't you?"

"Yes"—softly and shyly.

"Like it?"

"Yes." And then with sudden courage, "You were the best one there."

That made him laugh with grown-up tender amusement. "You are a good kid," he chuckled to himself.

They sat with their elbows on the back of the bench, their hands dangling.

Presently his dangling fingers just touched hers, ever so lightly, as if by accident. She pretended that she didn't notice. Their talk grew desultory.

He wanted to know about her basket and she told him.

Then she wanted to know what part of Scotland he came from—as if she knew one part from another! He told her he came from Boise, Idaho, and when she finally understood she thought it a lovely joke.

"Do you dance?" he asked.

"Some," she admitted. "Some. Not much."

"How about the Green Lantern some night?" he suggested.

She wasn't sure. She explained to him just how it was about the old people.

He watched her face thoughtfully as she told him.

"You are a good kid," he told her again, and gave her dangling fingers a little squeeze. It brought the red into her cheeks.

"But you come out sometimes at

night, don't you, for a little air?" he questioned hopefully.

"Well—just sometimes."

"To-night?" he was eager to know.

Not to-night, she was sure. She had left the poor old dears alone all afternoon nearly, ever since three o'clock. And Dad liked her to play cribbage with him in the evenings. But some other time, sometime when she had stayed in all afternoon.

"To-morrow?" he begged.

She had never known such dizzy happiness as this, to have anyone beg—yes, really beg—for her company!

"About eight, just for a minute," she promised.

All the next afternoon she stayed faithfully in the hot, crowded room which served the three of them as an entire house.

When suppertime drew near she went out and bought a bottle of milk and made them milk toast over the little heating stove. Then after supper she carried the dishes to her landlady's bathroom and washed them under the faucets.

When it was nearly eight o'clock she told them firmly, "I am going out to get some skin lotion for my hands."

"It is nearly eight o'clock," her mother objected. "Why, can't you wait until morning?"

May put on her coat with determination. "I have been putting it off and putting it off," she declared, "and if I don't do it now my hands will be like nutmeg graters. 'Do it now!'" she reminded them smugly.

Then before they could find further reason to detain her, she grabbed her purse and hastened out.

Down under the palm trees she flew exultantly. Oh! how things do happen! Here was she, May Doyle, whom the boys of Curryville despised, flying under the palms and the tropical sky to meet the most thrilling player of that thrilling band! You just couldn't tell, thought she, what queer lovely things might happen any day of the year.

When she came to the water front she could see him standing there on the seawall. She would never mistake that figure in all the world.

But he didn't see her until she was right there beside him. Then without saying a word, he took her hand and led her to their bench. He sat down beside her and put his arm about her.

They sat there and watched the moon come up out of the water and make a silver path across it.

Sometimes his arm tightened a little about her, but neither of them talked.

After a while she whispered, "I got to go now."

"No," he whispered back imperiously, and held her.

"I got to," she insisted sadly.

When he found she really meant it, he kissed her good-night on her mouth and let her go.

Arrived home, she found Bella there talking to the old people. They had always doted on Bella. May believed that in their hearts they secretly said, "There is the kind of daughter to have!" Bella could put them in good spirits and could make them laugh. They felt sorry for her, too, having to work for her own living. Mr. Doyle used to slip her dollar bills. Mrs. Doyle used to make her nice longcloth underthings trimmed with tatting and crocheted lace, though May could have told them that Bella didn't like anything but pink silk or pink crêpe de chine. Bella was nice about the heartiness with which she acknowledged the gifts. "I'll tell you right now," she used to say to the old people, "May doesn't know her luck to have folks like you."

To-night she was telling them some of the "goings-on" at the hotel where she was waitress, but she interrupted her narrative at May's entrance.

"Where you been?" she demanded sharply.

"Buying skin lotion."

"Why didn't you come to go with me to the concert?"

"I stayed home with the folks."

"She didn't have to," the parents put in somewhat ungraciously.

"I got to go now," Bella announced. "You walk around a ways with me," she ordered May.

The door closed behind them. Bella caught her arm with a confidential squeeze. "Aren't you crazy about him?" she queried.

For a moment it startled May, and then she realized that Bella of course could not know and must be talking about her own admirer.

"Which one was he?" May inquired.

"Why, Barney is the good-looking one, of course. The light-haired one. You didn't think he was that fat thing, did you? Though *he* is nice, too. But isn't Barney the *best* looking thing?" And then without waiting for an answer, she rambled on: "Mind you! he has had that kodak picture of me ever since that time when I gave it to him in Pittsburgh. It's most wore out. Says he has been looking for me ever since. Wasn't I a ninny not to give him my address? And my heart! he can burn money! You know his Dad was one of the first here, and he was smart enough to buy up a lot of land. Guess he must have a million now. We danced at the Gold Dragon last night till the place closed." She clutched May's arm a little closer. "He says," she whispered, "that I can't leave this place unless I marry him. Think of little Bella with all that money!"

May was aware that she ought to be thrilled by it. It sounded like something you read in a magazine: A rich young man sees a poor girl for a single hour. She refuses her address but gives him a little snapshot of herself. He seeks her tirelessly for three years. He finds her again unexpectedly when he is the rich young man of the town and she only a waitress of the hotel. He still cherishes the little picture and vows to wed her in spite of the world.

And yet, curiously, May found it

without savor, tasteless, like the reread tale in a cheap story paper.

Nights when she did not sleep very well on the lounge behind her unsteady screen, she had the habit of dreaming over the stories she had read or heard during the day. But to-night as she lay awake she did not give one thought to Bella's amazing romance any more than she did to any memory of a printed page. Instead she thought of a green bench under an oleander tree right by the water's edge.

It was the next night that they found to their indignant surprise that the green bench had another occupant, so they went over to the Green Lantern and danced. It was lucky, she thought, that she had put on her blue foulard that night, and it was the most blessed of fortunes, she was sure, that she could dance so well. Even the boys in Curryville admitted that she could dance.

"You are some little dancer," he told her, and she could see that he was proud of that, which made her, of course, very proud, too.

"We can run in every night for a dance or two," he suggested casually.

Her heart leaped. Then it was settled—she hadn't been sure of it before—that he did expect to see her every day.

But this evening she would not stay long with him. The old folks would be watching for her, she reminded him.

"You take darned good care of those old folks, don't you?" he commented affectionately.

He walked home with her that night, his arm about her all of the way except when they were too directly under the bright street lights.

She managed after that to come out each evening for a time, sometimes a couple of hours, and the parents who had got used to the idea of her running out after supper for a little air—they took it rather for granted that she went out to see Bella—rarely asked questions now or complained about her absence, especially as she never failed to get back to the ten o'clock bedtime.

One day Bella called to get her to go to the afternoon concert.

As they walked toward the park, Bella, from the kindness of her heart made this proposition: "If you get yourself a new dress, May, Barney and I will take you with us to the Gold Dragon."

"Oh, I guess not," May refused languidly.

"Barney will introduce you to some fellows so that you can dance," Bella persisted kindly.

"Nope, I don't want to."

"But you are a real good dancer, May," the generous Bella urged her.

Just the same, May thought, Bella seemed a little relieved when she refused again.

Oh! wouldn't Bella be surprised, thought May, if she knew that every night while she danced at the Gold Dragon, little May, with a man of her own was dancing at the Green Lantern.

"Are you going to marry him, Bella?" May asked.

"He says I am," replied Bella archly. "His family can't see it, though. They want him to marry some girl down here he has been going with. He says if he can't marry me he doesn't marry anyone. And if I do," she said firmly, "it has got to be understood that I go north for my summers and that I have a car of my own. He uses his Dad's now."

Sometimes in the evenings as May came home from her early dancing she would catch a glimpse of someone who was surely Bella, rolling by in the car that must be the one that belonged to Barney's dad. And it seemed to her amazing that Bella never caught sight of her. But then that would be the last thing Bella was expecting to see: May walking along the street in a romance of her very own.

So it seemed as if the beautiful affair would go on like this forever, secretly precious and their own. As for May, she was satisfied with it just as it was. She didn't think beyond the end of the season. She asked for no promises that



Drawn by H. J. Munnell

THEY WATCHED THE MOON COME UP OUT OF THE WATER

would hold the future fast. She did not even yearn for longer rendezvous. An hour of paradise each evening, a kiss or two at parting, was enough to carry her through the next day in an ecstasy of remembering and anticipation.

Sometimes, it is true, she was worried because of the troubled look that had a habit of coming to his face. She wanted to ask him if it was about his sick brother that he was worrying, but always just as she got up her courage to ask, he seemed to drive away his troubled look by sheer will power, as if he were saying to himself, "I am going to be happy now. I'll do my worrying later."

When she found out that they were planning to change the afternoon band concerts to evening she decided that must be what had been worrying him. And indeed it did seem disaster.

"We could come here just before supper," May suggested, to cheer him.

He dismissed the idea gloomily. "That wouldn't be the same," he declared.

Of course he was right. It wouldn't be at all the same: no dances, no moonlight, no slow walks home together, no tender good-bys.

"Why couldn't you meet me afterward?" he wanted to know. "It wouldn't be so late. They would be over by ten."

"Who would heat the flannels for Dad's rheumatism?" she asked. "And who would heat Mom's milk?"

He picked up her hand and kissed it. "You darned little kid," he said, "There isn't anything like you."

But they had one more evening together before the evening concerts began.

By a happy fortune on that last evening their bench was left vacant for them.

They didn't dance. They sat close together, her two hands gathered tight inside of his. Part of the time his head was on her shoulder and she sat with her cheek or her lips against his crisply rough hair.

They did not talk, except for an occasional murmur of endearment.

He kissed her oftener than usual that night when they parted. And then rather gloomily he asked if she would be there next day before supper.

Next afternoon when she got there she found him already arrived, sitting with head despondently forward.

A dull sickening premonition came over her.

When she sat down beside him he did not smile.

She was frightened. He looked as if he were cross with her about something.

"There is something you got to know," he blurted out. His voice sounded unfriendly. "And I guess the sooner you know the better. I am engaged to be married to a lady in Chicago."

She felt very ill. She felt weak, as she had the first time she had tried to walk after typhoid. She felt as if there were weights crushing down all about her.

She knew she must say something. She clutched at anything. "What's her name?" she inquired stupidly. As if her name mattered the least bit in the world!

"Cora Smith. She was at the same boarding house when I was in Chicago. She was mighty good to me. I give her my word and I am going to stick to it," he declared firmly, as if he were afraid that May was going to try to persuade him.

"Do you have her picture with you?" May asked him. She had to wet her lips before she could speak because they were so dry.

Yes, he had a picture with him. He drew it out from an inside pocket.

After she looked at it May knew that she was going to be able to bear it. She could not have borne it if Cora Smith had been young, but here she was at least ten years older than either of them, in spite of her youthful hair and her smile and the coy look she sent out of the photograph.

"She is a widow," he went on. "She has four kids and she runs a beauty parlor in Chicago."

She couldn't think of anything to say.

"And that is how it is," he added.

Even then there was nothing she could say.

"Is it all right?" he asked presently, a little unevenly.

"Yes," she told him, as courageously as she could. "And I couldn't have left Dad and Mother," she reminded him.

"That would have been all right," he granted her generously. "You could have had them with you. I'd have to have my brother. He is a hunchback, poor kid, and he kind of takes spells. I knew Clara'd be good to him. That is one reason—" Gallantly he left it unfinished.

"I guess you think I am rotten," he presently sounded her, with shamed voice.

"No." Monosyllables she found were easiest to manage.

"I won't forget you," he promised softly.

Her heart leaped exultantly. After all, there was something left of it!

Suddenly, although it was daylight, he caught her to him and kissed her as he never had before, his eyes were wide open and looked both frightened and angry.

Then she knew that a secret sorrow, if it wasn't bitter, could keep you alive.

"Have I to stick to my promise?" he asked her, almost like a child, she thought, who would do exactly as he was told.

"Oh, you got to," she warned him.

"Are we going to see each other any more?" he asked desperately.

"Oh! I don't know," the decision troubled her. "I guess—oh! I don't know." Then she decided painfully.

"No, we mustn't ever. No, we mustn't."

"I'll do just as you say," he promised humbly. As if that made it any easier for her! she thought wretchedly.

She rose abruptly. Intuition told her

a quick good-by would be easiest. "I got to go," she told him sharply.

He clutched drowningly at her hand. But she evaded him and was gone.

At first she forgot that a secret sorrow could be beautiful. She felt numb and bruised and forlorn. At first she was crushed by sheer grief.

Presently she found comfort in living all over again that last kiss. She could close her eyes and feel his lips again and see his eyes, wide open, a little frightened, a little angry. She comforted herself by remembering how he said he wouldn't forget, how he wanted to see her again, how he clung to her hand when he left.

Of one thing she was very sure, that no matter how it crushed her in the end she would not have been without it. Not even would she have changed places with Bella.

And yet here was Bella living her story-come-true, with her rich young hero ready to defy his world of relatives for her sake and loading her with presents.

She brought one of her surplus boxes of candy, one with fruit and nut centers, around to the Doyles. She showed May the silk stockings and the wrist-bag and the gold wrist-watch. Another day she let her see the ring. May fairly gasped over that ring. Bella held it at arm's length and studied it with a petulant wrinkle between her eyes.

She went to the concert with Bella a little oftener now, but at first only to the night concerts where she could have the sweet torture of seeing him, of triumphing in his popularity, without being seen by him. The first time she hazarded an afternoon concert his eyes found her almost immediately and came to her again and again, yearning, beseeching, heartbreaking eyes.

It was after that that she could hardly keep from going to the green bench, just on the chance that he might be there, too.

For days she fought that desire. It seemed never to leave her. All she

wanted was just to see him again. Just to hear his voice for one minute. That was all. She couldn't get it out of her mind. She felt like a man who was trying to break himself of drinking or of some drug habit.

Then came the day when irresistibly her feet took her there. It was just before supper, and she had gone out with basket and dish and napkin to stop at the cafeteria for cooked mush, just as she had on that other day. She found she had a few minutes to spare. And then as if she herself had nothing to do with it, she found her legs taking her down to the green bench, and her heart beating insanely.

And just as on that other day she found him standing on the seawall, staring disconsolately into the water.

Instantly, as if he were aware of her even before he saw her, he turned and came to her.

They sat side by side without touching each other, without for a time saying ever a word. Then by and by she asked him about Cora and the four children. She was as greedy for detail as he seemed reluctant to give it.

It was just before she left that she got together courage to ask him one thing: he would surely be taking presents back to them all, and a man wouldn't know what to select, and why couldn't she do that?

It was not through any beautiful or self-sacrificing impulse that the suggestion came. She knew that well herself, and she tried to make him see it. It was just that it would make her feel less left out and consequently less forlorn—make it, he could see, almost her affair as well as his own.

He would not answer her. He turned half away from her and stared out over the water, and she could see lines of suffering in his face.

He didn't even answer when she said "Good-by."

So she got her mush and took it home and cleared the table of its tobacco and ash trays and newspapers and knitting

and advertisements of patent medicines and samples of apron percale and letters and sewing basket and cribbage board, and then she set the table for supper.

The next day instead of going to the concert she went shopping. She bought for Cora a necklace and a pine-needle basket and a raffia work bag; for the eldest boy, an alligator belt; for the eldest girl, a necklace of shells; for the next girl, a string of red beads; and for the littlest boy, a sand toy. She found it on the whole a very thrilling experience. She meant to ask him how much he had intended to put into the gifts, and she hoped she had spent more than he intended to spend—in which case, she could add some of her own money, which would make it seem more than ever her affair. She got a neat pasteboard box in which all the gifts could be packed, so that he could carry the shopping inconspicuously from the green bench to his own quarters.

That was the day when she found him rebellious—the first of his rebellious days.

"I have a notion to chuck it all," he declared. "You and I got some rights. You and I got a right to be happy, too."

Then was when she found that she was strong. All during his rebellious days—and they followed now in rapid succession—she managed to keep firm. It couldn't be done, she told him. He had to stand by his word.

Every day she met him. In that alone consisted their love making. He did not kiss her or touch even her hand. They found an ecstasy—though a torturing heartbreaking ecstasy—in the mere sight and sound of each other.

Then came that very different day. For then came the day at the concert when his eyes sought her out with so different a look, not beseeching now, not desolate, but compelling, commanding. There was almost something triumphant in them.

She was afraid.

Barney and Bella drove her home in

the car that day. Bella was regal. You could see how she knew her power. She was both exacting and faultfinding.

May thought of it afterward. At the time she was thinking only of how afraid she was.

When she went out before supper to get a can of baked beans from the grocer she tried to make herself believe that she was coming right home, that she wasn't going to the water front.

But when she came to the corner where she turned ordinarily down to the water she found she couldn't help it. She turned that way, irresistibly, desperately. She knew that was one of the things of which she had been afraid.

She found him pacing up and down impatiently.

When he saw her he came to meet her, took her elbow, and led her rather imperiously to his bench.

He took a letter out of his pocket and threw it on her lap, then waited while she read.

"Dearest Bunny:" it ran.

"Does she call you that?" May asked sharply.

He nodded, "Yes."

"Go on," he ordered impatiently.

"Dearest Bunny," she read. "Bunny, I have seen for a long time that things was not the same. It was your letters gave you away. You have another girl, Bunny. Bunny, I am not blaming you, but I am not going to stand in your way. I can bear my sorrows to myself. Life is very hard for me as a widow with four little ones to support and no one to love or cherish! Poor thing!" breathed May.

"Go on," he ordered her.

"But Bunny," she read on, "I will not stand in your light. You are free. Bunny, do you remember me telling you there was a man from Michigan has wanted to marry me this long while? I am marrying him because my heart tells me it is best. But I must tell you that business has been bad and there is five hundred I have got

to have right off. I hate to ask him for it first thing. So, Bunny, for the sake of gone-by days please send it to me right off."

There was a little bit more to the letter, both of sentiment and of urgency, but she only half read it, for his arm was around her drawing her close.

It seemed to her a long time before she could talk or even think.

"We must get that five hundred right off to her," was the first thing she could say.

His face clouded.

"Don't you have it?" she asked anxiously.

"I got some," he admitted.

"How much?" When she pressed him he admitted he could spare only a hundred. "I got to have something for us," he defended himself.

"I've got a hundred in Liberty bonds," she counted. "That's two and you could borrow three, I am sure."

He admitted that he could. "And scrimp and save to pay it back, and big interest on it, too," he reminded her gloomily.

"We could do that," she assured him happily, "and if Dad and Mother live with us they have a right to pay us some board."

But depression had settled down upon him. "Be lovely for you," he commented bitterly. "You are tied down now by your old folks. It would be just that much more, my sick brother and me—all that mob to work for, and scrimping and saving to pay back that money."

A radiance glorified her plain dark little face. "But I'd have *you*!" she reminded him.

"I ought to clear out," he indicted himself. "I ought to clear out and let you marry some rich fellow."

She managed to ease his mind on that subject. Then as she leaned happily against his shoulder she thought suddenly of Bella.

"Poor Bella," she said tenderly. "I ought to do something nice for her."

The Reporter Speaks for Publication

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

IN the personal tidbits about new authors, which in the newspaper profession is fondly known as publisher's dope, and in the more elaborate biographical treatises about old authors, which sometimes attain the dimensions of half a Sunday page with a two-column picture, there used to be one standard contribution to the sum of human knowledge. It is not quite so common to-day as it was a few years ago, but it has far from vanished out of the chronicles of contemporary letters. It is a statement to the effect that in the year, say 1913, Brangwyn H. Smith, the author under consideration, gave up newspaper work to go into literature.

Am I wrong in regarding this bit of information as something more than a chronological item? The implication is strong that when Brangwyn H. Smith gave up newspaper work for literature in 1913, it was a moral turning point. It is not as if Brangwyn H. Smith in the year 1913 resigned his position with the Bulwer-Jones Automobile Sales Corporation to accept a position with the Hughes-Churchill Motor Distributors, Inc. It is not even as if Brangwyn H. Smith resigned his position with the Bulwer-Jones Automobile Sales Corporation to accept a position with the Chitwell-Harriman Textile Technicians, Inc. In both instances it would mean for Smith a change of paymasters. But when Smith gave up newspaper work for literature, the impression is unavoidable that what happened to Brangwyn H. Smith in the year 1913 was an escape, a rebirth, and a rebaptism.

The escape, of course, is from a lower to a higher sphere. It is an escape from the business of purveying sensation and

futility for a helpless public. It is release from a profession in which reporters write at the editor's dictation and editorial commentators write at the owner's dictation, and both write in ignorance and haste. It is a profession which even so free a spirit as the author of *The Doctor's Dilemma* finds typified in the young man who enters a death-chamber for the purpose of securing an interview on How it Feels to be a Widow. The young man sees everything wrong and hears everything wrong. He spells cubical with terminal "cle," and he actually goes about without gloves—"This is your hat, I think. Gloves? No, of course, no gloves." Yes, it is a profession which wields its power—that famous Power of the Press—without gloves; stupidly, automatically, but above all, trivially. Allowing for a certain difference of standards as between London and New York in the matter of correct morning dress for gentlemen, the Bernard Shaw conception of the Fleet Street man is not very far away from our own conception of the Park Row man in these days of so much concern about What's Wrong with the Press.

Brangwyn H. Smith's translation, then, is from newspaper work to literature, or as it is commonly known, creative work. (Incidentally, I have found it difficult to understand why reporters who invent things and editors who shape the truth to suit themselves should be denied recognition as creative artists. On the very showing of our severest critics, the news coming out of Russia, for instance, during the last three years, embodies more imagination than can be discerned in the great mass of contemporary literary fiction.) When Brang-

wyn H. Smith makes his escape into literature, it is into a field where he can work with a freer conscience, with greater leisure, with a finer artistry, and above all, with an incomparably deeper penetration to the fundamentals of Fact, of Truth, and of Life.

Perhaps it is under the influence of the economic interpretation of history, that I sometimes find myself reading between the lines of Smith's debut into literature. In part, too, I am speaking on personal information and belief. At any rate, it does frequently occur to me that some day a school of biography will arise which will not say of Brangwyn H. Smith that he gave up newspaper work for literature. It will say instead: "In 1913, Mr. Smith gave up working on a copy desk nine hours a day for fifty-five dollars a week with two weeks' vacation in July, and went in for ten thousand dollars a year in royalties, first and second serial rights, and movie rights, with a six months' vacation in Europe or California, or the expectation thereof." If Smith's abandonment of newspaper work for literature is not so frequently mentioned as it used to be, one reason may be that in a great many cases nowadays Smith gives up newspaper work to go into publicity work, which pays as well as the average successful authorship.

And yet on this question of Brangwyn H. Smith's career in newspaper work and literature, I am far from being an irreconcilable. I stand ready to ratify with reservations. I shall be among the first to extend congratulations whenever it is announced, not that Brangwyn H. Smith gave up newspaper work for literature, but that Brangwyn H. Smith gave up bad newspaper work for respectably good literature, or gave up fairly good newspaper work to go in for exceptionally fine literature.

We who are engaged in the daily marketing of the printed word are guilty of serious abuses in exploiting humanity's pathetic reverence for the printed word; although the reverence and the pathos

are both overestimated, as I shall try to show a little bit farther on. We write in ignorance, though not in such benighted ignorance as is generally asserted. We write in haste, though perhaps in not such great haste as is commonly believed; between the newspaper man who grinds out his twelve hundred words a day and the author who dashes off his seventy-five thousand words in two months, the mathematical distinction is not overwhelming. We write with bias, though not as much on the slant as people imagine. In all, we are the brief chroniclers of one day after another, working under limitations which we do not always try to surmount.

But at least we do supply the public with safeguards against ourselves. And the name of the shield, buckler, test-tube, and hygrometer with which the public is armed against the daily newspaper, is To-morrow. To-morrow is another day and another paper. The lie in this afternoon's Wall Street edition will be scotched or neutralized or mitigated by the truth, or if you want to call it so, the counter-lie, in to-morrow's Home edition. If we kill Lenin for the third time in one year in the Bull Dog edition we bring him to life again in the Sporting Extra. If our headlines are ignorant in Satan's favor this morning we are just as likely to go wrong on the side of the angels to-morrow morning. And so by successive cancellations, by a continuous play of trial and error we would seem to be doing our part in an age which subscribes to Life itself as a thing of trial and error. The daily newspaper is the original Pragmatist and Behaviorist.

Because so considerable a part of our daily business consists in contradicting yesterday, we protect the public against ourselves. There obviously can be no permanent menace in an institution of which the public is accustomed to say that you can't believe anything you see in the papers. Obviously, this is an attitude somewhat removed from the reverential. The word that is printed

daily is received in a temper somewhat less than awe, even if the statement that you cannot believe anything you see in the newspapers is an overstatement. People do believe a good deal that is in the newspapers. They believe in news stories they would like to believe. They have faith in the integrity of editorial opinion with which they agree. And they are not at all helpless against news and opinion of which they disapprove. Against unwelcome items in the newspaper of to-day they cite yesterday or wait hopefully for to-morrow.

As opposed to the newspaper, the Book offers no automatic safety-devices. People do not say that you cannot believe anything you see in the books. The printed word which is printed on flat presses instead of rotary presses, which is bound in cloth covers, which appears not daily but only twice a year in the Spring and Autumn Book Season, and which carries with it no dry-goods or automobile advertising—the printed word in the book does maintain its sway over the popular mind. At the very least, the book starts out with the presumption in its favor. All the factors I have mentioned contribute, and many others besides: the fact that the book does come in clean type form on good paper from the flat press; that it is bound in cloth covers and so presumptively destined for immortality; that it ignores the existence of the advertiser; that it sells for one dollar and seventy-five cents up to five dollars net, and so represents an investment that compels faith; and most of all, the fact that it does appear only twice a year. It is a tribute to the higher side of man that the book carries credence because, on its face, it embodies considerable labor, considerable leisure, considerable thought and second-thought, and therefore, considerable truth.

Very well. But suppose Brangwyn H. Smith's experiment in literature turns out to be not very well thought out, not very free from bias, not very solid in its facts, not very well written. What will

the book reviewers say then? I speak of the book reviewers because I take it that the general public will hesitate to criticize a book, just because it is a book. The reverence is there. But the professionals, the experienced tasters, the men to whom books are almost as much of a commonplace as newspapers—what do the book reviewers say when they encounter a book that is not very true, not very fair, not very well planned and not very well written? As a rule, the reviewers say that Brangwyn H. Smith has written a stimulating book.

The book is not always stimulating. It may be provocative, challenging, disconcerting, iconoclastic, a brilliant improvisation, intensely individual, incoherent only because Life itself is incoherent, path-breaking, or fourth-dimensional. If a book dealing with American policy in the Caribbean contains a regrettably large number of errors in geography and history, it may nevertheless be stimulating; or rather, it is because of that very fact, stimulating. If a book on the Labor Movement says things about the labor unions that are obviously not so, it is a provocative book. If a book asserts that the Germans won the battle of the Marne, it is challenging. If a book exaggerates vital statistics in Massachusetts by several hundred per cent, it is disconcerting. If the chapters in a book do not hang well together, it is a brilliant improvisation. If the paragraphs in the chapter seem to have escaped the kindly guidance of the proof-reader, it is intensely individualistic. If the sentences in the paragraph have lost liaison, it is iconoclastic. If the words in the sentence fall all over one another's feet, it is incoherent because Life itself is incoherent. And if it is difficult to say what the whole thing is about, from beginning to end, then the book is fourth-dimensional.

In other words, a book is true, fair, well considered, well balanced and well written, or else it is stimulating.

Far be it from me to challenge the

great principle that error is more stimulating than truth, and so of greater human value. I do not deny that a book on the Marne campaign or the Oregon minimum-wage law which carries the plain impress of knowledge, thought, and poise, and which is written in the English language as most of us know it, is a danger. It may carry convictions so forcibly home to the reader as to cripple the reader's initiative and individuality. Whereas the other kind of book, by confronting the reader with facts he suspects, arguments that arouse irritation, and conclusions that belie his own experience, stimulates the reader. I can see that the great need is to keep the mind alive by disturbing it. I acknowledge the peril of putting the public mind to sleep by satisfying it.

But if literature to-day is the literature that challenges, I fail utterly to see in what respect Brangwyn H. Smith, when he gives up newspaper work for literature, gives up newspaper work for anything different. Our profession is the most challenging profession there is. Take the worst that is being said about the newspaper to-day, and it is only an argument why, financial considerations aside, Smith should stick to his copy desk. If the great aim is not fact but stimulation, what is there more stimulating than the average cable from Damascus quoted in dispatches from Cairo via Rome, Zurich and London to New York? If it is the provocative we want, what is the matter with the average headline in relation to its text? If it is brilliant improvisation we are after, what is wrong with so much of the news about Russia? And if Life itself is inconsistent, where is that fact better mirrored than in the average editorial paragraph, as the critical public sees it? Why should Brangwyn H. Smith, in search of change, give up the jazz of the newspaper for the jazz of the cloth-bound volume?

Does it sound as if I am belittling my profession? Superficially, it may seem so; but in fact, it is not slandering the newspaper to show how faithfully it mir-

rors the spirit of the times. It is my sincere intention to admit the validity of most of the charges brought against the present-day newspaper, and if occasionally my argument seems inconsistent with my purpose, it must be because Life itself is inconsistent. To show that I am no apologist for the newspaper, I hereby stand ready to plead guilty to one indictment that, to my knowledge, has not even been presented against the newspaper, unless Mr. Chesterton has done it somewhere. And this is the charge that the newspaper of to-day, as compared with the literature of to-day, is not even new. This is a challenging, provocative and stimulating assertion, but it also happens to be true.

Where, for instance, would one look for the revelations of the New Psychology which is the psychology of Freud? Not in the newspapers but in the books. When the newspapers tell the story of M. Poincaré's rough way with the Germans they usually explain it on the ground that Frenchmen like to treat Germans rough; or on the ground that M. Poincaré is anxious to keep himself in office and to keep M. Tardieu and M. Briand out. Almost never, as I recall it, has a special correspondent or an ordinary editorial writer hit upon the truth that Poincaré wants 132,000,000,000 German gold marks because at the age of six Poincaré suffered a neural traumatism resulting in the establishment of an anti-blond complex; and the Germans are notoriously a blond race.

When the newspapers speak of the Mayor of New York's extraordinary antipathy for street cars and his inordinate love for omnibuses, they rarely think of saying that during all the years when Mr. Hylan was a motorman he suppressed his desire for gasoline-driven vehicles, until now it has become a devouring passion. The newspapers usually explain the Mayor of New York in terms, not of Freud, but of Hearst. They think that it is not a case of suppression but of wanting something and going after it.

When the newspapers print stories of murder or scandal—as we occasionally do—they seldom think of tracing responsibility for crime to the inhibitions of childhood. They are inclined, on the whole, to sympathize with the position taken by *Punch* not so long ago when it remarked of a sensational half-million dollar theft in New York that the motive is supposed to have been robbery. Or if our crime stories do go in for origins, they do quite the opposite of explaining the criminal in terms of childhood's inhibitions. They adhere to the older theory that some of our criminals have been made criminals because in childhood they have not been inhibited enough; because poverty, or a worthless father, or an overworked mother, have freed the child of all inhibitions and let him run loose in the streets, when he should have been at school with regular hours and a warm meal in the middle of the day.

No, it is not in the newspapers that you must look for the latest news about the soul of man, but in the cloth-bound books: in the books where you find that America went to war with Germany because of the suppression of the sex-instinct in New England and the Mississippi Valley; where you find that Mark Twain might really have amounted to something in the world if his soul had not been permanently crippled by the inhibitions centering around Hannibal, Mo.; where you find that Margaret Fuller's love for a brilliant and adoring father was not just that but a violent case of eroticism; where the Brooklyn Bridge was built by Roebling—surely in some book the thing has been demonstrated—in an outburst of sex phantasy. We of the newspaper drop occasionally into the terminology of psycho-analysis. We write headlines in which we refer a little timidly to Old Doc Freud. And, of course, we quote copiously from the new books which translate the Interchurch Steel Report into sex terms. But as for seriously thinking and writing in the New Psychology, no.

In respect to the New Physiology, the newspapers have been equally derelict. For the very latest reconstructions of the human body it is again to the books that we must look. It was not always so. There was a time—and not so very long ago—when we had the field to ourselves; when the Sunday editors were passionately concerned with the threatened disappearance of brunettes in the course, say, of the next two million years; when they were very much worried over the imminence of a toothless and bald-headed human race; when they published double-page and four-color pictures of old women who had become beautiful young women by combining an exclusive spinach diet with, say, walking backward around the house instead of the usual way; or of very old men who expected to grow older still and go on indefinitely on sour milk or violet rays or something of the kind.

Fuit. Our primacy in this respect has been. Gone are the unlimited opportunities which confronted one good friend of mine who is now a celebrated special correspondent but who was once a cub reporter. To-day he writes about German reparations or about the public schools in the Middle West. But when he was young his city editor sent him down to New Jersey to interview a patriarch who was growing a second set of teeth and who invited the cub reporter to insert his fingers into his, the patriarch's, mouth and feel for himself.

For the newspapers these days are no more. It is only in the books that the ductless glands now work marvels. It is only in the books—and in the book reviews—that the pituitary gland determines whether you will make Phi Beta Kappa or the football team; the adrenal gland decides whether you will be, in character and behavior, male or female; and the thyroid gland decides whether or not you will vote the Republican ticket. Yes, with sorrow the newspaper man gives up the dazzling possibilities of a headline: "Thyroid Ticket Sweeps Ohio." He leaves it to the books.

But if the desire becomes irresistible, I presume he gives up newspaper work for literature.

How is it with the New Anthropology? You will find a little of it in the newspapers. We have our occasional crime waves which now and then we attribute, in part, to a large Sicilian population that has brought over the home tradition of the vendetta and the Black Hand. We sometimes remark, in connection with steel strikes in Pennsylvania or textile strikes up Lawrence way, that the new immigrants have brought, from the lands of poverty and oppression, an exaggerated distrust in the ultimate workings of social justice in a democracy. But we do not press the point very hard. We do not say that around the Gary mills American institutions are endangered by the presence of Alpine broadheads, who, by their cranial index, are predestined to be Bolsheviks. We do not say that the troubles in Lawrence arise from the fact that nature has shaped the Mediterranean race so as to make it act ugly under a thirty per cent wage cut, whereas the long-headed Nordic race accepts wage cuts without loud protest. On the contrary, we of the newspapers, and especially of late years, have got into the habit of rather sympathizing with the Alpine broadheads in the Pittsburgh steel mills and the Mediterranean broadheads in the textile mills. Sometimes we go so far as to see in the way they rally to their unions and to each other a sign of that gift for mass co-operation which is the basis of democracy.

Undeniably, we are old-fashioned in our anthropology. We are comparative strangers to the ethnics now being resurrected out of old Gobineau by way of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. We do not lie awake nights worrying over the submergence of Great Races and Nordic races and blue-eyed races by Mediterranean and brown-eyed races, destined from the original amoeba ever, ever to be slaves. I do not assert it as a claim to merit; but it simply does not happen

that newspaper writers go in for building racial strait-jackets out of anthropological theories that are cast aside every ten years. We do not condemn nations to perpetual servitude and exalt other nations to perpetual mastery on the strength of cranial indexes that are revised every five years. We simply do not rise to that winged vision which detects the Nordic strain at work in Michelangelo, that alleged Mediterranean, and which discovers a hitherto unsuspected Teuton colonization in Palestine to account for certain events around the Jordan and in Galilee nineteen hundred years ago.

Hasty, uneducated, prejudiced scribblers of the chronicles of the day, we have yet to show in our heavy newspaper files anything to rival the riches of jazz anthropology, jazz history, and jazz science crammed into Houston Stewart Chamberlain's two moderately sized volumes. We are rather content to record the fact that in November, 1920, Mr. Harding was elected President by a majority of seven millions, in which seven millions the distinction of cephalic index, eye-color, nose-structure, Nordic, Alpinic and Mediterranean seems to have been wiped out by a common liking for Harding, or a common grouch against Woodrow Wilson, thus testifying to a certain unity of mankind.

Of the New History, it is the confessed merit that it is quite indifferent to dates, not very sound on facts, very strong in its likes and its antipathies, splendidly defective in its proportions—two pages for Asoka of India in the third century B.C., and seven lines for Abraham Lincoln. But it challenges and stimulates. In this sense, we who try to write the history of the hour and the day can lay claim to the same methods and aims that characterize the new universal history. Our columns frequently challenge established notions of chronology, arithmetic, and human nature, and are challenged in turn by rival contemporaries and by Letters to the Editor. If it is the purpose of the New

History not so much to write correct history as to stimulate the reader to search and think for himself, then there obviously can be no better history of the times than that which is being written by an institution of which the people say that you can't believe anything you see in the papers.

Yet even in this field it must be admitted that the older methods of historical writing too often control us. We are overcautious. We fling out brilliant generalizations of an amazingly stimulating horse power but we safeguard ourselves, too. We are very fond of the word "perhaps." We are always saying "It is believed," or "It is alleged," or "It is said," or "It is claimed." We say of the Treaty of Versailles that it is perhaps the most vindictive treaty ever imposed by a conqueror upon a beaten foe; since we recall that possibly Shalmaneser of Assyria may have behaved still more rigorously on a special occasion. We say that Babe Ruth is perhaps the most popular athlete who ever lived; since it may turn out that there were Olympic victors in ancient Greece who were more popular. So we say that it is alleged or believed that the Bolshevik armies could easily sweep through western Europe; but we seldom state who it is that does the alleging and believing.

In this manner we succeed in combining vigor with safety first; to a degree that the new historians, it seems to me, might sometimes imitate. No one is more eager than a newspaperman to describe every event that comes over his desk as a "record," as being either the biggest of its kind or the first of its kind. Sometimes we can say so definitely, and conscientiously, as when we announce a new world-altitude record for airplanes. But if we cannot put it so absolutely, we manage with the best record we can scrape up. We say it is the highest altitude reached by an American airplane; or the highest altitude reached by an American military airplane; or the highest altitude reached by an American military biplane; or by an American

military biplane with two observers and equipped with a Hispano-Suiza motor.

I am afraid that we sometimes carry this harmony of aspiration and caution to an absurd length. For instance, in announcing the birth of the fifth pair of twins in a Chicago family, we do not say bluntly that this is the first thing of its kind in history. We say that five successive pairs of twins are a record for native-white families of Scandinavian origin and of the second generation, resident in Chicago and engaged in the artificial-flower business. As if this were not safe enough we preface the statement with "It is alleged" or "It is believed." It is a method, I repeat, which one is sometimes tempted to recommend to the new historians.

There is room for only one more reason why Brangwyn H. Smith gave up newspaper work for literature. And that was the yearning to escape from the horrors of journalese into the peace and austerity of literary English.

For which reason Smith gave up writing newspaper style like this:

"Nobby is the word heard most frequently in the shops where educated hat salesmen hold forth, and nobby is the official keynote of the 1922 models. Two new styles in particular are considered the nobbiest that ever sat on a brave man's head. They are the bell-crown and the style-flash. For the tall, aesthetic type of male beauty there seems to be nothing to wear but the old-fashioned straw sailor of yesterday. Customers built on these lines who tried on the nobby varieties in the shop to-day took one look at themselves in the glass and died a thousand deaths."

And took to writing literary style like this:

"As feet cadenced the hard cement Fanny's heart fluttered. The door swung; voices angled against the feet and the door, escaping in this brief interim of home and work in allusive herd-calls: Fanny felt herself thrust away."

The Price of Reflection

BY DONALD CORLEY

"YES, I have cursed myself for a fool," said the Russian, musingly, looking through his little glass of brandy at the candle flame.

"Once—but I will tell you another story about that."

And he sighed, and brushed away some tangle of memory from his head with his lean fingers.

"I was staying at the monastery of Terek to rest, one time, many years now ago. I had a brother there. He was a monk. I lived in guest house of monastery, with my window looking out on steppe. I had been in prison for a long time. It was good to have no wall against my eyes. You go here; you go there; you make many turns. Often you look back, and you curse yourself for a fool. But I was free again, after a very long time. Free to live in the prison of my own thoughts . . . but I will tell you what happened there, at monastery."

I waited. Ivan would sometimes begin to tell one something; the kaleidoscope of his memory would turn; he would tell one something else, out of his curious history.

"One evening I look out from my window on steppe," he went on, "I see some lights there, some fires—I do not know what. I think to myself that I will go out there, to see what might be happening. So I go. And I come to some tents with fires. I find some Kirghiz men there, in the middle of tents, drinking, smoking, with many camels tied everywhere. It was their camp for that night. Well, they ask me to sit down with them. To drink; to talk; to smoke. I did. A very fine people, the Kirghiz. A very courteous people. We talk a long time

(I know their dialect), we have food. We drink some more. The chief Kirghiz (Nikanor was his name) he tell me anything he had was mine. That is the Kirghiz way with his guest. Very late, the Kirghiz women, they come to dance for us. Then we have more drink. We have very fine evening.

"After awhile I begin to think to myself that I get back to monastery. And I begin to think what I might have in my pocket to give to Nikanor my friend, as gift.

"So I look in my pocket for some little gift, some little thing, to remember his hospitality with. I look in all my pockets. I find nothing but a little mirror, as big as a kopek piece. A little round mirror with picture of Kremlin on back. I remember that I buy it when I come out of prison, to see how I look. (Myself I have not seen for long time, in prison.) I find it now, in that pocket, the mirror. (Nothing else for gift in any pocket.) So I think maybe I give that to him.

"I show to him.

"Ah-h-h!" he say, 'and what *is* this?'

"A mirror," I say.

"And what is that—a mirror?'

"To see yourself by.'

"But who is that man in there?'

"That is yourself, I tell you.'

"But is it genuine—or is it false?'

"That is yourself.'

"Ah-h-h! *Myself*, now! That is a pretty thing to have. You wait until my wife, Naza, she see this. This is a very fine thing! This is a very fine thing indeed!"

"Well, his hand shut upon the mirror, and he look at me, thinking. After awhile he say: 'Maybe I could buy this

from you. This is the most beautiful thing I have seen anywhere.'

"I shake my head, and I say: 'No, my friend. No, you could not buy it from me. I do not sell things to a friend. But I will give it to you.'

"He looks disappointed. He gives me more drink, and finally he says: 'I must have this, to give to my wife, Naza. I will give to you anything I have for it.'

"But I shake my head and say: 'No, I could not sell it. I will give it to you, Nikanor my friend.'

"*'What!'* he says, 'You give this to me? No, no, my friend, you could not do that. This thing is too precious to give. I could not let you do a thing so foolish as to give this to me. I will buy it from you.'

"I do not know what to say to him. I am ashamed. A little mirror worth two cents—three cents—five kopeks, maybe, and I cannot persuade my Kirghiz host to accept it! It was very embarrassing to me.

"Well, we have some talk, some lot of talk, and I see that he must buy it, to feel proper to me as his guest, so I say, to please him: 'Well, how much you give?'

"And he says, quick: 'I give you a camel for him!'

"I laugh, and I say: 'A camel! Ah, no, Nikanor, I could not let you give a camel—that is too much. You need all your camel to travel. A camel!'

"And, then, he thinks one camel too little for my mirror—my precious mirror! He thinks I wish to bargain with him. And so he says: 'That is not enough? I give you two camels—a mother and her daughter.'

"I see I must not laugh any more. He would be offended. So I say to him: 'What would I do with two camels? I live in the monastery of Terek some little time yet. After that, I go, I do not know where. How would I feed two camels? Where would I tie two camels? Who would ride two camels with me? I do not know how to ride any camel!' (I am very ashamed now. I do not know

what to say.) He has only eight camels, and he wishes to give me two of them, for a little mirror worth five kopeks! And I have nothing else in my pocket to give to him!" (You do not have many things in your pocket when you leave prison, he added, apologetically.) "And I say: 'I live always in houses, Nikanor, with only a lamp and some book. I do not travel. I have no room for these camels to stay in.'

"'Have you no wife?' he asks. 'Somewhere? Waiting for you?'

"And I say: 'No, no wife somewhere.'

"And he says: 'Some day you find a wife—every man must have a wife. You will need camels then for travel. You need two camels. I give you this mother and her daughter for your mirror.'

"And I say: 'Well, maybe. Some time!' (I do not know what else to say. And then I think I ask him—it is very late, and I must go back to monastery) 'How would I feed these two camels?'

"And he answers, quick: 'I give you hay to feed—hay for long time—I give you hay for six days' travel!' And he looks in the mirror again.

"So I say, 'Well, some day maybe I come and get these two camels from you, and find a wife to go with everywhere. Maybe it will be so. But now, I must go back to monastery.'

"He is very pleased. He gives me more drink. And then he says: 'I will keep those camels for you, my friend. Some day you will find a wife to go with you!' And I say: 'Maybe . . . maybe. . . .'

"And he says: 'Maybe I leave camels for you somewhere, if I go far away?' (For we have had talk of Tartary, and Thibet . . . China.) And I say: 'Yes, yes—leave my two camels for me somewhere, if you go far away!'

"Then his wife, Naza, comes from another tent with hot tea. We drink. He shows the mirror to her. And she looks in that mirror like a child—like a cat—then reaches back of mirror to see where woman is. And he laughs and tells her there is no woman there—only herself.



"BUT WHO IS THAT MAN IN THERE?"

Then she clap her hands and say to him, 'Is it yours?' And he say, proudly, 'I buy it for you with two camel!' And his wife, Naza, she is very pleased. She dance for me, holding that mirror in her hand. And the fire shines in her eyes. And fire shines in that mirror, too.

"We drink much hot tea, and all the women from other tents come and look in mirror and clap hands and their eyes shine. One very pretty" . . . the Russian mused, absently. "*Very* pretty . . . brown, and slim, with red handkerchief on her head.

"After long time, I walk back to monastery of Terek. And my friend Nikanor, the Kirghiz, he walk back with me, and he shake my hands and say he keep those two camel, the mother and her daughter, for me until we meet again.

"And next morning I look out of the monastery window. Tents all gone—tents, camels, women, fires—everything. And I feel in my pocket to find mirror. Mirror all gone, too. And then I think I dream all this, maybe.

"Well, I stay in the monastery for two weeks more. I translate book from Sanskrit to use my time well, to refresh my thoughts. I talk to my brother, who was monk there. We do not see each other for many years.

"Then one day I think I go. I have forget all about this Kirghiz and the mirror. I drive in cart with ox from monastery on steppe of Terek, fifty miles, to Astrakhan, where railway is. I go to inn—khan they call—big inn, where I know the innkeeper since I was a child. My father had often taken me there.

I go in khan. I find innkeeper (his name is Arim Hai). He is very glad to see. He think I never come back. He say to me: 'Ah-h-h! Sergei Ivanovitch! A friend of yours was here. A week ago.'

"And I say: 'What friend?' I do not think I have any friend in Astrakhan since I was a child. And he say: 'A friend of yours, a Kirghiz named Nikanor. He leave you something until you come. He say you come some day here.' (Then I remember I tell the Kirghiz that I stay sometimes with Arim Hai in his khan, and he tell me he know Arim Hai also.) Arim Hai was very old man. He know many people from everywhere. Some day I tell you about Arim Hai. A very strange man.

"And I say to him: 'What is this something that the Kirghiz leave for me?'

"He leave you two camel.'

"Two camel?' I say, and then I remember the bargain for the mirror, and I say: 'And where did Nikanor the Kirghiz go, then?'

"He went to Tartary,' say Arim Hai, 'and he say you come here some day, and get these two camel—a mother and her daughter—very fine camel, Sergei Ivanovitch! You are a fortunate man. Come, I show to you.' And he lead me to courtyard of khan—inn—and show to me two gray camel tied to log of wood. Very fine camel indeed. Arim Hai pat them on head. They chew. *'A very good friend of yours,' he say, 'the Kirghiz, to leave you two camel like this.* Many people wish to buy these camel when they see. But I say, "No, these camel wait for Sergei Ivanovitch, my friend. He will come some day." The Kirghiz leave hay for you, to feed them, long time. But you are tired, you would like some drink maybe?'

"And so we sit by table in courtyard all afternoon and drink. Arim Hai tell me many things. I have not seen him in long time. Many people come to his khan. He know very many stories. I tell you some time.

"And when it is early dark, he suddenly touch his forehead and say to me:

'My friend, I am getting old—I forget things. The Kirghiz leave you something else!'

"Ah-h-h! something else!' I say, 'and what will I do with something else? Already I have two camel, a mother and her daughter, that I do not know what to do with! And a bundle of hay. I cannot ride them. I cannot keep them in my father's house in Moscow. I cannot sell them because they are not mine. What shall I do with this something else that you say Nikanor the Kirghiz leave for me?' And then I wish I had not had that mirror with the picture of Kremlin on back in my pocket, that night on the steppe of Terek. I wish that I had not wish to see myself when I came out from prison!

"Well! what else did he leave for me?' I ask Arim Hai, after I think a little. 'Where is this something else?'

"Ten thousand excuses,' he say, 'I do not know why I forget to tell you—I am getting old—I was so proud to show to you your beautiful camels, the mother and her daughter, that I forget all about the girl.'

"The girl!' I say, 'What girl?' And I drop my glass and break it on the ground. 'The Kirghiz leave me a girl? And what shall I do with a girl?'

"Yes, yes,' he say, 'Da, da, da, Sergei Ivanovitch, he leave you a girl, and I swear to God I forget all about her! After all . . . a girl . . . when you have two very fine camel, a mother and her daughter?'

"Well,' I say, after while. (I think about this.)

"Where is this girl?' I ask.

"The innkeeper turn around and show me a little window in top of inn. And leaning out of it was a Kirghiz girl, with red handkerchief on head."

"The pretty one?" I interrupted.

"Yes, the pretty one," he answered, absently, after a silence.

"Well, I look at girl in window. I look at Arim Hai the innkeeper. He had fallen asleep. He was very old. It was not strange that he forget about the

girl. But I . . . I was not so very old. And I look at my two camel, the mother and her daughter, eating hay in the corner of the courtyard. And I think to myself, all this for one little mirror, worth five little kopek? And first I think to myself: I go away now, and leave them to the old man. He is asleep. What are all these things to me? And then I think to myself: What will they eat when they have eaten all the hay? And I think to myself: Why *is* this? I come to the monastery of Terek, in the middle of the steppe, to rest, to think, to make up my mind what to do with my life. . . . I look out of the window at night . . . and all these things happen to me!

"All for one little mirror!

"You think it strange that a Kirghiz had never seen mirror? I tell you it was so. That was a very long time ago, now. (The Russian spread out his lean hands to the fire and gazed at them, as if to count the years that had made them tremulous.) Mirrors were new. A Kirghiz who lives in a tent sees few market places. Well, I think I cannot go away

and leave these things. I could not give them back to Nikanor. He was already gone now for one week, to Tartary. I think it is Fate that bring me these two camel . . . and a girl. And I think that Fate does not often tell you how to arrange things!

"I think to myself: Here are these things, like strange new books on a table. I did not want them, but here they are, for me to do something with. I do not know what. And I look up to that window and see the girl there . . . she smile at me, and the last sun fell over the city of Astrakhan, and it make her face shine. And I remember all those women with shining faces who look in my little mirror that night by fire outside the monastery of Terek. And I think to myself: You big fool! you drink that Kirghiz's wine. You eat his food. You smoke his tobacco. You drink his tea. You take his hospitality, and you do not know how to give him a little gift without bringing to yourself two camel and some hay and a girl that you do not know what to do with. And I curse myself for a fool!



"I DRIVE IN CART WITH OX FIFTY MILES"



"A VERY GOOD FRIEND TO LEAVE YOU TWO CAMEL LIKE THIS"

"But I think I drink some more, and maybe I see what to do with them. And I think to myself what my brother who was a monk at the monastery of Terek had say to me when I leave him. 'Sergei Ivanovitch, you are going. I may never see you again. Take care of yourself. You are impulsive. You like women,' he say, 'but you are an intellectual. Have little to do with them. God be with you!' And I remember I laugh and say to my brother: 'It is very well for *you* to think these things. You are a monk, but as for me—' (The Russian raised his hands and laughed a little sadly) 'maybe it is different.'

"And I think to myself what if my brother see me in that courtyard, the owner of two fine camel and a beautiful Kirghiz girl with a red handkerchief

around her head? And I think to myself what if my father in Moscow see me come into his courtyard riding a gray camel and leading another with a Kirghiz girl on it, what would he say? And I think to myself many things. Then I shake Arim Hai by the shoulder to wake him up, and I say to him: 'Let us have a little more drink.'

"And he bring three bottles of cognac, very old, very dusty, three bottles that a French colonel leave to his father many years before this. And we sit there in courtyard. We talk, and gypsies come and sing for us good song, and we drink more, that cognac . . . we sit there all night, and Arim Hai tell me many stories. I tell you some day, when I remember. We drink all those three bottle cognac, little by little, the

way Russians drink—not gulp. And after while I ask Arim Hai: ‘Did the Kirghiz expect to come again, and what did he wish me to do with this girl?’ And the innkeeper say the Kirghiz leave her to me for a wife. He think I need wife, maybe. He say this girl good girl . . . make good wife. And I say, ‘I am too old to marry young girl.’ And Arim Hai say young girl need a man old like myself (although I was *not* so very old)! And I say, ‘No, I travel very much now. I need no wife. Some time maybe.’

“And he nod his head (he is very drunk with that cognac) and he say, ‘Yes, yes,’ and he tell me an old proverb: ‘He who takes a wife may find it difficult to take a journey when he wishes. Women are the baggage of the caravan.’ And I ask him if all those Kirghiz go away with Nikanor to Tartary, and first he would not tell me. But we drink some more, and then he say, ‘No, not all. One boy stay behind to feed your two camel.’ And this make me think. And after while Arim Hai go to sleep in chair, very drunk, and I sit there and drink the last of those three bottle cognac left by French colonel myself. And I think . . . I reflect, my friend. . . . Not always does drink help you, but sometime you see better what to do with it. So when daylight come, I look to see my two camel, the mother and her daughter, and they get up from ground like rocking-horse in circus. And I see Kirghiz boy coming in courtyard, to feed. And I look at Arim Hai. He was asleep, with blue fly on end of nose. I stretch myself like a cat, and I think to myself: ‘Well, here are two camel. Here is Sergei Ivanovitch. Here are three empty bottle cognac. Here is morning. Here is Kirghiz boy . . . looking up at window in top of khan—inn—and I look there to see, also. Girl was asleep, leaning head on window. (It is summer.) And I think to myself what I do.

“But first I go to walk in the streets of Astrakhan and drink myself some

coffee. And in market place I buy some red silk. Two cups. Some sandal with red heel. Some earrings of silver. Some perfume in a little box. Some little thing, I do not know why.

“I take them back to inn of Arim Hai. I find him in his kitchen, cooking lentil. I say to him: ‘My friend, that was very good cognac. My friend, I am going away.’ And he say: ‘But Sergei Ivanovitch, you have just come. Why do you go away? Do you wish your two camel?’ And I say, ‘No, I do not wish



“WELL, I LOOK AT GIRL IN WINDOW”



"SHE LOOK AND SHE SMILE AT ME"

my two camel. I go with train. But first I like some lentil. I am very hungry.' And then I say to him, 'Does that Kirghiz boy come many times in each day to feed my two camel?' And he say, 'Yes, the boy come very often; he like those camel.' And I say, 'Is he a good boy? Does he drink too much?' And Arim Hai say, 'No, he is very good boy.' And so I send Arim Hai to bring that girl to me. She came . . . and she is *very* pretty. Nadezhda is her name. A pretty name . . . yes? And Arim Hai show me to her and tell her I am her master. And she smile and remember me, and her face shine. And I tell her, no, I am not her master. And I send for Kirghiz boy in courtyard. Then I have more lentil. . . . I am *very* hungry. And boy come, and I see what I am to do. So I say to Arim Hai: 'Find those people who wish to buy my two

camel. I wish to sell.' And first he beg me not to sell my two camel, and then, he go and get camel buyer. He come, and I sell one camel to him—the mother. Then I take the money and give it to girl . . . Nadezhda . . . and I give to her that red silk and those cups and sandal with red heel . . . earrings . . . perfume . . . all that I buy in market place of Astrakhan. . . . I do not know why. . . . I give her these thing for her dowry. Then I tell Kirghiz boy to take her, and take other camel, the daughter, for his own. To marry her. . . .

"And they go out of the archway of the khan of Arim Hai . . . presently, *but the girl . . . she look back and she smile at me*, with red handkerchief on head, and those silver earrings in her ears. . . .

"And then, my friend . . . I curse myself for a fool!"

Liquor Control In Sweden

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

ONE sunny afternoon in Stockholm we went to see how the native of Stockholm gets a drink.

The first retail shop which we found was in the newer part of town. It was an apartment-house neighborhood with bright stores and broad streets. The shop itself occupied the corner frontage of a modern apartment house.

From the outside it looked extremely respectable, and it lived up to that impression. The interior had the air of a prosperous little bank. Behind the counter there was a man in a business suit who might easily have been a banker, and behind the desk was a woman of about thirty-five who might have been a bank clerk, a librarian, or a Sunday-school worker. These two seemingly citizens were expeditiously, quietly, scientifically, dispensing alcohol.

The portly man was an accessory. Each customer as he entered came first to the woman's window with a signed requisition; she thereupon compared the signature of the requisition with the signature in a card file on her desk, noted the amount required, checked it against the amount permitted by the card, and then passed the customer to the retailer.

He stood in front of a great wall of bins, each bin loaded with bottles wrapped in gay tissue paper lying on their sides, the lively tint in each case indicating the nature of the alcohol. The man's business was to issue the liquor from the bins, for cash.

It was past noon, the hour at which strong liquor begins to be sold, and a steady stream of customers circulated through the shop. There was the puffing bourgeois with his much used leather case. There was the dusty stonemason

with his gaping overcoat pocket. There was the frail elderly gentlewoman, perhaps an officer's widow, the young girl messenger with a straw basket, the meek householder and his wife. There was the professional man with his polite attaché case, looking like one of the Cecils. It was the kind of assorted crowd one might see in a street car or a railway station. One could imagine a postal savings bank conducted for the same people in precisely the same spirit, except that the savings bank would not be likely to have indirect electric lighting, white walls with lucent shadows, colored frescoes in the arch of the deep-set windows, curtains of good material across the windows, brick-tiled floors.

On the premises the only fluid that could be consumed was water. A carafe with glasses to quench the customers' innocent thirst stood on a table. But the bottle trade, nine-tenths of the liquor trade in Sweden, is "off" trade, purely for home consumption. And here was one of its typical outlets in Stockholm.

It was, to the American observer, a curious scene. There could be no doubt as to the nature of the goods being retailed. Under the tissue wrapper, mauve or blue or peacock-green or pink, there were bottles of sheer intoxicant—gin, cognac, whisky, port, though beer was also procurable. For the intoxicants the customers were paying prices by no means inconsiderable. The state retail tax alone amounted to one-third of the selling price, not to speak of the excise, the duty, the tax, on the retail shop and the shop's margin. The prices, in American money, would be roughly about as follows: Three dollars a bottle for Black and White whisky, four dollars and

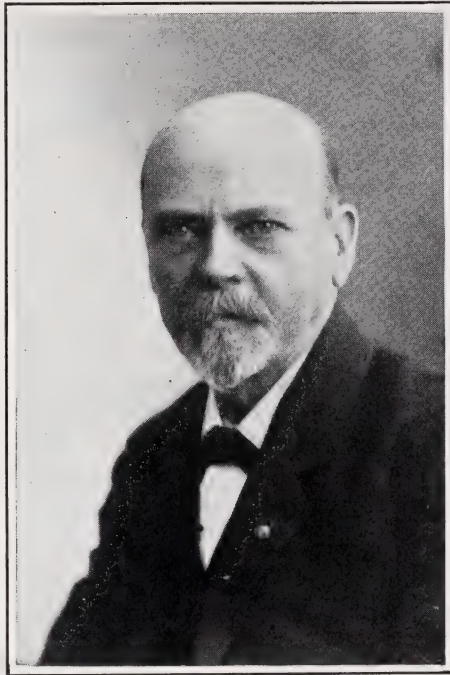
thirty-five cents for Hennessy's Three Star brandy, port from under two up to nine dollars a bottle for the vintage of 1896, two dollars and a half for a liter of Old Tom gin. Yet, in this headquarters of the traffic in delectable liquor where the customers had to be certified and authenticated, there was a hopelessly humdrum air. The people themselves, matter of fact, monosyllabic, devoid of curiosity, came as a routine to get the liquor of their choice. They asked for it as they would ask for railroad tickets. They passed out of the shop as if they were carrying home toothwash or milk. The excursion to the bar might still be harmful and wasteful. It was no longer romantic. It was utterly lacking in suggestion or provocation. The only fluid exposed to the wanton eye of man was water in its transparent vessel. The whole traffic in alcohol was plain, deliberate, and in a sense dignified, conducted with perfect publicity, in the open day.

It was a change from a hundred years ago in Sweden when, with a population of three millions, there were 173,124 romantic little distilleries, every family of five consuming its pint and more a day, every day in the year.

How did it come about that each citizen arrived with his numbered passbook or his signed requisition, to ask for liquor within a permitted amount? What was there to regulate that amount, and who had the right to raise or lower it? And what if a drunken man reeled into this shop to shove out his money for more "booze?"

In Stockholm, as in all Sweden, one soon learned, the age of chivalry is dead. Every person who wishes to procure strong drink for home consumption, whether fermented or distilled, can do so legally only by buying it at one of the retail outlets controlled by the state. But he cannot go to any outlet shop at will. Like the person in London who wants to cash a postal money order, he must hie him to a specified branch. That is the branch which was assigned to him when

he originally procured his passbook, or *motbok* as it is called in Swedish. When he moves from Boston to Worcester, so to speak, he can have his liquor from a branch in Worcester, but that closes down his Boston outlet, and if he forfeits his passbook in Worcester, Boston is immediately notified. There is nothing haphazard or unconsidered about the *motbok*. Every one of the million or so who possess them got them through their local companies, but they were issued from the central office of the liquor-control system,



SENATOR ALEXIS BJÖRKMAN

Prohibition Leader in Sweden

where all the *motbok* information was supplied by the citizen himself, or herself, when the application was made, but part of it has been collected by the central office for its own guidance. It is held in their files for reference—confidential, uncompromising, decisive.

If the citizen who wants a passbook has at any time wobbled from the beaten path, if he has been convicted of drunkenness or any crime connected with drunkenness or any serious criminal offense, if he has been in receipt

of state aid or been treated in a hospital for alcoholism or been in an asylum on that account, or if he has neglected his children or beaten his wife or been delinquent in the ways that drinking men sometimes are, it casts a shadow on his *motbok*. For two or three years, in most of these cases, he can buy no liquor at all; and in those cases where he is allowed to buy liquor, the amount is curtailed. The legal limit is quite liberal: four liters a month—a liter being

1.05 quarts. But this allowance is permissive. And even if a man has been permitted to buy up to four liters of strong drink a month, he may at any time, for reasons that seem sufficient, within the discretion of the board of control, be confined within lesser limits or even be deprived of his passbook altogether.

These are matters in which the retailer has no authority. He is under orders just as a branch post-office custodian would be.

The authority is with the central office, which works through one hundred and twenty district companies. The directors of the central offices in each district have under their control a record of every transaction in the retail. They have also the record of every known citizen who may consume alcohol, even those who have not applied for the passbook. They can tell instantly who a man is, what his income is, what taxes he pays, how much liquor he is to be allowed, how much he is consuming. Supplied from the courts with every record of every crime or misdemeanor, they at once connect that

information with the information on the district cards. But that is not all. If a man is guilty of no greater aberrancy than to start drinking out of proportion to his known wages or income, he is going to be asked to step around to headquarters the next time he comes to his retail shop to buy his beverage.

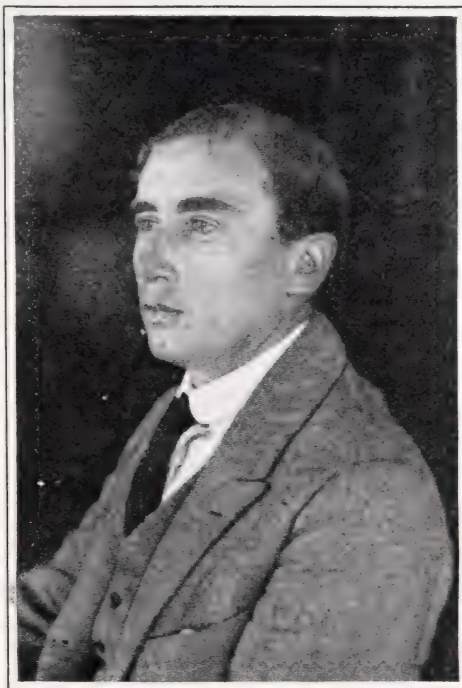
In New York, in the year of grace 1921, an apartment-house janitor lost his job. It was an excellent job, and he was an excellent man, but he drank him-

self out of employment. He had a vast and most expensive thirst. If he had been in Sweden, buying his liquor through the regular channels, it is interesting to reflect that he would automatically have collided with the authorities. It would not have been impossible for him—as will be seen later—to get strong liquor illegally, at a price. But his way would not have been easy, and several active agencies of society would have been against him.

The first card, for example, that I picked up out of the file in the retail shop

(I was given permission) was the card of an artisan who had been in receipt of state aid. His liquor allowance had been cut to half a liter a month. If he should press for more, he would have to take his complaint to the board of control and prove that he could afford it.

This systematic intrusion on personal liberty is governed from a directorate of whom the majority are appointed from public bodies, and chosen with reference to temperance sentiment. But before one judges finally, either from the pro-



DR. IVAN BRATT

Director of the Stockholm Liquor Control System

hibition or personal liberty point of view, it is well to leave this retail shop, which typifies nine-tenths of the liquor trade in Sweden, and visit one or two of the restaurants where alcohol is sold to "on" consumers.

These restaurants, we discovered, sell beer without restriction—a mild beer. Light wine, also, is unregulated, and can be bought in pastry shops as well as restaurants and cafés. But in restaurants even strong drinks, wine or spirit, are supplied with regular meals without requisitions on condition the consumer is sober and not known to be an alcoholic. The amount that can be procured in this way is, however, strictly limited to fifteen centiliters with a full meal.

The first thing that strikes the visitor about the consumption of strong liquor "on" the premises in Stockholm is the revolution it seems to have worked in the eating houses of a big city. A great organization of the restaurants has been effected in the interests of temperance, which secures the supply of good food in pleasant surroundings for every class of customer who wants his glass of strong drink with his meal.

We patronized, as the phrase is, one of these eating houses near the water front. As the menu outside the door revealed, its prices were very low. But surveying it out of curiosity, we were surprised to discover its comfortable and even distinguished air inside. It was fairly full of working men and officials about the dinner hour—four in the afternoon—a man in uniform from the police department, a mate from a nearby steamer, a *conditori* man with his tray of cakes and candies (he delighted the waitress with a gift of chewing gum which she handled like gelnignite). A couple of young soldiers with their picturesque tricorne hats were at our own table for four. Half a score of mechanics were scattered through the big room; one big fellow held forth at a table to which the waitresses kept returning like flies to a honey-pot. Except for these waitresses and my wife, there were no women. The oak tables

had no cloths on them, the floor was bare, but the frescoes were delightfully free and colored, the woodwork was teutonically solid and imposing, the lighting was agreeable, the service was careful and neat. The food was hearty, ample, palatable, cheap. And any customer who wanted a drink with his food in this restaurant of the third class was given it without question.

The kitchens of these restaurants we were afterward permitted to see. Their immaculateness is not surpassed by the best hotels in America. Perhaps there are some new schemes for shredding potatoes or pitting lemons that are not employed in these popular restaurants, but the Swedish men and women who run them had them shining like a ship. There was a place for everything, and everything was in its place. The liquor itself was accounted for to the last drop. It was tapped by a marvelous machine of American invention—five rows of little glasses, four in a row, being filled with miraculous evenness from the inverted bottle without the moving of a hand.

This, as I said, was a restaurant of the third class. Restaurants of the first class have not been left out of this systematic attempt to shape the conditions under which men take strong drink.

A tour of Stockholm took us across its gleaming waters, over those islands crowned with noble buildings, back and forth through rough-paved, narrow streets. We went to a tree-shaded summer garden on the rocky outskirts of the city, to a banqueting hotel with quaintly elegant private dining rooms, to a small workingman's eating room downtown, to an uptown high-grade cabaret hall, to several lunch buildings in the heart of town. Over one hundred thousand meals a day in a territory of half a million inhabitants were said to be under the direction or control of the system. And the system had taken as its special task the creation of a reputable trade in those very establishments which previously had been notorious for hard drinking.



A GOVERNMENT RETAIL LIQUOR SHOP IN STOCKHOLM

The water front, the road house, the cabaret, the banqueting hotel—these focal points of alcoholic infection, so to speak, had not been forcibly shut down. The same grouping of customers was solicited, but under revised conditions. Drink was still obtainable at these points but with good service, improved food, and attractive surroundings to compensate for the restricted amount.

A certain leniency is to be detected in these devices. They seem to deal tolerantly with a mankind which, as William James asserts in a wonderful passage, has its psychological uses for alcohol. He speaks of

a realm that public opinion and ethical philosophy have long since branded as pathological, though private practice and certain lyric strains of poetry seem still to bear witness to its ideality. I refer to the consciousness produced by intoxicants and anæsthetics, especially by alcohol. The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties of human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hour. Sobriety diminishes, discriminates, and says no; drunkenness expands, unites, and says yes. It is in fact

the great exciter of the *Yes* function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. It makes him for the moment one with truth. Not through mere perversity do men run after it. To the poor and the unlettered it stands in the place of symphony concerts and of literature; and it is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent should be vouchsafed to so many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what in its totality is so degrading a poisoning. The drunken consciousness is one bit of the mystic consciousness, and our total opinion of it must find its place in our opinion of the larger whole. (*The Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 387.)

This is partly accepted by the directorate of the Swedish system, but with an eye wide open for the slough into which the mystic may trip himself. At the entrance to each of the controlled restaurants we saw, and were gorgeously saluted by a uniformed special officer. It is his business to arrest drunken men, and to aid the restaurants in refusing liquor to men on the way to being drunk.

In the sale of liquor through these restaurants and through the retail shops

there is one element of control which has not been overlooked. Under the Goteborg system the retailing of strong liquor was occasionally turned over to commercial dealers, whose natural major interest was to increase sales. That interest, the interest of private profit, cannot sway the companies which now supply the retailers at fixed prices. When these companies have made 5 per cent on their capitalization they have nothing further to gain from increased sales. A large proportion of the revenue of the state is indeed drawn from the liquor traffic. The traffic in drink brought 119,000,000 kr. (about \$32,000,000) into the state treasury in 1921, and a slump in that traffic would at once challenge the ingenuity of the treasury. But in its social aspect the really serious problem of the saloon has always been its vested interest in intemperance. To put it very roughly, the saloon stood to gain as society stood to lose. Under the Bratt system, which takes away the incentive of private profit from the retail trade, the old-fashioned "saloon" completely disappears and in its stead we have businesslike bureaus, or else restaurants in which liquor is definitely and rigorously incidental to the consumption of real cooked meals.

The once famous cast-iron sandwich which used to repeat all Sunday as a legal "meal" under the Raines Law in New York exemplified the era of all-profit in liquor. The real interest of the restaurant proprietor in Stockholm lies doubly in having his customers eat. In any case, after he has earned a certain percentage, his profit in retailing alcohol goes to the state.

Careful planning so reveals itself in every detail of liquor control in Sweden that one instinctively seeks out the man whose name is identified with the system, Dr. Ivan Bratt.

Dr. Bratt is a Swede of perhaps forty-five. A physician by profession and a member of a professional family, he is at once to be recognized as a man of the scientific type. In figure agile and com-

pact, he commands an unusually considerate and patient manner, almost silken at times, but with this he combines the easy, quickening, and informal address that goes with a successful administrator. I felt that he was really enormously intelligent, and in addition, a man of unusual resource and resolution. I did not feel he was a mystic or fond of mystics. But he seems to understand the people he works with, the people he contends against, and the whole grammar of politics. His subordinates, who showed us around, spoke of "Dr. Bratt" with disinterested ardor. He seemed to have the respect and loyalty of his whole organization to an exceptional degree.

He conversed with me in English on the theory of his system. Not in any sense a doctrinaire and taking pains to assert that the so-called Stockholm system is especially devised and adapted for Swedish conditions, he is still an explicit and powerful exponent of liberal policy in handling the control of liquor. His interest in it is the interest of the social physician; his method is the method of the intensive administrator. He would be a prohibitionist, he said in spite of liberalism, if he could see any chance for interdicting alcohol. But he could see no chance for it. He favors control as the one rational method, at any rate for Sweden, by which to reach temperance and responsible drinking.

Dr. Bratt's rationality, one must insist, is the rationality of the physician. He sympathizes with the aim of the prohibitionist—to end the misuse of alcohol—but he sees prohibition as an administrative impossibility. The best way to end misuse, he asserts, is not to attempt to prevent use, which cannot be managed, but to administer use, which can.

Rather than suppress manufacture, which is to drive it underground, it is better for the state to hold the reins on manufacture. Hence Sweden has, through Dr. Bratt's efforts, consolidated the manufacturers into a company which, earning seven per cent on its investment,

alone can sell liquor to the one hundred and twenty district companies. The public appointees to the directorate cannot, of course, hold shares either in the wholesale or the retail organizations; and the surplus of both organizations reverts to the state.

Production being socialized and its standard of liquor controlled, the problem for the state narrows itself down to the consumer. If liquor is to be retailed, it is to the interest of society to have it handled by an organization which in no way stimulates the demand for it. It is also to the interest of society to muzzle those consumers who prove themselves to be reckless, unstable, irresponsible, unfit.

This is not a discrimination which can be handled by administrators in a hit-or-miss manner. It calls for a method which is intensive and yet objective. The morbid drinker who is well off is certainly not so likely to be caught in the meshes of such administration. But neither is he so likely to be a public danger. Drunkenness is socially the most serious when it undermines the

worker, makes him a public charge, and spreads poverty. It is most terrible in its consequences when it disorganizes the home. By the mechanism of the *motbok*, once a community is educated to it, a drunkard can be isolated and deprived of legal access to strong drink. The ordinary users of alcohol, on the other hand, are not penalized because of the public drunkard. They are permitted to get drink in reasonably large quantities. If an organization has a jubilee, for example, or a man is so misguided as to want to celebrate his fiftieth birthday, an order can be obtained for a special allowance. The object of control is not to enforce asceticism but to reduce the occasions of drink, in general, and the opportunities of drink, in certain particular instances. It aims to sift out the consumer who is a public offender, a danger or a nuisance, and to cut off his liquor.

Seeking to cut off the drunkard, rather than the drinker, the Bratt system also does what it can to prevent the making of drunkards. It is from this point of view that its restaurant policy is most



A THIRD-CLASS EATING HOUSE



A WORKINGMAN'S RESTAURANT

interesting. It is not because it has any desire to feed Stockholm or to entertain Stockholm that the directors of the system have given such close thought to the lighting, the decoration, the music, the marvelous kitchen work, of their restaurants. It is because drunkenness is bred in swamps, and the best remedy for swamps is to drain them. And, after a while, the drainage work begins to count. I saw two fine-looking sailors in one of the third-class restaurants who called for their drink the moment they sat down. One of them nursed his drink, the other swallowed it in a flash and began to tease the waitress for another. He might as well have teased a statue, and he knew it. The game, as his thrifty companion realized, had to be played on certain arbitrary lines. At best, there was about a quarter of a pint of strong liquor in it.

Reasonableness is a loophole word, and the reasonableness of the Bratt system is naturally questioned by the prohibitionists. They question it on two scores, because of the fact that it legalizes the habit, and because of the way in which the system is administered.

The first objection—that the Bratt system legalizes the habit—arises from a deep difference in temper. The prohibitionist is not a liberal. He is a radical. He does not see the liquor problem as a problem of more or less, to be governed in whatever way seems most expedient to end drunkenness and procure temperance. He is not, as a rule, a prohibitionist because he believes that drink can best be eliminated by prohibition; he is a prohibitionist because he thinks that drink ought to be eliminated. It is a moral conviction. He thinks that drink is an evil, and ought to be rooted out.

The advocates of the Bratt system agree, on the whole, that drink is an evil. They disagree with the prohibitionist as to method. They assert and believe that the only way to end the misuse of so familiar and procurable a drug is to take it out of the hands of unregulated or half-regulated traffickers, to govern the manner of its sale, to know and scale the customers, and withhold it from the unfit.

Yes, the prohibitionists retort, that is your precious program. But how does it work? In the first place, the management of any such system must be human

and personal, and the same rules will everywhere vary in interpretation. But even granting that this personal management is never corrupt, merely fallible, the very use of the *motbok* is suggestive of alcohol. In and around Stockholm there are one hundred and thirty-two thousand passbooks in use, for a population of half a million. That familiarizes women and young people with the drink habit, it confirms the drink habit, it implies a "need" for alcohol. How can you eradicate drinking if you legalize drinking? And what happens when you have educated people to drink by giving them a *motbok* and a ration? You think you control the hard drinker simply by cutting off his *motbok*. On the contrary, you infuriate him. You develop him either into a cunning rascal who induces other people to get drink for him on their own *motboks*, or else you make him lawless, drive him outside the pale altogether into procuring smuggled drink or drink illicitly distilled. You insist that you eliminate profit while meeting the reasonable needs of the drinking public. You do not eliminate profit. You simply transfer it to the state. If you decrease sales, you increase illegal traffic. If you increase your sales to do away with illegal traffic, you decrease sobriety. The only right policy is to taboo alcohol, to uproot it, to lock the stable door before the steed is stolen.

The one point on which Dr. Bratt flashed into emphasis was this: his system is *not* a rationing system. The possession of a *motbok* does not necessitate a ration of four liters a month. Some *motboks* allow as little as two liters a year.

But the practical difference between himself and the prohibitionists is the difference of approach toward the task of administration. The prohibitionists in Sweden are recruited in great measure from the sterner sects of the Protestant church. Feeling as they do, that they are fighting man's lower nature and his bestiality, they see the whole struggle as a crusade. They wish to expel alcohol

as a physical Turk. Dr. Bratt does not see the question as black and white. He seems to think that no state can sit with equanimity on the hot lid of prohibition. His whole tendency is to take human nature and human practice into account, to remove the issue alike from party politics and religious revivalism, to develop public control as a special uncontaminated social service with temperance as its sole object, aiming above all to have each individual use alcohol in a rational way.

The degree to which Stockholm shares his tendency, at least in effect, may perhaps be judged by the plebiscite of 1922—90 per cent of the men and 83 per cent of the women voting against prohibition, 10 per cent of the men and 17 per cent of the women in its favor. The country districts, where rock-ribbed non-conformist religion is stronger, gave a very different vote. In the whole country, 59 per cent of the men and 42 per cent of the women voted against prohibition, 41 per cent of the men and 58 per cent of the women in its favor.

The state "dispensary" system has, of course, been tried in other communities than Sweden. Its stumbling block has been political control, in the party sense. In its management and in its relation to revenue, the system has been the sport of party politics. In Sweden these perversions of purpose seem to have been ingeniously forestalled. The people's representatives have a voice in both the retail and the wholesale organizations; but these organizations are not state organizations. They have public functions, but they are private organizations with a personnel of their own. In Stockholm, for example, the system has about 400 employees. There are about 150 in the offices, 225 in the retail shops, and 25 special officers for the workingmen restaurants. These employees have the morale of a non-spoils enterprise. Their organization is public spirited in the definite sense that it is not out for profit. Its capital was supplied by private citizens who get 5 per cent, just as the

private citizens who later supplied the money to buy out the free manufacturers get 7 per cent. That being the case, the unsympathetic or antagonistic politician has no power to cripple the actual implements of liquor control. The administrators are selected and held to their work by a single-minded directorate. The word bribery finds the Swedish system official utterly uncomprehending. There is no taint of bribery or corruption. There is no breath of it. The system no more leaks alcohol than the Bank of England leaks gold.

Yet the brow of Dr. Bratt is not untroubled. The problem of liquor control for Sweden is not solved.

The available statistics show signal improvement over the period in which the *motbok* was not in use. The cases of intoxication in Stockholm, for example, fell from 17,696 in 1913 to 6,848 in 1921. The cases of acute alcoholism fell from 623 to 288. The cases of chronic alcoholism were even more affected. The total consumption of alcoholic liquors was reduced to about one-half. With these really marked improvements, however, there has been a sensational rise in the price of liquor, due to an increase in state taxation, which has mounted from sixteen million in 1918, seventy-two in 1920, to 119,000,000 kr. in 1921. Accompanying this increase in the price of liquor, there have come the two difficulties which go with repression—smuggling and illicit distilling.

How far the high *valuta* of Sweden tempts smugglers from outside, and how far they are attracted by reason of the excessive price which results from taxation, is not yet clear. But there are moments when the advocates of the Bratt system talk almost as if they were in a prohibition country. They have Finland to one side of them, with its total prohibition, consuming five times as much from its chemists' shops as before prohibition, and credited with illicit distilling and smuggling which bring consumption to fifty per cent of pre-prohibition. From Norway, with

prohibition except for 4.75 per cent beer and wine up to 12 per cent, there comes the same story. The great gains that were made through a long-sustained and ardent temperance movement are asserted to have been much injured by the attempt to force partial prohibition. But whatever the causes, Sweden is not itself wholly free from the blight which seems to fasten on the communities which say *verboden*.

Dr. Alexis Björkman, the prohibition leader, ascribes the opposition to his cause in Sweden to those who see in alcohol a convenient source of state revenue; to those who, like restaurant keepers, have the right to sell; and above all to those who use alcohol. But he believes that by 1925 the Good Templars, the Free church people and the counterparts of the Anti-Saloon League will carry the day. One of his great arguments to the Swedish people is the unexampled success of prohibition in America. He has been in America.

Fervent men and women may accomplish much in the crusading spirit, but the tendency of Stockholm is significant. And, if figures mean anything, the Swedish people have before them the examples of Christiania, the capital of Norway, and Helsingfors, the capital of Finland.

Taking the cases of drunkenness in 1921, we have:

Stockholm, restriction, 419,788 inhabitants.
6,848 cases. 1.6 per cent.
Christiania, part-prohibition, 258,341 inhabitants.
13,750 cases. 5.3 per cent.
Helsingfors, prohibition, 188,922 inhabitants.
13,550 cases. 7 per cent.

Whether the Bratt system will continue to hold its own, as it did in the plebiscite of 1922, is bound to be a mere speculation. If it does securely and permanently establish itself, however, it will go far to give a model to the world. And that would not be surprising to anyone who has had even a glimpse of the Swedes.

The very evening our train reached

Stockholm the Swedes seemed to me to begin "registering" character. Some minutes after our arrival we found, with that pang of distress which seems to punctuate travel, that my wife's raincoat had been left in the railroad carriage. A train conductor on his way home delayed and took much trouble to lead her to the bureau for lost articles, where the coat was awaiting her.

"Did you give him something?" I asked her when she returned plus her coat.

"I offered him something," she replied, "but when I paid the charge of the bureau he explained that there was nothing else to be paid!"

In Esbjerg, where a trunk went astray, I had had a similar experience, this time with a Danish dock employee. He declined to take a krone. "I am paid by the company," he said in a fatherly way; "you'll have plenty of need for your money, traveling around."

Racial impressions are usually absurd, especially when erected on such slender instances: but if railway men and dock employees refuse tips, if library officials and museum officials work hard to make things easy, if the public ambulance comes swiftly and the ambulance man hastens to tell a troubled wife, "Don't worry, this is all free," if the dairy manager and the school principal are equally interested in showing their institutions as examples of workmanship—one cannot help forming a racial impression. And in Sweden, quite soon, I formed my own. It was dissimilar from that of Denmark. The Swedes were not less helpful and polite. But they were more formal, more on their guard, more rigid. Still, in their own northern way, they conveyed above everything a notion of character. In talking with them, dealing with them, observing them, one felt: "This is a mature people. It is afflicted

with class, much more than Denmark, but that is not final. Its standard of manners and punctilio may be from the parade ground. Its severity may be due to the climate. Its reserve may be mainly linguistic. But disciplined as they are, they do not seem to be warped or repressed. They seem to have force. They seem to have energy and intelligence. Like the Dutch, they have markedly individual faces. They are salient. They have the *élan vital*.

This tiny impression of the Swedes as a people I put forward not on its own account but in its relation to the subject of my article, the Swedish liquor system. No social experiment, after all, is the child of pure theory. No social experiment is intelligible unless the people who adopt it and apply it are taken fully into account. If the Swedish system of liquor control has some extraordinary features, we must interpret them in relation to the Swedish people. We must remember that the Swedes are a compact, homogeneous, serious, like-minded, and fairly isolated people, ready to accept of their own accord a degree of control which would be impossible in a community less in harmony with its government. Obedience may be a sign of co-operation or a sign of compulsion. The exaction of obedience may be a problem in harmony or a problem in discord. With the Swedes, because of their character and disposition, not less than their circumstances, the state seems to be able to achieve a degree of harmony which is not readily possible elsewhere.

No one who knows the Swedes would say that this was because they were unusually tractable. The reasons are more interesting and more complicated. But underlying the success of Dr. Bratt's daring rationality is its adjustment to, and interplay with, the character of his people.

The Avalanche

BY ERNEST POOLE

I BARELY noticed him at first, although he sat so close to me that his knee was touching mine. We had front seats on top of a bus, lurching up Fifth Avenue. Through the quivering thunder, the hard metallic whir and throb of motors upon every hand, ten thousand women talked and laughed; while other thousands scurried along as though everything worth while in life lay just around the corner. Watching them, my glance was suddenly drawn to the little man at my side. Dressed in a seedy overcoat and a shapeless old brown hat, he was of dark complexion, with sensitive lips and big black eyes—appealing and compelling eyes that stared at the glittering horde below in a grim, ironical, wistful way, as though asking, “Good God, what’s it all about?” Abruptly then I realized that his face was quite familiar; and as I struggled to recall where I could have met him, I found that the vague recollection was connected in my mind with something not of this everyday life, something rather weird, exciting. Who the devil could he be?

In the deepening twilight the glamour of the scene increased. From a police tower just ahead, lights winked out, green, red and yellow; in shop windows other lights shed a warm effulgence on costly fabrics, paintings, gowns; in and out the doorways, gay, alluring figures passed. But still I felt the irony, the wondering, the desolation, of the presence at my side. And my curiosity sharpened. He looked so damnably alone! . . . On and on and on we lurched. We were out of the thick of it now and were sliding along up by the Park. There were trees, wide empty

spaces here, and the lights had lost their glare and glamour, had become mere specks by thousands far away in the misty night. With an expression of relief, my strange little neighbor rang the bell and a moment later rose from his seat. As he did so he swerved, as though giddy and faint, and I jumped up and caught his arm.

“Are you ill?” I asked him.

“No, no,” he replied, with a quick smile. “Only—please—just help me to get down.”

When we reached the pavement he murmured his thanks and turned away; but once more he appeared to be attacked by sudden giddiness, and so again I took his arm.

“Let me help you to a bench,” I said.

“Thank you—perhaps—but still it is nothing.” And as we turned into the Park, he added in a lower tone, as though speaking to himself, “I have not eaten since last night, and to-day I have been under a strain. But it is nothing. *It will pass.*”

I helped him to a bench close by. He closed his eyes, and it seemed to me that his lips were moving rapidly. His expression grew quiet and relaxed.

“Thank you,” he said. “Now it is gone.”

“Are you a stranger here?” I asked.

“Yes, I am a stranger here.” The reply, though simple and quiet enough, had a tone of grim stark loneliness.

“You are a foreigner,” I tried. I had noticed a slight foreign accent.

“Yes,” he said, “I was born abroad—but I have been many years in your land.”

“But not in New York,” I ventured.

“No!”

I laughed a bit at the tone of that "no." "You don't like our city," I remarked.

"No, I don't like your city." Another pause.

"Look here," I tried, "I don't want to intrude on a stranger, but you seem to me to be ill or in trouble. And if you are unacquainted here, is there nothing at all that I can do?"

"Nothing at all," he answered. "It has been done already. My work is ruined—it is gone." I glanced again at his seedy clothes and the starved expression in his eyes.

"Could I help you get some other work?"

"No!" was the quick sharp reply. He drew a grim unsteady breath. "You are very kind," he added, "but I have just had three offers here—to be the head of a hospital, a college, and a magazine."

I started. Was the fellow mad? Then all at once, as I looked at his face, I recognized him—with a thrill!

"Are you from Roumania?" I asked. He seemed to shrink.

"I am," he said.

"Are you the famous Dr. D——?"

"Yes."

I tingled! D——, the man whose magic was the sensation of the year! For weeks the Sunday papers had blazoned forth his miracles; though he had not yet appeared in New York. Secretly for years and years, before the world discovered him, in a lonely place far up in the Catskills he had treated mountaineers, had healed the sick, the halt and the blind, healed them without drugs or knives, by the sheer force of imagination! His face? Of course I had seen his face—upon the covers of a book which was selling by thousands of copies a week! And—here—in a seedy overcoat, alone, half starving—in the Park! "God, what a story!" I exclaimed—not aloud; I said it to myself—but as though my thought had struck into him, the little man looked sharply up.

"Are you *another* writer?" he asked. I admitted I was. He gripped my arm.

"You are going to promise me," he said, in a desperate, low, determined tone, "not to write about me—not to write one single line—at least for the next week or two! After that I shall not care!"

I stared at him. "You are going away?"

"I am."

"Back to Roumania?"

"Perhaps—but this must not be known!" His grip had tightened.

"I promise," I said. "And I think I begin to understand." I tried to adopt a soothing tone, for plainly he was either ill or under some tremendous strain. "You don't want it known that you are in town. You are sick of all this publicity—you are overworked and need a rest. So you're going home. But if you care to tell me just a little about your work, I shall be deeply interested—and will write nothing until you are gone. I just want to hear for myself alone."

We talked for a few minutes more, and then at last his story came. It came at first in fragments, my questions filling in the gaps.

He was born in a small village, not far from Bucharest, he said. His parents died when he was small, and he went to live in his uncle's house—which was close beside the church, for his uncle was the village priest. "It was quiet there," he told me. "Across the street I could look down on a little river, running deep, with a low hill beyond it. This hill grew green, then yellow, brown, dark purple, and then white with snow. It was the only hill for miles. Level fields were all about—and one great marsh. On summer nights I used to go sometimes alone to a meadow near by and lie on my back; and slowly I learned something there which I have never forgotten since—how by fixing my eyes on the stars I could change the whole condition of my mind and body, too. I was a lonely little boy and not very strong. There were pains and secret sorrows. But the stars would seem to say, 'Be quiet now—be quiet now—for all these pains and sor-

rows are so small*that they will pass. They are passing now—you feel them go—and now you are ready to fly away.' I made the most amazing flights—to many distant wonderlands.

"I soon developed a hungry mind, and, as I grew older and stronger, I read every book that I could find about strange lands and foreign peoples—how they live—the work they do—the games they play—the songs they sing. And I began to long to travel. Then my uncle said to me, 'When you are a priest then you can go—for there are priests who travel to very strange and distant lands. But first you must be patient, son.' So he tried to hold me to his plan for my career. Although he was now very old, he had a rare magnetic force. 'The World of the Spirit,' he would say, 'is so much more wonderful than the outward world, my son. The most amazing journeys that a man can ever make are deep into the souls of men. And what better way than that of the priest—who through the confessional explores the inmost secrets of mortal man, both dark and bright—while through his prayers he rises high—to visions of immortal life?'

"As years went on I studied hard in order to become a priest. But just a month before I was to go to the seminary my uncle was suddenly taken ill with a very terrible complaint. It was at night. I heard a cry, leaped from my bed and ran to his, and found him stiff, as in a trance—his smiling eyes wide open, strong and unafraid, but the whole face as white as death, the body rigid. In alarm I ran to a neighbor, who saddled a horse and rode to a town not far away for a physician. Meanwhile I watched my uncle with pity, terror and dismay—that body stiff with agony, that soul which had risen above the pain and was riding it as a brave man will ride a horse that has run away. The doctor came—and at the sight he stood transfixed beside me. And glancing up into his eyes, I saw a keen observant mind making a new discovery. He turned to a neighbor and whispered,

"That is the smile a martyr wore when he was being burned alive! I have never believed it possible!"

"'Oh, do something,' I implored. And then with a shining needle the man of science revealed to me a miracle of another kind. I saw the rigid face and body slowly relax, the anguish go—and that fixed and awful smile changed into a smile of peace. My uncle closed his eyes and slept. . . . An operation was performed. I watched it, standing tense and cold—and so began a change for me. For though I loved the old man still, the doctor had become my chief. He came there often and we talked. He grew interested in my mind—and when he knew the priest must die, he offered to take me to his home. I went there after my uncle's death—and though I still tried to finish my studies and enter the priesthood as he had planned, it could no longer hold me now—I turned to the doctor's books instead. I went with him on his visits, helped him, watched him at his work; and the end of it was that I entered at last a medical college in Bucharest.

"There I stayed for many years—in the school and the hospital close by. Work and study, day and night—a life of absorbing interest. But there at last I began to feel in the fascination of it all something cold and hard, like stone. For the old priest had left his mark; he had made me curious as to the soul—and this deep curiosity was utterly unanswered here. Bodies, bodies, drugs and knives—but the mind, the soul, the spirit, had that no healing power, too? My restless searching brought me news of the many startling things achieved by Charcot and others in France. My work began to turn that way, and soon I planned to go to Paris.

"But the sister of my dearest friend came now to him to say good-by. She was going to America. I had never seen this girl before, but within the week that she was there I fell so in love with her that, when I could not change her plan, I came with her to New York; and later

she became my wife. I had brought a letter to the head of a certain small hospital here, which treated disorders of the nerves. I was soon taken on the staff—and here for some years I explored into the vagaries of the mind. Down in that subconscious dark I found now and then a revealing flash—from that greater life which in each of us goes on while we are unaware—the soul in us we do not know. Studying, reading many books, devouring the latest news of work of this kind all over the world, and working hard in the hospital, I was steadily advanced and came under the notice of my chief.

“But then my wife and her unborn child both died suddenly—in one night—and not all that I had learned could keep them with me! They were gone! . . . My spirit dark as a storm on the hills, I walked grim noisy city streets. In the hospital my chief was kind—and I tried to respond and go on with my work, but I found it overwhelming now! Faces, crowds of faces—each day they stood in lines at our doors! One by one they came within—and every one brought in some kind of madness from the streets outside! How help them all? How take the time to learn each trouble thoroughly, when so many more kept pressing in? That is the fault with this city life! Succeed and you begin to fail! For success piles up the work for you, and you can do nothing as you should! There is so much—then more and more! It comes so fast—then faster, faster! That is how the whole world is living, these days—these terrible, crowded, critical days!”

Here for a moment the story paused, and in silence we sat on that bench in the Park. Then in the misty darkness the small low voice of my companion, so magnetic and intense, continued with the narrative:

“Finally my chief advised that I go up into the mountains and rest. So I went to a village far up in the Catskills—a little place. It was quiet there. Months passed, and with the mountains’ aid I struggled back to sanity. But I did not

wish to return to New York. In the homes of my neighbors I soon began to find a doctor’s work to do—so I remained—and in time I began to use upon those mountaineers some of the knowledge I had gained. People ill and in pain, or almost mad from grief or lonely brooding, came—but only a few—and up there on the mountain I had time for every one. Ten years of quiet, ceaseless work, experiment and exploration into the havoc of all kinds that a man’s spirit can work on his body—and, upon the other hand, the seemingly miraculous but in reality natural cures, sometimes instantaneous, which can be affected through suggestion to the subconscious self. I had still barely made a start. The limitations of the work and its complexities appeared. But through such jungles openings would suddenly reveal to me, as in a strong flash of light, the possibilities ahead. And not only for the relief of pain—for the splendid interest of my work lies not in people who are ill, but rather in the gleams it gives on into the years to come, when people who are well and strong find what they can do with their lives—by faith, imagination, God, religion—call it what you will—through an education that shall set free the measureless resources inside of every one of us!”

He paused again. Then suddenly, around a curve on the road close by, came with a rush two automobiles; and the one behind, as it tried to pass, gave an ear-shattering screech at the other. At the raucous burst of sound, my companion seemed to shrink into himself; and I saw on his dark sensitive face the same look I had seen before when he sat beside me on the bus. I waited, but he did not speak.

“And then?” I asked. “You went on with your work?”

“And then,” he said, “the avalanche.” I stared at him.

“What do you mean?”

He turned and looked me in the eyes.

“I shall try to explain—but it will be hard—not to exaggerate,” he said. “The

thing is still so close to me—its implications so immense—disastrous and incredible! . . . Five months ago there came to me a man who was a nervous wreck. He was what you call a publicity man. He—made things known—tobacco—gum—so that millions of people all over your land would suddenly wish to buy such things. Well, I cured him—that is to say, I showed him how to cure himself. And in return he has made me known—known like gum—for chewing! How it was done I do not understand—I do not understand your country now! I thought I did, but I was wrong! I find there is something terrible here! This force you call publicity—glaring, noisy though it be—is yet mysterious in the way it works its awful miracles—mysterious as some vast tale of danger which in ages past crept across whole continents! But then at least it *slowly* moved—while this disaster to my life has come with a blaring roar of noise! ‘An avalanche of publicity!’ So your terrible countryman proudly describes the work he has done! And it has been—just like that!” I heard a shivering breath at my side.

“Oh, my friend, they came in hordes—and I could do nothing to hold them back! . . . It was all so innocent at first—merely one man—from a Sunday paper—a pleasant young man—and I gave him a talk—and even let him watch me at work. In my village up there on the mountainside, I had not known such men before, so I could not imagine what he would write. I did not even read it when it appeared. But other people—millions—read—and the sinister process was begun. Soon after this, a letter came from the grateful man whom I had cured. He had decided, he declared, to make of my work a new faith for mankind. ‘I am going to sell you,’ he wrote to me, ‘all up and down the U.S.A.’ For this purpose he had written a book, which he soon afterward sent me to read. I was startled at first by the story he told—some true, more false, and all of it cheap—like gum you chew. But I only

smiled, for I could not guess the harm that it might do to me. And as the book was already printed, I did not try to interfere. Perhaps a few people would buy it, I thought, and after that it would die down. But what happened, you know as well as I. After its first swift success, the book was published in scores and scores of Sunday newspapers all over the land, and within a few weeks I had become known—or rather ‘sold’, as he would say—for millions of people wanted to buy me!

“They came at first in automobiles—great handsome shining cars, and Fords. There were not so many at the start; but later, as the sale progressed, a great fat business man arrived and started a line of jitney cars from the railroad station miles away. A garage was opened, close to my house. And by this time another man had built a hideous little hotel—a mere shell of a building with tiny rooms, for which he charged enormous rates. His house was packed—it overflowed. The village houses filled as well—and there were automobilists, too, who came with dusty little tents. As more and more of them arrived, still another business man arranged a campers’ village high up on the mountainside. Above it he raised an enormous sign, with the name he had chosen—‘Miracle Heights!’

“In vain I protested, and declined to see these hordes of visitors. When they departed, others came; and there were days when the motor cars stood in long lines in the village street—I could smell the gasoline indoors! There were men who photographed me now, and a man who wished to buy me for a lecture tour about my work. But there was no work! That spark of life, of deeper, richer, stronger life which I had kindled all these years—was buried by the avalanche! The little room where my few patients, in the quiet days gone by, had come each morning for the talk and treatments that I gave to them, was now packed full of nervous wrecks—great eager *hungry* nervous wrecks—with a

light of madness in their eyes! And at each open window a mass of other faces appeared! . . . I do not wish to exaggerate—so I say it was not always so. Even in August, there were days when only fifty buyers came. But the soul of the horde was still in the air! It is hard for me to express to you how the gross spirit of those crowds flowed in and stayed—like gasoline—with a power of suggestion which drowned my efforts as in a flood! ‘We can eat and drink now as much as we like; we can rush about all day and night—and still be well!’ they seemed to say. ‘For once a year we shall come to you, and in a twinkling we shall be changed!’

‘Your terrible countryman had prevailed upon one rich lady to say that after a few days with me she returned to Newport and at once was able to give great dinners and balls, because I had made her feel so strong! Another lady offered me a hundred dollars for every word if I would speak my first twenty words in her drawing-room when I came to New York! And while these things were happening, and I was going out of my mind, one day as I came from my house I saw a moving picture man, who offered an enormous price if I would

work my cures out of doors—so that he could place me on the screens of a million little theatres! ‘*It will get you a million more patients!*’ he said.

‘I left my house that evening—drove in secret to the train and so came down here to New York, to decide what to do with the wreck of my life. But even here there is no escape from this diabolic success I have made. They wish me to take a hospital here, and a college, and a magazine. And though the men who offer these things are not so crude as my terrible friend, still their purpose is the same—to take my work and make it big—big while it is barely born!’

Once more his voice abruptly stopped. I could feel him quivering at my side.

‘What will you do now?’ I asked. For a moment there was no reply. Then he drew a deep breath and said,

‘I think I shall get on a boat of some kind.’

Again there was silence. He raised his head, and through an opening in the trees he looked up at a starry blue spot in the sky.

‘I should like,’ he said softly, ‘to lie on my back—and look up at the stars again. . . . They make no noise. . . . They look so small.’

The Test

BY BARBARA HOLLIS

WORDS are my only weapons;
I use them for defense
And bow before the wonder
Of their omnipotence.

Words are my only allies—
Dependable; my friends;
I make a foray in their midst
And shape them to my ends.

But, oh, when I come seeking
Words for my love for you,
I realize their emptiness,
For this they cannot do!

Damaged Souls. IV: John Randolph

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

OF all this group of damaged souls John Randolph of Roanoke was in many respects the noblest; and for that very reason he seems the most pitifully and fatally damaged. His Virginian biographer calls him "the most remarkable character that this country has ever produced." Professor Channing, more moderately, speaks of him as "one of the half dozen greatest men of his time." Even the critical Henry Adams, who unveiled Randolph's faults so unmercifully, describes him in his earlier and better days as "a sort of Virginian Saint Michael, almost terrible in his contempt for what seemed to him base or untrue." Yet the admirable endowments that drew forth this praise were blighted by defects of temper and nerves which made the man's influence for good almost null.

Randolph was born in 1773. He began his public life when little more than a boy, and from that time till his death at sixty he was always fighting something. He opposed Adams the father in 1800; he opposed Adams the son in 1825. Between these two, both in the House and during his brief term in the Senate, he opposed all parties, all movements, and pretty much all men. In his long political career there were but two attempts at positive achievement: in 1805 he was manager of the Chase impeachment, which failed; in 1829 he accepted a special mission to Russia, remained there a few days, and pocketed a year's salary. Otherwise he was a furious negative, nothing more. His private life is summed up by saying that he was always opposed to his own best interests. It is a striking thing that this man, whose soul was all oddity, should have grown up and passed his best years on

an estate called Bizarre. What strange tricks Fate does play with us!

A true portrait of Randolph must, alas, be mainly occupied with eccentricities and defects. But it is necessary to assert and emphasize the great qualities which might have given him lasting glory if he had not thrown them away. He had courage, he had magnificent, exhaustless energy and initiative, he had sincerity, he had honesty. The little adventure in Russia might seem to contradict this. In his last years financial pressure and thrift made Randolph too careful of the dollars. But in the main he branded and exposed political corruption, and there is no reason to believe that he would have succumbed to it. His patriotism was not all declamation, but was founded on a genuine ardor and effort for the welfare of his country.

His constructive statesmanship was never really tested and probably did not exist. But he had a profound insight into the workings of American democracy, shown in many sayings like this: "As to the body of the people, their intentions are always good, since it can never be their interest to do wrong," and in his urgent wish that the heads of cabinet departments might be present in Congress.

He had a singular power of leading and controlling men. To be sure, this was accomplished rather by fear than by love. He bullied his followers, he did not charm them. It would be hard to say whether his Virginian constituents more worshiped or detested him; and the House regarded him alternately with astonishment, dismay, delight, and disgust.

This result was, of course, mainly ob-

tained by his oratory. Take him all in all, he seems to have been the most startling and effective, if not the most edifying and influential, speaker that American politics have known. His speeches had not weight, they had not substance. There was none of the solid massing of argument to a logical conclusion that distinguishes the great thinkers who have swayed the world. Indeed, as years went on, Randolph's speaking drifted off into a flood of incoherent irrelevance, which he himself repeatedly recognized and apologized for. He could not stick to the subject, did not try to, did not wish to. But even this irrelevant natural ease seems to have added to the charm. There was a swift, keen penetration, a vivid lighting up of dark corners in motives and in souls, a terrible, intense emphasis on things that the cautious let alone, which made men listen, made them think, made them sometimes, perhaps, go away and live differently, even if the difference consisted mainly in being as unlike as possible to the strange creature who had searched their hearts.

With such gifts and powers it is extremely interesting to find out why Randolph accomplished so little. It was not for lack of ambition. He did indeed repeatedly disclaim the desire for office: he knew enough of himself to appreciate that it would not suit him. But the passion of his life was to dominate, to lead, to dictate, and his vehement advice to a young friend reflected his own attitude: "Make to yourself an image, and, in defiance of the decalogue, worship it. Whether it be excellence in medicine or law, or political eminence, determine not to relax your endeavors until you have attained it."

Only, the higher and finer elements, which might have led to solid glory, were thwarted by the terrible defect of temper that soured ambition into dogmatic arrogance and petty vanity. The temper in Randolph's case was not so much an inflammable anger, which burst out in self-forgetful fury, as a constant,

irritable sensitiveness, which stung right and left, like wasps or scorpions, yet was always under the guidance of a fierce clear vision, planting the dart in the most sensitive spot. It had something of the instinct of vindictive torment which had come to him through Pocahontas from the Indian ancestors in whom he took such pride.

It was, indeed, largely a matter of nerves, nerves strained and shattered by excess and neglect and passion, the weakness of a body which was never prostrated by illness, yet never well. At one minute he would tell a visitor that he was dying and would take an affectionate farewell of him and of this world. A few hours later the visitor, riding homeward, would be passed by Randolph, in a fury of dust and speed; and with a shout that he was still "dying, dying," he would hurry on to live with more violence than ten robust men.

And the nerves, instead of being soothed and quieted, were stimulated by alcohol until their riot sometimes approached insanity. Just how much the man drank it is difficult to determine. He himself often asserts his periods of almost total abstinence. Others emphasize a disgraceful excess, which in later years especially, accounted for many of his worst eccentricities both in public and in private. At any rate, it is certain that he drank far too much for the good of a temperament like his. Curiously enough, the book that lay open, as if just read, upon his desk, at the time of his death was a thin duodecimo by one McNish, on Drunkenness.

Worse even for such nerves as Randolph's—worse for his fellows if not for himself—than the intoxication of alcohol, was the intoxication of words. Such a tongue, stimulated by excitement, urged on by the whirling impetus of a passionate imagination, flew to incredible excesses of abuse. And what aggravated the matter was that clear coolness of brain I have indicated above, which could see that every poisonous word

found the palpitating mark it was aimed at.

The bitterness in words with Randolph was much; but it was greatly intensified by the bitterness of manner, a fierce, relentless, domineering, Indian savagery, which tormented its victim all the more when he appeared to cringe and cower. And the manner was rendered far more deadly by the singular appearance of the creature that achieved it. As a child, Randolph is said to have been beautiful. But in manhood all the descriptions make him approach the grotesque. He was tall, he was thin, his body was short, his legs were immensely long, so that when he rose to speak, he seemed to unfold in endless emaciated longitude. He distorted his features, he contorted his limbs. His voice was high-pitched sometimes almost to a shriek; yet he could modulate it so as to soothe and charm and even to entrance. But the two points that are most insisted on are the piercing, withering, terrible, brightness of his eyes and the ghostly, blighting use of his long, lean forefinger. For thirty years the House sat up and listened when this strange image of an inspired, drunken Quixote lectured or scourged it. With such a brain, and such a tongue, and such a searing eye and cruel finger, it will readily be seen that Randolph would have been a strange, conspicuous, and formidable figure in any governing assembly in the world.

He certainly was so in the House of Representatives; and in that body his whole career was one of conflict. It so happened that when he entered Congress, the essentially Southern party, with which he identified himself, the Republican, was in bitter opposition to the Federalist rule under John Adams. Randolph was at once received as a brilliant party leader, and his singular oratorical powers gave him a prominent position on that side of the House. At his age with his connections, it seemed as if he was assured of a splendid future, perhaps of the highest office in the country.

Then the Federalists fell in 1801, and the Republicans under Jefferson had the chance to show what their principles amounted to. In Randolph's view they amounted to little. For a time he endeavored honestly to support his chief. Then, to use his own language, "I found I might co-operate, or be an honest man. I have therefore opposed and will oppose them." In other words, compromise, concession, those mutual sacrifices of opinion by which alone constructive work can be done in the world, were distasteful to him. He preferred to stand alone, to accuse as dishonest and disloyal everyone who disagreed with him. The consequence was that he became a political vagrant, sometimes courted, more often dreaded, and in the end too frequently ridiculed, though rarely to his face.

It would be difficult to find any statesman in history who so steadily opposed every large measure of public interest. On one or two comparatively unimportant bills, which he himself initiated, his action was positive. But in the main it seemed as if he preferred opposition to consistency, since he sometimes spoke and voted even against himself. He began by attacking the Federalist treaty with England, and his first celebrated utterance is the toast "Damn George Washington!" He attacked the standing army, and got into such hot water as might be expected by calling the regular troops mercenaries and ragamuffins. When Jefferson got into power Randolph supported him so far as the acquisition of Louisiana; but when the purchase of Florida came, he broke with his party decidedly and in substance forever.

He opposed any suggestion of war with England, and in the political struggles that preceded the war of 1812 he favored or opposed the embargo according to the whim or passion of the moment. He opposed the national bank because he feared it would commercialize the government and everybody connected with it. His attitude toward slavery was in the highest degree curious. He

hated it in the abstract, regretted he had ever owned a slave, set all his own slaves free by will, and denounced the slave trade with his usual virulence. Yet so bitter were his hatred of the Yankee and his antipathy to the professed abolitionist that he became more and more identified with the slaveholding party and perhaps did more to solidify the belligerent South than any one before Calhoun.

Equally contradictory in appearance are his utterances in regard to the national government. He always professed, and no doubt felt, a profound attachment to the Union. Yet he uniformly and furiously fought any attempt to increase the power and influence of the Federal authority. The acquisition of new territory, the admission of new states, above all, large national works of public improvement and the enthusiastic Americanism of Clay, were hateful to him and he never hesitated to say so. In other words, he lived and died an ardent advocate of State Rights, and those of us who still retain a vague affection for that somewhat battered relic of antiquity may find in his speeches many eloquent arguments which are quite as applicable to-day as they were then.

Perhaps the most striking example of his political prejudices was in regard to the Yazoo land claims. This corrupt transaction of the Georgia legislature is generally admitted to have been as reprehensible as it was complicated. But to Randolph's vivid imagination it became a sort of mythical monster, a political dragon which he was divinely commissioned to slay. Its foul infection had tainted every class of society and every branch of government. The very mention of the subject was enough to start him on one of the tirades which filled his friends with terror and even his enemies with admiration. Above all, the mere odd, hideous term, Yazoo, was a famous word for him to hiss and shriek and bellow, with savage vehemence of blasting look and dooming finger, at those whom he detested.

For, ready as he was to attack measures, he was even readier to attack men, and the assault on measures was often but the mask veiling a bitter and long-cherished personal grudge. At one time he said, in connection with his Indian ancestry, that he never forgave an enemy and never lost a friend. The latter statement is rather astonishing; but forgiveness was not Randolph's strong point. When he was a boy he saw President Adams's coachman snap a whip over his brother: he never forgave John Adams. He admired and followed Jefferson at first. Later he persisted in calling him "Saint Thomas of Cantingbury," an epithet apt enough to be intensely disagreeable. With Madison he had no tolerance and no patience at any time, but fought him and abused him where he could. As long as Monroe could be made an instrument of this hatred, Randolph was friendly with Monroe. Later he opposed him like the others: eras and apostles of good feeling were not the sort of thing for Randolph. As for John Quincy Adams, certain superficial elements of resemblance between them only made the fundamental opposition more marked and the feeling more bitter. "The cub," said Randolph, "is a greater bear than the old one."

With all these very lofty personages there could hardly be any question of personal insult. With men of less note Randolph's rudeness and brutality often went to atrocious lengths. He bullied and stormed, he taunted and scolded, and gained his ends simply because decent people were reluctant to employ his methods to retaliate. "Attacks upon the feelings and opinions of others were one of the means he adopted of maintaining his supremacy," says an admiring Southern biographer.

It would naturally be supposed that such performances would have meant an endless succession of duels. Why they did not is a puzzle. Randolph's physical courage appears beyond question. But Henry Adams's theory is probably correct: that he had no desire to be shot,

and that he let his cool brain choose his victims with nicety and stop his irritable nerves just at the limit of provocation. In any case, Randolph was perpetually upon the verge of fighting. The most curious instance, which, as it happens, has been overlooked by all his biographers, is the quarrel with Webster. For some cause, or more likely for none, Randolph, early in 1816, sent a challenge. Webster simply crushed him, writing: "It is enough that I do not feel myself bound at all times and under any circumstances, to accept from any man, who shall choose to risk his own life, an invitation of this sort; although I shall always be prepared to repel in a suitable manner the aggression of any man who may presume upon such a refusal." The odd thing is that, after the affair was patched up, Webster had the Olympian impertinence to write to Randolph requesting a copy of his own note, and odder still is the almost wheedling courtesy with which Randolph sends it, and replies: "I now regret very much that I did not leave Georgetown with you this morning. I have just dined where you breakfasted this morning with a most pleasant party." This strange creature could caress and even flatter, when the mood took him.

On only two occasions, so far as the records go, did Randolph actually appear in the dueling field, and on both his courage was unimpeachable. The first was an affair at college. The second was the historical duel with Henry Clay, whom Randolph had bracketed with President John Quincy Adams as a combination of blackleg and Puritan. Randolph's conduct was perfectly characteristic. He solemnly assured his second beforehand that on no account would he fire at Clay. Then, losing his temper on the ground, he intimated that he had changed his mind. Then his pistol went off too soon. Then, having received Clay's fire through the white-flannel wrapper, which he persisted in wearing—as Sainte-Beuve fought his only duel under an umbrella—he shook hands with

his adversary with the utmost cordiality. And the delicious epilogue to the whole thing is furnished by Benton, who gives a detailed account of it: "It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed."

Nor was it enough for Randolph to be at odds with the whole political world about him. He was perpetually at odds with his own soul. In one of the many admirable pages of his admirable biography Henry Adams points out what a multiplicity of conflicts the man carried all the time within himself. He was a slaveholder and a lover of liberty. He was an aristocrat and a lover of democracy. He was an individualist and he worshiped the establishment of authority and power. Most fundamental of all, he was an intense conservative. It was "a great cardinal principle," he declared, "that should govern all statesmen—never, without the strongest necessity, to disturb that which was at rest." And surely this is the essence of conservatism, to hate change, to love quiet, to seek repose. But repose was about as compatible with the soul of John Randolph as with the soul of Satan.

So the incorrigible quarreler kept up a constant, exhausting, devouring quarrel, even with himself. And if it be true that conflict, both external and internal, is the secret of tragedy, Randolph is one of the most truly tragic figures that the world has seen.

We have followed this perturbed spirit in the eccentric gyrations of its public activity. Its movements in the private and personal sphere, where it should have found distraction and relief, are not less interesting to investigate. Let us take first the external relations and contacts with other human beings, then the varied and complex and subtle inner life.

Randolph was a Virginian planter. He acquired by inheritance and purchase vast amounts of real estate. He had a great number of slaves and live

stock of all kinds. He raised tobacco and various other crops and his letters are full of allusion to agricultural doings. His business management seems to have been sufficiently practical and his bachelor housekeeping simple but tidy. Yet he did not like the life. "My plantation affairs, always irksome, are now revolting," he writes in 1816. At any rate, they gave him a good deal to think of. When he was a boy, his mother said to him: "Keep your land, and your land will keep you." The passion for keeping it grew to be almost a mania. Unfortunately, land does not mean money. As Randolph's acres increased, his cash diminished. This embarrassed him, exasperated him, and in his later years drove him to what seemed like positive avarice, though no one could declaim more bitterly against the greed for money than he did.

As to his slaves, his attitude is much what one would expect. He had a profound pity and even tenderness for them in the abstract, did what he could for their comfort, and in some respects enjoyed in their real affection a human intimacy that he found nowhere else: "in these poor slaves I have found my best and most faithful friends." Yet he did not hesitate to bully them, to punish them severely, and, with his irritable, jealous, and suspicious temper, it was unavoidable that he should be constantly scolding them when he knew that he should be scolding himself and accusing them of crimes that it was impossible they should have committed.

As was natural in such surroundings, the man's life was largely given to field sports. He liked to roam with his gun, to tire out thought, if he could not get rid of it. In his own pretty phrase, "Bodily motion seems to be some relief to mental uneasiness, and I was delighted yesterday morning to hear that the snipes are come." He loved his dogs and his horses and had quantities of them. He liked to race his horses, liked to hunt with them, liked to ride and drive the wildest of them at break-

neck risk, and talked of them with affection on his deathbed.

He was quick and keen at indoor sports also, played an excellent hand of whist, and was expert at chess. But indoor games meant contact and conflict with other human beings, and in all these social relations Randolph's peculiarities at once asserted themselves. His terrible bitter tongue would not be controlled and its savage outbursts were as embarrassing for the spectators as they were painful for the victims. Take one little scene, recounted by Ticknor, the tilt with the Abbé Correa, who had expressed some surprise that he had not found more Virginian gentlemen residing in luxury on their plantations. "Perhaps, Mr. Correa," said Randolph, "your acquaintance was not so much with that class of persons." Correa, who was naturally courteous, answered: "Perhaps not; the next time I will go down upon the Roanoke, and I will visit Mr. Randolph and his friends." Then came the Randolph retort: "In *my* part of the country, gentlemen commonly wait to be *invited* before they make visits." Correa delayed a moment, till everyone was listening, then observed quietly: "Said I not well of the *gentlemen* of Virginia?"

And these eccentricities of temper were accentuated by oddities of dress and manner, as well as by the inborn oddity of appearance, which tended to make the man ridiculed when he was not disliked. His singular behavior at the Russian Imperial court gave rise to many legends not creditable to his country or himself. Curiously enough, in England he was popular. For one thing, his aristocratic instinct delighted in the society of peers and peeresses. And then, as Irving points out, he was one of the first Americans to profit by the fact that "in high life here they are always eager after anything strange and peculiar." As Trinculo justly remarks: "Were I in England now . . . there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man."

Still, it must be confessed that if Randolph's social*surface was odd and repellent, he had some qualities that always succeed. He had wide knowledge of the world and a keen insight to profit by that knowledge. He had a rich and varied vocabulary and a ready and vivid wit. He seems to have been most successful when he had the talk to himself, and Irving tells us that at a dinner with Sidney Smith and other London wits Randolph did not shine. But when you let him have his way and listened respectfully, you were bound to be so delighted and instructed that the hours slipped by unnoticed.

And one other attractive trait is recorded of him in social intimacy: "*When alone* with a friend he would not only bear with patience, but would invite a full expression of his friend's opinion on his conduct, or acts and sentiments, on any subject, either private or public." Unfortunately, there were not many with whom this trait was often manifested. I have already quoted Randolph's remark that he never lost a friend. Alas, if this was so, it was because he rarely found one. The common friendships of the world fell off from him like autumn leaves and he too frequently laments their loss. Doctor Brockenborough seems to have held his attachment to the last. But men in general, however well disposed, found continued intimacy with him difficult. Yet he himself declared, perhaps with truth, that he had a passionate desire for affection: "The necessity of 'loving and being beloved,' was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau and Byron's creations more imperiously than by myself." Only, he was too prone to blame others for not responding to such affection, when it was his own peculiar mental twist that made such response impossible. "The world has used me so ill," he writes to a young relative "—yet, why blame the world? Those from whom I had a right to expect a very different conduct, have betrayed such shameless selfishness, so bare-faced a disregard of my feelings, and

of *my rights*, that, but for you, I should sink into inveterate misanthropy." *My rights* is italicized by the man himself: pity that so often undue emphasis upon our rights should account amply for a world of imagined wrongs.

And woman delighted him not neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so. His rule appears to have been the excellent one of the *Imitation*: "Be not a friend to any one woman, but recommend all good women in general to God." He spoke well of the sex at large and praised their social influence, at the same time deprecating anything that interfered with their duties in the nursery and by the fireside. But his total abstinence from intimate relations with any woman agrees with a well-attested physical disability which may have been connected with many of his eccentricities. One obscure yet passionate love affair seems to have cast a haunting shadow over his whole life. The attachment was mutual and its intensity is well indicated in Randolph's own words: "My apathy is not natural, but superinduced. There *was* a volcano under my ice, but it is burnt out, and a face of desolation has come on, not to be rectified in ages, could my life be prolonged to a patriarchal longevity." Again, he speaks with startling energy of "one I loved better than my own soul, or him that created it." Yet the details of the affair are so mythical that biographers differ even about the name of the lady. Apparently it was Ward and she afterward married Randolph's cousin. The whole story is just what a knowledge of Randolph's character would lead one to expect. The wedding day was fixed, the parson engaged, the license procured. Then the bride's mother raised some financial difficulty. Randolph left the house in such a rage that he cut his horse's bridle from the hitching-post instead of untying it. And he never considered marriage again.

It might at least have been hoped that one so humanly isolated would have had members of his family about him to al-

leviate the hostility or indifference of the world. But it was not so. Randolph's father died young. His mother married again and then died young enough for her son to worship her memory. But he quarreled bitterly with his stepfather over money and this more or less estranged him from his half-brothers. His own brother, whom he adored, died early. Randolph promptly quarreled with the brother's widow. Of the two nephews, who were his only hope for perpetuating his infinite family pride, one was deaf and dumb and finally imbecile, and the other died of consumption at an early age. A young relative named Dudley was for many years an object of devotion and solicitude, and again of insane caprice. But later he also sinks from view, and Randolph's deathbed was surrounded by none but slaves and strangers. He seems to have spoken almost prophetically when at the time of the Clay duel he declared, on refusing to fire at his adversary because of his wife and children: "Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine."

So the tortured soul got little comfort out of humanity. Did it get more out of itself? Unquestionably, it was rich in spiritual resources, in those possibilities of diversion or distraction which are the most reliable and satisfactory because they are the most within our own power—provided only we have the wisdom and the self-command to make use of them. Randolph was keenly alive to artistic beauty. Especially he enjoyed music, and might have made it an ample instrument of spiritual relaxation. But here again the old, wilful, aristocratic perversity stepped in, and he would not condescend to cultivate his gifts: "This is owing in a great measure to the low estimate that I saw the fiddling, piping gentry held in when I was young."

In the same way, he was an immense

reader and from his childhood made himself roughly conversant with the great writers of the world. He was critical, discriminating, nicely insistent upon fine points of correctness, and when he was on his deathbed he reprimanded a friend who was reading to him for a mispronunciation. Yet his reading and his thinking were unsystematic, irrelevant, incoherent. He would have scorned to set himself laboriously to any scholarly task, and in consequence he was accustomed to refer to himself, of course with gross injustice, as "an ignorant man." The poets he always loved and often quoted; but is it not characteristic that his favorite Shakespearean plays were *Lear* and *Timon*?

The study of Randolph's religion is as curious as that of his intelligence. In his youth he inclined to infidelity; but this was more a matter of emotional rebellion than of profound thought, and he quite early returned, at least nominally, to the religion that his mother taught him. For a period of years he even took the matter with intense seriousness, and for a much briefer period he thought himself converted and saw some spiritual light. Just how far this affected his conduct is another question, though he is said to have sensibly reduced the profanity of his language. But even at this time his religion appears to have brought him neither comfort nor serenity; and for the most part it added only another agitation to that turbulent temper which could never be still. Sometimes he doubted as to the essential truth. Sometimes, even granting salvation by the truth, he doubted whether it could ever be for him. "I fear that I mistake a sense of my sins for true repentance, and that I sometimes presume upon the mercy of God. Again, it appears incredible that one so contrite as I sometimes know myself to be, should be rejected entirely by infinite mercy."

So, in spite of beauty and books and even God, Randolph's prevailing spiritual tone was one of grief and wretchedness. Our friends the psycho-analysts

may exhaust themselves in subtle efforts to account for this: there can be no dispute as to the fact. The man has startlingly vivid and telling ways of expressing his mental state. "I often mount my horse and sit upon him ten or fifteen minutes, wishing to go somewhere but not knowing where to ride, for I would escape anywhere from the incubus that weighs me down, body and soul; but the fiend follows me 'ex croupa'." And again, "My good friend, I can't convey to you—language can't express—the thousandth part of the misery I feel."

Evidently, such a condition of nerves and spirits was intimately connected with the wear and tear of indigestion and other physical weakness. Randolph repeatedly goes into a technical discussion of his ailments, which is curious, and sometimes wearisome. The intense excitement of some of his pursuits necessarily reacted into a corresponding intense depression, and the resort to alcohol, and in later years to morphine, obviously did not help.

The wretchedness and despair were further aggravated by the solitude in which he lived. From his few months of busy interest in Washington he would pass to the utter isolation of his Roanoke home. Nature was about him and in a manner he loved it. But there was too much of it. The close forests, the vast meadows, the sluggish streams overclouded his soul and made its shadows deeper. He knew the defect, he saw the danger; yet, as such minds do, he sought it all the more. "The darkness of my hours, so far from having passed away, has thickened into the deepest gloom. I try not to think, by molding my mind upon the thoughts of others; but to little purpose. Have you ever read Zimmerman on Solitude? I do not mean the popular cheap book under that title, but another, in which solitude is considered with respect to its dangerous *influence* upon the mind and heart." And he knew well that the material solitude was nothing to the profounder spiritual solitude which he himself had created: "I

feel that in this world I am alone—that all my efforts (ill-judged and misdirected I am willing to allow they must have been) have proved abortive. What remains of my life must be spent in a cold and heartless intercourse with mankind, compared with which the solitude of Robinson Crusoe was bliss. I have no longer a friend."

He had lost his faith in his fellow men. He had asked too much of life, and because it could not give him all he asked, he condemned it entirely. As with so many noble natures, his ideal of friendship and of human conduct generally was too high. When men came short of it, he could see no good in them at all. The bitterness of his misanthropy approaches that of Timon: "For three days past, I have rode out, and people who would not care one groat, if I died to-night—are glad that I am so much better, etc., etc., with all that wretched grimace that grown-up makers of faces call, and believe to be, politeness, good-breeding, etc. I had rather see the children or monkeys mow and chatter."

He had lost his faith in the world, in its present, in its future. His innate conservatism made him imagine some good in the past. But the times he was obliged to live in were bad, and he could see no hope of their improvement. To a confirmed idealist, whose dreams were of perfection, who would not be satisfied with less than heaven, if even with that, the mingled world we live in was horror and anathema: "I am more and more convinced that, with a few exceptions, this world of ours is a vast madhouse. The only men I ever knew well, ever approached closely, whom I did not discover to be unhappy, are sincere believers of the Gospel, and conform their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts. There are only *three* of them."

It will be seen that in many aspects of this brooding melancholy Randolph suggests the great European romantics, Rousseau, Byron, Obermann, Leopardi, and in his power of expressing his spir-

itual state he is not altogether unworthy to be compared with them. He has their egotistical tendency to regard himself as distinct, peculiar, set apart from the common herd. He has their disposition to hint at mystery in his own life, some strange, secret, unutterable cause of despair, which cannot be escaped or shaken off. It might be love, yet it is not love. It might be guilt, yet it is not guilt. We are only to understand that it is something obscure and terrible. Again, Randolph is like the romantics in his lack of humor. He takes himself with constant seriousness and would have us take him so, does not get those glimpses of his own comic insignificance in the face of eternity which save a temper like Lamb's from utter despair.

What differentiates Randolph from the European group is his partial, and for the time intense, preoccupation with active life. He emerged from his solitude and played a fiercely busy part in the affairs of men, as if the world were worth saving, as if human hearts were worth loving, as if his keen and powerful intelligence were created to be really useful and not self-destructive. Then he withdrew again, and the cloud descended upon him, blacker and more blighting than ever. It was not only that life was hideous, immoral, and altogether unworthy: it was far worse, it was empty. "I can no longer imagine any state of things under which I should not be wretched. I mean a possible state. I am unable to enter into the conceptions and views of those around me. They talk to me of grave matters, and I see children blowing bubbles."

In short, we have one more example of a rich and powerful and much endowed spirit endlessly and uselessly tor-

menting itself. The man had every external means to happiness: wealth, social position, early glory, almost unlimited prestige. They were all soured, embittered, and turned to poison by lack of control over the inner world. And the interest of the case is greatly heightened by his own perfect comprehension and clear exposition of it. Again and again he enjoins upon others to avoid the abyss into which he has fallen. "Struggle against desponding and low spirits, and endeavor to cultivate and to cherish a cheerful, or, at least, a serene, habit of mind. This is more in our power than we are in general aware of: especially in early life." Alas, the knowledge had come too late for him to make use of it; the clear vision might profit others, it could not profit himself. "We have all two educations; one we have given to us—the other we give ourselves; and after a certain time of life, when the character has taken its *ply*, it is idle to attempt to change it."

The concluding lines of Landor's admirable dialogue between Rousseau and Malesherbes apply forcibly to Randolph, and, alas, to how many others. Malesherbes says, "It is as much at your arbitration on what theme you shall meditate, as in what meadow you shall botanize; and you have as much at your option the choice of your thoughts, as of the keys in your harpsichord." To which Rousseau objects, "If this were true, who could be unhappy?" And the answer is: "Those of whom it is not true. Those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, who have few to select from, and who, because of their sloth or of their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them."

As the Law Directs

BY ALICE BROWN

IT was one of Rodney Bullen's little dinners, given, on this date of summer, at his country house and perhaps not so carefully conceived as usual because he had to do with such material as he could get, this being the first wholesale exodus to Europe since the War and most of the neighboring residents overseas. Of course, as even the other guests tolerantly understood, the actual reason for the dinner was Dulcie Jerome, to whom Rodney had been for some six months engaged, and who was living at her place nearby, insufficiently chaperoned by a younger school friend, Amy Rose. Dulcie's real name was one too stilted for such a "young Muse garlanded," and so the saccharine college substitute had clung. Rodney had, as he told his friend, Bennie Levison, nailed her first for the dinner. Then, having her acceptance, he had telephoned Bennie to come down from town and turned to Mrs. Milton Marigold and the Reverend Joel Bliss for filling. And on the hour they were there in his library in the agreeable state of expectation appropriate to dinners, all but Dulcie, who, though she assumed a wide liberty of action, was yet not unconventional, but had neither appeared nor telephoned. Amy, who came alone at the last minute, having waited for her, said Dulcie had gone out in the car. Yes, she'd been gone all day.

"Driving herself?" Rodney interjected, frowning.

Yes, but nothing could have happened. They all knew what a driver she was. She took no risks. But that reassurance rather fell flat, as being

more alarming in its suggestiveness than anything anybody had as yet thought, and the five settled the more ostentatiously into the ease demanded by the social moment. All but Rodney: he shifted from one attitude to another of impetuous unrest, and each one showed him the more conspicuously striking and distinguished. He was a tall, saturnine man of thirty-four, with a hungry look in the eyes, not ignoble but pathetic; and he walked from fireplace to window with a specious pretense of mere restlessness but actually in a fever of suspense. Once, when he stopped for an instant by Amy, a round little figure in blue and silver, with blond hair extravagantly coiffured into shining bosses, she put out a hand and touched his arm.

"You're jumpy," she said, in a tone lowered to a kindly intimacy. "Don't be. She's all right."

"Oh, right!" said Rodney. "It isn't that. She's simply late, that's all. And it's dinner."

"Dinner's a sacred thing, I know," said Amy. "But look at us. We're not suffering. See Mrs. Marigold, sitting up pretty and conversing like a seventeenth-century salon. She's dieting, too, and supported by her own virtue. Probably had a glass of butter-milk before she came. And there's the Reverend Joel, sacerdotal from smile to collar. His mind isn't on soup. And there's my own dear boy."

"Oh, you can count on Bennie," said Rodney, absently, with an oblique look from the window. "He's wolfish, but too young to care."

"Hear him bellow," said Amy, with pride. Their engagement was a matter

of less than a month. "He's probably just told one of those involved jokes of his and finds himself stranded. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you.' Not with Bennie, though!"

Bennie had again opened his mouth wide and emitted a frank roar, as suddenly quenched when the Reverend Joel Bliss responded with a smile so faint and fine as to indicate having observed more subtle gradations of humor. Bennie was all naïve surprise at the phenomena of life, all tolerance and hopeful delight. But taking the world as he found it, he wanted it to respond with an equal catholicity of ardor. If it didn't, if it couldn't, he had to know why. He had a neat way with the pen and an even more pronounced knack at literary commercialism, and had begun, with the productive energy of a salesman displaying samples from a case, to write stories and sell them.

"I believe," said Rodney, to the group in general, "if you'll excuse me, I'll telephone the house again."

He left the room in the relieved haste of one snatching at even a futile expedient to kill anxious time, and the guests looked at one another in a sympathetic understanding.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Marigold, meltingly. "He simply lives in her."

Mrs. Marigold was in her fifties, blond, soft, with a voice, Bennie said, like suet. She had retained an outlook now generally reprobated, and utilized it in optimistic anthologies to the extent of enormous editions, which proved—again according to Bennie—that the Victorian-minded are by no means dead yet. And Bennie answered her.

"Adores her? 'Course he does. That's precisely the way Amy'd cut up if I'd gone motoring and didn't appear. She'd have a prophetic nightmare of me thrown from the galloping car and being brought home on a gate or something like Sir Richard Calmady's father without any legs. Wouldn't you, honey?"

Amy regarded him with the indiffer-

ence she thought necessitated by the presence of onlookers: adoration in the eyes, delicate scorn from the mouth, a somewhat complex facial combination achieved through intensive rehearsing. Bennie, she hoped, got the direct message from the eyes; even the nearer circle outside their intimacy was tacitly requested to pause at the lips.

"I should be likely," she said, "to be thinking how I could give you what-for for being late to dinner."

"My dears, you're of a very different temperament from Mr. Bullen," said Mrs. Marigold, with an authoritative air, as being past master in temperaments. "Can't you see what he is—all impatience and fire and—and longing?" Even Mrs. Marigold found this shading from the right dinner complexion, and qualified abruptly: "Dulcie, now! She's different. Charming, you know, but such poise, such control! There are depths in her that have never been stirred."

Here, alarmedly conscious that she had gone from bad to worse and was actually over the brink in discussing her host and his fiancée, she grew miserably pink and fell silent, upon which the Reverend Joel came to her aid. It may be said here that the use of his Christian name, when not in direct address, was the affectionate expedient of adoring parishioners to bring themselves into closer contact with the beauty of his demeanor and his smile.

"Naturally he is devoted to her," he said, kindly. "A charming young lady! She has great force of character, too, a capacity for deciding on a course and sticking to it. I don't know the precise grounds of the lawsuit that is about coming on, but her lawyer assures me he is practically certain of a verdict in her favor."

"Oh," said Bennie, "I can give you the grounds. I'm great on law. I'm doing a story and a case comes into it. Not this sort of people, though. Mine are regular nuts, some of 'em. But this is the point—in Dulcie's, I mean. She

inherited Evergreen, that old estate, you know, twenty miles out on the Pinelands road, inherited it from her grandmother. Not her own grandmother. Step-grandmother. But there was a previous will by which it went to the real grandson—Dalton, his name is, college chum of Rodney's . . . used to be round here a lot . . . hasn't been for years . . . and he's brought suit, trying to break the will."

"That's very natural," said Mrs. Marigold. "I can quite see how he'd want to. The real grandchild, you say, and Dulcie only a 'step'?"

"Still," said the Reverend Joel, "Miss Jerome has every reason to believe that the latest will represented the actual wishes of the testatrix."

"Oh," said Bennie, "there's something the matter with the will, some sort of a hole in it. The witnesses—or one of 'em anyway—didn't actually see the old lady sign. We'll ask Dulcie."

"I should fancy," said Amy, painedly aware of his not having distinguished himself in exposition, "that you'd have to be a little clearer in your story or you won't get a verdict yourself."

"Oh, that's different. I haven't given my mind to Dulcie's. Anyhow, there's a joker in it somewhere. Tell it yourself."

But as she opened her lips to assure him she could, Bullen came back, more worried than when he had gone away.

"Can't get her," he announced. "Can't get the house even."

"Well," said Amy, "that's something. It proves she hasn't come, and the servants are out on the back veranda, eating bread and marmalade, swigging strong tea." She paused an instant, listening. "There she is, now."

Bullen strode to the window. His face cleared and, with a sudden shy desire of proving an even lagging consideration for his guests, he resisted the impulse to leave them and rush out to meet her, and remained, clutching vaguely at a new topic of talk. But nobody listened. All eyes were upon

the door. Dulcie was too significant a fact to be ignored and so, at last, was dinner. In less than five minutes, with all the deprecating haste which was their due and yet not in any sense fluttered, she was in the room. She had a noiseless way of covering ground. She did not glide or execute any of the tricks known in narrative by the conventional labels. The old phrases wouldn't do. She was long and slim and graceful, and simply had a particularly harmonious mode of managing her body, and there she was, quite patently a queen of faërie, although she still wore the dull blue dress she had been motoring in and her soft hair was tossed in a willfully admirable disorder. Amy, glancing at her keenly and noticing a curious look on her face, wondered at her being so like Rodney himself, both in color and contour. But she was not, like him, hungry looking. She was wistful instead, and proud, and her eyes were violet blue. They had risen with a forward, smiling movement in her direction, the slightest surging of a wave, and Rodney was immediately at her side, frowning, but unfeignedly glad.

"Letting the pot cool!" he reproached her. "And we in need of our nourishment and the soup stone cold!"

At once he was offering his arm to Mrs. Marigold, the Reverend Joel was smiling down on Amy, and Bennie, with a rueful backward glance at his lost love and an equally hopeful one as regarding the future, had accepted Dulcie as his portion. And after the exhilaration of soup had restored the current of social life to normal flow, it did permeate the general consciousness that Dulcie hadn't meant to explain and, although imperturbably gracious, she didn't intend to.

"You might at least," Amy made up her mind to say when they got home, "have apologized for your gown."

Now, after a preliminary setting to partners, the talk suddenly became general.

"But I say," Bennie was insisting to Mrs. Marigold, who had, by a phrase, inveighed against the journalistic methods of modern fiction, "you have to get your data. You can't sit down and spin it out of your insides, like a spider, same as they used to. Don't you know you can't?"

"I don't call that literature," said Mrs. Marigold. "It isn't creative. A writer nowadays selects his specialty as if it were a commodity, and buys his ticket and travels over the whole habitable globe picking up 'color'."

"But you've got to, don't you know! Now, take me."

But nobody, it appeared, was inclined to take him, and Bennie looked his frank ruefulness. But Dulcie smiled on him.

"Never mind," said she. "They'll come back to it."

By which he grumblingly understood he was not to go on with it to her. It occurred to him, indeed, glancing at her, that she preferred being let alone, and he was struck, at the same instant, in the very center of perception, by the actuality of some subtle change in her.

"Tired?" he ventured. "Not that you look it."

Most certainly she did not look it. She looked the most intense and vital bit of beautiful life conceived by the imaginative faculty of man; but she seemed also restive, removed, as if she had absorptions of her own to dwell upon and yearned for the moment when she could get away to them. She bent her lovely glance on him and smiled.

"Not tired," she said, "but drunk on air. I've been gone all day, driving, talking. Laughing, too!" She laughed at the memory of it. "Well," she added, in a sort of wonderment at the meager vocabulary of common life, "I suppose you might call it tired."

Again, after an interval, Bennie came back, though late, with the ices.

"That question of raking in data for stories! I'm up against it myself. My new book has a court scene, a man ready

to perjure himself, bent on it, in fact, to save his neck, but gently manœvered out of his position, inch by inch, and actually made to incriminate himself. But I simply don't know how to do it."

"Of course you know how to do it," said Amy, jealously. "You've got your plot."

"My plot, yes! but devil an atmosphere. I never was in a country courtroom in my life, and I don't know where to find one. If I'd ever been there I should have seen a million things you can't invent to save you: even to the fly that would keep lighting on the judge's nose and made him fractious. I can use that, though. I will. But a million things you've got to see to know."

"The immortal Squeers," Rodney remarked, with not much interest. "Tur-nips—weed 'em."

"There's Miss Jerome's case," said the Reverend Joel. "That's coming on."

Dulcie started with an abruptness that sent a little tassel flying against Bennie's wrist. He made a mental note of it: woman about to betray herself jumps aside and a swinging tassel of her dress calls the attention of astute observer. But he had to justify his persistence, if not his clarity, before Amy.

"Now that case of yours," he began, addressing Dulcie. "What's the point they make about that rotten witness the whole thing turns on? Signed his name afterward, was it? Or was it the whole bunch of 'em?"

To his amazement, her eyes, holding his in a direct gaze, grew dark with a quick emotion. Was it fright? He could make nothing else of it. Her lips moved almost imperceptibly upon one word:

"Don't!"

"Why, no," said Bennie, from his wonderment, "Of course I won't."

"Tell the thing in direct narrative," said Bullen, "as if you merely wanted to give the reader the facts, and then get your drama in cross."

"There, Bennie," said Amy, "isn't

that simple? You never'd have thought of it. But, Rodney, what is 'cross?'"

"Cross-examination," said Bullen. "At least, that's what I heard a lawyer call it."

"Even then," said Bennie, "you'd have to know precisely how they do it."

"Not a bit of it," Bullen denied. "Any reasonably intelligent person could cross-examine any other if he had him in a corner, sworn not to perjure himself."

"Oh, but it's not so simple! There'd be objections, of course, and the judge's sustaining or not sustaining 'em. Why, man, it's as complicated as call money or the Athanasian Creed. You simply don't know."

"Get your patter out of the newspapers," said Bullen, a trifle absently. A disquieting undercurrent in his mind was warning him that this little dinner threatened to jar in the gates. Something would have to be done. "The judge's lingo, that is. Common sense'll do the rest."

Dulcie laughed lightly, yet in a perfunctory way, as if she found the talk picking up a little and felt an obligation toward sustaining it. A dull little dinner, so she had come awake to see. Bullen had every reason to find his tradition broken, and though her own mind was clamoring to get away to matters vital to her life itself, she held back loyally, to see him through.

"If it's so easy, let him try it," she said, to Bennie. "See if he can get something out of you, something you don't want to tell."

"Yes," said Bennie. "Yes, by Jupiter! Only," he added regretfully, "there isn't a blamed thing I don't want to tell."

The suspicion of pervasive dullness had now reached Amy, and she had her own resultant desire to save the day.

"I'd like to see you cross-examined, Dulcie, you're such a close fish. I defy 'em, Rodney or anybody else, to get out of you anything you don't want to tell."

"Is there," said Rodney, with an

unaccustomed roughness that smote them all to a startled attention, "anything you don't want to tell?"

Their eyes followed his to Dulcie, and what they saw kept them staring. A dull red had run into her cheeks, chiefly significant because she was not a woman who blushed. But she met Bullen's gaze with a perfectly obvious appeal, as if begging him to go no farther, though she answered promptly:

"Of course there are things I don't want to tell. Nothing you're likely to ask me, though."

His face cleared, not so much at the words as the considered gentleness of her tone.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Marigold, comfortably, "we all have our little secrets. When I think of what horrible things they do with the air now—radio, you know—I get as nervous as a witch. They'll be snatching our thoughts out of our minds before we know it and broadcasting them."

"They'll be reading past records from the air," said Bennie. "There's a story in that, the prophetic sort of thing we're doing now. Can't you see how it would begin?—'I was sitting in the Club window in May of the year 1998, waiting for the morning broadcast. Bullen came over to me' (that'll be your great-grandson, Rodney!) 'and said, 'Levison's been murdered! . . .'' That'll be my great-grandson, and the broadcast'll tell how his great grandfather founded the family fortune and the murdered man inherited old Benjamin's millions, though not his genius."

"And of course," said Bullen, still gallantly buoying up the little dinner, "all the police have to do is to visit the scene of the crime and read the record of it from the air, reproduce the picture, and hear the row."

"Which," said Bennie, "is the one practical circumstance that will put an end to crime."

The Reverend Joel smiled at him and very slightly shook his head. He found the seeds of virtue in revelation and

obedience. Bennie read his face accurately and hastened to inform him:

"Oh, it's so. I assure you it's so. Every advance on earth has come from some actual discovery, some prudential motive. Even women's petticoats! There was some sort of Bloomer person, way back in the Dark Ages, and she tried to cut off their petticoats up to their knees, same as it is in Mother Goose, and she was hooted for her pains and drowned in a butt of Malmsey. And then comes along the bike, and the petticoat shrunk automatically, and it's kept on, and now Amy here's got as good a stride as I have."

"But that's a long way off from putting Dulcie into the witness box," said Amy, from a latent mischief charged with feminine knowledge of Dulcie. Something had happened, she shrewdly knew. Bullen must also be feeling it, he kept glancing at Dulcie with such inquiring eyes. Dulcie was rich in defenses. There was no danger of harrying her too far. But Amy found it difficult to resist signaling her that she knew. Yes, something had happened. What it was mightn't concern the rest of them, but there was a piquant relish in telling Dulcie she wasn't the only clever one. She might hide all she liked, but Amy was keen enough to know something was there. "We've got her," said she, the challenging merriment of her face full upon her friend. "She's been arrested—no, that isn't what you do when it's a witness, is it? No, summonsed! That's what they say round here. And she's given her testimony, and Rodney's going to pitch into her in 'cross'."

Dulcie was smiling at her as one regards the furry gambols of a kitten, amused, so far as the trivial performer merits, but no more.

"I've given my testimony, have I?" said she.

"Yes," said Bennie, coming in strong because it seemed to be Amy's game and she had to be supported, "and Rodney's going to break it up into little bits. But what's it all about?"

"Make her tell you," said Amy, turning to Bullen, "why she was late to dinner."

An impotent conclusion, thought Bennie, quite to be expected of a young woman inexperienced in plots. But he was, at the same instant, aware of Dulcie's start. Again the betraying tassel fell upon his hand, and he caught from her lips a little breathless sound which might have been only a gasp or might have meant, "No!"

"All right," said Bullen, smiling at her with a perfect confidence in her ability to outwit any five of them. "But first, if it's to be really 'cross,' I'm to assume that the witness may have concealed something. She either hasn't told a perfectly straight story or it doesn't corroborate the evidence previously given. I understand this to be a case founded on the most amazing circumstantial evidence. Now, Miss Dulcibella, you've been sworn. You're to tell the whole truth and nothing but."

The Reverend Joel was regarding him somewhat gravely, as if to ask whether he would be so good as to omit the following adjuration, and Bullen, reading the look, did omit it.

"Yes," said Dulcie, in a colorless tone that again summoned all eyes to her, "I shall tell you the truth."

"Why, child," said Bullen, quick to feel the change in her, though in no sense able to interpret it, "you needn't do it. It's a fool game, anyway. Let's go into the library and have our coffee."

But she was motionless, looking at him in such pallid earnest that he made no movement toward rising.

"It isn't a fool game," she said quietly. "It's the best thing that could happen to me. It'll clear my mind."

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Marigold, in her assuaging voice, "you and Mr. Bullen try it sometime by yourselves. If it's anything you care about—and here we all are, listening—why, it's as bad as those horrible radios."

"No," said Dulcie, still quietly, "I sha'n't tell anything I want to hide."

"Don't do it," said Amy, sharply, leaning forward to get her eye. "It's my game anyway. I started it. I can call it off."

"Oh, no, you can't," said Dulcie. "I've been sworn, I understand. Now, Rodney, begin."

Bullen was plainly taken aback, and yet it began to seem one of the situations where, for some hidden reason, you can't suddenly repudiate your course. Having essayed the first step, you have to come down with another or be left balancing in air. Therefore he plunged at once, to get the folly over, instinctively throwing into his voice the intimidating challenge he found fitting for a hostile examiner.

"You were," he said, "late for dinner."

"Yes," said the witness, "three-quarters of an hour."

"Were you at home during that time?"

"No, I was on the road."

She had fixed her eyes on his and her mind, it seemed, on the matter in hand.

"In your car?"

"Yes."

"Driving yourself?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

Her look broke. Something flickered across her face. Was it alarm? It was at this instant that Bullen decided to abandon the folly; but the look arrested him. It challenged a new emotion to meet and overthrow it, something not recognized in himself. He felt, for that instant, savage. She was concealing something, not from the others merely—indeed, not from them at all, for they had been forgotten—but from him. Indubitably, as it had happened to Amy, he had become aware of that subtle change in her, the secret triumph or sorrow or delight she had brought in with her like a perfume from a flower concealed. And then the impression passed, as if he had, by a gesture, wiped out a portent from before his eyes, and he saw only the silly game again and his own silly part in it. He laughed, and continued, to get the thing over the sooner

and attain the pleasant sanity of coffee and a smoke:

"You haven't answered me. Did you come home alone?"

"Yes," said Dulcie, steadily, with the air of having thought out her course, "I came here alone."

The witness had perjured herself, so Amy knew. But Rodney had not seen.

"How long had you been away?" asked Bullen. "Or rather, how far had you been?"

"Possibly twenty miles."

"What was your objective?"

She wrinkled her brows, not, Amy was aware, because she failed to understand, but to gain time. And again Bullen had not seen.

"That is," he amended, "where did you go?"

She answered now in a low, though a carefully steady tone:

"To Evergreen."

"Oh!" He was not surprised. She often drove out to the house of debated ownership. "Did you go in?"

"Yes, I went in."

"Well, what did you do after you'd gone in?" he inquired, adding jocosely, to the others, "I hope to prove, you will note, that this was the very trip on which the witness took up the brick from the east-room hearth and found the sapphires."

"I stayed," said Dulcie stiffly. "Then I came away."

"And drove home. And took the back road and found the bridge up and got here late and let the soup get cold. Well, your Honor, I think we're not likely to get much out of this witness. Ah, but there's something else!" At last the sporting instinct rose in him. This wasn't a skein; it was a tangle, and his fingers had come on the kink. "You say you went into the house. How did you get in?"

"By the front door, as usual."

"But you'd lost the keys. You told me so. Had you found them?"

She drew her brows together in the quick, painstaking impulse to think.

"Yes," she hesitated, "I—that is, they were found."

"Hunt's up," proclaimed Bennie, joyously, "Roddy, she's throwing you off the scent. By Jupiter! there is something in it, after all. And when it's a real case in a real court! My word!"

"Do you assert," said Bullen, his eyes on hers, "that you found the keys?"

"I had them," she corrected him. "Naturally they were found."

"But don't you know?"

"Yes," she answered unwillingly, "I know."

"Who found them?"

"A man."

The red in her cheeks had deepened, but her eyes were unwavering.

"When?"

"That morning."

"While you were there?"

"Yes."

"Where did he find them?"

"Under the lilac bush where they had dropped out of my bag."

"Did you know the man?"

A sigh of relief escaped her.

"No," she said.

"You took the keys from him, unlocked the door and went in?"

"Yes."

"And he went away?"

"No," said Dulcie.

"What did he do?"

"He went in with me."

Bullen frowned, but all because he was trying to see how she meant to double on him. If she was playing so hard, he would play, too.

Bennie softly applauded. Mrs. Mari-gold and the Reverend Joel waited, in a benevolent interest; but Amy was afraid.

"And you didn't know who he was?"

"Yes," she said, defiantly, "by that time I did. He was Jim Dalton."

Bullen sat up, with a lurch.

"Jim Dalton?" he repeated. "My Jim?"

"Yes, your Jim."

"Why didn't he come here? Why didn't you bring him?"

Dulcie's eyes looked miserably from her pale face. The two spots of red had gone.

"I couldn't," she said. "He wouldn't have come."

"So you left him there?"

"No. When I went, I took him with me."

"You said you came back alone."

"I did come here alone." She was far on the road to a harassed confusion. "I left him at the station."

"He hasn't gone—back home, I mean! Where is it now? Cleveland?"

"Yes, Cleveland, several miles out."

At that moment the butler appeared, with a silent implication of coffee at some point not yet specified. Bullen nodded impatiently:

"We'll have it here."

There was a mysterious tensi-ty in the air; nobody wanted to move. And yet, Bennie was reminding himself, there was nothing extraordinary about Jim Dalton's coming back. There must be, though. Bullen felt it, Dulcie felt it supremely, and as for Amy, look at her! He gave it up.

"Go on, go on," Bullen was saying, taking his cup with a shaking hand. "We'll go back a little. What did you go to Evergreen for?"

"Why," said she, in her low monotone, "what I always go for: to wander round. I had an idea I might find the keys, too. You know," she threw in, as if she im-plored him to remember, "I often go over just to look at it. I love it, Rodney."

"But what was he there for?"

"For the same thing. He was stand-ing in the path, looking up at it and re-mem-bering how he used to be a little boy there and how it was understood it was to be his, and then grandmother got fu-ri-ous with him because he married that notorious woman, and left it to me—and I was no relation, no relation in the world!" Her voice had been rising, in its soft volume, until this, at the end, was a lament, and Bullen, now com-pletely amazed, asked, in some cynical bitterness:

"How did you know what he was thinking? He tell you?"

"No," said Dulcie, again settling to the hard work of her narrative. "I knew, that's all."

"What then?"

He was getting a little peremptory with her. The others felt it, and stirred uneasily.

"Then I unlocked the door and we went in."

"You said you didn't know him."

"Not at that first minute. Isn't it strange?" she said, with the air of meeting fully, for the first time, the incredible aspect of the thing. "I never had seen him. He'd grown up here and I miles away. I hadn't even visited Evergreen when we were children. I should have seen him then."

"How," said Bullen, quietly, as if he understood now that the matter had to be finished, "did you know him?"

She tried to remember, or at least to put this in some form not too amazing to him.

"I can't quite say," she pondered. "But I did recognize him, even before he told me. Was it the picture? You showed me that."

"He was nineteen there," said Bullen shortly. "Now he's thirty-three. How does he look?"

"Tired," she answered promptly. "So tired! His eyes—dreadful! A little gray in his hair, at the temple where the scar is. And his hands! Since he had that breakdown, he's been working outdoors. If he didn't, the doctor told him, he couldn't live."

"Where's his wife? With him?"

"Yes. An invalid, very discontented. Chiefly with him. He doesn't blame her. He hasn't made good. He hoped to bring her on here to live. That's really why he contested the will. He knew I had money. He couldn't imagine I'd love the house almost as much as he did. But that'll be all right now."

The last she said absently, and Bullen was quick to seize upon it.

"You told him you loved it? He offered to get out?"

"Certainly he offered, but I offered, too. We insisted. I don't know who offered first."

"Now what in—" he began harshly and ended with his tender tone for her, "Dulcie, you love the house."

"Oh, yes," she said, "more than ever. But I don't want it. I don't want anything except—"

There she found herself hopelessly entangled, and seemed mutely imploring him to spare her from going on.

Here it seemed to be not through any wonted signal but a concerted desire that the company rose and proceeded to the library. And there they remained standing, with the tacit implication of finding it necessary to take leave immediately.

"Well, well," said the Reverend Joel, "a very pretty little game. Very cleverly played."

"Yes," said Bennie, eagerly. "That's what you have to do in fiction, Mr. Bliss, after all: spin it out of your insides. Rodney, I'm awfully sorry to break up this happy family, but you know I've got to get back to town. I can drop Amy on my way."

"You, too, Mrs. Marigold," Amy was prompt in saying. "And Mr. Bliss? Dulcie, you've kept your car?"

Dulcie had, and after the instinctively hurried moment of good-bys, she and Bullen returned to the library and stood there by the hearth confronting each other. But there was the hearth's distance between them. One might have said that Bullen, in the last half hour, had grown careworn, if not actually old.

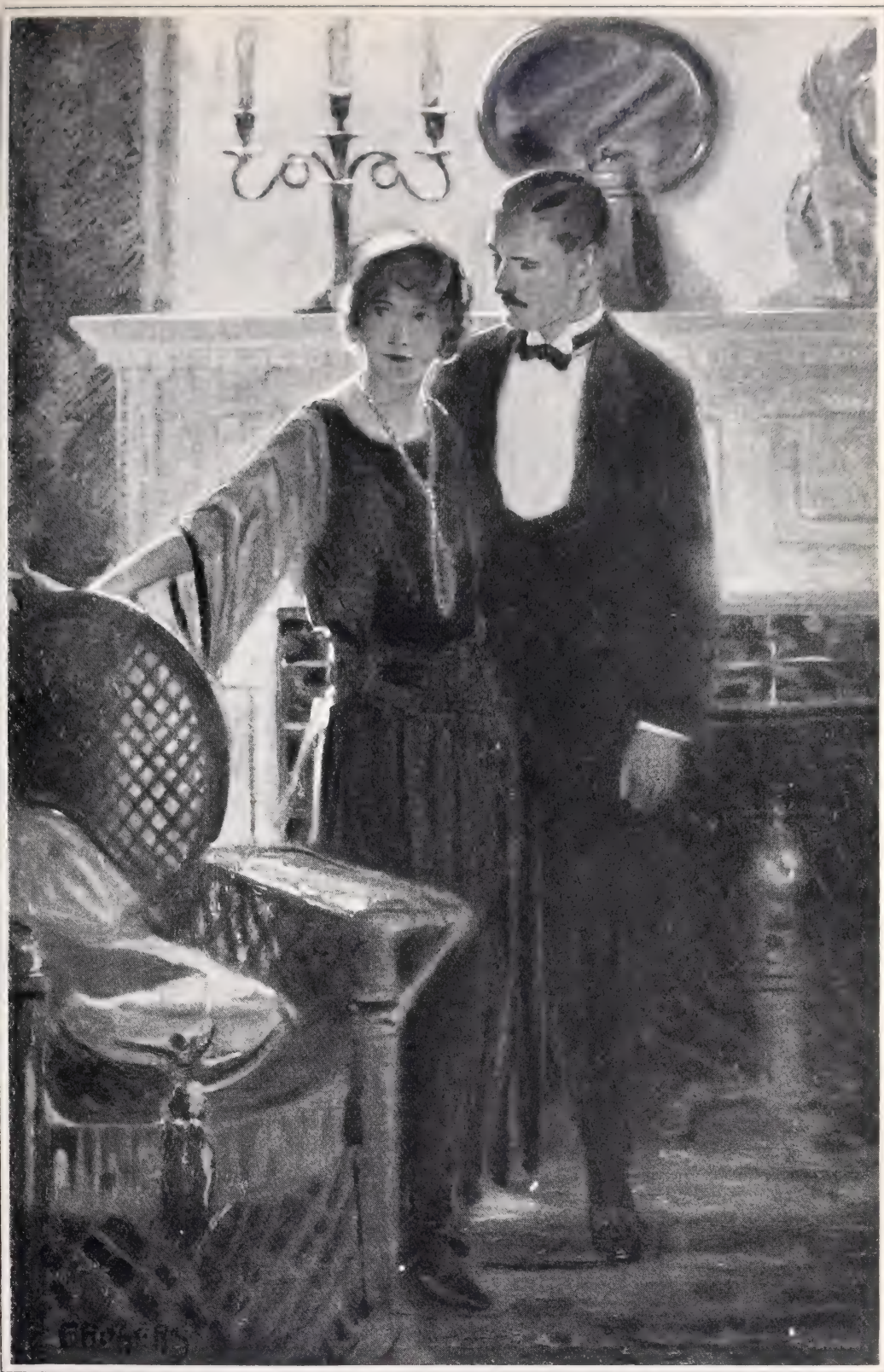
"Well," he said, "we might as well get on."

"Yes," she acceded. "It'll be easier."

"You went over the house together?"

"Yes, he showed me where he slept when he was a little boy. It's the room—it's the room I've always seen children in: a child, that is, a little boy."

He took an impetuous step toward her, but she, by the same interval, withdrew.



Drawn by Frances Rogers

"DULCIE, YOU BELONG TO ME"



So he went back to his end of the hearth, but his voice was resolutely gentle:

"You like some of the rooms here, Dulcie. You shall make them exactly what you please."

But she had apparently not heard.

"The strange part of it is," she went on, "that was the room I dreamed him in."

"The little boy?" He wanted to say "our little boy," but he did not dare.

"Two nights I've dreamed—of Jim Dalton—and in that very room. I'd go up the stairs and into the room and there he'd be, waiting for me. And I knew him. Was that the picture, too?"

He found his hands trembling and clenched them tight.

"As you saw him to-day?" he questioned, warning himself to be careful of his look, his voice.

"As I saw him to-day, only not so shabby, not so sad. But always waiting for me."

"It's an infection," said Bullen lightly. "The world's gone psychology-mad. Dreams are in the air."

"Oh, no," she said, with a look of great earnestness and clarity. "It was real. It was tremendous. Waiting for me, do you see? Quite real, and above all, so kind."

"Well," said Bullen, thickly, "is there anything strange in that? Haven't you found me kind?"

She shook her head.

"Not in that special way, a way of understanding, of not needing to talk. I dreamed of him last night for the second time, and I believe that was really why I went over there to-day. I wanted to go up to the room and see if he was there."

"Dulcie," said he, quietly, "go slow. I can't keep up with you." But instantly he tried to erase the effect of this, if, indeed, he had made any, and returned to his even tone of matter-of-fact query. "Did you tell him about the dream?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, at once. "When we said good-by."

"At the station?"

"No, at Evergreen. We were standing in the room. And Rodney—" she was more earnest than ever in the necessity she found of convincing him—"he had almost the same thing to tell. He hadn't dreamed of me, but he had been living under a perfect urge of desire to come on here, to Evergreen. Not to see me, but to come. It got so tremendous at last, he couldn't resist it. And it wasn't an easy thing. He'd no money. And then, there was the wife: so discontented, that was all he said. But he left her and came."

"Well," said Bullen. "What did you say then, at the last? What was your good-by?"

"I don't think we said anything," she answered, gravely and humbly. "We kissed each other, and stood so a minute, and I could hear—"

There she stopped, and Bullen had a wild prescience of her saying she had heard the man's heart beat or heard her own. It was immaterial. His mind had simply leaped to that because he found his own pulses drumming out their alarm and misery.

"And then?" he began, but found his voice broken upon the one expression a lost man clutches at: "By God!"

"I shall give him the house," she was saying, with a tenderness so entirely reminiscent that it admitted no cognizance of him. "All that was grandma's—everything."

"Then," said Bullen, bitterly, "that's the kind of a chap he's grown into? He'll take it?"

"Oh, no," she said, with an earnest clarity, "he won't take it: it must be managed. It'll have to be, even if I make it over to the wife."

"My child," said Bullen, again venturing a step toward her, "give him the house then. Give him everything you've got. But there's one thing you can't give away. That's you. Dulcie, you belong to me."

Dulcie looked at him now with her first recognition of the upheaval as anything vitally affecting him.

"Rodney," she said, tenderly, in her turn, "it's over. Between us, I mean. You've never had me really. You said I was cold, I didn't understand. You were right. I didn't. I see it now."

"A dream!" he cried. "Why, good God!" He seemed to be reaching out hands to her, the hands of every possible argument and persuasion, to keep her with him even one heartbreaking minute more. "The world's gone mad over psychologic dope. I told you so, not ten minutes ago. It may be true. That fool stuff Bennie was dealing out to us, even that isn't too queer to be true. Dalton? You dreamed him. What more natural, with the case coming on and all? The little boy in the room at Evergreen! he lived there twenty-five or thirty years ago. His life was written all over the walls. You've thought about the house till you're daft over it. Come out of it, Dulcie. This is a solid world, and I'm in it. Come here to me."

There he was, holding out his arms to her. And he was as solid as the world. But she looked at him as if he were no more than a wall and she could look through him.

"I thought that," she owned. "It came to me at the table. That's why I let you question me. I hadn't meant to tell you a word, Rodney, only that things were over. But when it began to seem like a dream, I thought if I told it—"

She was going. She was at the door. He made no movement to accompany her. She did not seem a guest going out of his house. She was going out of life as it trembled about him.

"Dulcie!" he called, his arms still ready for her, "it was a dream. I swear before God I know it was a dream."

She paused, not looking back but down at the floor. For that instant, he saw, she too, was wondering if it could have been a dream. But she raised her eyes, and their look was exalted.

"No," she said, "it wasn't a dream. Sometime you'll see it all as I do. Love! you'll see that. Then you'll know. Good-by, Rodney. Dear Rodney! dear boy! But if it had been a dream—"


By this he understood her to mean that such a dream would be more real to her than any reality. And she was gone.

A Dewdrop

BY ROBERT GRAVES

THE dewdrop carries in its eye
Snowdon and Hebog, sea and sky,
Twelve lakes at least, woods, rivers, moors,
And half a county's out-of-doors:
Trembling beneath a windflower's shield
In this remote and rocky field.

But why should man in God's name press
The dewdrop's inconspicuousness
When to lakes, woods, the estuary,
Hebog and Snowdon, sky and sea,
This dewdrop falling from its leaf
Can spread amazement near to grief,
As it were a world distinct in mold
Lost with its beauty ages old?



THE LION'S MOUTH

SUPPRESSED CAREERS

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

“MY idea of a good time,” a man said to me once, “would be to have a million dollars and just a touch of tuberculosis. Not enough to be dangerous or uncomfortable; just barely enough to make it inadvisable to engage in anything arduous.”

A fair notion, thought I, especially the million dollar part; but not entirely satisfactory. For the most arduous occupation may be the most entertaining. The main trouble with arduous occupations is not that they are arduous, but that they so cut into vacations. It is, I am credibly informed, no end of fun to be a successful lawyer; the difficulty is that the successful lawyer has so few opportunities to lie on the grass under the pines and read detective stories, to improve his golf score from one hundred to eighty by daily practice, or to spend his winters going up the Nile and his summers going up the Adirondacks. Banking, the bankers tell me, is not only remunerative but entertaining, the principal drawback being that one cannot go in heavily for tournament tennis or join the Mount Everest expedition, delightful as these alternatives would be, without finding presently that one is no longer a banker. The solution, I concluded, would be to have two lives to lead, so that everybody could do all these genial things without endangering his professional fortunes or diminishing his supply of daily bread. One life would be as arduous as you please, full of business and committee meetings and dividends; the other—

Everybody has his own idea of what

his other life would be. It might be full of variety, with now a season of gazing at the Mediterranean from the Riviera and again a season of gazing at Babe Ruth from the Polo Ground bleachers; or it might be a life of concentrated activity, say as an ambassador plenipotentiary or a locomotive engineer. Each of us, I suppose, has his suppressed career, which he dreams of pursuing—if only he had a life to spare. I may as well confess right now what my suppressed career is. In my extra life I should like to have a shot at being an artist.

Yes, an artist. A painter or drawer—if that is the word. I have had the thing in my system all my life—suppressed. It has only leaked out a little at a time now and then. Probably I shall always be able to keep it under control, and you may save your dismal laughter for someone else. But I like to fancy myself a mute inglorious Sargent. In my extra life I should spend my days slapping color on canvas, standing superbly before my easel in a field of Alpine flowers, with a glacier below me and mountains rising above, as they do in the Swiss chocolate advertisements. That, I am persuaded, would be the life.

The art in my system leaked out a little when I was eight years old, and was presented with a sketchbook on my departure with the family for a summer in Europe. The other day I found the book in an old cupboard. And now I sit and turn the pages and dream of my suppressed career.

Many of the notable features of Europe appear in that sketchbook. Here, for example, is the dome of Saint Peter's. To this day the artist remembers how immensely difficult it was to

get the bulge on the left-hand side of the dome just as bulgy, but no bulgier, than that on the right-hand side—a problem that may not have exercised all the older masters. On the next page is revealed the Quirinal Palace, apparently leaning against a strong wind. There follow several rather tortuous representations of fountains and pillars and urns, and a very small and solemn picture of what would seem to be a biscuit or a boulder—according to one's ideas of scale—marked "Palatine Hill." Apparently, finding himself on that ancient hill and feeling full of the artistic urge, the artist sat him down and sketched a small rock, fearing that any more comprehensive view of the ruins would be beyond his scope. Probably he sat on the edge of a ruined wall to make the sketch, with a parent holding him firmly by the back of the belt. Or else it's a biscuit after all, sketched at luncheon beside the ruins. One can never be sure. Florentine bridges and towers follow, all apparently on the point of collapse; then we are swept grandly on to Lake Como and the Alps.

When the artist lives his other life and goes in for art professionally, at least he can look forward to one thing. He will be able to spell the word Cadenabbia right almost every time. At the age of eight he had three tries at the word, and his batting average was exactly zero.

They say it takes two to make a work of art—one to draw the picture and another to see it. That must be so. For here is a sketch marked "Monte Legnone," done with a soft blunt pencil and smudging badly on the opposite page. Almost anybody can tell, if he looks at it with the eye of sympathy, that it represents a snow peak, with the sky beyond shaded gray to bring out the whiteness. But even the eye of sympathy cannot see in that little scrawling picture what I see; because I remember a June day of cold rain on Lake Como, and then suddenly the clouds lifting from the mountains and the sun blazing out, and Monte Legnone—covered with fresh

snow—shining against the storm beyond. It was the most beautiful thing that a small boy standing on the balcony of a Cadenabbia hotel had ever seen in his life; and so he ran for his sketchbook. Well, it is something to want to run for one's sketchbook when the clouds lift from Monte Legnone, and to have a sketchbook at hand to run for. In that other life I should always have one.

The small boy went on to Germany, where the problem of rendering the domestic architecture of Hildesheim was too much for him. Imagine having to draw five windows in a row, and getting them anywhere near the same size and shape! Apparently the effort ended in despair. For there are no more German pictures, or European pictures of any kind. On the contrary, art now enters upon a hundred per cent American phase. As if to celebrate his return from European entanglements, the artist concludes his book with no less than five pictures of George Washington, after the manner of Rembrandt Peale. True, a little difficulty in the drawing of the mouth and placing of the eyes makes the father of his country look like the sort of fellow whom the eugenists would immediately disqualify from being the father of anybody; but a critic of art must not be too harsh. If there is anything harder than making a lot of windows look as if they matched, it is getting a pair of eyes reasonably near the same size and shape and placing them at approximately equal distances from the nose. Displace an eye ever so little, and the face leers hideously. Consider, on the other hand, how sturdily Washington stands upon his two legs, though one is swollen to nearly double the size of the other, doubtless by the privations of Valley Forge. If that sketch had been circulated among the British troops, Lord Cornwallis might just as well have surrendered then and there. His men would have run screaming for the boats.

I have had other sketchbooks since then, but not so many as I should have

liked. The world is so full of a number of things, and there is so little time to do them in! Sketchbooks—even when one possesses them—acquire a habit of getting put away in cupboards instead of being filled with pictures. The artist in most of us becomes suppressed. But every now and then I wish for that other life. Especially when I find myself in an artists' supply store.

Do you know the feeling that you are standing at the gate of heaven, and looking in? The feeling that you once had when you entered a toy store? Well, that's the feeling I get in those artists' supply places. Oh, the blocks of smooth white paper, all clean and ready to be sketched upon; the rich crackling sound when you tear off the top sheet; the charcoal and pencils, ready for the drawing of bold black lines; the fat oozy tubes of paint, the enormous palettes, the pastel boxes showing a perfect rainbow of colored crayons; the water-color paint boxes with their covers all hollowed into smooth white compartments for the mixing of cobalt and chrome yellow to make the green of the open fields; the smell of oils and varnish; they fill me with a longing to buy and buy, and then go out and spend a whole summer playing with paintbox and brush, and calling it work! Even the sporting-goods shop with its tents and canoes and infinite fishing tackle is a dull place to me beside the artists' supply store.

But that life is not to be mine. Sometimes I invest in a little supply of paper and pencils, and try to draw. It doesn't go for a cent. My trees look like feather-dusters, my mountains like puddings. So I put pencil and paper aside, and the next time I pass by the artists' supply store I look the other way; with just a thought of what an utterly delightful thing it would be to have an extra life to spend making my trees look like trees, and making my mountains look the way Monte Legnone looked to that little boy when the clouds broke over Lake Como twenty-five years ago.

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THE COMING RACE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

I WONDER what Americans will look like
A thousand years from now, or maybe
two;

Pink-faced or swart, their noses straight or
hooklike;

These alien currents, babbling in so brook-
like,

I wonder what will be their residue.

Each morn I stem a tide of motley races,

The horde whose day of labor has begun;
Of Yankee blood I note but vagrant traces—
The folk I meet have mostly foreign faces,
Czech, Slavic, "Guinea," Russian, Hebrew,
"Hun."

What mode of speech will be considered
fittish

For generations in the unborn hence?
Will it be some weird variant of British?
Or fizzy Slovak, Yugo-slav, or Yiddish,
Its alphabet related to a fence?*

What sort of garments will the girls be
sporting?

What newer fashions will the ages show?
Will they in blousy bloomers be cavorting?
Or will high heels and stays be still distorting
Their feet and forms as in the long ago?

Will they our nation's anthem be admiring
In that new day toward which our feet are
bound?

Will they of human freedom still be choiring,
Or will they chant in measures more inspiring
"If you've no cash you needn't come
around?"

Will art be then all futurist or cubic,

Or something worse, in that unvisioned
day?

Some harlotry of genius still more boobic,
Or will some god, Osiric or Vishnubic,
Have led them back into a better way?

It's rather fine to speculate and wonder

On all the things that are, and are to be;
Though now when I'm about to "step from
under"—

To lie in drowsy ease somewhere out yonder,
It makes but little difference to me.

*The author is not proud of this stanza, but he has worked on it for three years without material improvement, and can do no more.—A. B. P.

EARTHQUAKES AND RUGS

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

THE two principal earthquakes each year in the lives of my parents are (1) in the spring when they move from town to the country and (2) in the fall when they move back. My father hates packing. It's a huddled, irregular affair for a man with an orderly mind. For a week or more before it's time to begin he is upset by the prospect. He has only a few drawers full of clothes to empty into a trunk, but it has to be done in a certain particular way. No one else can attend to it—no one else could do the thing properly. All that anyone can do for him is to have a trunk brought to his room. It stands in a corner, gaping at him. Then his groaning begins. He walks around, first putting his shirts in, then his clothes and his underwear, then burrowing under and taking some out again to go in the suitcase, then deciding that after all he will not take part of what he has packed. During all such perplexities he communes with himself, not in silence.

At first the sounds that come from his room are low groans of self-pity. Later on, as the task he is struggling with becomes more and more complicated, he can be heard stamping about, and denouncing his garments. If you look in his door you will see him in the middle of the room with a bathrobe, which has already been packed twice in the suitcase and once in the trunk, and which he is now taking back to the trunk again because the suitcase is crowded. He will later return it to the suitcase where he can get at it. His face is red and angry, and he is earnestly saying, "Damnation!"

When night comes at last, and he is going to bed in discouragement, he will call mournfully on his Maker. "O Lord! Have mercy! O Lord, I can't stand it. I *won't*!" Then his resentment will rise; and he will end his prayer with a loud explosive damn in-

stead of amen. After which he will feel better, and go off to sleep.

But before any of this begins my mother has a lot to attend to. My father packs only his own clothes. She packs everything else: except that she has some one to help her, of course, with the heavy things. Last fall, for instance, Jerome went up to the country to do this. He is a taciturn, preoccupied, colored man, an expert at moving, who works so well and quickly that he keeps getting ahead of his schedule. It is distracting to plan out enough things to keep Jerome busy. It is also distracting to see him sit idle. He is paid by the day.

But the principal problem that my mother has to face is my father. He says it isn't that he objects to moving, but he objects to the fuss. As to rugs for instance, he refuses to have any at all put away until after he and all his belongings have been moved from the house. This seems unreasonable: he ought to allow them to make a beginning and put a few away, surely. Well, he would admit this to you privately, but here is the trouble: if he once let my mother get started she would go much too far. Closing up that house is a job. My mother gets too absorbed in it. She is apt to forget his comfort entirely—and also her own. He has found by experience, he would tell you (though I don't say it's true) that if he yields an inch in this matter the place is all torn up. He says he is obliged to insist upon absolute order, because the alternative is chaos. Furthermore, why shouldn't the process be orderly if it were skilfully handled? If it's not, it's no fault of his, and he doesn't intend to be made to suffer for it.

My mother's side of it is that it's impossible to move out imperceptibly. Things naturally get upset a little when you're making a change. If they get upset too much she can't help it; she wishes he would stop bothering her.

One result of this difference is a war about the rugs every year. Two or

three weeks before they leave, my mother has the large rug in the hall taken up—there's no need of *two* rugs in the hall she explains to my father.

"I won't have it, dammit, you're making the place a barracks," he says. "But we're *moving*," my mother expostulates; "we must get the house closed." "Close it properly then! Do things suitably, without this cursed helter-skelter." Then he retreats into the library where he can sit by a fire, while my mother goes in and out of cold rooms and halls with her shawl on.

The library has two large heavy pieces of furniture in it—a grand piano, and a broad desklike table piled with papers and books. This table fills the center of the room and stands square on a rug. It's hard work to lift that heavy table to get the rug out from under it. Until it is done, my mother keeps thinking about it at night. Strictly speaking, it isn't necessary to have that rug put away much beforehand, but she wants to get it over and done with so that she can sleep. But my father is particularly dependent on this rug because he sits in the library; he is therefore determined that it shan't be touched until he has left.

He cannot, however, remain on guard continuously. A man must sometimes go out. A man in fact is maneuvered into going out, though this he never quite learns. In the late afternoon when he supposes the day's activities over, he comes out of the library and ventures to go off in the motor. Not far, just to get the evening paper, which is a very short trip. His mind is quiet: he assumes that nothing much can be done in his absence. But just as he is leaving he is given some errand to do—some provisions to buy in the next town beyond, or flowers to leave at some friend's. Or if this might make him suspicious, nothing is said as he leaves, but the chauffeur has instructions what to say when the paper's been bought. "There is a package in the car, sir, that Mrs. Day . . ."

My father looks up from his paper, looks threateningly over his glasses, says "*What?*"

The chauffeur repeats mildly "—that Mrs. Day wishes left at the hospital."

My father damns the hospital. (How shocked my mother would be if she heard him.) It's not that he really is down on institutions of mercy, but he expects all such places to behave themselves, and not interfere with his drives. However, he is looking at his paper, and he doesn't say no, and the chauffeur doesn't give him time to anyhow, but starts up the car, and away they go off down the Post Road, far out of their way. My father is muttering about these cursed errands. Still, he leaves the package.

They drive home; he hangs up his overcoat in the cold hall, and grasping his evening paper he marches straight back to the library. . . .

Meantime things have been happening. My mother has had the big table lifted, and has got up the rug; and Jerome has lugged it out to the laundry yard where he is to beat it. After that, he is to roll it and wrap it and put it away. While he is doing this, which will naturally take him some time, my mother thankfully goes up to the china room to pack certain cups. She always feels a little more peaceful when Jerome is fully occupied. . . .

Now she is in her own room: she has just sat down for a minute, for the first time this day: she is sorting the linen, and humming. . . .

A knock at the door.

My mother sits up sharply, every bit of her alert again. "Who is that?"

She hears a deprecating little cough, then Jerome's quiet voice. "Now—er—Mrs. Day?"

"Well, what *is* it, Jerome?" wails my mother. She did think she had left that man enough to do for once anyhow, but here he is back on her hands again. Moving is terrible. "What is it *now?*" she repeats, in despair. "Have you finished that work?"

"No'm," Jerome says reassuringly. "I ain't finished that yet." He pauses, and coughs again, conscious that he is bringing poor news. "Mr. Day, he's hollerin' consid'able, down in the liberry."

"What about? What's the matter with him?"

Jerome knows she knows well enough. He says "Yes'm," mechanically; and adds in a worried way, as if to himself, "He's a-hollerin' for that rug."

My mother doesn't like Jerome to use that word, "hollerin'." It isn't respectful. But it's so painfully descriptive that she can't think what he should say instead. She puts down the linen. If I were mother I should stay quietly right in my room, and let father keep up his hollerin' till he cooled off. But I'm an outsider in these wars; and mother's a combatant. Her own response is much more belligerent. She feels summoned to arms. She charges out into the big upper hall, and at once begins an attack, launching her counter-offensive vigorously, over the banisters. She calls loudly upon my father to stop right away and be still; and she tells him how wicked he is to make trouble for her when she's working so hard. My father, from his post in the library, booms a violent reply. It is like an artillery bombardment. Neither side sees the other. But they fire great guns with great vigor, and it all seems in earnest.

Jerome stands respectfully waiting, wondering how this will come out. He is wholly in the dark as to which side is winning, there is so much give and take. But the combatants know. My mother presently sees she is beaten. There's some note she detects in my father's voice, deeper than bluster; or some weariness in herself that betrays her. At any rate, she gives in.

She turns to Jerome, and he sees she is thinking how she can fix it. Jerome is dejected. Has that big old rug got to be toted back into the library? But no; it's a defeat but it's not so bad a

defeat after all. "Jerome, I'll have to give Mr. Day one of those rugs from the blue room—one of the long narrow white fur pair. You know which I mean?"

"Yes'm," Jerome says with partial relief. "Put it under that desk?"

"No, between the desk and the fireplace. By Mr. Day's chair. That's all that's necessary. He just wants something under his feet."

This isn't at all my father's idea of what he wants, as Jerome soon discovers, when he takes the long white fur rug down to him. My father is so completely amazed he forgets to be angry. He had supposed he had won that bombardment. He had made my mother cease firing. Yet now after he has lowered his temperature again back to normal, and settled down to enjoy the fruits of his victory, namely his own big square rug, here comes as a substitute a long narrow hairy monstrosity. He fixes his glasses severely. "What's that?" he demands.

Jerome limply exhibits the monstrosity, feeling hopeless inside, like a pessimistic salesman with no confidence in his own goods.

"What are you bringing that thing in here for?"

"Yessir, Mr. Day. Mrs. Day says put it under your feet."

My father starts to turn loose his batteries all over again. But his guns have gone cold. He feels plenty of disgust and exasperation, but not quite enough fury. He fires what he has at Jerome, who stands up to it silently; and he kicks the offending white fur rug, and says he won't have it. But something in the air now tells him, in his turn, he has lost. Even Jerome feels this, and puts the rug under his feet, "temporarily," leaving my father trying to read his paper again, indignant and bitter. He particularly detests this white rug. He remembers it now from last year.

My mother goes back to the linen. The house becomes quiet. The only

sounds are thuds in the laundry yard, where Jerome is at work, beating and sweeping his booty, concealed by the hedge.

By the library fire my father is changing the page of his paper, and glaring at the white rug, and saying to himself loudly, "I hate it!" He kicks at the intruder. "Damn woolly thing. I want my own rug."

CLOSED DOORS

BY HELEN LOCKWOOD COFFIN

THE root of all evil is a closed door. This conviction of mine, although it is sustained by experience, by observation of both animals and humans, and by history itself, nevertheless seems to have been overlooked by the reformers. When they are trailing the tragic cause they lay it to money, or say "find the woman," when the cause plainly is, or has been, a Closed Door.

People generally are very much like my cat; although this, too, the reformers do not know as yet. He is, of course, rather above the average intelligence. I do not say this because he is mine, as grandparents invariably explain about the first grandchild, but because it is really so. I have known, watched, studied, and loved him intimately for years and I am confident that when a wiser than Binet shall arrive with a series of animal intelligence tests, my cat will pass, modestly, with a "higher than adult" average.

But I do not intend to write this essay about my cat, although he furnishes abundant material. I only wish to use him as an example. He has a characteristic human idiosyncrasy. He cannot tolerate a closed door. When he finds one he makes life miserable for all of us until it is opened. This is not because he wants to be on the other side, for as soon as he has achieved his desire, he settles down comfortably where he was before and takes a nap. But not until he has sallied through the open door into

the country beyond and given it a brief and superficial glance with a manner most contemptuous, as one who says: "Here you have the Great Mystery, upon which you closed the door. And now you have it, what is it? Nothing at all—just the usual, ordinary room, exactly as it always has been." Then, philosopher that he is, he goes to sleep and forgets the puzzling vagaries of our vaunted human intelligence.

I have been scorned for the alacrity with which I hasten to answer his first call and the abandon with which I fling the door—any door—wide open. But it is not that I am his abject slave, as I have been accused, nor because, in my love of peace and quiet, that I wish to forestall his storm of protest. It is because I feel exactly the same way myself. Nothing aggravates and exasperates me more than to come upon a closed door. It is baffling, tantalizing, teasing, confounding, disconcerting, tormenting; it upsets my equilibrium and disrupts my day's program. It is not that I want anything on the other side of it, or would take it if I could get it, or would like it if I could take it. If the door were open I should probably always go round the other way; but since there is no thoroughfare I am determined to force a passage.

Nor am I alone in this feeling. There were Bluebeard's wives, you remember, and Pandora, and Psyche, and Elsa—their names are legion. Those who seek to argue me out of my antipathy always remind me that these victims of curiosity suffered because they did not leave the door closed; tragedy invariably lurked behind the barrier. So be it! I would rather fling the doors wide open and know the worst than be eternally in suspense. And besides, for every one of these who found tragedy on the other side, I have a throw-back which is staggering. Columbus, for instance, is most effective. He opened a door on the edge of things which his contemporaries—nay, even his superiors and betters—assured him had been permanently

closed by good authority and for most excellent reasons. They explained to him that on the other side was Nothing, literally and absolutely; only a very good chance to fall off indefinitely into bottomless space. Columbus opened that door—and found America.

I enjoy using Franklin, too. He was on the trail of lightning flashes, which disappeared behind a closed door. He also was warned not to meddle, to let well enough alone, and reminded that nobody knew just what lightning was anyhow, or what it might do if it was let loose. Franklin pushed that door open and found electricity. Every adventurer, dreamer, discoverer, and idealist, has had the same experience. If it had not been for some daring door-opener, we should not have had the steamboat or the railroad, the automobile or the airship, electric lights or radio, fireless cookers or vacuum cleaners, or spineless cactus. . . .

But why continue? Everything we now use or enjoy as a necessity or a luxury was originally hidden behind a closed door. It would seem as if the world might have learned by this time that the only rational thing to do with a door is to open it—that that is what a door is for. But even lately I heard an orthodox minister speak otherwise. His theme was spiritualism and kindred phenomena. After sketching rather wistfully and vaguely the “great unknown territory,” he advised us not to enter therein, until our time came. “The door is closed,” he said, “and has been from the beginning—closed by the hand of God. Be wise, and leave it so.” Immediately my mind went off on an expedition to open that door; and I saw, as I drew near, that a mighty army had gathered and was working upon it—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge and the Society for Psychical Research and others. It has the ordinary lure and enchantment of its kind enhanced a hundred-fold.

I notice we are not so concerned or excited when it is a door behind us

which is closed. On the contrary, we are usually much relieved to have it shut, even assisting in the process, slamming it with scant ceremony but most emphatic efficiency. There is a gallery of closed doors behind the most of us, slammed noisily on mistaken judgments, wrong estimates, ungrateful and ungenerous thoughts; closed with funereal softness on faithless friends and broken illusions; left partly ajar, sometimes, for tender but unhappy memories. Even the most inveterate advocate of the open door admits the wisdom of closing the doors on past mistakes. Sometimes they are the most difficult to manage.

Then there are doors, too, that cannot be forced open—doors that resist bludgeons and blows, that withstand even dynamite. The heart of your best friend is one of these; you cannot come in until he wants you and sets the door ajar. You may sit outside and look in, or stand at the door and knock, but all your blandishments and pass-keys will not work. Then some day—some glorious, unexpected day that seems exactly like any other day and gives no hint that it is not—your friend opens the door. But however it happens, know this—here is a door that never opens except from within, by a patent contrivance that only the owner can manipulate.

There is one inviolable rule of progress: you can never go any farther or any faster in any direction than is allowed in the general plan of things, nor until the time has come for you to go that way. There is somewhere—perhaps in that mysterious Unknown Territory—a divinely appointed Keeper of the Doors. If it were not for him we should be blundering continually into the wrong rooms. For the good of the world, as well as of ourselves, we must be kept from wandering too far afield. Between us and every new experience the door is shut. If it is on our line of march, we shall find a way to open it and pass on. Otherwise not all our ingenious hammering will let us in.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OLD men are pretty generally reputed to be drags on the wheels of progress, and it will be recalled how a very famous man and one of the most useful and admirable of his time got into hot water by intimating that men were not much use after sixty and that the world could get along without any of the knowledge which men over forty had contributed to it. Something like that he said, not seriously but merely to amuse an audience, and when the newspapers had duly dealt with it what a din arose! And one remembers Barrie and his invitation to youth to come forward and take charge of the world. But really and by rights the old men should be the forwardest-looking people on earth because forward is the only attractive direction that is left for them to look in. If they look back, the world and the people they knew are not there. It is youth that looks back. There is nothing so reminiscent as an old school-boy, in the twenties, may be, revisiting his school. Everything reminds him of old times. That is because his world is still there, and people still in it that he can remind of something. Not so with the older people. Their world is a has-been, and if they, too, are not to be has-beens, they must keep eyes to the front.

Is Clemenceau a has-been? We all know he is not. The spirit does not age. The body gets more or less old. The mind gets forgetful because, I suppose, it is linked up to the mechanics of the brain, but the spirit is another matter that need not be affected by time. Clemenceau is fairly old, not excessively, but he looks ahead. The thing that

interests him is what is going to happen next. If he thinks it won't suit him he practices to make it suit him better. He is the true countryman of Voltaire who said "I gave my youth to love but now in my old age I work like the devil." So he did. The old Voltaire worked incessantly and always to make the world better and beat the devils in it and especially the persecutors. As one reads a modern life of him it is astonishing to find how much better he was than the reputation he left to the Nineteenth Century.

My neighbor Maitland, who has progressed toward maturity as far as the later sixties, said it scandalizes him to be so little disturbed at the passing of his contemporaries. If somebody died whom he had always known it used to give him a shock, he said, but now he had had most of the considerable shocks of that sort that were possible, and the lesser ones involving people that were not really part of his life did not jar him as they would once have done. He went to their funerals, he showed respect to their memories, and his real feeling had come to be that to die was all in the day's work, and if the departed had really run their course there was no true objection to departure.

Take your classmates in your college class. The college class is a unit in the course of man in life which may conveniently be followed. The other night I looked through a book of verses which included a good many read at anniversary meetings of a college class. I made only a short stay with them but long enough to make the discovery above noted, that, contrary to the usual

impression we have, youth looks back, whereas age looks around and then forward. There were a lot of poems of occasion in that book of verses and they were retrospective inversely to the years of the poet. It impressed me that the concern about dying grew less and less vocal at every anniversary. The early deaths of men that were favorites were made much of, but as the years went on there was more philosophy and less lamentation, and that all accorded with the facts of life, for when the young die it is contrary to nature, but when the old die it accords with nature. A college class can mourn for its young members prematurely gone, but it cannot pile up cumulative griefs year after year for the leaves that fall in due season from its tree. That would make its reunion with dwindling numbers unbearably lugubrious. It is almost constrained to perceive and acknowledge that life itself is the great university, that death is graduation and funerals the commencement exercises.

So I find that when the time comes when most of our personal investments have been transferred from the insecurities of this life to the speculative interests of the next, there is an increase of the disposition commended by Scripture to let the dead bury their dead, and interest becomes transferred from what is past—people, things, events, everything—to what is still ahead, and includes them all.

Humanity is our great concern. That does not die, does not graduate; at least not yet. Its individuals do, but humanity continues resolutely to avail itself of the schooling of Earth for whatever destiny may await it. And no matter how much our individual years increase or Earth ties lessen, we cannot lose interest in humanity. We feel, instinctively if not by reason, that it really makes a difference what happens to it. So prone it is to err, so used to disappoint us, that it is always hard to be confident in good hopes for it, but it does seem as if in the period of harsh

instruction now proceeding it were slowly gathering some increase of sense, and some realization that its various families had got to work together for the common good, and that otherwise continued health and due measure of what we call prosperity was not possible for them.

Just at this writing, though Mr. Hoover has been telling us that the condition of Europe is steadily improving, it does not look so to observers from this continent. France and Great Britain having failed to agree about reparations, France has marched troops into the Ruhr and holds the industrial heart of Germany as security for her dues. The present government of France leans chiefly on force and sees no Germany yet whose word or whose intentions she dares to trust unless she retains the means to compel Germans to keep their word. That means big armies, and big armies mean unproductive expenditure, a prospect and a policy that has made our government feel that the remnant of American troops that still lingers on the German frontier had better come home. When one thinks of the details of all these matters, the selfish interests in France that fear the restoration of Germany's prosperity, the selfish interests in Germany that will double and twist in any way to avoid paying even what she can, the selfish interests in Great Britain that are pinched by the need of markets for the trade by which they live, the selfish interests of the United States which see themselves better off than the rest of the world and wish to keep clear of all troublesome and possibly expensive complications—the prospect unquestionably looks dubious. But human life does not much shape itself to accord with details. On the contrary, details have to fall in line with the course that human life is taking. Where that course is toward co-operation, details may delay but surely cannot block it. Governments are matters of the moment. One group of politicians gets control and does what

it sees fit to do while it has power to do it, and presently ill luck, the manœuvres of rivals or the pressure of the facts of life upon the minds of people, pitches it out of office and puts another group in its place. The ideas that the present government of France expresses are not permanent ideas. They, and the activities and hesitations and refusals that result from them, are merely parts of the great process of the reshaping of the world. What changes the world and regulates its course is ideas and the facts of life. When the ideas don't match the facts, the ideas have to change, as they have changed and are still changing in Russia. The great test of governmental and economic ideas is the needs and the capacity of humanity. The great use of war is to clear the way for new ideas, the acceptance of which has become necessary.

Just now the late war is very much disparaged. It produced enormous inconvenience, bereavement and destruction; it upset the whole order of life in some countries, and a large part of that order in all countries; it disturbed morals; it filled the world with injured people, and it left behind debts, damages and pestilent complications galore. That was a high price to pay for ideas, and there are those who insist that it was paid in vain. Not so! The ideas bought at so great price are really in the world and are really working. That premiers and ministries and governments balk and disagree is not so serious as it seems to persons who think that premiers and governments run the world. Governments have their uses, of course, as also have constitutions, legislatures and laws, and must be; but they are no more than the instruments by which music is made audible. When new instruments become necessary they are produced, but the music is not in the instruments. William James showed understanding of the source of it when he wrote in a letter to Mrs. Whitman: "As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all

their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against the big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, underdogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top."

Governments do not know yet how strong the aversion to war is. That was one of the lessons of the Great War. They do not know how deep it has gone or how long it will last. They do know that any government in western Europe at this time that attempted to send any considerable body of young citizens to be killed in fighting would probably lose its job overnight. Governments go on and talk and scheme and bluff as though their old weapon of force were still available, but they do not really know what condition it is in, and politicians who are astute are very wary of putting it to the test. France adventures with soldiers to make Germany do certain things, some of which she ought to do, and the rest of us watch her thoughtfully and wonder how her action will strike the neighbors and what the final result of her demonstrations will be. For one thing that has come into the world as the immediate result of the war is an unprecedented distaste for the use of force in politics, and a great doubt as to its value.

Other ideas that have been slowly penetrating the minds of men not only since the war but for the last two generations, have to do with religion and the increased possibilities of power in it. Some of the ideas that have found their most conspicuous expression

in Christian Science have become so diffused in forty years as to become a part of the mental property of millions of people who do not know how they got them nor where, but think them instinctively. There are some curious things about this country which people best appreciate who live or travel in other countries. One of them is that the mind of man is freer here than elsewhere. It is less limited and controlled by authority, tradition and instruction here than in Europe. The English mind, which is not so manacled at home but that it has been able to work to some purpose, was still set free on the American continent. We have some awful laws here, and a lot of people with a terrible propensity to make more laws, and some extremely lawless people, but except in time of war minds in this country are fairly free to work. Our educated people are less trained, shaped, and cultivated than people of their sort in England, but there goes with that deficiency the advantage that there is room left in the American mind for things that are excluded from minds tighter packed. It is an axiom that in spiritual seeking one need expect nothing from the wise. If you get any news it will be from the simple. It accords with that idea that the American mind should be more accessible to spiritual promptings than most minds of Europeans. It is true that we have in this country by unconscious inheritance an understanding of some things which the European mind, as a rule, has never assimilated, and which it seems to be the aim of current events, and whatever causes them, to make that mind accept.

I doubt that prohibition is an American idea, and suspect it of being precisely the contrary, but it is credited to the United States, and its course here is watched from near and far.

What have we got out of it and what have we lost?

The saloons are pretty well closed.

The advertisement of intoxicants is dead. The liquor business, manufacture, sales and power of political corruption, is smashed, which might be a good thing if it were not for the remarkable activity of the bootlegging business which has succeeded it.

Now what have we lost?

One loss is that there is no longer a fair competition between good drinks and bad. The bad have an overwhelming advantage. The harder drinks are more portable and much more easily obtainable. The good wines are too bulky to be profitably handled. The quality even of purchasable spirits has fallen off.

But the worst of the present phase of prohibition is that its philosophy is wrong, or at least seems wrong to a great many perfectly decent and orderly people. They look upon wine as a legitimate factor in promoting the joy of life. They do not ask that it shall be useful, but they insist that it is pleasant, lawfully pleasant if properly used. They see France and other wine-growing countries running over with good wine, red and white, which they cannot buy lawfully or otherwise. They see their own conviction as to what is right and wrong in drinking subjected by force to the convictions of other people who, they think, are no wiser and no better in morals or character than themselves. They do not like that. They do not like to be forcibly subjected to a righteousness to which they do not subscribe. They think prohibition laws, as they are, conflict with that measure of liberty of conduct which is necessary to the development of mankind. That is the main objection to prohibition, the objection that you cannot make men good or wise or even thrifty against their will, and that legislation to accomplish that is worse than useless.

So it is not demonstrated yet that prohibition is an American idea or one in the operation of which we are more fortunate than other people.



EDITOR'S DRAWER

Sandy MacPherson, Book Collector

BY NEWMAN LEVY

PROBABLY few people to whom the names of Rosenbach, Huntington, Bernard Quaritch, and the late George D. Smith are familiar have ever heard of my friend Sandy MacPherson. His tall rawboned figure is seldom seen at the big auction sales of books, his keen blue eyes peering sharply through a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles, his old worn homespun suit hanging loosely from his gaunt frame, and his unkempt shock of gray hair straggling wildly about his forehead. Mac seldom attends the big sales, and then only as spectator. His name never appears in the paper the next day among the purchasers of the fabulously priced treasures of literature. And yet in the back of MacPherson's little candy store, hidden amid the squalor of one of New York's poorest neighborhoods, are treasures that would cause Mr. Huntington to become green with envy, and make the late Mr. Smith turn uneasily in his grave.

MacPherson's shop was originally intended for the purchase and sale of second-hand books. The faded, almost illegible sign, "Books Bought and Sold," can still be seen above the door, although it is seldom noticed by passers-by, whose attention is caught by the legend painted on the window that Alexander MacPherson is a dealer in "Candies, Stationery, Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco."

The trouble was that Mac just hated to part with a book. Twenty years ago, when he first went in business, he used to attend sales and book auctions, and return home laden with his purchases: curious old volumes, stained parchments, and dusty faded incunabula. Then, at night, when the store was closed, and the shades drawn, he would draw forth his treasures from the shelves, and, like a miser gloating over his

gold, would pore over them tenderly and lovingly until early morning.

Sometimes a customer would come into the shop, and then Mac would follow him jealously with his eyes, fearful lest he see a book he might want to purchase. I once asked Mac whether he had ever sold a book the whole time he was in business.

"Once," he said, "a fellow who was browsing about the shop took a copy of Wentworth's *Elementary Algebra* from the shelf and asked me the price of it. It was a fine old copy." Mac's eyes glistened with enthusiasm as they always do when he speaks of his books. "A first edition, and it had an added value because of its interesting associations. It had once belonged to Gabriel Feinberg, who as you know, was at one time Third Deputy Dock Commissioner, and in his own handwriting were many of the problems, up to simple quadratics, worked in pencil in the margin. I fixed a price which I thought was prohibitive, but to my surprise my customer said he would take it. My hands trembled and my eyes filled with tears as I wrapped up the book. I was about to hand him the package, but I found that I couldn't part with my treasure. 'I'm sorry,' I said, 'this book is not for sale.' I still have it," Mac concluded.

This incident is typical of Sandy's method of doing business and it explains why the little second-hand book shop kept growing poorer and poorer. Rent had to be paid, the five children had to be fed and clothed, and the small sums earned by Mrs. Sandy, who went out to do washing by the day, hardly sufficed to keep the little household together. Finally something had to be done, so Mac purchased a small stock with a few dollars his wife had managed to save, and became a purveyor to the neighbor-

hood of candy, cigars, cigarettes and stationery.

I like to drop into Mac's shop about thirty at night, just before he closes. It is a queer sight to watch him dispensing sticky, bright-colored lolly-pops to his small grimy customers, or presiding over the lottery board covered with rows of red wafers, which conceal the numbers that entitle the lucky purchasers to prizes of cigarettes or other merchandise. It is queer, I say, to watch MacPherson, framed by the drab surroundings of his dingy candy store, and to realize that he is not only one of the keenest, but one of the most profound and erudite book collectors in America.

It is after the shutters are down and the store is locked for the night that MacPherson and I light our pipes and talk well into the small hours of the morning, disturbed only by the occasional crying of one of the babies in the back room, for Mac's family lives behind the store. And sometimes when Mac is in a particularly expansive mood he brings out his treasures for me to see. . . .

"This cigar and cigarette business," said



HE WOULD PORE OVER HIS TREASURES TENDERLY

Mac, "isn't so bad after you get used to it. There is a wealth of literary and historical associations in a cigar or cigarette box. An antiquarian, in after years, could almost piece together the history of our civilization from cigar boxes. Here's Henry Clay, for instance, right next to Daniel Webster, while T. R. and Chester Arthur are on the shelf above. If you care for music, here is Jenny Lind; for art, here's Van Dyke, and for drama, we have Romeo and Juliet."

"Not to mention Bobbie Burns," I added.

"And Charlie Chaplin," said MacPherson. "I hear they've named a cigar after him. But the cigarette boxes are my favorites. Take Fatima and Murad, for instance. There are names for you; the Arabian Nights are in those boxes. They ought to make cigarette smoking compulsory in our schools. What boy would ever forget his lesson in English literature if he had to smoke Chesterfields in the classroom? They could distribute Omars during the poetry period, and Nestors in the Greek class."

"It's a grand idea," I said, "but I am afraid it would hardly do. Some enterprising educator might want to teach geography by means of Burgundy, Moselle or Pilsener; or history by a laboratory course in Bourbon or Scotch."

"Well, let them," answered Mac. "They might do worse. There is little enough joy left in learning. The way literature is taught in our schools is enough to drive us into becoming a nation of illiterates. I have never read Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* from the day I left high school and, please God, I never shall."

"Did you read about the copy of *Venus and Adonis* that brought seventy-five thousand the other day?" I asked.

Mac chuckled contemptuously. "Those books are all right for amateurs. Anybody," he said, filling his pipe, and passing the huge tin of tobacco over to me, "can own a first-folio *Shakespeare*. It is simply a matter of having enough money. Any book will turn up in an auction room sooner or later, and if you are rich enough you can buy it. I don't go in much for those modern fellows, myself. The classics are my hobby. One of these days I'll show you a copy of Virgil's *Æneid* that Huntington would give his right



HIS DELIGHT WAS TO WALK DOWN THE APPIAN WAY ARM IN ARM WITH VIRGIL

eye to own. There's an inscription in it, in Virgil's own handwriting. He wrote an abominable hand, too. 'To my friend and benefactor, Augustus Cæsar, with expressions of deepest gratitude from the Author, P. Vergilius Maro.' Now there's a book worth having!"

"Of course, I don't pass by a book just because it is new. Take that first edition of *Beowulf* over there, or that rare copy of the Philadelphia Telephone Directory for 1903 which I picked up last year for fifteen dollars. I have a number of modern items like those. I never showed you, did I, my Pibroch Edition of Burns' poems—the one that contains his poem, 'Put me Among the Skirls,' that was omitted from the later editions? It has an inscription on the fly leaf 'To Bonnie Annie Laurie with love from Bobbie Burns.' In every case, though, I try to confine my collecting to books that are really rare: books that never find their way into the auction rooms or the catalogs. Take this one, for instance."

Mac reached down beneath the counter and pulled out a long and large tin box. I remained silent. It is not often that Mac exhibits his collection to an outsider, and I felt it was better for me not to speak, lest he change his mind. The box was old and battered and very heavy. I helped him lift it on the counter and he carefully unlocked it. It appeared to contain old manu-

scripts thrown in carelessly without any attempt at order. Yellow parchments were mixed promiscuously with rolls of faded vellum and piles of curiously lettered and strangely illumined pages.

Mac drew forth what, at first, seemed to be parchment, but as I examined it closely, I saw that it was of a queer, unusual texture.

"Papyrus," said Mac. I had never seen papyrus before, although I had been reading about it all my life, so I examined it closely. It was covered with closely written letters which I recognized as Greek, though they were differently formed from the letters that I had learned at high school.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Homer. First Edition of the *Iliad*," said Mac casually.

I looked skeptical.

"I don't expect you to believe it," said Mac. "No one ever does. That's why I hate to show my books. Now if you saw this presentation copy in the British Museum . . ."

"Presentation copy!" I exclaimed.

"Sure," said Mac. "Do you see this inscription?" and he pointed to some hardly legible characters scrawled in the margin. "It says 'Happy days, from Homer to Pindar.'"

"That's absurd," I began.

"I knew you would say that," he said. "You'll be telling me next that this isn't

genuine," and he pulled out of the box a well-thumbed volume labeled *Horatii Carmina*.

"This book has a curious history," said Mac. "Maecenas, as you probably know, was a very rich man. His father had amassed what was considered a very large fortune in those days in the Roman Bath business. He had a chain of baths in all the principal cities, and his great ambition in life was to have his son, Gaius, succeed him in the business. In fact, the concern was known in later years as *Maecenas et Filius*. Gaius Maecenas, like many sons of successful business men, acquired an early distaste for business. He had what we would call to-day the literary bug. He had a passion for hobnobbing with the prominent authors of his day. It is said that he was guilty of a book of most atrocious verse which happily has not survived him. His greatest delight was to walk down the Appian Way arm in arm with Virgil or Varius Rufus, the big literary lights of that day, just about the time when the theater crowd was coming out.

"There was a group of writers, musicians,

and artists—to-day we'd call them Bohemians—that used to meet at a little road house out by the Tarpeian Rock, the *Cave Canem* it was called. Poor Gaius Maecenas would have given his Roman Bath business to have been one of the regulars, but it was only on the rare occasions when Horace would invite him that he was allowed to attend a session.

"This copy of Horace's poems was one that Maecenas sent to a young vaudeville actress whom he met one night at the *Cave Canem* road house. She was a contortionist and used to perform at the Circus Maximus. Her name was Pholoë, and Maecenas appears to have been quite stuck on her. The verses written inside the cover were really composed by Horace, for which I've no doubt he was liberally paid.

"Here's a translation I've made:

Lady, when you coyly twist your
Leg behind your dexter ear
This here bard can scarce resist your
Girlish charms, Pholoë dear.

You're so modest, coy and winsome,
Such a supple grace you've got
When you tie your body in some
Sort of bow or sailor's knot.

So, my double-jointed Venus,
Take this book of verse I send
As a gift from G. Maecenas
Ever your devoted friend."

"Where in the world do you get these things?" I exclaimed. "There is nothing in any of the libraries of Europe that can touch them."

"I have my own methods," said Mac. "Your average collector wastes his time in bookshops and auction rooms, expecting to pick up some rare treasure for a song. It's too late for that sort of thing nowadays. Dealers are too sophisticated. All you ever see on the stalls of second-hand book shops are the novels of Marie Corelli and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. There are mighty few bargains to be picked up to-day, unless," Mac added, with a twinkle in his eye, "you have secret methods like mine.

"Of course, I've been able to acquire these items because I've had so little competition. Most collectors don't know of the existence of these books, and wouldn't know how to find them



HE PROBABLY HAD AN AMANUENSIS

if they did. Wait a moment and I'll show you something interesting."

Mac disappeared through the little door that led to his cellar. A few minutes later I heard his footsteps slowly ascending the stairs, and he came into the store with a hod filled with bricks on his shoulder! He dropped the bricks on the floor with an unceremonious thud, and turned to me with a broad grin on his face.

"Assyrian love letters," he said, in reply to the look of amazement on my face. "I've lots more down in the cellar."

"A fellow had his hands full corresponding with a girl in those days," I said, examining the strangely carved hieroglyphs.

"There are six bricks to each letter," said Mac. "They're from Shalmaneser, one of the Assyrian kings. Sometimes when he was particularly affectionate he'd send eight bricks. I don't suppose he did the actual writing himself. He probably had an amanuensis—some professional stone cutter."

"It must have been awkward," I suggested, "for a girl to preserve her love letters tied up in a pink ribbon. That sort of thing discourages romance."

"Not at all," said Mac. "They had a very pretty idea in those days. You ought to read Poffenberg's book on Assyrian Excavations. He tells all about it. When a man courted a girl she used to preserve all his love letters—in the back yard, I suppose. The richer the man the more letters he would send. You see stone and stone carving was an expensive proposition and a poor man couldn't afford to carry on a lengthy correspondence. Then, as soon as they were ready to get married, the bride-room would cart all his letters away and build them into the walls of the house he was preparing for his bride."

"Rather public, don't you think?" I said.

"They didn't mind that," answered Mac. "Most of the letters were rather stilted and didn't say much. The difficulties involved in writing sort of interfered with the development of a free and easy literary style. I

had a chance last year to acquire an interesting document."

"What was that?" I asked.

"The last will and testament of an Egyptian nobleman named Thotmes. It was one of the first specimens of Egyptian hieroglyphics I've ever seen. But I had to pass it up," he said sadly.

"But why?" I inquired.

"I hadn't room for it," said Mac. "You see, it was an obelisk and weighed—I don't know how many tons. It was a hundred and eighty feet high. But before you go I want to show you the prize of my collection."

He reached down into the bottom of the tin box, and drew out a double scroll of parchment wound on two ivory sticks—the kind that are used in Jewish synagogues. He carefully unwrapped the silken bandage that covered the scrolls, and laid them reverently on the counter. "Here's something," he said with awe in his voice, "that would make the Gutenberg Bible look like a padded leather copy of *Lucille* on the library table."

I examined the curious Hebrew figures on the scrolls.

"This," said Mac, "is the only extant copy of the first edition of the Pentateuch." I gasped.

"And do you see this handwriting," he continued. "I'll translate it for you. 'To Aaron,' it says, 'in memory of many days pleasant and unpleasant in the wilderness, from his affectionate brother Moses.'"

"But Mac," I cried, "this is incredible. How on earth—"

"Not to-night," he said, handing me my hat. "The next time you come around I want to show you a couple of rather curious modern books I just bought."

He walked to the door and opened it. "I hardly got any sleep last night," he said. "The baby cried nearly all night. It was awfully good to see you."

A mean cold drizzle was falling. I turned up my collar and walked west to the subway.

Superfluous Praise

WHY, Mrs. Skoggs," began the summer visitor newly returned to the country, "how those maples of yours have grown since last year! It's perfectly amazing!"

"Oh, I don't know that it's anything to wonder at," said Mrs. Skoggs. "They ain't got anything else to do."

A Careless Tailor

THE youthful Mrs. Boggs sat plying the needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. As the husband appeared, she said, fretfully:

"It's too bad, the careless way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to put it back for you."



Early High Cost of Living Note

"Sir Isaac Newton discovers that apples are coming down"

Looking on the Bright Side

THERE is a colored waiter employed in a café near the Capitol in Washington who is one of the sort that "sees good in everything."

One hot afternoon during a summer

session of Congress a Representative entered this café, which is noted for its seafood, and ordered soft-shell crabs.

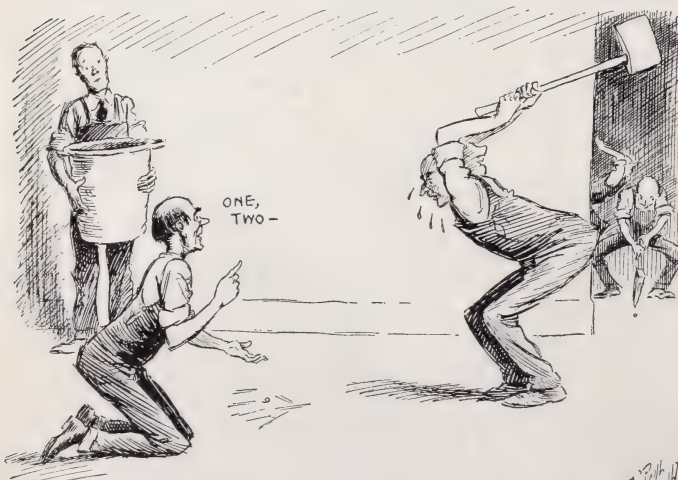
When they had been served, he said to the waiter:

"George, these soft crabs are very small."

"Yessuh."

"They don't seem very fresh, either."

"Well, suh, den it's lucky dey're small, suh, ain't it?"



Uncrowded Occupations

Skilled artisans at work in a split-pea factory

A New Patronymic

IN the days when life was peaceful in Ireland and jaunting cars were ranged along the streets, it was a rule to have the name of the owner painted upon his car.

One day a policeman, walking along a row of cars, said to one of the drivers as he looked at his car, "Yer name's obliterated."

"Yer a loir," replied the driver, "it's O'Flaherty!"

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Basil King's new novel, which begins its serial publication in this issue, is a worthy successor to his earlier serials in HARPER'S, *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, and *The Street Called Straight*. It will be recalled that these engrossing serials were published anonymously, creating an unprecedented amount of speculation as to the author throughout the country, as well as eventually establishing Mr. King's reputation as one of our foremost American novelists. **Violet Alleyn Storey**, a Smith College graduate, resides in Brooklyn. Her name is already familiar to poetry lovers among HARPER readers.

Ellsworth Huntington has been a member of the faculty of Yale University since 1907. He has made notable investigations in Mesopotamia, Russian Turkestan, Siberia, and India, for which he has been honored by various scientific associations. Readers of HARPER'S will recall Mr. Huntington's papers on climatic investigations, in the preparation of which he visited Palestine, the Syrian desert, Mexico, Central America and other parts of the world. **Herbert Ravenel Sass** is the author also of "Adventures in Green Places," which appeared in the January issue.

Alfred Kreymborg, of the group of younger poets, has done distinguished work in the modern manner as well as in the traditional verse forms. **Evelyn Gill Klahr** resides at Clarion, Pennsylvania. She is the author of an earlier story, "Souvenirs of Letty Loomis," published in this Magazine. **Simeon Strunsky**, critic, essayist, journalist, is the Editor of the New York *Evening Post*. **Donald Corley** is one of an interesting group of artistic adventurers in New York who are attempting new effects in painting, literature, and the stage. **Francis Hackett**, formerly dramatic editor of the *New Republic*, is now living abroad, where he is engaged in various literary enterprises of his own.

Ernest Poole is best known by his novel, *The Harbor*. This is his first contribution to HARPER'S. **Gamaliel Bradford** will conclude his series of "Damaged Souls" next month

with a paper on Ben Butler. **Alice Brown** has written many stories for the Magazine, and is the author of numerous volumes. In recent years she has done distinguished work in the field of the drama. Her play, "Children of Earth," awarded the Winthrop Ames Prize of \$10,000, was one of the dramatic successes of its season. **Robert Graves** is one of the younger English poets whose work HARPER'S is making known to American readers.

Frederick L. Allen is preparing to resign his position as Secretary of the Corporation of Harvard University in order to enter the publishing business in New York. **Albert Bigelow Paine**, veteran editor and student of letters, is best known as the biographer and close associate of Mark Twain. **Clarence Day, Jr.**, is the author of *This Simian World* and *The Crow's Nest*. He has demonstrated that a man of philosophic depth of mind and discerning intelligence may yet live on Riverside Drive, New York. **Helen Lockwood Coffin** is a new contributor to the "Lion's Mouth." **Newman Levy**, a New York lawyer, is also the author of the recent contributions to the "Lion's Mouth" signed "Flaccus."



A whole issue of the Magazine would be none too large to contain all the newspaper editorials and the personal letters showered upon us by our readers in response to Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article, "The Land of the Free." We quote from a few of the most interesting:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR HARPER'S—This note is not on business; it is merely to tell you how immensely I was delighted with Mrs. Gerould's article in the January number. It is exactly the right note. The whole public should be grateful to her. The whole public that amounts to anything will be. I am becoming a publicity agent, cracking it up to everyone, and in nearly every letter I write, begging my correspondents to buy, read, and treasure it. May the New Year bless her for writing it and you for giving it to our starved and thirsty souls.

Yours ever,

BASIL KING.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

DEAR HARPER'S—How refreshing to read so brave an article as that of Mrs. Gerould in a magazine of the class of HARPER'S! It gives hope.

Yours very truly, J. B.

ST. JOHNSBURY EAST, Vermont.

DEAR HARPER'S—I care enough about your magazine and the country in general to say that I regard Katharine Gerould's article in the January number as venom under sparkles—the less of it in the world the better.

Yours truly, J. N. P.

POTTSVILLE, Penna.

DEAR HARPER'S—I have read Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article, "The Land of the Free," and since I am not going to pen "personal insult," or call her "un-American," or suggest that "she become a British subject," she may do me the honor of reading what I write in case, to borrow from her a phrase, "any editor should print this—which is fairly doubtful."

I, too, have been in Montreal, and I, too, have been captivated by the city, the people—almost everything in it. But I failed to feel an exotic sense of freedom, I failed to feel anything I do not feel at home, except a sense of utter thankfulness that I was an American. Why did I feel this? Because I met so many Canadians who upon their own initiative and with no prompting on my part, told me they were "more American" than anything else; some of them, in fact, insisted, and with vehemence, that they were as much American, as I. And let it be said that none of this interchange of sentiment took place under conditions made possible by reason of Canada's liquor laws. In point of fact the main part of the discussion took place in a garage in the morning when we were waiting to take our cars out. It was a sort of "free-for-all," in which anybody present could take part—and most of them did. I did not start it nor did I end it.

Mrs. Gerould tells us personal liberty with us is a thing of the past. The right of free speech is denied us; we are hedged about with restrictions; she is positive that outside of San Francisco she has failed to see on the streets of any American city people who appeared to be happy. It has all made her bitter—so much so that she had to relieve the pressure by reducing her thoughts to writing, even while frankly confessing that she never hoped her words might adorn the printed page.

We as a people enjoy as much personal liberty as we as a people—the majority of the people—feel it is safe and well for us to enjoy. We deny the right of free speech to no man or woman whom we believe to harbor sentiments that are not inimical to the safety of the nation. I could make a speech anywhere, and while I would not say I could draw or hold a crowd, not a hand or a voice would be raised to stop me. And yet I believe myself to be, and could get hundreds of good citizens to testify, that I am a liberal thinker. But I

do not hold the belief that I am competent to cure now and for all time any human ill you may mention.

I believe in that which is for the greatest good of the greatest number. I am content to leave the matter of determination to the greatest number. I will put the collective judgment of a thousand reasonably clear thinkers against the judgment of a single thinker or a score of thinkers and ninety-nine times out of a hundred my course will be vindicated. Because something does not please me does not make it certain that that something is wrong. I must canvass further than myself; I must get to the facts, to cause and result. My neighbor's opinions may be quite different from mine; I may find some food for thought in them.

America is still a pretty good country; it may happen that it is even better to-day than ever before in its history. Some things, privileges or prerogatives if you will, may have been taken from us as the years rolled by and conditions changed. But other things have been given to us. One of our fundamental rights is that of happiness. Has anybody even tried to deny us that right? Is there a land to-day where the people have more cause to be happy, and are as happy, as here in America? I do not know what kind of crowds Mrs. Gerould observed. Maybe they were embittered souls coming or going to a convention. Who knows?

HARRY JAMES SILLIMAN,
Editor Pottsville Journal.

SALEM, Mass.

DEAR HARPER'S—Has Mrs. Gerould thought, I wonder, of what makes the difference in atmosphere between the United States and Canada? It seems to me that just one thing makes all the difference in the world and that is that for years we have had an influx of the refuse and scum of all nations. They have come here and have been made citizens knowing nothing of our traditions, standards, ideals, institutions or Constitution, feeling that liberty means license and acting accordingly.

In desperation and in vain efforts for protection, laws have been made, and then more laws, until we are overwhelmed and beset by many which are unnecessary for good Americans and which are openly disregarded by the lawless hyphenates who never will be good Americans. We are supping sorrow now for our policy of unrestricted immigration and under the same circumstances I feel sure that Canada would be open to the same criticism that Mrs. Gerould makes of the United States.

Just so long as we open our gates to this refuse, just so long will we have a plethora of laws, and those for whom they are not necessary will be curtailed in their freedom on account of those who are unworthy of it.

Very truly yours, A. F.

FLUSHING, N. Y.

DEAR HARPER'S—The things Mrs. Gerould says are true, I feel, and it is most desirable that

they should be said again and again, particularly by those whose names command some respectful attention. I think they should be said often in order to let everybody know that a spirit of "mind-other-people's-business-violently" is apt to make everybody cross and unhappy.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

LEONA, Kansas.

DEAR HARPER'S—Some portions of "Freedom in The Land of the Free," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, would lead one to believe that Greenwich Village would be a comfortable habitation for the author.

F. A. C.

This jibe from Kansas goes wide of the mark. Mrs. Gerould resides in Princeton, New Jersey, where her husband is Professor of English in Princeton University. To the best of our belief, she is quite "comfortable" there, surrounded by her children and her many friends.

❖ ❖ ❖

The *Times-Picayune*, of New Orleans, in commenting editorially upon the degeneration of short-story writing, which has resulted in stories written wholly to stereotyped formulas, has the following to say about us:

If one were asked to name the periodical which has made the longest stride away from the formula, the answer would be: HARPER'S MAGAZINE. In a recent issue there were five stories, each in an entirely different vein; representing, severally, pathetic sentiment, irony, homely humor, keen delineation of character, and a satirical view of "the toilers." Another number offers a ghost story, the scene of which is laid in the South; a New England story; and a searching study of a woman's heart—to say nothing of that trenchant tale, "Arab Stuff," by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

The point is that the editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, whoever he may be, has allowed his readers a choice. He does not present them with a ready-made formula and say tacitly: "Take it or leave it. You shall get nothing else from me;" nor does he make the mistake of classing the whole reading public as "mostly fools." It is true there are many lumpy-minded persons who prefer the trite because that is all they can understand; but he who is wise does not underrate either his adversaries or his clientele.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE has become interesting and worthwhile because its contributors are not forced into a Procrustean bed, but are allowed to retain their natural form. The present ruler of its destinies seems to bear in mind the unforgettable words of Maupassant. The French writer said that average readers plead in turn: "Amuse me, console me, make me dream, make me weep;" but the discriminating spirit says only to the author: "Make me something admirable in the form that suits you best, following your own nature."

❖ ❖ ❖

Wilbur Daniel Steele's story, "Arab Stuff," mentioned in the editorial quoted above has received much praise. This from one of our most accomplished short-story writers:

I've just been compelled to write my first note to an author I don't know—Wilbur Steele, for his "Arab Stuff" in the January magazine. And then it occurred to me that I must tell you, too—so I'm sending it to you to forward, if you will. It seems to me one of the finest pieces of work, from every point of view, that I've ever seen. If Steele had been a heavy-headed professor he would probably have written two large tomes of solemn stuff to say less than he has compressed into that brief, beautiful form. I can't find the word to say what he has managed to do, but I *know* what it is—and that is the way one should respond to art, if it *is* art.

Have just had a fight about Sheila Kaye-Smith's "One Day in a Woman's Life." A subscriber to HARPER'S was very much enraged by your publishing such a low tale. I found myself defending it with the fervor of the younger generation at large—and in the end she admitted that she saw my point, that she was as much for truth as anybody, but that she saw no reason for robbing women of their dignity. "Well," says I, "life has done it, why not literature?" But she thought it a low tale just the same. How we radicals do suffer in this conventional world! I'm glad to see you publishing such "low stuff."

Faithfully,

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER.

❖ ❖ ❖

SEATTLE, Wash.

DEAR HARPER'S—I have just read "Arab Stuff" by Wilbur Daniel Steele. Until the old gossip was introduced, I enjoyed the story as a clever burlesque. But in the ending the author with a deft and surprising stroke transfigured the story from a diverting satire into something rich and strange. I like the ambiguous satire and the monstrous irony on which the reader is left to chew.

Yours truly, O. M. FORSYTH,
Instructor in English, Lincoln High School.

❖ ❖ ❖

James Norman Hall again bursts into verse while at work upon the prose account of his travels in Iceland. He writes enthusiastically of the country and his adventures, but we take it that Icelandic fare is not to his liking. He inquires:

Didn't HARPER'S once publish a play about Iceland, called "The Winter Feast?" Well, here's another Winter Feast from the same region:

It was a winter evening;

Old Caspar's work was done.

"To supper!" he roared in Icelandic,

"I'm famished! Come on, my son!"

We shut the door of the cattle barn
(Nor was I loathe to go),
And took the lantern and struggled through
Mountains of drifting snow.

The house was more than a mile away,
A river passed the door,
Or better, had stood in front of it
These past three months and more.

The wind had swept the channel free
From snow, the ice was slick;
Suddenly down old Caspar went
Like a thousand tons of brick.

He fell upon the lantern,
And I on Caspar's head;
I cannot quote iambically
The words which then were said.

"Winter and summer," Caspar said,
"This river is my bane;"
"I can well believe it," I replied
When I had my breath again.

Oh! bitter blew the wind and gripped
All nature in a vise;
And if you spit, before it hit
It was a lump of ice.

We climbed the pathway to the house,
And ere we entered in
Washed hands and faces in the snow,
It felt warm to the skin.

No stove nor any fire was there
In that *dagstofa* old,
But bodily heat somewhat dispelled
The coarsest of the cold.

Yet, though our breath came out like steam,
Caspar removed his coat;
"Whew! but it's hot in here!" he said,
Baring his chest and throat.

Then, going to the entryway,
"Vigdis! Supper!" he roared;
A moment later Vigdis, his wife,
Had placed it on the board.

"What may I pass you?" Caspar said.
I cast my eye about,
For the food had a strange, uncanny look,
And I was in some doubt.

"What may I pass you?" he said again;
I answered, "If you please,
I'll trouble you for a slice of bread
And a little of that cheese."

"What! cheese to start your supper with?
Have some of this nice *sláter*—
It's made of fat and dried sheep's blood—
And you will feel much stouter.

"There's nothing to whet the appetite
Like dried sheep's blood and fat."
"Oh thanks! but I'm hungry enough as it is,
So I won't have any of that."

"Then let me recommend that you
A little shark meat try;
It's heaven to smell and eat when it
Begins to mortify.

"We wash it down with schnapps," he said,
Smacking his lips with zest,
And he washed some down, and smacked again,
"That puts hair on your chest!"

"Caspar, I'm mortified if you
Are mortified at me;
But my stomach and mortified shark meat
I am sure would not agree."

"Then have some schnapps without the meat."
I timidly said, "Alright,"
And drank; my liver, a moment thence
Burned green and blue and white.

"Isn't that fine?" old Caspar said;
"Delicious!" I replied,
But "Scotland's Burning" my stomach sang,
And I thought that I had died.

I thought that I was dead and gone
(Alas!) to what reward
A misspent life vouchsafed; but no,
I still sat at the board.

And there sat Caspar opposite.
"Now then! what next?" he said;
And thereupon he took his fork
And speared a huge sheep's head.

It had been roasted whole: teeth, tongue,
Eyes, nostrils—all but wool,
And even shreds of this still clung
Upon that grisly skull.

"Here's one for you and one for me,"
Said Caspar, "Come! set-to!"
And drawing closer still his chair,
Proceeded so to do.

"Don't use your knife and fork on this,
For they are useless things."
I thought of ships and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings;

Of the lines in "The Ancient Mariner,"
Now fraught with meaning new:
"It ate the food it ne'er had eat
And round and round it flew."

I thought of this, I thought of that,
While Caspar ate his head;
And having finished, "Bless my soul!
You've not touched yours!" he said.

"Well, what in the deuce *will* you have?" he said,
"Your hunger to appease?"
I troubled him for a slice of bread
And another piece of cheese.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Oh! all you pampered Gothamites
Who live at Franklin Square,
Who sit at night by open fires
And dine on dainty fare,

If you to Iceland turn your thoughts
And thitherward would go—
God save you all from a feast like this
At the Farm of Norman's Woe!

NORMAN HALL.



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

Illustration for "Muzio"

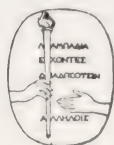
MANY THINGS WERE REMEMBERED. MANY OTHER THINGS WERE FORGIVEN AND FORGOTTEN

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART II

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

The infant heir of a rich New York family is stolen from his nurse in Central Park by a woman whose mind has been unhinged by the death of her own child. The boy, called Tom Coburn, or Whitelaw, grows up a sturdy, handsome youngster in spite of tenement food and surroundings, and gives to the crazed woman he calls "Mudda" the affection of his lovable, honest nature. When he is seven years old, she is arrested for shoplifting, and taken to jail, while he is cared for on Christmas Eve by the kind-hearted matron of a Home, who tries to comfort him in his loneliness and fear of what is to happen to him.

VII

HE woke to his first Christmas. That is, he woke to find a chair drawn up beside his cot and stocked with little presents. He had never had presents before. It had not been his mother's custom to make them. Since she gave him what she could afford, and they shared everything in common, presents would have seemed to her superfluous.

But here were half a dozen parcels done up in white paper and tied with red ribbon, and on them he could read his name. At least, he could read Tom, while he guessed from the length of the word and the initial *W* that the other name was Whitelaw. So he was to be Tom Whitelaw now! The fact seemed

to make a change in his identity. He stowed it away in the back of his mind for later meditation, in order to feast his soul on the mystic bounty of Santa Claus.

He knew who Santa Claus was. He had often seen him in the windows of the big stores, surrounded by tempting packages, and driving reindeer harnessed to a sleigh. He knew that he drove over the roofs of houses, down chimneys, and out through grates. Somewhere, too, he harbored the suspicion that this was only childish talk, and that the real Santa Claus must be a father or a mother, or in this case Mrs. Crewdson; only both childish talk and fact simmered without conflict in his brain. It was easier to think that a supernatural goodwill had brought him this profusion than that

commonplace hands, which had never done much for him hitherto, should all of a sudden be busy on his behalf.

Raising himself on his elbow, his first thought came with the bubbling of a sob. "My mudda is in jail!" His second was in the nature of a corollary, "But she'll like it when I tell her that Santa Claus took care of her little boy." The deduction gave him permission to enjoy himself.

At first he only gazed in a rapture that hardly guessed at what was beneath these snowy coverings. What he was to get was secondary to the fact that he was getting something. For the first time in his life he was taken into that vast family of boys and girls for whom Christmas has significance. Up to this morning he had stood outside of it wistfully—yearning, hoping, and yet condemned to stand aloof. Now, if his mudda hadn't been in jail . . .

The parcels were larger and smaller. Beginning with the smallest, he arranged them according to size. Merely to touch them sent a thrill through his frame. The smallest was round like an orange and yet yielded to pressure. He was almost sure it was a rubber ball. He could have been quite sure, only that he preferred the condition of suspense.

It was long before he could bring himself to untie the first red ribbon bow, his surprise on finding a rubber ball being no less keen than if he hadn't known it was a rubber ball on first taking it between his fingers. A handkerchief laid out flat, making the second parcel seem bigger than it was, sent him up in the scale of social promotion. By way of candies, nuts, a toothbrush with tooth paste, he came to the largest of all, a History of Mankind, written in words of one syllable, and garnished with highly-colored pictures of various racial types. If only his mother hadn't been in jail . . .

That his mother was no longer in jail was a fact he learned later in the day. It was a day of extremes, of quick rushes of rapture out of which he would

fall suddenly, to go away somewhere and moan. When he begged, as he begged every hour or two, to be taken to the jail, he could be distracted by romplings with the other children, most of them in some such case as his own, or by some novelty in the life. To eat turkey and plum pudding at the head of one of three long tables, each seating twelve or fourteen, was to be raised to a point of social eminence beyond which it seemed there could be nothing more to reach. But in the midst of this pride the hard facts would recur to him, and turkey and plum pudding choke him.

That something had happened he began to infer when his beloved policeman appeared at the home in the afternoon. Having seen him enter, the boy ran up to him.

"Oh, mister, are you going to take me to the jail?"

Mister patted him on the head, though he answered, absently, "Not just now, sonny. You know you're goin' to have a Christmas Tree. I've come to see Miss Honiton."

Miss Honiton, one of the day matrons, having appeared at the end of the hall, the policeman turned him about by the shoulders.

"Now be off with you and play. This has got to be private."

He took himself off but only to the end of the hall, where they didn't notice that he lingered. He lingered because he knew that, whatever the mystery, it had something to do with him.

He caught, however, no more than words, which he couldn't understand. Cyanide of potassium! Only his quick ear and retentive memory enabled him to lay hold of syllables so difficult. His mother had taken something or hadn't taken something, he couldn't make out which. All he saw was that both of his friends looked grave. Miss Honiton summing up their consultation,

"I'll let him enjoy the Christmas Tree before saying anything about it."

The policeman answered, regretfully: "Do you think you must?"



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

MRS. CREWDSON TALKED WITH VEILED, CONFIDENTIAL FRANKNESS

"I know I must. He ought to be told. He has a right to know. He might resent it later if we didn't tell him now."

"Very well, sister. I leave it to you."

The door having closed on this friend, Tom Whitelaw, so to call him henceforth, made his way into the room where the Christmas Tree was presently to be lighted up. But he had no heart for the spectacle. There was something new. In the grip of the forces which controlled his life he felt helpless, small. Even his companions in misfortune, as all these children were, could be relatively light-hearted. They could clap their hands when the Tree began to burn with magic fires, and take pleasure in the presents handed out to them. He could not. He was waiting for something to be told to him—something he had a right to know.

One by one, the presents were cut from the Tree; one by one the children went up to receive this addition to what Santa Claus had brought them in the morning. His own name was among the last. When it was called he went forward perfunctorily at first, and then with a sudden inspiration.

His package was handed him, not by one of the matrons but by a beaming young lady from outside. As she bent to deliver it he had his question ready.

"Please, miss, what's cyanide of potassium?"

He had repeated the words to himself so often during the half hour since first hearing them that he pronounced them distinctly. The young lady laughed.

"Why, I think it's a deadly poison." She turned to the matron nearest her. "What is cyanide of potassium? This dear little boy wants to know."

But the dear little boy had already walked soberly back to his seat. While the other children made merry with their presents he sat with his on his lap, and reflected. Poison was something that killed people. He knew that. In one of the houses where they had lived a woman had taken poison, and two days later he had seen her carried out in a long black

box. The impression had remained with him poignantly.

He had no inclination to cry. Tears could bring little relief in this kind of cosmic catastrophe. If his mother had taken poison and was to be carried out in a long black box, everything that had made up his world would have collapsed. He could only wait submissively till the thing he ought to know was told to him.

It was told when the giving of the presents was over, and the children flocked out of the room to get ready for their Christmas supper. Miss Honiton was waiting near the door.

"Come into my office, dear. I want to ask you a few questions."

Miss Honiton's office was a mixture of office and sitting room, in that it had business furniture offset by photographs and knickknacks. Sitting at her desk, she turned to the lad, who stood as if to attention, a long thin sympathetic face, stamped with practical acumen.

"I wanted to ask you if besides your mother you have any relations."

His dark blue eyes, deep set beneath his bushy brows, she thought the most serious and earnest she had ever seen in any of the hundreds of homeless little boys she had had to deal with.

"No, miss."

"No brothers or sisters, no uncles or aunts?"

"No, miss."

"Didn't your mother ever take you to see anyone?"

"No, miss."

"Well, then, didn't anyone ever come to see her?"

"No, miss."

To the point she was trying to reach she went round by another way. Where did they live? How long had they lived there? Where had they lived before that? How long had they lived in that place? He answered to the best of his recollection, but when it came to their fittings from tenement to tenement, and from town to town, his recollection didn't take him very far. Miss Honiton

soon understood that she might as well question a bird as to its migrations.

For a minute she said nothing, turning over in her mind the various ways of breaking her painful news, when he himself asked, suddenly:

"Is my mudda dead?"

The question was so direct that she felt it deserved a direct answer.

"Yes, dear."

"Did she—" he pulled himself together for the big words—"did she take cyanide of potassium?"

"Yes, dear; so I understand."

"Will they take her away in a long black box?"

"She'll be buried, dear, of course. There'll have to be a funeral somewhere."

"Can I go to it?"

"Yes, dear, certainly. I'll go with you myself."

He said nothing more, and Miss Honiton felt the futility of trying to comfort him. There was no opening for comfort in that stony little face. All she could suggest to break the tension was to ask if he wouldn't like his supper.

He went to his supper and ate it. He ate it ruminantly, speechlessly. What had happened to him he could not measure; what was before him he could not probe. All he knew of himself was that he had become a clod of misery, with almost nothing to temper his desolation.

Two big tears rolled down his cheeks without his being aware of it. They did not, however, escape the eyes of a little girl who sat near him.

"Who's a cry-baby?" she shrieked, to the entertainment of the lookers-on. She pointed at him with her spoon. "A grea' big boy like that cryin' for his momma!"

He accepted the scorn as a tonic. "A grea' big boy like that cryin' for his momma," were the words with which he kept many a pang during the next few days from being more than a tearless anguish.

Miss Honiton was as good as her

word as to going with him to the rooms which housed the long black box. This he understood to be all that now represented his mudda. She had tried to explain the place as an "undertaker's parlor," but the words were outside his vocabulary. In the same way the why and the wherefore of the ceremony were outside his intelligence. He and Miss Honiton went into the dim room, and stood near the thing he heard mentioned as "the body." After some mumbled reading they went out again, and back to the Swindon Street Home.

Back in the Swindon Street Home he was still without a wherefore or a why. He got up, he washed, he dressed, he ate, he went to bed again. He was in a dormitory now with three other little boys, all of them too deep in the problems of parents in jail or in parts unknown to offer him much fellowship. They cried when they were left alone in bed, or they cried in their sleep; but they cried. It was his own pride, and in no small measure his strength, that he didn't cry, unless he cried in dreams.

Everyone was good to him, Mrs. Crewdson and Miss Honiton especially, but no one could give him the clue to life which instinctively he clutched for. That one didn't stay forever in the Swindon Street Home he could see from observation. The children he had found there went away; other children came. Some of these stayed but a night or two. None of them stayed much longer. By those sixth and seventh senses which children develop when they are in trouble he divined that conferences were taking place on his behalf. Now and then he detected glances shot toward him by the matrons in discussion which told him that he was being talked about. It was easy to deduce that he was in the Swindon Street Home longer than was the custom because they didn't know what to do with him. He inferred that they didn't know what to do with him from the many questions which many people asked. Sometimes it was a man, more times it was a

woman, but the questions were always along the lines of those of Miss Honiton as he came out from the children's Christmas Tree. Had he any relatives? Had he any friends? If he had they ought to look after him. It was hard for these kindly people to believe that he had no claim whatever on any member of the human race.

He began to hear the words, a State ward. Though they meant nothing to him at first, he strove, as he always did, with new words and expressions, to find their application. Then one evening, as Mrs. Crewdson was putting him to bed, she told him that that was what he had become.

"You see, darling, now that your father and mother are both dead, the whole country is going to adopt you. Isn't that nice? And it isn't everything. You're going to have a home—not a home like this—what we call an institution—but a real home—with a real father and mother in it, and real brothers and sisters."

He took this stolidly. He was not to be moved now by anything that could happen. A waif on the world, the world had the right to pitch him in any direction that it chose. All he could do with his own desires was to beat them into submission. He mustn't cry! His fears and his griefs alike focussed themselves into that resolve. It was the only way in which he could translate his stout-hearted will to endure.

VIII

To conduct him to his new home, Mrs. Crewdson gave up the whole of the morning she was supposed to spend in sleep after her all-night vigil. The home was in a little town a short distance up the Hudson. Though the railway journey was not long, it was the longest he had ever taken, and, once the river came within view, it was not without its excitements. His spirits began to rise with a sense of new adventure. There were things to look at, bridges,

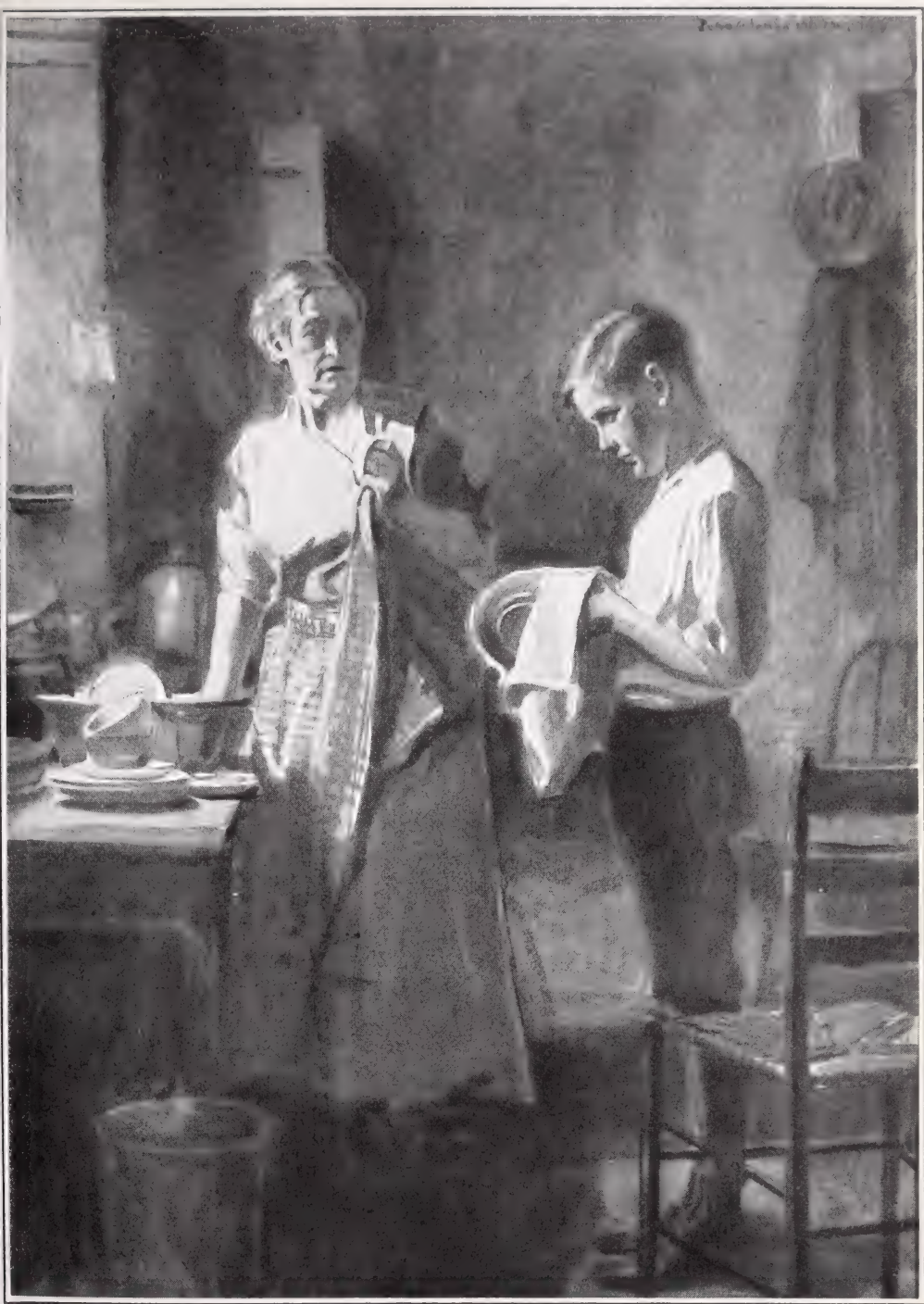
steamers, a man-o'-war at anchor, lumber yards, coal sheds, an open-air exhibit of mortuary monuments, and high overhead the clear cold blue of a January sky. On the other side of the river the wooded heights made a bold brown bastion, flecked here and there with snow.

As he had not asked where they were going, or the composition of the family with whom the Guardian of State Wards was placing him, his protectress permitted him to make his own discoveries. New faces, new contacts, new necessities, would help him to forget the old.

They got out at the station of Harfrey. Mrs. Crewdson carried the suitcase containing the wardrobe rescued when they had searched the rooms which he and his mother had occupied last. In front of the station they got on a ramshackle street car, which zig-zagged up the face of the bank, rising steeply from the river, so reaching the little town. They turned sharply at the top of the ridge to run through the one long street. It was a mean-looking street of drab wooden dwellings and drab wooden shops, occupied mostly by people dependent on the grand seigneurs of the neighboring big "places." An ugly schoolhouse, an ugly engine house, two or three ugly churches, further defied that beauty of which God had been so generous.

Having got out at a corner at which the car stopped, they walked to a small wooden house with a mansard roof, standing back from the street. It was a putty-colored house, with window and door frames in flecked, anæmic yellow. Perched on the edge of the ridge, it had three stories at the back and but two in front. What had once been an orchard had dwindled now to three or four apple trees, the rest of the ground being utilized as a chicken run. As the day was sunny, a few Plymouth Rocks were scratching and pecking in the yard.

Having turned in here, they found themselves expected, the front door



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"I DO BELIEVE HE'D LIKE TO SEE ME IN MY GRAVE"

opening before they reached the cement slab in front of it. The greetings were all for Mrs. Crewdson, who was plainly an old friend. The boy went in only because Mrs. Crewdson went in, and in the same way proceeded to a cheery, shabby sitting room. Here there were books and magazines about, while a canary in a cage began to sing as soon as he heard voices. To a homeless little boy the haven was so sweet that he forgot to take off his cap.

The first few minutes were consumed in questions as to this one and that one, relatives apparently, together with data given and received as to certain recognized maladies. Mrs. Crewdson was getting better of her headaches, but Mrs. Tollivant still suffered from her varicose veins. Only when these preliminaries were out of the way and Mrs. Crewdson had thrown off her outer wraps, was the introduction accomplished.

"So I've brought you the boy! Tom, dear, this is Mrs. Tollivant who's going to take care of you. Your cap, Tom! I imagine," she continued, with an apologetic smile, "you'll find manners very rudimentary."

Obliged to take an early train back to New York, Mrs. Crewdson talked with veiled, confidential frankness. A boy of seven could not be supposed to seize the drift of her cautious phraseology, even if he heard some of it.

"So you know the main features of the case. . . . I told them it wouldn't be fair to you to let you assume so much responsibility without your knowing the whole. . . . With children of your own to think of, you couldn't expose them to a harmful influence unless you were put in a position to take every precaution against . . . Not that we've seen anything ourselves. . . . But, of course, after such a bringing up there can't but be traces. . . . And such good material there. . . . I'm sure you'll find it so. . . . Personally, I haven't seen a human being in a long time to whom my heart has gone . . . Only there it is.

. . . An inheritance which can't but be . . ."

He didn't feel betrayed. He had nothing to resent. Mrs. Crewdson had proved herself his friend, and he trusted her. Without knowing all the words she used, he caught easily enough the nature of the sentiments they stood for. These he accepted meekly. He was a bad boy. His mother and he had been engaged in wicked practices. Dimly, in unallayed mental discomfort, he had been convinced of this himself; and now it was clear to everyone. If they hadn't known what to do with him it was because a bad boy couldn't fit rightly into a world where everyone else was good. A young evildoer, he had no role left but that of humility.

He was the more keenly aware of this after Mrs. Crewdson had bidden him farewell, and he was face to face with his new foster mother. A wiry little woman, quick in action and sharp in tongue, she would be kind to him, with a nervous, nagging kindness. He got this impression, as he got an odor or a taste, without having to define or analyze. Later in life, when he had come to observe something of the stamp which professions leave on personalities, he was not surprised that she should have worn herself out in school-teaching before marrying Andrew Tollivant, a bookkeeper. As he sat now, just as Mrs. Crewdson had left him, his overcoat still on his back, his cap in his hand, his feet dangling because the chair was too high for him, she treated him as if he were a class.

"Now, little boy, before we go any farther, you and I had better understand each other."

With this brisk call to his attention, she sat down in front of him, frightening him to begin with.

"You know that this is now to be your home, and I intend to do my duty by you to the best of my ability. Mr. Tollivant will do the same. If you take the children in the right way I'm sure you'll find them friendly. They were

very nice to the last little boy the Board of Guardians sent to us."

Staring in fascinated awe at the starry brightness of her eyes, and the wrinkles of worry around them, he waited in silence for more.

"But one or two things I hope you'll remember on your side. Perhaps you haven't heard that the Board has found it hard to get anyone to take you. You're old enough to know that where there are children in a family people are shy of a boy who's had just your history. But I've run the risk. It's a great risk, I admit, and may be dangerous to my own. Do you understand what I mean?"

"No, ma'am," he said, blankly.

"Then I'll tell you. There are two things children must learn as soon as they're able to learn anything. One is to be honest; the other is to tell the truth. You know what telling the truth is, don't you?"

He did know, but paralyzed by her earnestness, he denied the fact. "No, ma'am."

"So there you are! And I don't suppose you've been taught anything about honesty."

"No, ma'am."

"Then you must begin to learn."

He began to learn that minute. Still treating him as a class, she delivered a little lecture, such as a child of tender years could understand, on the two basic virtues of which he had pleaded ignorance. He listened as in a trance, his eyes fixed on her vacantly. Though seizing a disconnected word or two, fear kept him from getting the gist of it all, as he generally did.

"It's your influence on the children that I want you to beware of. Arthur is older than you, but he's only ten; and a boy with your experience could easily teach him a good deal of harm. Cilly is eight, and Bertie only five. You'll be careful with them, won't you? Do you know that if we lead others astray God will call us to account for it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, He will; and I want you to

remember it, and be afraid. Unless you're afraid of God you'll never grow into the good boy I hope we're going to make of you."

The homily finished, he was instructed in the ways of the upper floor, where, in the sloping space under the eaves, he was to have his room. After this he came back to the sitting room, not knowing what else to do. He was in a daze. It was as if he had dropped on another planet where nothing was familiar. Whether to stand up or sit down he didn't know. He didn't know what to think, or what to think about. Cut loose from his bearings, he floated in mental space.

As standing seemed to commit him to least that was wrong, he stood. Standing implied looking out of the window, and looking out of the window showed him, about half past twelve, a well-built boy, rosy with the cold, noisy from exuberance of spirit, swinging in at the gate and brandishing a hockey stick. From her preparation of the dinner his mother ran to meet him at the door. She spoke in a loud whisper that easily reached the sitting room.

"Now be careful Arthur. He's come. He's in there."

Arthur responded with noisy indifference. "Who? The crook?"

"Sh-h-h, dear! You mustn't call him that. We must help him to forget it, and to grow into being like ourselves."

Arthur grunted noncommittally. Presently he strolled into the sitting room, whistling a tune. With hands in his pockets, his bearing was that of an overlord. He made a circuit of the room, eying the new guest, as the new guest eyed him back.

"Hello?" the overlord said at last, with a faint note of interrogation.

Still whistling and still with his hands in his pockets, he strolled out again.

Tom Whitelaw's nerves had become so many runlets for shame. He was the crook! He knew the word as one which crooks themselves use contemptuously. If he should hear it again . . . But

happily Mrs. Tollivant had put her veto on its use.

The gate clicked again. Coming up the pathway, he saw a girl of about his own age, with a boy much younger who swung himself on crutches. All his movements were twisted and grotesque. His head was sunk into his shoulders as if he had no neck. His feet and legs wore metal braces. His face had the uncannily aged look produced by suffering. Without actually helping him, the little girl kept by his side maternally. She was a dainty little girl, very fair, with shiny yellow hair hanging down her back, like a fairy princess in a picture book. The boy looking out of the window fell in love with her at sight. He was sure that in her he would find a friend.

On entering she called out in a whiny voice, very musical to Tom Whitelaw's ear:

"Ma! Bertie's been a naughty boy. He wouldn't sing 'Pretty Birdling' for Miss Smallbones. I told him you'd punish him, and you will, won't you, ma?"

As there was no response to this, the young ones came to the door of the sitting room and looked in. They stared at the stranger, and the stranger stared at them, with the unabashed frankness of young animals. Having stared their fill, the son and daughter of the house went off to ask about dinner.

To Tom that dinner was another new experience. For the first time in his life he sat down to what is known as a family meal. Attempts had sometimes been made by well-meaning women in the tenements to rope him to their tables, but his mother had never permitted him to yield to them. Now he sat down with those of his own age, to be served like them, and on some sort of footing of equality. The honor was so great that he could hardly swallow. Second helpings were beyond him.

The afternoon was blank again. "You'll begin to go to school on Monday," Mrs. Tollivant had explained;

but in the meantime he had the hours to himself. They were long. He was lonely. Having been given permission to go into the yard, he stood studying the Plymouth Rocks. Presently he was conscious of a light step behind him. Before he had time to turn around he also heard a voice. It was a whiny voice, yet sharp and peremptory.

"You stop looking at our hens."

The fairy princess had not come up to him; she had paused some two or three yards away. Her expression was so haughty that it hurt him. It hurt him more from her than from anybody else because of his admiration. He looked at her beseechingly, not for permission to go on studying the Plymouth Rocks, but for some shade of relenting. He got none. The sharp little face was as glittering and cold as one of the icicles hanging from the roof behind her. Heavy at heart, he turned to go into the house by the back door.

He had climbed most of the hill when the clear, whiny voice arrested him.

"Who's a crook?"

At this stab in the back he leaped round, fury in his dark blue eyes. But the fairy princess was used to fury in dark blue eyes, and knew how best to defy it. The tip of the tongue she thrust out at him added insolence to insult. He turned again, and, wounded in all his being, went on into the house.

Near the back door there was a sun parlor, and in it he saw Bertie, squatting in a small-wheeled chair built for his convenience. Bertie called to him invitingly.

"I've got a book."

"I've got a book, too," he returned, in Bertie's own spirit.

"You show me your book, and I'll show you mine."

The proposal being fair, he went in search of his History of Mankind. In a few minutes he was seated on the floor beside Bertie's chair, exchanging literary criticisms. He liked Bertie. He had a premonition that Bertie was going to like him. After the disdain of the

fairly princess, and the superciliousness of the overlord, this was comforting. Moreover, he could return Bertie's friendliness by doing things for him which no one else had time to do. He could push his wheeled chair; he could run his errands; he could fetch and carry; he would like doing it.

"I've got infantile paralysis."

"I've got a rubber ball."

"I've got a train."

"I've got a funny little man what dances."

Coming into the house, Cilly found them the best of friends, in the best of spirits. Without entering the sun-parlor, she spoke through the doorway, coldly.

"Bertie, I don't think momma would like you to act like that. I'll go and ask her."

Mrs. Tollivant hurried from the kitchen, scouring a saucepan as she looked in on them. Seeing nothing amiss, she went away again. Then as if distrusting her own vision, she came back. She came back more than once, anxiously, suspiciously. Bertie was enjoying himself with this boy picked out of the gutter. That the boy had been picked out of the gutter was not what troubled her, but that Bertie should enjoy himself in the lad's society. Wise enough not to put notions into Bertie's head, she stopped her ward later in the day, when she had the chance to speak to him alone.

"I saw you playing with Bertie. Well, that's all right. Only you'll remember your promise, won't you? You won't teach him anything harmful?"

"No, ma'am," the boy answered, humbly, as one who has a large selection of harmful things to impart.

IX

He had looked forward to Monday and school. After four days in the Tollivant household he was eager for relief from it. Except for Cilly's occasional, and always private, taunts, they

were not unkind to him; they only treated him as an outcast whom they had been obliged to succor because no one else would do so. He had the same food and drink as they; his room was good enough; of whatever was material he had no complaint to make. There was only the distrust which rendered his bread bitter and the bed hard to lie upon. They didn't take him in as one of them. They kept him outside, an alien, an intruder.

It was again a new experience in that for the first time in his life he was doing without love. When he was Tom Coburn he had had plenty of it at the worst of times. The Swindon Street Home was full of it. In the Tollivant house it was the only thing weighed and measured and stinted. He couldn't, of course, make this analysis. He only knew that something on which his life depended was not given him.

He hoped to find it in the school. In any case the school would admit him to the larger life. It would bind him to that human family which he had so long craved to enter. In addition to that, it was at school you learned things.

He was the more eager to learn things for the reason that Mrs. Tollivant had declared him backward. In the primary school Cilly was in the second grade; he must go into the first. He would be with children a year younger than himself. But the humiliation would be an incentive to ambition. He had already decided that only by "knowing things" should he be able to lift himself out of his despised estate.

The school session was all he had hoped for. Miss Pollard, the teacher, put in touch with his story by Mrs. Tollivant, kept him near to her, and watched over him. He learned to discriminate between *his*, *has*, and *had*, as matters of orthography, as well as between *cat*, *car*, and *can*. That twice two made four and twice four made eight added much to his understanding of numbers. He sang *Roving the Old Homeland*, while Miss Pollard pointed

on the map to the places as they were named.

From Plymouth town to Plymouth town
The Pilgrims made their way;
The Puritans settled Salem,
And Boston on the Bay.

The air had a rhythm and a lilt which allowed for the inclusion of any reasonable number of redundant syllables.

The Dutch lived in New Amsterdam,
Where the blue waters fork;
The English came and conquered it,
And turned it into New York.

A little history, a little geography, being taught by the simple method of doggerel, much pleasure was evoked by the exercise of healthy lungs. Listening to her new pupil, Miss Pollard discovered a sweet treble that had never before been aware of itself, with a linnet's joy in piping. A linnet's joy was his joy throughout the whole morning, with no more than a slight flaw in his ecstasy in the thought of two hours in the Tollivant home before he came back for the afternoon.

As Cilly called for Bertie at the kindergarten, he walked homeward by himself. Happy with a happiness never experienced before, he had not noticed that his schoolmates hung away from him, tittering as he passed. To well-dressed little boys and girls his worn old cap, his frayed knickerbockers, and above all his cheap gray overcoat with a stringy sheepskin collar, naturally marked him for derision. They would have marked him for derision even had his story not been known to everyone.

He went singing on his way, stepping manfully to the measure.

The Dutch lived in New Amsterdam,
Where the blue waters fork,
The English came and conquered it,
And turned it into New York.

They massed themselves behind him, convulsed by his lack of self-consciousness. The little girls giggled; the boys attempted to make snowballs from snow

too powdery to hold together. One lad found a frozen potato which he hurled in such a way as to skim close to the singing figure while just missing it. Tom Whitelaw, unsuspecting of ill-will, turned round in curiosity. He was greeted by a hoot from the crowd, but from whom he couldn't tell.

"Who's the boy what his mother was put in jail?"

The hoot became a chorus of jeers. By one after another the insult was taken up.

"Who's the boy what his mother was put in jaaa-il?"

As far as he was able to distinguish, the voices of the little girls were the louder. In their merriment they screamed piercingly,

"Gutter-snipe! Gutter-rat! Crook! Crook! Crook! Who's the boy what his mother was put in ja-aa-ail?"

Crimson, with clenched fists, with gnashing teeth, with tears of rage in his eyes, he stood his ground while they came on. They swept toward him in a semicircle of which he made the center. Very well! So much the better! He could spring on at least one of them, and dash his brains out on the ground. There was no ferocity he would not enjoy putting into execution.

He sprang, but amid the yells of the crowd his prey dodged and escaped him. The semicircle broke. Instead of advancing in massed formation, it danced round him now as forty or fifty imps. The imps bewildered him, as *banderilleros* bewilder a bull in the ring. He didn't know which to attack. When he lunged at one, the charge was diverted by another, so that he struck at the air wildly. Shrieks of mockery at these failures maddened him, with the heart-breaking madness of a loving thing goaded out of all semblance to itself. He panted, he groaned, he dashed about foolishly, he stumbled, he fell. When pelted with pebbles or scraps of ice, he was hardly aware of the rain upon his head.

But the mob swept on, leaving him

behind. At gates and corners the boy baiters disappeared, hungry for their dinners. Most of them forgot him as soon as they had turned their backs. A few still cried from a distance, "Crook! Crook! Crook!" but presently even they were heard no more. It was easy for them to stop for awhile since they could begin again.

He was alone on the gritty, icy slope surrounding the schoolhouse. There was no comfort for him in the world. Faintly he remembered as a satisfaction that he hadn't cried, but even this consolation was cold. He wondered if he couldn't kill himself.

He did not kill himself, though he pondered ways and means of doing it. He came to the conclusion that it would be foolish to kill himself before killing some of his tormentors. He prayed about it that night, his first prayer, except for the one taught him on Christmas Eve by Mrs. Crewdson.

To the family devotions, for which all were assembled about eight o'clock, before the younger children went to bed, Mr. Tollivant had begun to add a new petition.

"And, O Heavenly Father, take pity on the little stranger within our gates, even as we have welcomed him into our home. Blot out his past from Thy book. Give him a new heart. Make him truthful and honest especially. Help him to be gentle, obedient . . ."

But savagely the boy intervened on his own behalf. "O Heavenly Father, don't! Don't give me a new heart, or make me gentle and obedient, till I kill some of them fellows that called me a crook, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

X

He killed none of the fellows who called him a crook, though during the first two years of his schooling he was called a crook pretty often. Whatever grade he was in, he was always that boy who differs from other boys, and is therefore the black swan in a flock of

white ones. Whatever his progress, he made it to the tune of his own history. He was a gutter-snipe! His mother had killed herself in jail! Before she had killed herself both he and she had been arrested for thieving in a shop! There was not a house in Harfrey where the tale was not told. There was never a boy or girl in the school who hadn't learned it before making his acquaintance.

Besides, they said of him, he would have been "different" anyhow. Being "different" was an offense less easily pardoned than being criminal. Dressed more poorly than they, and with no claims of a social kind, he carried himself with that bearing which they could only describe as putting on airs. It was Cilly Tollivant who first brought this charge home to him.

"But I don't, Cilly," he protested, earnestly. "I don't know how to be any other way."

Cilly was by this time growing sisterly. She couldn't live in the house with him and not feel her heart relenting, and though she disdained him in public, as her own interests compelled her to do, in private she tried to help him.

"Don't know how to be any other way!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Tom Whitelaw, you make me sick. Don't you know even how to *talk* right?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"There you go," she interrupted, bitterly. "Why can't you say *Yep*, like anybody else?"

He took the suggestion humbly. He would try. His only explanation of his eccentricity was that *Yep* and *Nope* didn't suit his tongue.

But adopting *Yep* and *Nope*, as he might have adopted words from a foreign language, adopting much else that was crude and crass and vulgar and noisy and swaggering and standardized, according to schoolboy notions of the standard, he still found himself "different." For one thing, he looked different. Debase his language as he might, or coarsen his manners, or stultify his

impulses, he couldn't keep himself from shooting up tall and straight, with a carriage of the head which was in itself an offense to those who knew themselves inferior. It made nothing easier for him that his teachers liked and respected him. "Teacher's pet" was a term of reproach hardly less painful than crook or gutter-snipe. But he couldn't help learning easily; he couldn't help answering politely when politely spoken to; he couldn't help the rapture of his smile when a friendly word came his way. All this told against him. He was gayed, teased, worried, tortured. If there was a cap to be snatched it was his. If there was one of a pair of rubber shoes to be stolen or hidden it was his. If there was an exercise book to be grabbed and thrown up into a tree where the owner could be pelted while he clambered after it, it was his. Because he was poor, friendless, defenseless, and yet with damnable pride written all over him, it became a recognized law of the school that any meanness done to him would be legitimate.

But in his third year at the Tollivants the persecution waned, and in the fourth it stopped. His schoolmates grew. Growing, they developed other instincts. Fair play was one of them; admiration for pluck was another.

"You've got to hand it to that kid," Arthur Tollivant, now fourteen, had been heard to say in a circle of his friends. "He's stood everything and never squealed a yelp. Some young tough, believe me!"

This good opinion was reflected among the lads of Tom Whitelaw's own age. They had never been cruel; they had only been primitive. Having passed beyond that stage, they forgot to no small degree what they had done while in it. The boy who at seven was the crook was at eleven Whitey the Sprinter. He walked to and from school with the best of them. With the best of them he played and fought and swore privately. If he put on airs it was the airs of being a much sadder dog than he was, daring

to smoke a cigarette and go home with the smell of the wickedness on his breath.

So, outwardly, Tom Whitelaw came in for two full years of good-natured toleration. If it did not go further than toleration it was because he was a State ward. On the baseball or the football team he might be welcomed as an equal; in homes there was discrimination. He was not invited to parties, and among the young people of Harfrey parties were not few. Girls who met him at the Tollivants didn't speak to him outside. When Cilly, now being known as Cecilia, had her friends to celebrate her birthday, he remained in his room with no protest from the family at not joining them. None the less, it was a relief to be free from jeering in the streets, as well as from being reminded every day at school of his mother's tragedy. It was a relief to him; but it was no more.

For more than that the wound had gone too deep. Outwardly, he accepted their approaches; in his heart he rejected them, biding his time. He was biding his time, not with longings for revenge—he was too sensible now for that—but in the hope of passing on and forgetting them. By the time he was twelve he was already aware of his impulse toward growth.

It was in his soul as a secret conviction, the seed's knowledge of its own capacity to germinate. Most of the boys and girls around him he could judge, not by a precocious worldly wisdom, but by his gift for intuitive sizing up. Their range was so far and no farther, and they themselves were aware of it. They would become clerks and plumbers and carpenters and school-teachers and shoe dealers and provision men, and whatever else could reach its fulfillment in a small country town. The small country town marked the limit of their powers. He himself felt no limit. Life was big. He knew he could expand in it. To nurse resentments would be small, and would keep him small. All he asked was to forget them, to forget,

too, those who called them forth; but to that end he must be far away.

XI

The road to this Far-away began in the summer vacation of the year when he was supposed to be twelve. It was the year when he first went to work, though the work was meant to last for no more than a few weeks.

Mr. Quidmore, a market gardener at Bere, in Connecticut, some seven or eight miles eastward toward the Sound, had come over to ask Mr. Tollivant for a few hours' work in straightening out his accounts. Straightening out accounts for men who were but amateurs at book-keeping was a means by which Mr. Tollivant eked out his none-too-generous salary.

It was a Sunday afternoon in June. They were in the yard, looking at the Plymouth Rocks behind their defenses of chicken-wire. That is, Mr. Quidmore was looking at the Plymouth Rocks, but Tom was looking at Mr. Quidmore. Mr. and Mrs. Tollivant were giving their guest information as to how they raised their hens and marketed their eggs.

It was a family affair. Mrs. Tollivant prepared the food; Cecilia fed the birds; Art hunted for the eggs; Bertie and Tom packed them. Mr. Quidmore was moved to say:

"I wish I had a fine boy like your Art to help me with the berrypicking. Good money in it. Three a week and his keep for as long as the strawberries hold out."

Tom saw Mrs. Tollivant shake her head at her husband behind Mr. Quidmore's back. This meant disapproval. Disapproval could not be disapproval of the work, but of Mr. Quidmore. Art already gave his holiday services to a dairy for a dollar less than Mr. Quidmore's offer, and no keep. It was the employer, then, and not the employment that Mrs. Tollivant distrusted.

And yet Mr. Quidmore fascinated

Tom. He had never before seen anyone whose joints had the looseness of one of those toys which you worked with a string. He was so slim, too, that you got little or no impression of a body beneath his flapping clothes. Nervously restless, he walked with a shuffle of which the object seemed the keeping of his shoes from falling off. When he talked or laughed one side of his long thin face was screwed up as if by some early injury or paralysis. The right portion of his lips could smile, while the left trembled into a rictus. This made his speech slower and more drawling than Tom was accustomed to hear; but his voice was naturally soft, with a quality in it like cream. It was the voice that Tom liked especially.

In reply to the suggestion about Art, Mr. Tollivant replied, as one who sees only a well-meant business proposal,

"We'd like nothing better, Brother Quidmore; but the fact is Art has about as much as he can do for the rest of his vacation." He waved his hand toward Tom. "What you say to this boy?"

At the glorious suggestion Tom's heart began to fail for fear. He was not a fine boy like Arthur Tollivant. The possibility of earning three dollars a week, to say nothing of his board, was too much like the opening up of an Aladdin's palace for the hope to be more than deceptive. It was part of his daily humiliation never to have had any money of his own. The paternity of the State paid for his food, shelter, and education; but it never supplied him with cash, or with any cash that he ever saw. To have three dollars a week jingling in his pocket would not only lift him out of his impotent dependence, but would make him a man. While Mr. Quidmore walked round him, inspecting him as if he were a dog or pig or other small animal for sale, he held himself with straightness, dignity, and strength. If he was for sale he would do his best to be worthy of his price.

Mr. Quidmore nodded toward Mr. Tollivant. "State ward, ain't he?"

Mr. Tollivant admitted that he was. "Youngster whose moth—"

Mrs. Tollivant interrupted kindly. "You needn't be afraid of that. He's been with us for five years. I think I may say that all traces of the past have been outlived. We can really give him a good character."

Tom was grateful. Mr. Quidmore examined him again. At last he shuffled up to him, throwing his arm across his shoulder, and drawing him close to himself.

"What about it young fellow? Want to come?"

Entirely won by this display of kindness, the boy smiled up into the twisted face. "Yes, sir."

"Then that's settled. Put your duds together, and we'll go along. I guess," he added to Mr. Tollivant, "that you can stretch a point to let him come, and get your permit from the Guardians tomorrow."

Mr. Tollivant agreeing that after five years' care he could venture as much as this, they drove over to Bere in Mr. Quidmore's dilapidated motor car. Mrs. Quidmore met them at the door. Her husband called to her:

"Hello, there! Got a new hand to help you with the strawberries."

She answered, dejectedly. "If he's as good as some of the other new hands you've picked up lately—"

"Oh, rats! Give us a rest! If I brought the angel Gabriel to pick the berries you'd see something to find fault with."

That there was a rift within the lute of this couple's happiness was clear to Tom before he had climbed out of the machine.

"Where's he to sleep?" Mrs. Quidmore asked in her tone of discontent.

"I suppose he can sleep in the barn, can't he?"

"I wouldn't put a dog to sleep in that barn, nasty, smelly, rotten place."

"Well, put him to sleep where you

like. He'll get three a week and his keep while he's here, and that's all I'm responsible for." Mrs. Quidmore turned and went into the house. Her husband winked at Tom as man to man. "Can you beat it? Always like that. God! I don't know how I stand it. Get in."

Tom got in, finding an interior as slack as Mrs. Quidmore herself. The Tollivant house, with four children in it, was often belittered, but with a little tidying it became spick and span. Here the housekeeping wore an air of hopelessness. Whoever did it did it without heart.

"God! I hate to come into this place," its master confided to Tom, as they stood in the hall, of which the rug lay askew, while a mirror hung crooked on the wall. "You and me could keep the shack looking dandier than this if she wasn't here at all. I wish to the Lord . . ."

But before the week was out the boy had won over Mrs. Quidmore, and begun to make her fond of him. Because he was eager to be useful, he helped her in the house, showing solicitude, too, on her personal account. A low-keyed, sad-eyed woman who did nothing to make herself attractive, she blamed her husband for perceiving the loss of her attractiveness.

"He's bound to me," she would complain, tearfully, to the boy, as he dried the dishes she had washed. "It's his duty to be fond of me. But he ain't. There's fifty women he likes better than he does me."

This note of married infelicity was new to Tom, especially as it reached him from both parties to the contract.

"God, how she gets my goat! Sometimes I think how much I'd enjoy seeing her stretched out with a bullet through her head. I tell you that the fellow who'd do that for me wouldn't be sorry in the end. . . ."

To the boy these words were meaningless. The creamy drawl with which they were uttered robbed them of the vicious or ferocious, making them mere humorous explosions. He could laugh

XII

at them, and yet he laughed with a feeling of discomfort.

The discomfort was the greater because in kindness to him lay the one point as to which the couple were agreed. Making no attempt to reconcile elements so discordant, all he could do was to soften the conditions which each found distasteful. He kept the house tidier for the man; he did for the woman a few of the things her husband overlooked.

"It's him that ought to do that," she would point out, in dull rebellion. "He's doing it for some other woman I'll be bound. Who *is* that woman that he meets?"

Conjugal betrayal was also new to Tom, and not easily comprehensible. That a man with a wife should also be "going with a girl" was a possibility that had never come within his experience while living with the Tollivants. He had heard a good many things from Art, as also from some other boys, but this event seemed to have escaped even their wide observation. It would have escaped his own had not Mrs. Quidmore harped on it.

"I do believe he'd like to see me in my grave. I'm in their way, and they'd like to get me out of it. Oh, you needn't tell me! Couldn't you keep an eye on him, and tell me what she's like?"

For Mrs. Quidmore's sake he watched Mr. Quidmore, but as he didn't know what he was watching him for the results were not helpful. And he liked them both. He might have said that he loved them both, since loving came to him so easily. Mrs. Quidmore washed and mended his clothes, and whenever she went to Harfrey or some other town she added to his wardrobe. Mr. Quidmore was forever dropping into his ear some gentle, honeyed confidence of which Mrs. Quidmore was the butt. Neither of them ever scolded him, or overworked him. He was in the house almost as a son. And then one day he learned that he was to be there altogether as a son.

He never knew how and when the question as to his adoption had been raised, or whether the husband or the wife had raised it first. Here, too, the steps were taken with that kind of mystification which shrouded so much of his destiny. He himself was not consulted till, apparently, all the principal parties but himself had decided on the matter. One of the Guardians, or a representative, asked him the formal question as to whether or not he should like it, and being answered with a Yes, had gone away. The next thing he knew he had legally become the son of Martin and Anna Quidmore, and was to be henceforth called by their name.

The outward changes were not many. He had won so much freedom in the house that when he became its son and heir there was, for the minute, little more to give him. His new mother grew more openly affectionate; his new father drove him round in the dilapidated car and showed him to the neighbors as his boy. As far as Tom could judge, there was general approval. Martin Quidmore had taken a poor outcast lad and given him a home and a status in the world. All good people must rejoice in this sort of generosity. The new father rejoiced in it himself, smiling with a twisted smile that was like a leer, the only thing about him which the new son was afraid of.

It was August now. The picking of the strawberries having long been over, the boy had been kept on for other jobs. He still worked at them. He dug potatoes; he picked peas and beans; he pulled carrots, parsnips, and beets; he culled cucumbers. The hired hands did the heaviest work, but he shared in it to the limit of his strength. Sometimes he went off early in the morning on the great lorry, loaded with garden-truck, which his father drove to the big markets.

On these journeys the new father grew most confidential and lovable. His

mellifluous voice, which was sad and at the same time not quite serious, was lovable in itself.

"God, how I'd like to give you a better home than you've got! But it's no use, not as long as she's there. She'll never be anything different. She'd not make things brighter or cleaner or jollier, not even if she was to try."

"Well, she *is* trying," the boy declared, in her defense; but the only answer was a melancholy laugh.

And yet now that he had the duties of a son, he set to work to improve the family relationships. He petted the mother, he cajoled the father. He found small ruses of affection in which, as it seemed to him, he gained both the one and the other, insensibly to either. His proof of this came one morning as once more they were driving to one of the big markets.

"Say, boy, I'm beginning to be worried about her. I don't think she can be well. She's never been sick much; but gosh! now I'll be hanged if I don't think I'll go and see a doctor, and ask him to give her some medicine."

As this thoughtfulness, in spite of all indications to the contrary, implied a fundamental tenderness, the boy was glad of it. He was the more glad of it when, on a morning some days later, and in the same situation, the father drawled, in his casual way:

"Say, I've seen that doctor, and he's given me something he wants her to take. Thinks it will put her all right in no time."

"And did you give it to her?" he asked, eagerly.

The honeyed voice grew sweeter. "Well, no; that's the trouble. You can't get her to take doctor's stuff, if she knows she's taking it. Got to get her on the sly. Once when she needed a tonic I used to watch round and put it in her tea. Bucked her up fine."

"And is that what you're going to do now?"

"Well, I would, only she'd be afraid of me. Watches me like a cat, don't

you see she does? What I was thinking of was this. You know she makes cup of tea for herself every day in the middle of the afternoon while we're out at work. Well, now, if you could make an excuse to slip into the kitchen and put one of these powders in her teapot—" he tapped the packet in his waistcoat pocket—"she'd never suspect nothing. She'd take it—and be cured."

The boy was silent.

"You don't want to do it, hey?"

"Oh, I don't say that. I was—I was—just wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"Whether it's fair play to anyone to give them medicine when they don't know they're taking it."

"But if it's to do them good?"

"But ought we to do good to people against their wills?"

"Why, sure! What you thinking of? Still if you don't want to . . ."

The tone hurt him. "Oh, but I will."

"Say I will, *father*. Why don't you call me that? Don't I call you son?"

He braced himself to an effort. "All right, father; I will."

"Good! Then here's the powder." He drew one from the packet. "Don't let none of it fall. You'll steal into the kitchen this afternoon—she generally lays down after she's washed the dinner things—and just empty the paper into the little brown teapot she always makes her tea in. Then burn the paper in the stove—there's sure to be a fire on—so that she won't find nothing lying round to make her suspicious. You understand, don't you?"

He said he understood, though in his heart of hearts he wished that he hadn't been charged with the duty.

XIII

If you had asked the boy who was now legally Tom Quidmore why he was reluctant to give his mother a powder that would do her good he would have been unable to explain his hesitation. Reason, in the main, was in

avor of his doing it. In the first place, he had promised, and he had always responded to those exhortations of his teachers which laid stress on keeping his word. Not to keep his word had come to seem an offense of the nature of personal defilement.

Then the whole matter had been thought out and decreed by an authority higher than himself. The child mind, like the childish mind at all times, is under the weight of authority. The source of the authority is a matter of little moment so long as it speaks decidedly enough. It is always a means by which to get rid of the bother of using private judgment, which as often as not is a bore to the person with the right to it.

In the case of a boy of twelve, private judgment is hampered by a knowledge of his insufficiency. The man who provides food, clothing, shelter, is invested with the right to speak. The child mind is logical, orderly, respectful, and pre-natally disposed to discipline. Except on severe provocation it does not rebel. Tom Quidmore felt no impulse to rebellion, even though his sense of right and wrong was, for the moment, mystified.

He lacked data. Such data as came to his hearing, and less often to his sight, lay morally outside his range. Like those scientifically minded men who during the childhood of our race registered the phenomena of electricity without going further, he had no power of making deductions from what eyes and ears could record. He knew that there was in life such an element as sexual love; but that was all he knew. It entered into the relations of married people, and in some puzzling way contributed to the birth of children; but of its wanderings and aberrations he had never heard. That man and wife should reach a breaking point was no part of his conception of the things that happened. There was nothing of the kind between the Tollivants, nor among the parents of the lads with whom he had grown

up at Harfrey. That which at Harfrey had been clear unrelenting daylight was at Bere a gloaming haunted by strange shapes which perplexed and rather frightened him.

Not till he was fourteen or fifteen years of age, and the Quidmore episode behind him, like an island passed at sea, did the significance of these queer doings and sayings really occur to him. All that for the present his mind and experience were equal to was listening, observing, and wondering. He knew already what it was to have things which he hadn't understood at the time of their happening become clear as he grew older.

An illustration of this came from the small events of that very afternoon. On going back from his midday dinner to work in the carrot patch he fixed on half past two as the hour at which he would make the attempt to force on his mother the prescribed medicine. That time having arrived, he rose, brushed the earth from his knees, dusted his hands against each other, and started slowly for the house. A far-away memory which had been in the back of his mind ever since his father had made the odd request now began to assert itself, like the throb of an old pain.

He was a little boy again. In the dim hall of the Swindon Street Home he was listening to the friendly policeman talking to Miss Honiton. He recaptured his own emotions, the dumb distress of the young creature lost in the dark, and ignorant of everything but its helplessness. His mother had taken something, or had not taken something, he wasn't sure which. The beaming young lady handed him his present from the Christmas Tree, and told him that cyanide of potassium—the words were still branded on his brain—was a deadly poison. Then he stood once more, as in memory he had stood so many times, in the half-darkened room where words were mumbled over the long black box which they spoke of as “the body.”

Now that it was all in far perspective

he knew what it had meant. That is, he knew the type of woman his mother had been; he knew the kind of soil he had sprung from. The events of five years back to a boy of twelve are a very long distance away. So his mother seemed to Tom. So did the sneaking through shops, and the flights from tenement to tenement. So did the awful Christmas Eve when he had lost her. He could think of her tenderly now because he understood that her mind had been unhinged. What hurt him with a pain which never fell into perspective was that in trying to create in his boyish way some faint tradition of self-respect, he worked back always to this origin in shame.

While seeing no connection between such far-off things and the task put upon him by his father, he found them jostling each other in his mind. You took something—and there was disaster. It was as far as his thought carried him. After that came the fact that, his respect for authority being strong, he dared not disobey.

He could only dawdle. A delay of five minutes would be five minutes to the good. Besides, dawdling on a hot, windless summer afternoon, on which the butterflies, bees, and humming-birds were the only nonhuman living things not taking a siesta, eased the muscles cramped with long crouching in the carrot beds. There being two ways of getting to the house, he took the longer one.

The longer one led him round the duck pond, whence the heat had driven ashore all the ducks and geese with the exception of one gander. For no particular reason the gander's name was Ernest. Between Ernest and Gimlets, the wire-haired terrier pup, one of those battles such as might take place between Bolivia and Switzerland was in full swing of rage. Gimlets fought from the bank; Ernest from the pond. When Ernest paddled forward, with neck outstretched and nostrils hissing, Gimlets scampered to the top of the shelving shore, where

he could stand and bark defiantly. When Ernest swung himself round and made for the open sea, Gimlets galloped bravely down to the water's edge, yelping out challenges. This bloody fray gave the boy a further excuse for lingering. Three or four times had Ernest, stung by the taunts to which he had tried to seem indifferent, wheeled round on his enemy. Three or four times had Gimlets scrambled up the bank and down again. But he, too, recognized authority, and a call that he couldn't disobey. A long whistle, and the battle was at an end! Gimlets trotted off.

The whistle came from the grove of pines climbing the little bluff on the side of the duck pond remote from the house. It struck the boy as odd that his father should be there at a time when he was supposed to be cutting New Zealand spinach for the morrow's market. Not to be caught idling, the boy slipped down the bank to creep undetected below the pinewood bluff. Neither seeing nor being seen, he nevertheless heard voices, catching but a single word. The word was Bertha, and it was spoken by his father. The only Bertha in the place was a certain beautiful young widow living in Bere. That his father should be talking to her in the pinewood was another of those details difficult to explain.

More difficult to explain he found a little scene he caught on looking backward. Having now passed the bluff, he was about to round the corner of the pond where the path led through a plantation of blue spruces which hid the house. His glancing back was an accident, but it made him witness of an incident pastoral in its charm.

Bertha, being indeed the beautiful young widow, the boy was astonished to see his father steal a kiss from her. Bertha responded with such a slap as nymphs give to shepherds, running playfully away. His father shamled after her, as shepherds after nymphs, catching her in his arms.

Tom plunged into the blue spruce

plantation where he could be out of sight. Hot as he was already, he grew hotter still. What he had seen was so silly, so stupid, so undignified! He wished he hadn't seen it. Having seen it, he wished he could forget it. He couldn't forget it because, unpleasant as he found it, he was somehow aware that it had bearings beyond unpleasantness. What they were he had nothing to tell him. He could only run through the plantation as if he would leave the thing as quickly as possible behind him; and all at once the house came into sight.

With the house in sight he remembered again what he had come to do. He stopped running. His steps again began to lag. Feeling for the powder in his waistcoat pocket, he reminded himself that it would do his mother good. The house lay sleeping and silent in the heat. He crept up to the back door.

And there at the open window stood his mother rolling dough on a table. She rolled languidly, as she did everything. Her head drooped a little to one side; her expression was full of that tremulous protest against life which might with a word break into a rain of tears.

Relieved and delighted, he stole round the house, to enter by another way. She was now lifting a cover of the stove, so that she didn't hear his approach. Before she knew that anyone was there he had slipped his arm around her, and smacked a big kiss on her cheek. She turned slowly, the lifter in her hand. A new life seemed to dawn in her, brightening her eyes and flushing her sallowness.

"You bad little boy! What did you come home for?"

He replied as was true, that he had come for a drink of water. He had meant to take a drink of water after putting her powder in the teapot. "I thought," he ended, "you'd be lying down asleep."

"I was lying down, but something made me get up."

He was curious. "Something—like what?"

"Well, I just couldn't sleep. And then I remembered that it was a long time since I'd made him any of them silver cookies he used to be so fond of."

He liked the name. "Is that what you're baking?"

"Yes; and you'll . . ." she went back to the table, picking up the cutter—"you'll have some for supper if you'll—if you'll call me ma."

"But I do."

Her smile had the slow timidity that might have been born of disuse. "Yes, when I ask you. But I want you to do it all the time, and natural."

"All right then; I will—ma."

While he stood drinking a first, and then a second, cup of water, she began on the memories dear to her, but which few now would listen to. She had been born in Wilmington, Delaware, where Martin also had been born. His father worked in a powder factory in that city. It was owing to an explosion when he was a lad that Martin's frame had been partially paralyzed.

"He wasn't blowed up or anything; he just got a shock. He was awful delicate, and used to have fits till he grew out of them. I think the crook in his face makes him look aristocratic, don't you?"

The boy having said that he didn't know but what it did, she continued plaintively, cutting out her cookies with a heart-shaped cutter.

"I was awful pretty in those days, and that refined I wouldn't hardly do a thing for my mother in the house, or carry the tiniest little parcel across the street. I was just born ladylike. And when Martin and I were married he let me have a girl for the first two years to do everything. All he ever expected of me was to get up and dress, and look stylish; and now . . ."

As she paused in her cutting to press back a sob, the boy took the opportunity to speak of getting back to work.

"I think I must beat it, ma. I've got all those carrots."

"Oh, wait a little while. He can spare you for a few minutes, can't he? Anyhow, nothing you can do'll save him from going bankrupt. This place don't pay. He'll never make it pay. His work was to run a hat store. That's what he did when he married me, and he made swell money at it, too."

The family history interested the boy, as all tales did which accounted for the personal. He heard now how Martin Quidmore's health had broken down, and the doctor had ordered out-of-door life as a remedy. Out-of-door life would have been impossible if an uncle hadn't died and left him fifteen thousand dollars.

"Enough to live on quite genteel for life," his wife complained, "but nothing would do but that he should think himself a market-gardener, him that couldn't tell a turnip from a spade. Blew in the whole thing on this place, away from everywhere, and making me a drudge that hardly knew so much as to wash a dish. Even that I could have stood if he'd only gone on loving me as his marriage vows made it his duty to do, but—"

"I'll love you, ma," the boy declared, tenderly. "You don't have to cry because there's no one to love you, not while I'm around."

The new life in her eyes was as much of incredulity as of joy. "Don't say that, dearie, if you don't mean it. You don't have to love me just because I'm trying to be a mother to you, and look after your clothes."

"But, ma, I want to. I do."

They gazed at each other, she with the cutter in her hand, he with the cup. What he saw was not a feeble, slatternly woman, but some one who wanted him. He had not been wanted by anyone since the night when his mudda—he still used the word in his deep silences—had gone away with the wardress who looked like a Fate. In the five intervening years he had suffered less from unkindness than from being shut out of hearts.

Here was a heart that had need of him, so that he had need of it. The type of heart didn't matter. If it made any difference it was only that where there was weakness the appeal to him was the greater. With this poor thing he would have something on which to spend his treasure.

"You'll see, ma! I'll bring in the water for you, and split the kindlings, and get up in the morning and light the fire, and milk the cow, and everything."

Straight and sturdy, he looked at her with the level gaze of eyes that seemed the calmer and more competent because they were hidden so far beneath his bushy, horizontal eyebrows. The uniform tan from working in the sun heightened his air of manliness. Even the earth on his clothes, and a smudge of it across his forehead where a dirty hand had been put up to push back his crisp ashen hair, hinted at his capacity to share in the world's work. To the helpless woman whose prop had failed her, the coming of this young strength to her aid was little short of a miracle.

In the struggle between tears and laughter she was almost hysterical. "Oh, you darling boy!" she was beginning, advancing to clasp him in her arms. But with old, old memories in his heart he dreaded the paroxysm of affection.

"All right, ma!" he laughed, dodging her and slipping out. "I've got to beat it, or fath—" he stumbled on the word because he found it difficult to use—"or father will wonder where I am." But once in the yard, he called back consolingly, though keeping to the practical, "Don't you bother about Geraldine. I'll go round by the pasture and drive her home as I come back from work. I'll milk her, too."

"God bless you, dearie!"

Standing in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand, her limp figure seemed braced to a new power, as she watched him till he disappeared within the plantation of blue spruces.

(To be continued)

The Drama As I See It

STUDIES IN THE PLAYS AND FILMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

III.—“Dead Men’s Gold”

A FILM OF THE GREAT NEVADA DESERT

A FILM of the great Nevada desert in which Red-Blooded, Able-Bodied Men and Women, a hundred per cent American, live and love among the cactus and chaparral. Something of the Ozone of the Cow Pasture mingled with the gloom of the great cañons blows all through this play.

Shall we go together this raw gusty afternoon to the enchantment of the Moving Pictures? Here, this looks a good place, this large and lighted hall-way leading off the street itself. Let’s get our tickets from this Golden Girl behind the glass, seated there under a magic spell no doubt. This *must* be a good play, look how pretty the girl is! Two, yes please, downstairs—extra ten cents? oh, the Amusement Tax, of course!

Now through these doors and down this corridor, and through these swinging doors again and into the dark. What a vast place it is. Dear me, it’s absolutely empty! Empty? Oh, no, they are all there but you don’t see them yet, seated silent in the dark, like toads under leaves. Excuse me, sir, I’m afraid I stepped on your foot. I beg your pardon, madam, I didn’t see the little girl.

All that bright picture stuff being flashed on the screen? Never mind it now till we get our seats. It’s not part of our play anyhow. There, sit down in this row—now we can look—what does it say?—TURKISH TROOPS ENTER THE—

something—I couldn’t see—anyway it doesn’t matter where they enter, it’s only the News of the World. PASADENA CALIFORNIA PRESIDENT HARDING PRESENTS FLOWERS TO GIRL GUIDES STATE UNIVERSITY OF OHIO DEFEATS MIAMI AT BASKET-BALL NATIVES OF DUTCH PAPUA HUNTING FROGS PRINCE ARTHUR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY CATCHING TARPON: Oh, don’t let us bother with all this, the pictures haven’t begun yet!

Ah, now it’s going to begin. Look at that notice on the screen:

DEAD MEN’S GOLD IN WHICH FULL-BLOODED MEN AND WOMEN LIVE AND LOVE AMONG THE CACTUS AND CHAPARRAL AUTHORIZED BY THE CENSOR OF NEW YORK STATE

That sounds interesting, doesn’t it? Let’s see what’s put up next. Ah, a great face, a huge face under a cowboy hat, a face with a grin on it, yes, that’s him, see, it says so underneath:

BIG-HEARTED JIM SHERIFF OF
DEAD BONES COUNTY NEVADA

See him turn his face round as he grins. My! how honest and attractive the human face looks when you make it four feet long. I wish they’d put it upside down. I think it would look even better. Now, what’s this next—ah—

BESSEMER STEEL, BANKER, OF
NEW YORK

—very rich indeed evidently. How do I know that?—Oh, pshaw, you don’t

understand Moving Pictures—look at his gray spats and that white frill along his waistcoat—that means a millionaire. No, no, this isn't the play yet, these are only the people who are going to be in the play when it starts. Ah, *now* look!

MAISIE, BESSEMER STEEL'S
ONLY DAUGHTER

Isn't she just cute? See her smile, no wonder they applaud her—and who is this?

DANN YEGG, BAD MAN OF
DEAD MEN'S GULCH

Bad, well I should say so! And now see all these little scenes going rapidly past—well, they're not the play yet—those are merely places that are going to be in the play—just little touches of lonely desert, and terrible caverns, and a dear little vignette of a man choking another in a cave—and a pretty little wee glimpse of a man dying of thirst—just little foretastes of the play itself. It looks good stuff, doesn't it? Now, we're off!

BESSEMER STEEL OF NEW YORK,
BANKER AND FINANCIER, HAS
SPENT HIS LIFE IN THE AMASSING
OF MILLIONS

There he is in his office: see all the desks and stenographers round him. What a big, dull face he has; like a bullfrog you say? Yes, all New York bankers have faces like that in the Movies. See him speaking into his desk telephone. Say, isn't he authoritative? Now, look, he's listening. Must be about money from the way he shuts up his face. I guess he's refusing somebody one of those millions that he's amassed. Now he's signing a check: Now he's receiving a telegram.

. . . In fact, by this time I think we've quite grasped the idea that he's a rich banker with no soul. In fact, I think I could have grasped it a little sooner, couldn't you? But, still, remember the Moving Pictures have to be made clear to the humblest intelligence. And that isn't us. . . Ah, ha, no *soul* did we say?—Look at this:

THE ONLY TENDER SPOT IN THE
BANKER'S HEART IS FOR HIS
DAUGHTER MAISIE. TO HER HE
DENIES NOTHING

See, the pictures are about to establish the fact that Maisie is denied nothing. Look at her there in her palatial home, romping with a pet dog. Oh, how sweet she is! See her kiss that dog—oh, my, I wonder what they pay that dog for his part. There she is, riding her pony round the grounds; now she is entertaining a whole bevy of her girl friends on the lawn; now she's in a store buying rich things—say, I think it's proved up to the hilt that that girl is denied nothing. On with the film—but wait—just a minute—did you notice among the clerks in the office, that young man . . . sort of Spanish-looking, mean-looking—kind of a crook—species of skunk—evidently *not* a hundred per cent American—in fact hardly twenty per cent? See the way he keeps a sort of furtive eye on the banker. Say, I believe that fellow must come into the play somehow—just watch him. Never mind, he's gone, but he'll come in again. Now we go on. Ah, this is more like:

ASCOT WRIGHT, STUDENT
AT HARVARD

I'm glad it's Harvard. So much more class to it than the Ontario Agricultural College—

HAS DISCOVERED IN HIS RESEARCHES
IN THE HARVARD LIBRARY THE LOCATION
OF A LOST GOLD MINE IN A
CAVERN IN DEAD MEN'S GULCH NEAR
GRAVEYARD CAÑON IN DEAD BONES
COUNTY NEVADA

Here we have him, Ascot Wright researching in the library, the way all Harvard students do. How neat he is! I thought all researchers looked pretty dusty, but perhaps not. Anyhow, Ascot is as neat as a pin, and athletic-looking, and awfully well dressed for a student. Perhaps his father is a Harvard professor. Now see! Evidently he's struck some-



IT IS ALWAYS CALLED PETE'S PLACE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT

thing among the books—see him take paper from the leaves of an old volume! He's examining it—feverishly—say, I can just tell that Ascot has discovered a gold mine. He's working his face just the way a student does when he finds one. Ah, see that! You don't understand? Those pictures represent what Ascot is reading about. Look, that's the Great Western Desert. . . . See the little troop of people, horsemen and mules with packsaddles, crossing it, see the steel uniforms and breastplates, and swords—early Spaniards, that's what they are, the first discoverers of the West . . . look, they've entered a cavern—oh, say! the gloom of it! They're digging with pickaxes! Look, look! They're piling up great bars of gold. They're mad with excitement — they're quarreling — they're fighting—they're stabbing one another. . . . Look, dead bodies—dead bones—dead bones in the cavern—dead bones all along the trail—it means the survivors tried to escape, do you see? Look, here's one, he's the last . . . he's dying of thirst in the desert; see him writing on a bit of paper . . . there, he's folded it into a missal, a prayer book or something. I know what it is—it's the description of all about the mine in the

cavern, and the piled-up gold, do you see, and that's the paper that Ascot Wright has found in the Harvard library three hundred years later. Look, it's saying so:

THE MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN IN LATIN
BY THE DYING SPANISH EXPLORER
PEDRO ALVAREZ DE ESTORGA IS
DECIPHERED BY THE HARVARD
STUDENT

There's Ascot, look at him with the paper in front of him, deciphering it! —deciphering *Latin*! Isn't he a bird? My! A Harvard education is a wonderful thing! Now, what's it saying?

THE HARVARD STUDENT LAYS HIS
DISCOVERY BEFORE THE GREAT
FINANCIER

There he is, that's Ascot in Bessemer Steel's inner office. How neat he looks in his covert coat and his hard hat! These Harvard students certainly have class. He's explaining to the banker all about the mine. . . . The great banker is listening. . . . He's hearing all about the documents. . . . See the pictures go by again — desert — cavern — bones — more bones — dying Spaniard — document—bones—gold—He's got it. These

New York bankers are just lightning at picking up bones and gold.

Now he's speaking:

MR. WRIGHT, THIS MUST BE KEPT
A PROFOUND SECRET

Oh, but can it be? Look who's listening . . . that clerk, you remember the crook, the one with the cunning face, he's pushed open the door a little way. He's standing listening—they don't see him.

. . . WE WILL GO WEST AT ONCE.
I WILL DEFRAY THE EXPENSES OF
THE SEARCH AND DIVIDE WITH YOU
FIFTY-FIFTY

What splendid English those great bankers use! So clear, isn't it?

And just then, who comes dancing into the office through the side door? Maisie. Isn't she just sweet with her fur round her neck; say look, she's got one of those new skirts. Watch her go and throw her arms around the banker's neck. See his face light up! In fact, you can see him light it up. Now he is introducing Ascot Wright to Maisie. They bow to each other—say, Ascot is taken with Maisie right away, isn't he? Now the Spanish clerk comes in with papers in his hands. He bows to Maisie. How coldly she nods to him. But look at his eyes when he looks at her. I get it, don't you? And that look of hate which he hands to Ascot. Those Spaniards certainly have temperament, the moving pictures would be lost without them.

Now the banker is speaking:

MR. GONZALEZ, I AM LEAVING TO-
NIGHT FOR NEVADA. WILL YOU
KINDLY MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS
FOR MY TRANSPORTATION . . .

Look, Maisie wants to go, too. She's questioning her father . . . he's shaking his head . . . she's put her arms around his neck. Oh, take her, take her, or I'll buy a ticket to Nevada and take her myself.

Scene changed. The Pennsylvania

Station. Look at all the people. Isn't it just wonderful to see the Pennsylvania Station in the moving pictures? Much better than in real life; but then, so's everything. They're leaving for Nevada. Maisie is going, too; there she is: do you notice she's got on one of those new coats they're wearing? Do you like them? And there's Ascot. That's a nice valise he has . . . and the banker, and Gonzalez. No, he's not going, he's just seeing them off. The banker's giving him papers and instructions . . . there, they're getting on their journey. See the landscape flying past—now they're in a dining car. See the dinky waiters—look at the banker ordering lunch. I'll bet he knows how. He'll eat lunch all the way to Nevada.

But look—we're back at the station. It's Gonzalez, he's buying a ticket. He's getting on the train. . . . I see it, don't you? He's following them. I knew he would.

Now the scene has changed altogether. They're arriving in Nevada. This is Cañon City. . . . What a queer empty spot . . . shack houses and desert and hills all around it. . . . See the wooden hotel, with the veranda and the men on horseback with leather trousers and with lariats on the pommel of the saddle and the men leaning against the veranda posts with lariats slung over their arms. Look at that big man with the slouch hat and the wide face! That's the one it showed at the beginning. He's big Jim, the sheriff . . . he's talking to them . . . they're explaining what they want.

Now it's changed again. Where is this place?—Oh, yes, I recognize it—it's a saloon—see the bar and all the bottles and the bartender leaning over it—pretty tough-looking isn't it . . . see the men sitting at the little table drinking whisky. . . . I've seen this sort of place a hundred times in the movies, haven't you? It's always called Pete's Place or something like that. . . . That's Gonzalez, one of the men drinking, and that other is Dan Yegg the bad man that we saw, and the rest, I guess, are bandits

. . . they must be. . . Now, Gonzalez is explaining. He's telling about Bessemer Steel and Ascot Wright coming to hunt for the gold . . . he's telling the story of the Spanish explorers. . . There it goes—desert—bones, gold, more bones, dying Spaniard. They've got it. Look how excited they get.

Now it's changed back to Ascot and his friends. . . They're mounting on horseback. Doesn't Maisie look nice in that short skirt? I guess she brought it with her on purpose. Look at the armed men, quite a troop of them. Oh, I guess they'd need them in a place like that. . . Big Jim is pointing and giving advice; I suppose he's telling them the way to Dead Men's Gulch. There, they're off, clattering out of the town and away.

SEPARATED FROM THEIR ARMED
ESCORT, ASCOT AND HIS COMPAN-
IONS MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE
HEART OF DEAD MEN'S GULCH

Separated from their armed escort? A crazy thing to do in a place like that, you say? Oh, yes, but they always do it, in all the romances. The first thing you have to do with an armed escort is to separate yourself from it.

But say, look at the Gulch. Isn't that the gloom spot! See the great walls of rock towering above their heads, and the litter of bowlders where they pick their way. Look, that's a snake, a real snake! Ugh! Aren't they crazy to go into a place like that? There's Ascot leading them—with a little bit of map or chart in his hand. And, oh look! look! Do you see that? Those heads behind the rocks, they're being followed—it's Gonzalez and Dan Yegg and Mexican bandits. Say, it's just madness to get separated from that escort.

What's this? They've stopped. Ascot's pointing. He's found the entrance of a sort of tunnel into the cliff . . . they're going into it. . . They're carrying flashlights. . . The light shines on the rock walls. . . What a fearsome place. . . Look, written there on the wall in strange lettering:

PEDRO ALVAREZ DE ESTORGA

1 6 2 1

They gather round it. . . They're reading the inscription. . . Now they're going on. The tunnel is widening—it's opening into a great cavern . . . notice the high ceiling and the hanging rocks with the water dripping from them.



THEY MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE HEART OF DEAD MEN'S GULCH



WITH THE AID OF A WIRE, FRAGMENTS OF ARMOR AND A TORCH HE MAKES A RADIO

. . . I suppose it's dripped like that for centuries—see the floor all sand—and there! bones of dead men, and a steel breastplate and part of a broken sword, and over in the corner gold piled up in bars, and great nuggets of it heaped up—on the floor.

Ascot is picking up the gold and showing it to Maisie. Bessemer Steel has taken up a nugget and is examining it. I bet he knows to a fraction what it is worth. Ha! He's showing it and speaking:

I ESTIMATE THAT THERE IS AT
A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE TWO
MILLION DOLLARS OF GOLD LYING
AT OUR FEET

Say! Two million! and at a conservative estimate! Think of the coolness of the man making a conservative estimate in a place like that.

Great Heavens! The whole three of them have turned in sharp alarm! They hear something—some one in the tunnel. Here they come dashing into the cavern—armed men—Gonzalez and Yegg and the bandits. They've rushed at Ascot and the banker . . . three of them are

fighting Ascot all at once . . . go to it, Ascot, that's the way. Now he's down—no he's up again—he's down—they're clubbing him—and the banker, Dan Yegg, has him down and is choking him. That's the way, choke him—keep it up. Now this is really enjoyable. This is the real thing . . . go on—keep on choking him . . . that's right, pound Ascot over the head with a rock—admirable—I do like these choking scenes don't you?

They're both insensible—inanimate on the floor of the cave—now they've grabbed Maisie—they're binding her with cords—good . . . twist her up tight—that's the way. Give her another wind. It enhances the educational value of the film.

There, they've gathered her up . . . they've put the gold into bags . . . they're carrying Maisie and the gold down the tunnel . . . they're coming out at the entrance. Oh, see what they're doing . . . they're blocking the mouth of the tunnel with great rocks . . . the bodies of Ascot and Bessemer will never be found.

Now they're lifting Maisie into a

motor car . . . that must have been waiting down the Gulch . . . they've got her mouth gagged; I hadn't noticed that before. That's a good touch, isn't it? . . . There, they're all in . . . they're off . . . out of the gulch . . . out on the mesa . . . away . . . away . . . fading into the distant hills . . . gone.

Where is it now? It's such a poor light, I can't see, can you? Oh yes, I get it. It's inside the cave again. . . . Ascot and Bessemer Steel flat on the sand . . . the light is that electric torch still lying on its side and burning. . . . Look, Ascot moved his arm . . . he's reviving . . . he's half sitting up . . . he's feeling Bessemer Steel's heart. Bessemer is reviving, too. They'll both be all right in a few minutes. They were only clubbed with rocks and stabbed and choked. That's nothing. Movie actors go through far worse than that and revive. . . . Didn't I tell you . . . Ascot has stood up . . . he walks painfully . . . for five seconds . . . now he walks all right . . . he's looking

round . . . he's taking the torch and going into the tunnel . . . he's coming back . . . he's speaking to Bessemer:

THEY HAVE WALLED UP THE
MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL

Yes, Ascot, we knew that, we saw them doing it. But look at the horror on Bessemer Steel's face . . . now he's speaking.

ASCOT, WE ARE LOST. THERE IS
NOTHING IN FRONT OF US BUT A
SLOW DEATH

But look at Ascot . . . see his set jaw and his clenched hand and his brave face: see what he says:

WE ARE NOT LOST MR. STEEL.
I CAN SAVE US YET

Oh, bully for you Ascot, that's the stuff. That Harvard training does it every time.

Whatever is Ascot doing now? . . . he's picking up the broken bits of the old Spanish armor . . . he's fitting things together . . . what's he making? He's taken out a long thin wire from his



IT'S A DROP OF A THOUSAND FEET

pocket, a coil of it . . . he's fastened a weight to it, he's thrown it to the roof of the cave . . . it's caught on a jag of rock . . . now's he's fastening it down tight on the ground and attaching something to it. Ah, I catch on, I see it, don't you? Why, radio! He's got a radio machine with him; now they'll make it all clear in writing in a minute—didn't I tell you? There it is:

ASCOT WRIGHT WITH THE AID OF
A WIRE AND THE FRAGMENTS OF
OLD ARMOR AND AN ELECTRIC
TORCH MAKES A RADIO

"MR. STEEL IN FIVE MINUTES I
SHALL BE IN COMMUNICATION WITH
CAÑON CITY"

Look! He's getting into communication . . . zik—zik—see the big blue sparks running down the wire and lighting up the cave . . . zik—zak—zak—zak—zik . . . he's sending his message.

Ah! Here's the other end of it. The wireless station at Cañon City. See the operator in his room, with a sort of helmet on, and the wires and sparks all round him . . . zik—zak—zik . . . the message is coming through. Look at the operator—all hurry and alarm, he writes down the message . . . he's dashed out with it in his hand . . . he's reading it to Big Jim, the Sheriff, see the excited crowd gathering. Jim's haranguing them.

MR. STEEL AND ASCOT WRIGHT ARE
WALLED UP IN A CAVE OFF DEAD
MAN'S GULCH. MISS STEEL HAS
BEEN CARRIED OFF BY BANDITS.
I WANT EVERY MAN THAT CAN
RIDE AND HANDLE A GUN

Hurrah! That's the way—off they go. See them leap on the horses and off in a whirl of dust . . . see the Winchester rifles slung over their shoulders . . . there's Big Jim at the head of them . . . out of the town and over the desert. . . . There, they're riding into the Gulch . . . Ascot must have given them the directions . . . they've halted . . . they're at the walled-up tunnel . . . they're tear-

ing down the stones . . . they're entering the cave . . . it's bright now with torches . . . and crowded with men . . . they've found Ascot and Bessemer Steel. . . . Big Jim has put a flask to their lips . . . that'll help them. . . . Now Ascot's explaining, the gold, the attack, everything. . . . See the crowd listening with the light on their faces!

Out of the cave . . . out into the bright sunshine . . . and riding, riding for life . . . but where? How can they know . . . and the motor had a long start. What is that they plan to do . . . riding, riding, they don't seem to be chasing anything, they seem to be going somewhere. Oh, look, what is this place with tall frame sheds and the level ground—oh! I get it—fine! fine! See that great sign:

AËROPLANE STATION OF THE
GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED
STATES

Isn't that great? What a thing it is to live under a government that keeps aëroplanes even away out in the desert.

Now they're running an aëroplane out of the shed—what a huge machine. They're getting in, Bessemer Steel, and Big Jim the Sheriff, and his men. See, Ascot is going to steer: I guess his head is all right again now. That little thumping with the rocks merely woke up his brain.

Away they go—up—up—see the machine soaring in the blue sky, floating, hovering like a great bird watching for its prey . . . it's circling round searching for the motor car. Aha! they must see it now. Look at the aëroplane swooping down . . . and see there's the motor . . . rushing over the mesa . . . here it's coming right past us. Gonzalez is at the wheel. There's Maisie in the back of the car still tied . . . here's the aëroplane right after it . . . look at Dan Yegg standing up in the car and shooting at the aëroplane with a revolver. . . . They're shooting back . . . that's Big Jim with his Winchester, leaning over



AND SO THESE TWIN SOULS JOIN TO WALK LIFE'S PATHWAY HAND IN HAND

the edge of the car . . . look the motor running straight for the edge of the cañon. . . . Great Cæsar, it's gone over . . . it's a drop of a thousand feet . . . look . . . there's the car falling through the air, the wheels still spinning . . . and there's the aëroplane chasing it as it falls . . . watch Big Jim . . . he's got a coil of rope, a lasso . . . he's lassoed Maisie with it. . . . Hurrah, they're hauling her on to the aëroplane. . . . The motor can fall now, it doesn't matter

where it falls to. . . . There's the aëroplane landed . . . Maisie's unbound . . . she's in her father's arms . . . he's handing her to Ascot. . . .

What's it saying?—Oh, that's just the wind-up.

AND SO THESE TWIN SOULS JOIN
HENCEFORTH TO WALK LIFE'S
PATHWAY HAND IN HAND NEXT
WEEK MUTT AND JEFF AMONG THE
MONKEYS DON'T MISS IT

Harlequin

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THIS thought, I know, shall comfort me when Death
Summons me down the arches of the years:
I gave my laughter with my every breath—
I hid my tears.

Two Poems

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE CAIRN

WHEN I think of the little children learning
In all the schools of the world,
Learning in Danish, learning in Japanese
That two and two are four, and where the rivers of the world
Rise, and the names of the mountains and the principal cities,
My heart breaks.
Come up, children! Toss your little stones gayly
On the great cairn of Knowledge!
(Where lies what Euclid knew, a little gray stone,
What Plato, what Pascal, what Galileo:
Little gray stones, little gray stones on a cairn)
Tell me, what is the name of the highest mountain?
Name me a crater of fire! a peak of snow!
Name me the mountains on the moon!
But the name of the mountain that you climb all day,
Ask not your teacher that.

NEVER MAY THE FRUIT BE PLUCKED

NEVER, never may the fruit be plucked from the bough
And gathered into barrels.
He that would eat of love must eat it where it hangs.
Though the branches bend like reeds,
Though the ripe fruit splash in the grass or wrinkle on the tree,
He that would eat of love may bear away with him
Only what his belly can hold,
Nothing in the apron,
Nothing in the pockets.
Never, never may the fruit be gathered from the bough
And harvested in barrels.
The winter of love is a cellar of empty bins,
In an orchard soft with rot.

Muzio

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

“AND of love I have this to say: that it is both bee and flower. It gives and takes the nectar that brews into honey. Woe to the one who separates the giver from the taker. Woe to the one who would replace either bee or flower. Upon his head all the sorrows of the world will heap. The nectar will turn into gall. For great as is the sin of giving kisses to one thou dost not love, as great and greater is the sin of accepting kisses from one not loving thee.

“And if a man come to thee and tell thee, ‘I have never loved,’ turn thy face away from him, and bathe thyself thrice before facing the woman thou lovest, lest his breath pollute thee.

“And if a woman saith, ‘I have never loved,’ beware of her. For they who have never loved are like monsters who, having shut themselves away from the sun, have grown sharp claws where their eyes should have been. But if a man, bedraggled, haggard, leprous even, come to thee and saith, ‘Lo, I have loved too well,’ wash his feet, spread thy coat underneath him. If thy tent be too small to share, go thyself into the cold, let him get such comfort as he can find, warm thyself at the thought of his warmth.

“And another thing I will tell thee. This to answer those who say, ‘I have loved only once, and can never love again.’ That if a heart be full of love, it will when its time comes, like the flower sucked dry the morning before, overflow again with nectar. And like the bee that has emptied itself, it will again fill itself with the honey of love . . . this, or the flower turns into gall and the bee into a spider. I have spoken.”

They called her Muzio. Muzio was a dancer in one of the dives of Calle Santo Ignacio of Havana. The place, “El Cielo,” pretentiously furnished with gaudily painted walls, is a saloon in one of the streets that lead to the wharf. El Cielo is far better known at sea than on land, for it is the rendezvous of sailors. And toilers of the sea, whether on the Caribbean or Chinese seas, whether dumping coal brought from Newcastle

or Trieste, unloading wool from Australia, on the Caspian or the Black Sea, on the Atlantic or the Sea of Marmora, heaving to and fro, are singing the melody last heard from Muzio’s lips a year or two or three years before. And among the sailors no one ever asked, “When were you last at Havana?” but “When did you see Muzio last?”

Muzio! A tall thin brown-fleshed woman. Heavily penciled eyebrows, accentuated heavy lids over large brown eyes. A long straight nose beginning from a low forehead. Heavy lips, enthroning a round delicate chin, the lines of which seemed to lose themselves in the nervous fine surface-veined throat. Her hands were covered with cheap jewelry of all kinds and colors. The fingers were literally gloved with rings; rings of imitation silver and gold, pewter and brass. Glass blood-red rubies on one finger, artificial topazes on the other. Crystal chips for diamonds, some as large as a doorknob, and opals and turquoises by the hundreds. A wealth of false jewels covered her wrists in the form of bracelets, and her neck in the form of necklaces. All these were gifts from her sailor men friends—things brought to her from the remotest corners of the world by men whose hearts she had gladdened; who had spent their few hours of leave with her before embarking again on the boat that carried them to the other end of the world, or that laid them to sleep at the bottom of it—food for oysters from the shells of which ten thousand years hence more genuine pearls would come to adorn perhaps less true and less noble women than Muzio had been. For Muzio’s soul was a true soul.

The men who brought her these baubles loved her. She held the love of all of them, gave them of her love—oh, how different from that they craved! She wore the gifts of all of them, so that should one return suddenly and she did not remember his name, he could always see that she was wearing his gift, and thus feel happy. As long as Muzio loved him life was not unendurable. Muzio's song could be sung in the heat of the tropics or on the ice fields of Alaska. . . .

She was a Mexican by birth, Muzio. Her father, an impoverished Spaniard, had taken to fishing on the Santa Anita. But as the number of his children increased, and as most of them were girls and unable to help him in his work, he built for himself a chinampa, a floating garden.

On the lower bank of the lake near Santa Anita, during the low-water season, masses of vegetation, reeds and bushes hung loosely on the surface, rising and falling with the water. The wind and the waters augmented the clump of vegetation solidifying it. Like a swinging green cradle, held fast at the bottom, the floating island remained there the whole season. By means of poles, the old fisherman made the mass more compact and fastened it to the shore. At night after work he would take his children, and rowing round it, they interwove the bushes and laced them together. When the mass had become still more compact, he threw strips of turf brought from afar until it formed a more solid superstructure, rising several feet above the water. Muzio's father then planted a little corn and other vegetables. Reeds, growing up from underneath, pierced through the island and made it fast and the whole became as solid as if anchor chains had been thrown to the bottom of the lake. And as the reeds and other water vegetation spread, it chained the chinampa securely. What the waters and wind brought, debris and flotsam, added to the understructure.

In a few years the decaying vegetation,

plus the turf and the sand Muzio's father had carried there and spread over the whole, formed ground solid enough to build upon it a light thatch-roofed adobe. By the time Muzio was fifteen, the chinampa was big enough to feed the numerous family. Even a few long-legged cattle could partly support themselves on the ground.

The chinampa was growing larger and larger and freed the old fisherman from worry. But Muzio, the eldest of the children, longed for the companionship of girls her age who lived on land, in houses near the shore. At night she could hear the young men playing their guitars, serenading young ladies who stood on balconies that seemed specially constructed for them upon which to appear in response to the songsters. She could see them clearly on moonlit nights; see even the movements of the fans they so deftly used as a sign language.

But there was no balcony on the chinampa. Like the inhabitants of other chinampas on the lake—fisherman farms—Muzio's people were considered outcasts by people who lived on terra firma.

One day a young man, a stranger, with a low sombrero, green sash, a mantilla thrown negligently over his shoulder, rowed past the chinampa in a little *chalupa*. He slackened his oars when he saw Muzio, who had just come from a dip in the lake on the other side of the house, jumping lightly across the green. She was wrapped in a transparent white covering.

"*Buenos dias*," the stranger called to her. Muzio scarcely turned her head, and rushed into the house. She dressed hastily and came out again. By that time the stranger had rowed all around the floating farm and was back again at the spot where she had first seen him. He seemed to want to speak to her. He made fast his little *chalupa*, and with hat in hand, facing the girl, he bowed low, and before Muzio could realize what he was doing, he was out upon the chinampa.

"May I speak to your father, Doña?"

"Father is away fishing, Señor," Muzio answered.

"May I speak to your mother?" the stranger politely inquired.

By this time the mother had appeared. The usual polite and verbose introduction followed. After the stranger had been assured that the house and all it contained was his, he was invited to sip a cooling drink on the humble patio. He explained that he was a Cuban, a singer. He had come to see with his own eyes the floating gardens of which he had read in his childhood.

Muzio could not take her eyes from him when he spoke. He was suave, polite, handsome. Toward midday he rowed away, but returned before sundown to become acquainted with the master of the house. He begged permission to present to the beautiful Doña Muzio an *abanico* that he had picked up in Venezuela. It was a fan of such gorgeous color as Muzio had never even dreamed of possessing.

Don Jaime returned again and again to the chinampa the following days, and the people in the neighborhood wondered at nights from whence such beautiful song came floating to the shore. So powerful and passionate was the voice, it silenced the other serenaders.

Two weeks later, when Don Jaime suddenly left Santa Anita and its environs, Muzio disappeared from her father's chinampa. Two months later the young Mexican girl was penniless and starving in the city of Havana, Don Jaime having departed for parts unknown to her.

Decked as she was in beautiful silks with *pendientes* finished in emeralds dangling over her shoulders, she appeared at the El Cielo, then a very small wine house, and after a short conversation with the owner and his wife, she was engaged as a waitress in exchange for food and board. The rest one had to pick up from tips and gifts of customers.

"You will have no difficulty," the owner's wife assured her. "No, not with your youth and such beautiful eyes."

A day or two later, when Muzio's dainty shoes had given way running to and from the tables, she went to a broker to pawn her best ring. The old man behind the counter after a short inspection announced that "*Non es oro todo lo que luce!*" (Not all is gold that glitters.) Which was probably more symbolic than the old man was ever to know.

She served the tables. At first the rough sailors frightened her, but after a few days fear gave way to an appreciation of their naïve and coarse romanticism. Compared to the suave and polite but cruel and lying Don Jaime, they were like playful children.

Then one night at El Cielo, when sailors representing every one of the Central Americas, had each sung something in praise of his own country, Muzio, ashamed that hers was not represented, sang for them. Instantly, she sprang from a mere barmaid into a singer. Her voice thrilled them. It thrilled Muzio who had never heard herself sing. The sailors stayed late that night. They returned the following evening, bringing more friends. A pair of castanets was placed into Muzio's hands. The cook of one of the ships brought forth an accordion. The place was transformed into a singing hall, and the sailors looked upon Muzio as if she were their child. When a stranger attempted to take liberties with Muzio, the other sailors not over gently but very firmly rebuffed him. A year later, the owner had to enlarge his place, for people came in flocks to see Muzio dance and to hear her sing.

There was something in Muzio gentle, pure and unaffected, that attracted the rough men of the sea to her. More than one of them, after Muzio had established the relationship of brother and sister between them, told her his life story, weeping upon her shoulder. More than one of them was made to think of his waiting sweetheart somewhere in the pampas or

on the Philippine Hills. It was like a bond with each of them when she wore one of their gifts. Her fingers were covered with the cheap trinkets brought to her from all corners of the earth. Her arms were heavy with bracelets—the large *pulseras* Latin American women are so fond of. Then the *privilegiados*, the privileged ones, whose jewels she wore, would bring her pieces of silk, shawls, fans, combs, until she was weighted down with them. In a short time she had to lay all these gifts in a row upon a shelf in the corner of the dancing hall, having them ready to pin or slip on whenever he appeared who had presented her with the gift. When the door opened, and one of the *privilegiados* appeared, Muzio would stop in the midst of a dance or song, meet him midway with outstretched arms, and the greeting would be as warm as that of brother and sister who had not seen each other for a long time.

As one goes, because of disappointment, to a monastery, Muzio had gone to the dancing hall when Don Jaime had abandoned her. Unconsciously, she came to look upon the men who visited El Cielo as a sister of mercy looks upon patients coming to a hospital, or for prayer at the door of a church after an ungodly act.

One day, Perez Diamo, the big curly-headed Argentino she had known for a good many years, appeared after a long absence. He had been on a tramp steamer which had practically circumnavigated the world. He brought with him gifts for Muzio from almost every port. But when Muzio looked upon the shelf, the large ruby *sortijas*, the ring which he had given her, was not there. Perez hung his head in dismay when she could not find it. He became still more despondent when he observed the other sailors, some of whom he knew, look at one another and wink and smile.

"When a woman loses a man's gifts it is because she does not much care for the man," one of the sailors remarked.

Muzio was beside herself with grief.

Such a thing had never happened before. Perez, who had already taken a few drinks, hung his head when she approached him, and cried, "That man is right. It is because you have forgotten me."

In vain Muzio assured him that she remembered him better than any of the other "brothers." How could she forget him? She almost persuaded herself she liked him better than the others, just because he was so grief-stricken.

"I know your name. Perez, Perez is your name. Look, I remember the name even of your sister of whom you spoke to me—Carmencita is her name. You said she had hair like mine. I know from whence you come; the name of the village. I have not forgotten you, Perez. You least of all . . ." she assured him with warmth. But he was not to be consoled easily. He had drunk himself to shrewdness, when men dare more, feeling that they can pretend drunkenness afterward as an excuse for bad behavior. The package of gifts he had brought her was kicked underneath the table and stamped upon violently with his large feet. Muzio felt as if he were kicking her. She felt she did not deserve such treatment; she rose from her seat, refusing to stay another moment near him, and went over to the platform where she asked the accordion player for one of her favorite lighter songs. After all, no one had a right to treat her like that big Argentino just because his ring had been lost. She did not once look at him while she sang, so that he would feel his disgrace in her eyes. But soon she was overcome by her better self. The Argentino suffered too much. And it was because of her. He whom we can hurt, loves us.

Perez made an effort to appear unconcerned. He spoke overloudly to friends he met. But Muzio could feel that it was merely to kill his great anger. His soul was not in his voice. It sounded empty as though coming from a punctured drum. Slowly, she descended the platform and approached the table at

which he was sitting and drinking with other sailors.

"Come with me to another table, Perez," she said. At first he resisted, but upon her insistence, he followed, and the two sat down in silence. The drinks that had been called for the two remained untouched, for Muzio had put her palm on the glass when he had stretched his fingers toward it. "You have had enough for to-day, Perez. Don't you believe me when I tell you that the ring was lost?" she asked leaning close to him. Her warm breath made his long silken eyelashes flutter. "It is the first time this has happened, Perez. Don't you believe me?"

"But why should my ring be lost? Why just mine?" Perez cried.

"If the ring of some one else had been lost," Muzio replied, "the other would have had the same right as you to say that." She said this with intent, because of the complaining quality in his voice. She wanted him to know that while he was not less to her than the others, he was also not more. Perez became sentimental. "I hoped my ring meant more to you than the others. Whenever I have been away I have thought of you, Muzio. In China. In Turkey. In Sydney."

She had heard such words said hundreds of times and knew their value. A loud laugh had always been the answer. But she could not laugh now. She had lost his ring. It caused him pain. And his voice, mellowed by drunkenness, sounded sincere.

"I am really more sorry than you know that I have lost your ring, Perez," and to give more weight to her words, her hand slipped into his. And still because she was at fault and because she had allowed herself to coquet a little more with him than with the others, she allowed him to kiss her hand repeatedly, there, in plain view of everyone.

"What is all this about?" cried Muzio suddenly, as she rose. The sailors had made a circle around her table and were dancing to the music of the accordion,

while the other guests were laughing and passing ribald remarks.

"Can't a brother kiss a sister's hand without some one getting ribald about it?" Muzio asked, as she broke through the ring and returned to the platform to sing again.

After most of the guests had drunk themselves underneath the tables, and while the owner and his wife were counting the day's income, Muzio again approached Perez, who was sitting alone, facing the two glasses that had not yet been touched. The package he had brought was on the table.

"Come, show me," and her fingers undid the package feverishly. And they were wonderful things he had brought: silks from Cathay, combs from Spain, a long cigarette holder of amber and ivory from Egypt, and trinkets from every corner of the earth. Muzio accepted them with long exclamations of joy at the sight of each of them. She showed more enthusiasm than the things deserved. Her sympathy warmed her heart toward the curly-headed Argentine. How nice and strong he was! How simple! How naïve!

Afraid of overstaying his shore leave, and thereby losing the privilege for the following day, Perez stood up ready to go. As she put out her hand bidding him "*buenas noches*," he unexpectedly threw an arm around her and kissed her on the mouth.

"Perez," she gasped, but he was already on the other side of the door. She heard him sing while his heavy shoes clattered on the cobblestone sidewalk leading to the wharf.

"This one surely is a *privilegiado*," laughed the innkeeper, as he looked at the disconcerted dancer.

She gathered up all the gifts Perez had brought her, and tired and weary, she walked to the end of the room, from where rose the narrow stairs leading to her small room above the saloon.

Other men had stolen kisses from her before. But somehow those kisses did not have the same meaning which

Perez had put into his. She looked at the trinkets and the silks he had brought her and they, too, had a different meaning from those presents the other *privilegiados* had given her. These gifts of Perez compelled her to think of him. If it be true that he had carried in his mind the image of her, over all the seas and all the ports! To be sure each one of the *privilegiados* had probably at times thought of her, when upon the high seas or in port, but there was a certain lightness in the words when they told her of it. But Perez's thinking of her had evidently meant so much more to him; for the tone in which he spoke seemed deep and dolorous.

Perez, of Argentina, had a warm and passionate voice. What had he thought of her? Did he think of her as most men did of the dancers and singers in sailors' dives? Oh, she had heard them tell stories of such dives in Japan, in China and ports of the Mediterranean also. She had listened to tales by men whose tongues were heavy but whose lips fluttered rapidly like feverish wings of sleepy owls.

Muzio fell asleep with Perez's gifts strewn across her bed—angry that he had taken such liberty with her, but rejuvenated by his kiss nevertheless.

The following evening Perez returned to El Cielo, and as though his action of the night before gave him special prerogative over Muzio, he walked over to her with gallant familiarity and insisted on himself pinning into her hair the red roses he had brought. She wore one of his yellow silk handkerchiefs draped around her black tall comb that rose from the back of her head. She wore another trinket he had given her hanging from a green sash encircling her hips and hanging down at the side to her red-heeled slippers of sky blue. She sang and danced that night more than ever before, for she dreaded to leave the platform and sit near Perez, who had isolated himself after ordering two drinks which remained untouched until she should finally come to him. After exchanging

idle words as she passed by the tables of other sailors drinking or playing cards, she approached the Argentine's table.

"You mustn't do that again, Perez," she said after she had sipped a few times from her glass.

"And why not?" Perez asked surlily. "One may kiss even the Holy Mother," he added playfully.

The allusion was very plain.

"I have been like a sister to you," Muzio argued softly.

"But I have thought of you as a woman," Perez replied.

"You must not," Muzio pleaded, with motherly voice, to appease him.

"I have been thinking of you all the time, Muzio. Another year, and I shall leave the sea forever. I shall go back to my own home on a *hacienda* and settle there. And if you care, Muzio . . ."

Muzio interrupted, "You are drunk, Perez. You are drunk."

"Not with wine," Perez pleaded further.

"Fool," Muzio admonished, "because you like my singing and dancing you think I will be a good mother to your children and know how to milk cows. You are young. Everyone seems good enough to you. '*De noche, todos los gatos son pardos*?' (At night, all cats are gray.)"

Yet it was with great effort that she so summarily dismissed the young man's offer. A *hacienda*, a home, a husband, children! Such things had never been offered to her. Failing in his honorable proposition, Perez, whose passion was stirred as the evening wore on, became more and more centered upon the dancer before him. He left earlier than the previous night. Muzio, fearing he would go to another saloon, felt her heart sink. She made as if to call him back, but decided too late. He was gone. Gone to another café to be amused by other dancers and singers. There was no other explanation for his early departure. After the last sailor had ambled out of the place, Muzio went to her room for the night.



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

MORE THAN ONE HAD TOLD HIS LIFE STORY, WEEPING UPON HER SHOULDER



When all was dark and silent, with only the splashing of the waves as a distant sound, there came a soft rapping at one of the windows that let to the inner court of the house.

"Who is there?" Muzio queried, trembling with fear.

The shadow of Perez's head and broad shoulders was outlined distinctly on the white wall opposite the window.

"It is I, Perez," a voice murmured softly.

Muzio stifled a cry that rose in her throat. She was about to awaken the neighbors, but moved by another thought, she approached the window on tiptoe and opened it. Even before the window was fully opened, Perez jumped lightly upon the sill and into the room. His arms stretched out to embrace Muzio, but they only touched her arms which kept him at their length. Her unschooled and quite unconscious sense of psychologizing men into sudden and complete powerlessness made Perez collapse before her very eyes in that moment.

"Sit down, Perez," Muzio invited him softly. The flaming Perez was gone. She could talk to him now. "I can understand by this, in what manner you have been thinking of me, while you were away on the high seas."

It shamed the sailor. He hung his head. Muzio talked long and passionately. When Perez left the room an hour later, he had cried in shame as he had never cried before. As he listened to Muzio, for the first time he realized what she really meant to him as a sister; what she meant to all the other men who had made out of El Cielo their Havana rendezvous.

Disturbed and unnerved by the event, Muzio listened with favorable ears to the proposition of a man who mirrored before her eyes wealth to be obtained through her dance and song in other Spanish-speaking countries. And so one day the sailors were amazed to find another woman in Muzio's place. Muzio no longer on the platform of the gaudily

painted wine house. This woman danced even better than Muzio and her voice, too, was perhaps younger and fresher. But *she* was merely a woman. Her dancing meant little more than what they had seen in many other places. Her singing meant still less. Her smile little more than a professional grin.

And so the word spread from sailor to sailor, from boat to boat, and port to port, that Muzio was no longer at El Cielo. To come to Havana no longer meant what it once did to the toilers of the sea. Other dives on narrow streets around wharves received their custom. They wandered from one place to the other. When at sea again, they would have more to tell about their experiences in the port, but none of them could forget the woman they so much missed. Muzio gone, Havana was not more than a port, a place to go ashore and get drunk.

And what happened to Muzio? Under the guidance of the man who had convinced her to leave El Cielo, she danced and sang at the better dancing houses of Caracas and Porto Rico. She danced and sang at the concert halls of all the Latin Americas. Instantly, she created a furore. Her sailor songs, which she had picked up in the years of her stay in Havana, and the "accent" of her feet, as the connoisseurs expressed it, were so genuine and true that she was like no other dancer and singer they had ever seen or heard. The wealthy men who came to see her crowded her dressing room.

At the end of a few months she had accumulated a number of bracelets and earrings and fans and combs and rings with precious stones in them, all of them genuine and of great value, mounting into the thousands of pesos. But after the music was over and dancing feet were still, Muzio would think of her sailor friends. She would take out from a little cardboard box trinkets they had given her. And the false rubies and emeralds, glass and pieces of crystal, were luster-

less now that they were not polished daily, but to her they appeared more genuine than all the valuable things of gold, and all the precious stones these wealthy men of Caracas and Porto Rico and Buenos Aires had given her.

And as she put the old rings upon her fingers, she recalled the face and voice of each man. They had all been good to her.

"Muzio, here's a piece of silk. I thought of you in China."

"Muzio, this cigarette holder I stole from a heathen in India."

She recalled every word said as the gift was handed to her. Where were they now? What were they thinking of her now that she had disappeared? What did they do when they came to Havana? She felt as if she betrayed them, like a mother who had abandoned her children. Now she realized much better the words of the old pawnbroker, "All is not gold that glitters." Only in her case, it was the real gold that did not glitter as well as the imitation. For her the real jewels were those the hardy and rough men at El Cielo had given her. They were her friends, friends who thought of her, loved her. . . . And Perez, where was Perez, the impetuous Argentine?

One evening Muzio appeared suddenly at El Cielo. The other woman was in the midst of a song when Muzio entered.

"Muzio!" the sailors cried, drowning the other woman's song. A dozen hands stretched out toward her. She sat down with them. In vain did the other woman sing, trying to attract attention. They had ears and eyes only for Muzio.

Muzio looked at her fingers, and inquired; "Let's see. Where is Mendez, the man who gave me this bracelet? Where is Sancho who gave me this *saraja*? Where is the other one, that big tall Nicaraguan who brought me the *pendientes* I am now wearing?" For she wore everything that had ever been given to her.

And the news spread all about the wharf that Muzio was back. Within an hour, half of her *privilegiados* were ac-

counted for. The others were on the high seas. They forced her to mount the platform and sing. It was like a fresh breeze after a long calm to hear her sing and see her dance. Suddenly she asked aloud, "Has anybody seen Perez, the tall, curly-headed Argentine?"

Some one said he had seen him on an American boat that had landed that very day. He had scarcely finished saying that when Perez, accompanied by another man, appeared in the doorway. There was long rejoicing. In her great joy, Muzio felt more free than she had ever felt with all of them. She allowed them to kiss her hand and many of them kissed her face. Only Perez, who had probably come nearer her soul than anyone before, made no attempt at familiarity with her. He sat down with his friend at an isolated table, ordered three drinks and waited. After the first commotion had subsided, Muzio bethought herself of Perez and went over to his table. She felt warmer toward him than toward anybody else. She put her bejeweled hand upon his.

"You see I have not lost a single gift of yours. I am wearing them all, Perez."

"That is good," he answered humbly, passionately, putting his other hand over hers.

They looked each other searchingly into the eye for a moment. Many things were remembered. Many other things were forgiven and forgotten.

"Let's drink," Muzio suddenly called. She raised her glass as she stood up. It was a signal for the others to jump on chairs and tables and drink to Muzio's health.

"You have not met my friend," Perez said to Muzio, introducing his companion. "He is on the sea for pleasure. His father owns the vessel on which I sail."

"I have met the Señora before," the man courteously reminded Muzio, "in Buenos Aires, two months ago, if the Señora remembers."

Muzio looked closely at the man. "Of course, I remember you." And instantly

she recalled a very disagreeable occurrence in which a young man, the son of a very wealthy family, had behaved grossly toward her.

The crowd of sailors became so insistent for Muzio to mount the platform again, that she had to comply with the request instantly and leave Perez's table. After she had sung and danced, Perez turned to his companion and said "So, you have met Señora Muzio before?"

"Indeed I have," the other answered, with an ugly smirk, and a significant movement of thumb and forefinger in the air.

Perez emptied his glass hastily.

"I see you are also very friendly with her," the man added, poking Perez in the ribs, keeping his eye on the dancer all the time. "Why should she dance here when the best theaters are welcoming her?"

"She is like a sister to all of us," Perez said, gulping and swallowing heavily.

"A sister!" the other laughed loudly. "Ha! ha!"

"A sister, a sister," Perez insisted, his blood mounting to his face. But the other man laughed louder.

"If that's the case, I, too, am a brother," he added, and the intonation and the mien and movements implied a meaning other than the words.

"*Embustero! liar!*" Perez yelled at the top of his voice, the dagger he carried at his belt flashing in his hand. Instantly the whole place was in an uproar.

"What is it? What is it?" they shouted from all sides, as they came toward Perez's table.

Muzio cleaved her way rapidly toward the two men.

"What is it?" she asked, placing herself between Perez and the other. Never before had she seen Perez so furious. His dagger was raised above her head, high enough to kill an ox with one blow. The blade glistened like facets of a polished diamond.

"It is a remark he had made about you," Perez shouted.

Muzio turned livid. The man had lied. She knew if she should say that he lied Perez's dagger would sink into the stranger's heart.

"Tell him he lied," roared Perez. Her lips refused to utter the words that would kill a man. She realized in one instant Perez's great love for her and his terrible rage. She sighed and hung her head in mute significance.

A sharp pain shot through her body. It was like a flash of lightning. Her knees sagged underneath her, her eyes opened for a moment, and they saw her own blood dripping from the dagger in the hands of Perez.

By the Wall

BY E. DORSET

I have seen prophets rise and prophets go,
Received, abjured, stoned forth;
I have seen something of the world they know,
Both South and North;

I venture, then, one platitude; I think
(Life being almost done),
Life knows no greater gift than just to drink
The daily sun.

They Had Their Day

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"TO a man," says an engaging cynic in Mr. Stephen McKenna's *Sonia*, "sex is an incident: to a woman it is everything in this world and in the next"; a generalization which a novelist can always illustrate with a heroine who meets his views. We have had many such women in recent fiction, and it takes some discernment to perceive that in them sex seems everything only because honor and integrity and fair-mindedness are nothing. They are not swept by emotions good or bad; but when all concern for other people's rights and privileges is eliminated, a great deal of room is left for the uneasy development of appetites which may be called by any name we like.

Among the Georgian and early Victorian novelists, Richardson alone stands as an earnest and pitiless expositor of sex. He slipped as far away from it as he could in *Sir Charles Grandison*, but in doing so he slipped away from reality. The grossness of Fielding's men is not intrinsic; it is, as Mr. McKenna would say, incidental. Jane Austen, who never wrote of things with which she was unfamiliar, gave the passions a wide berth. Scott was too robustly masculine, and Dickens too hopelessly and helplessly humorous to deal with them intelligently. Thackeray dipped deep into the strong tide of life, and was concerned with all its eddying currents. Woman was to him what she was not to Scott, "*une grande réalité comme la guerre*"; and, like war, she had her complications. He found these complications to be for the most part distasteful; but he never assumed that a single key could open all the chambers of her soul.

When Mrs. Ritchie said of Jane Aus-

ten's heroines that they have "a certain gentle self-respect, and humor, and hardness of heart," she must have had Emma in her mind. Humor hardens the heart, at least to the point of sanity; and Emma surveys her little world of Highbury very much as Miss Austen surveyed her little worlds of Steventon and Chawton, with a less piercing intelligence, but with the same appreciation of foibles, and the same unqualified acceptance of tedium. To a modern reader the most striking thing about the life depicted in all these novels is its dullness. The men have occupations of some sort, the women have none. They live in the country or in country towns. Of outdoor sports they know nothing. They walk when the lanes are not too muddy, and some of them ride. They play round games in the evening, and always for a stake. A dinner or a dance is an event in their lives; and as for acting, we know what magnificent proportions *it* assumes when we are told that even to Henry Crawford, "in all the riot of his gratifications, it was as yet an untasted pleasure."

Emma, during the thirteen months in which we enjoy her acquaintance, finds plenty of mischief for her idle hands to do. Her unwarranted interference in the love affairs of two people whom it is her plain business to let alone is the fruit of ennui. Young, rich, nimble of wit and sound of heart, she lives through days and nights of inconceivable stupidity. She does not ride, and we have Mr. Knightley's word for it that she does not read. She can sketch, but one drawing in thirteen months is the sum of her accomplishment. She may possibly have a regard for the "moral scenery"



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

JANE AUSTEN'S EMMA IS A NORMAL CREATURE, HIGHLY CIVILIZED, AND SANELY ARTIFICIAL

which Hannah More condescended to admire; but nature is neither law nor impulse to her soul. She knows little or nothing of the country about her own home. It takes the enterprising Mrs. Elton to get her as far as Box Hill, a drive of seven miles, though the view it commands is so fine as to provoke "a burst of admiration" from beholders who have apparently never taken the trouble to look at it before. "We are a very quiet set of people," observes Emma in complacent defense of this apathy, "more disposed to stay at home than engage in schemes of pleasure."

Dr. Johnson's definition of a novel as "a smooth tale, generally of love," fits Miss Austen well. It is not that she assigns to love a heavy role, but there is nothing to interfere with its command of the situation. Vague yearnings, tempestuous doubts, combative principles, play no part in her well-ordered world. The poor and the oppressed are discreetly excluded from its precincts. Emma does not teach the orphan boy to read, or the orphan girl to sew. She looks after her father's comfort, and plays backgammon with him in the evenings. Of politics she knows nothing, and the most complicated social problem she is called on to face is the recognition, or the rejection, of her less fashionable neighbors. Are, or are not, the Coles sufficiently genteel to warrant her dining with them? Highbury is her universe, and no restless discontent haunts her with waking dreams of the Tiber and the Nile. Frank Churchill may go to London, sixteen miles off, to get his hair cut; but Emma remains at Hartfield, and holds the center of the stage. We can count the days, we can almost count the hours in her monotonous life. She is unemotional, even for her setting; and it was after reading her placid history that Charlotte Brontë wrote the memorable depreciation of all Miss Austen's novels.

But, though beset and environed by dullness, Emma is not dull. On the contrary, she is remarkably engaging;

less vivacious than Elizabeth Bennet, but infinitely more agreeable. She puts us into a good humor with ourselves, she "produces delight." The secret of her potency is that she has grasped the essential things of life, and let the non-essentials go. There is distinction in the way she accepts her duties, in her sense of balance, and order, and propriety. She is a normal creature, highly civilized, and sanely artificial. Mr. Saintsbury says that Miss Austen knew two things: humanity and art. "Her men, though limited, are true, and her women are, in the old sense, absolute." Emma is "absolute." The possibility—or impossibility—of being Mr. Knightley's intellectual competitor never occurs to her. She covets no empty honors. She is content to be necessary and unassailable.

Mr. Chesterton has written a whimsical and fault-finding paper entitled "The Evolution of Emma," in which he assumes that this embodiment of domesticity is the prototype of the modern welfare worker who runs birth-control meetings and baby weeks, urges maternity bills upon legislators, prates about segregation, and preaches eugenics and sex hygiene to a world that knows a great deal more about such matters than she does. Emma, says Mr. Chesterton, considers that because she is more genteel than Harriet Smith she is privileged to alienate this humble friend from Robert Martin who wants to marry her, and fling her at the head of Mr. Elton who doesn't. In precisely the same spirit, the welfare worker conceives that her greater gentility (she sometimes calls it intelligence) warrants her gross intrusion into the lives of people who are her social inferiors. It is because they *are* her social inferiors that she dares to do it. The goodness of her intentions carries no weight. Emma's intentions are of the best, so far as she can separate them from her subconscious love of meddling.

This ingenious comparison is very painful to Emma's friends in the world



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

SCOTT'S DIANA VERNON HAS ALWAYS CAUGHT THE FANCY OF MEN

of English readers. It cannot be that she is the ancestress of a type so vitally opposed to all that she holds correct and becoming. I do not share Mr. Chesterton's violent hostility to reformers, even when they have no standard of taste. Taste is the guardian of our minor morals, but there are questions too big and pertinacious for its control. I only think it hard that, feeling as he does, he should compare Emma's youthful indiscretions with more radical and disquieting activities. Emma is indiscreet, but she is only twenty-one. At twenty-two she is safely married to Mr. Knightley, and her period of indiscretion is over. At twenty-two she has fulfilled her destiny, has stepped into line, and as the center of the social unit, is harmoniously adjusted, not to Highbury alone, but to civilization and the long traditions of the ages. That she should regard her lover, even in her first glowing moments of happiness, as an agreeable companion, and as an assistant in the care of her father, is characteristic. "Self-respect, humor and hardness of heart" are out of hand with romance. So much the better for Mr. Knightley, who will never find his emotions drained, his wisdom questioned, his authority denied, and who will come in time to believe that he, and not his wife, is "absolute."

The formal stars do travel so,
That we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks
Would think them govern'd by our books.

If Jane Austen and Thackeray wrought their heroines with perfect and painstaking accuracy, Scott's attitude was for the most part one of reprehensible indifference. His world was run by men, and the ringleted sylphs of seventeen (the word "flapper" had not then cast discredit on this popular age) play very simple parts. Ruskin, it may be remembered, ardently admired these young ladies, and held them up as models of "grace, tenderness and intellectual

power" to all his female readers. It never occurred to the great moralist, any more than to the great story-teller, that a girl is something more than a set of assorted virtues. "To Scott, as to most men of his age," observes an acute English critic, "woman was not an individual, but an institution—a toast that was drunk some time after Church and King."

Diana Vernon exists to be toasted. She has the

"True blue
And Mrs. Crewe"

quality associated in our minds with clinking glasses, and loud-spoken loyalty to Stewart or to Hanoverian. She has always caught the fancy of men, and has been likened in her day to Shakespeare's Beatrice, Rosalind and Portia, ladies of wit and distinction who aspire to pay adventurous roles in the mad medley of life. She is as well fitted to provoke general admiration as Julia Mannering is to awaken personal regard. She is one of the five heroines of English fiction with whom Mr. Saintsbury avows no man of taste and spirit can fail to fall in love. He does not aspire, even in fancy, to marry her. His choice for a wife is Elizabeth Bennet. But for "occasional companionship" he gives Diana the prize.

Occasional companionship is all that we get of her in *Rob Roy*. She enlivens the opening chapters very prettily, but is eliminated from the best and most vigorous episodes. My own impression is that Scott forgot all about Miss Vernon while he was happily engaged with MacGregor and the Bailie and Andrew Fairservice; and that whenever he remembered her, he produced her on the stage as mysteriously and as irrelevantly as a conjurer lifts white rabbits out of his hat. Wrapped in a horseman's cloak, she comes riding under a frosty moon, gives Frank Osbaldistone a packet of valuable papers, bids him one of half-a-dozen solemn and final farewells, and disappears until the next trick is called.



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

BECKY SHARP WAS "A FIGHTER AGAINST FATE"



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

DICKENS' NANCY HAD A QUICK WIT, A WARM HEART, AND A FURIOUS TEMPER

It was a good arrangement for Scott, who liked to have the decks cleared for action; but it makes Diana unduly fantastic and unreal.

So, too, does the weight of learning with which Rashleigh Osbaldistone has loaded her. Greek and Latin, history, science and philosophy, "as well as most of the languages of modern Europe," seem a large order for a girl of eighteen. Diana can also saddle and bridle a horse, clear a five-barred gate, and fire a gun without winking. Yet she has a "tiny foot"—at least Scott says so—and she rides to hounds with her hair bound only by the traditional ribbon, so that her long tresses "stream on the breeze." The absurd and complicated plot in which she is involved is never disentangled. Dedicated in infancy to the cloister—which was at least unusual—she has been released by Rome from vows she has never taken, only on condition that she marries a cousin who is within the forbidden degree of kindred. Her numerous allusions to this circumstance—"The fatal veil was wrapped round me in my cradle," "I am by solemn contract the bride of Heaven, betrothed to the convent from the cradle"—distress and mystify poor Frank, who is not clever at best, and who accepts all her verdicts as irrevocable. Every time she bids him farewell he believes it to be the end; and he loses the last flicker of hope when she sends him a ring by—of all people under Heaven—Helen MacGregor, who delivers it with these cheerful words: "Young man, this comes from one whom you will never see more. If it is a joyless token, it is well fitted to pass through the hands of one to whom joy can never be known. Her last words were 'Let him forget me forever.'"

After which the astute reader is prepared to hear that Frank and Diana were soon happily married, without any consideration for cradle or for cloister, and without the smallest intervention from Rome.

Miss Vernon is one of Scott's characters for whom an original has been

found. This in itself is a proof of vitality. Nobody would dream of finding the original of Lucy Bertram, or Isabella Wardour, or Edith Bellenden. As a matter of fact, the same prototype would do for all three, and half-a-dozen more. But Captain Basil Hall expended much time and ingenuity in showing that Scott drew Diana after the likeness of Miss Jane Anne Cranstoun, a young lady of Edinburgh who married an Austrian nobleman and left Scotland before the first of the Waverly novels was written.

Miss Cranstoun was older than Scott, well born, well looking, a fearless horse-woman, a frank talker, a warm friend, and had some reputation as a wit. It was through her that the young man made his first acquaintance with Bürger's ballad, "Lenore," which so powerfully affected his imagination that he sat up all night, translating it into English verse. When it was finished, he repaired to Miss Cranstoun's house to show her the fruits of his labor. It was then half-past six, an hour which to that vigorous generation seemed seasonable for a morning call. Clarissa Harlowe grants Lovelace his interviews at five.

Miss Cranstoun listened to the ballad with more attention than Diana vouchsafed to her lover's translation from Ariosto (it was certainly better worth hearing), gave Scott his meed of praise and encouragement, and remained his friend, confidant and critic until her marriage separated them forever. There are certainly points of resemblance between this clever woman and the high-spirited girl whom Justice Inglewood calls the "heath-bell of Cheviot," and MacGregor "a daft hemsie but a mettle quean." It may be that Diana owes her vitality to Scott's faithful remembrance of Miss Cranstoun, just as Jeanie Deans owes her rare and perfect naturalness to his clear conception of her noble prototype, Helen Walker. "A novel is history without documents, nothing to prove it," said Mr. John Richard Green; but unproved verities, as unassailable as un-

heard melodies, have a knack of surviving the rack and ruin of time.

When Thackeray courageously gave to the world "a novel without a hero," he atoned for his oversight by enriching it with two heroines so carefully portrayed, so admirably contrasted, that each strengthens and perfects the other. Just as Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart are etched together on the pages of history with a vivid intensity which singly they might have missed, so Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp (*place à la vertu*) are etched together on the pages of fiction with a distinctness derived in part from the force of comparison. And just as readers of history have been divided for more than three hundred years into adherents of the rival queens, so readers of novels have been divided for more than seventy years into admirers of the rival heroines. "I have been Emmy's faithful knight since I was ten years old, and read *Vanity Fair* somewhat stealthily," confessed Andrew Lang; and by way of proving his allegiance, he laid at his lady's feet the stupidest repudiation of Rebecca ever voiced by a man of letters. To class her with Barnes Newcome and Mrs. Mackenzie is an unpardonable affront. A man may be a perfect Sir Galahad without surrendering all sense of values and proportion.

When *Vanity Fair* was published the popular verdict was against Becky. She so disedified the devout that reviewers, with the awful image of the British Matron before their eyes, dealt with her in a spirit of serious condemnation. It will be remembered that Taine, caring much for art and little for matrons, protested keenly against Thackeray's treatment of his own heroine, against the snubs and sneers and censures with which the English novelist thought fit to convince his English readers that he did not sympathize with misconduct. These readers hastened in turn to explain that Becky was rightfully "odious" in her author's eyes, and that she was "created

to be exposed," which sounds a little like the stern creed which held that men were created to be damned. Trollope, oppressed by her dissimilarity to Grace Crawley and to Lily Dale, openly mourned her shortcomings, and a writer in *Frazier's Magazine* assured the rank and file of the respectable that in real life they would shrink from her as from an infection. One voice only, that of an unknown critic in a little-read review, was raised in her defense. This brave man admitted without flinching her many sins, but added that he loved her.

The more lenient standards of our day have lifted Rebecca's reputation into the realm of disputable things. So distinguished a moralist as Mr. William Dean Howells praised her tepidly, being disposed in her favor by a distaste, not for Amelia, but for Beatrix Esmond, whom he pronounced a "doll" and an "eighteenth-century marionette," and compared with whom he found Becky refreshingly real. As for Thackeray's harshness, Mr. Howells condoned it on the score of incomprehension. "His morality is the old conventional morality which we are now a little ashamed of; but in his time and place he could scarcely have had any other. After all he was a simple soul, and strictly of his period."

This is an interesting point of view. To most of us *Vanity Fair* seems about as simple as "Ecclesiastes," the author of which was also "strictly of his period." Sir Sidney Low, the most trenchant critic whom the fates have raised to champion the incomparable Becky, is by way of thinking that in so far as Thackeray was a moralist, he was unfair to her; but that in so far as he was a much greater artist than a moralist, she emerges triumphant from his hands. "She is the first embodiment in English fiction of the woman whose emotions are dominated by her intellect. She is a fighter against fate, and she wages war with unflinching energy, passing lightly, as great warriors do, over the bodies of the killed and wounded."

She does more. She snatches a partial victory out of the jaws of a crushing defeat. The stanchest fighter expects some backing from fate, some good cards to put on the table. But Becky's fortunes are in Thackeray's hands, and he rules against her at every turn. Life and death are her inexorable opponents. Miss Crawley recovers (which she has no business to do) from a surfeit of lobster, when by dying she would have enriched Rawdon, already in love with Rebecca. Lady Crawley lives just long enough to spoil Becky's chance of marrying Sir Pitt. It is all very hard and very wrong. The little governess had richly earned Miss Crawley's money by her patient care of that ungrateful invalid. She would have been kind and good-tempered to Sir Pitt, whereas his virtuous son and daughter-in-law (the Lady Jane whom Thackeray never ceases to praise) leave the poor old paralytic to the care of a coarse, untrained and cruel servant. Becky is not the only sufferer by the bad luck which makes her from start to finish, "a fighter against fate."

Sir Sidney is by no means content with the somewhat murky twilight in which we take leave of this great little adventuress, with the atmosphere of charity lists, bazaars, and works of piety which depressingly surrounds her. He is sure she made a most charming and witty old lady, and that she eventually won over Colonel Dobbin (in spite of Amelia's misgivings) by judicious praise of the *History of the Punjaub*. And I am equally sure that she never suffered herself to lose so valuable an asset as young Rawdon. Becky's indifference to her son is the strongest card that Thackeray plays. By throwing into high relief the father's proud affection for the boy (who is an uncommonly nice little lad), he deepens and darkens the mother's unconcern. Becky is impervious to the charm of childhood, and she is not affectionate. Once in a while she is moved by a generous impulse; but the crowded cares and sordid scheming of her life leave no room for sensibility.

Nevertheless, if the Reverend Bute Crawley and his household look upon little Rawdon with deep respect as the possible heir of Queen's Crawley, "between whom and the title there was only the sickly pale child, Pitt Binkie," it is unlikely that Rebecca the far-seeing would ignore the potential greatness of her son. She cannot afford to lose any chance, or any combination of chances, in the hazardous game she plays. The spectacle of this game is one of the things which repay us for the dreary business of learning to read. There is nothing like it in English letters. To watch Becky manipulate her brother-in-law, Sir Pitt, is a never-ending delight. He is dull, pompous, vain, ungenerous. He has inherited the fortune which should have been her husband's. Yet there is no hatred in her heart, nor any serious malice. Hatred, like love, is an emotional extravagance, and Becky's accounts are very strictly kept.

Therefore when she persuades the Baronet to spend a week in the little house on Curzon Street, even Thackeray admits that she is sincerely happy to have him there. She comes bustling and blushing into his room with a scuttle of coals; she cooks excellent dishes for his dinner; she gives him Lord Steyne's White Hermitage to warm his frozen blood, telling him it is a cheap wine which Rawdon has picked up in France; she sits by his side in the fire-light, stitching a shirt for her little son; she plays every detail of her part with the careful and conscientious art of a Dutch painter composing a domestic scene; and she asks no unreasonable return for her labors. Rawdon, who does nothing, is disgusted because his brother gives them no money; but Rebecca, who does everything, is content with credit. Sir Pitt, as the head of the family, is the corner stone upon which she rears the fabric of her social life.

The exact degree of Becky's innocence and guilt is a matter of no importance. To try to soften our judgment by pleading one or two acts of contemptuous

kindness is absurd. Her qualities are great qualities, valor, and wit, and audacity, and patience, and an ungrumbling acceptance of fate. No one recognizes these qualities except Lord Steyne, who has a greatness of his own. It will be remembered that on one occasion he gives Rebecca eleven hundred pounds to discharge her indebtedness to Miss Briggs, and subsequently discovers that the amount due the "sheep-dog" is six hundred pounds, and that Rebecca has been far too thrifty to pay any of it out of the sum bestowed on her for that purpose. He is not angry at being outwitted, as a small and stupid man would have been. He is charmed:

"His lordship's admiration for Becky rose immeasurably at this proof of her cleverness. Getting the money was nothing—but getting double the sum she wanted, and paying nobody—it was a magnificent stroke. 'What an accomplished little devil it is!' he thought. 'She beats all the women I have ever seen in the course of my well-spent life. They are babies compared to her. I am a green-horn myself, and a fool in her hands—an old fool. She is unsurpassable in lies.'"

With which testimony, candid, fervent, and generous withal, Becky's case can be considered closed.

To fling strongly, vividly and fleetingly upon his canvas strange pictures of squalor and of crime is an art in which Dickens excelled. He knew that the comic and the tragic blend harmoniously in a life stripped clean of shame and of pretense. Sir Leslie Stephen was not the only critic who confessed to a demoralizing affection for the Dodger and Charley Bates. Chesterton is not the only observer to recognize the Hogarthian quality in the echoing laughter of Fagin's den, in the murder of Nancy, in the tense and terrible scene where the body of Sikes swings from the chimney over the heads of the shrieking crowd. He is willing to admit that Sikes is not exactly a real man; "but

for all that he is a real murderer." Nancy is not impressive as a living woman; but her battered and bleeding body dominates the story of *Oliver Twist*, and is the potent symbol of all that it implies.

The casual and humorous fashion in which this tragic figure is introduced into the tale is singularly pleasant. Fagin's young hopefuls are practicing the noble craft of pocket-picking when Bet and Nancy make their first appearance: "They wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty perhaps; but they had a great deal of color in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. Being remarkably free and agreeable in their manners, Oliver thought them very nice girls indeed. As there is no doubt they were."

Critics of Dickens have always protested against poor Nancy's too obvious sentimentalities; but they date from the fatal hour when she encounters the wax-work figure of Rose Maylie, and thinks it human. Up to that time she is fairly true to type; a thief, a drunkard, and a harlot, with a quick wit, a warm heart, and a furious temper. That she should hate Fagin, love Sikes, and pity Oliver, whom she has dragged back to misery, is natural enough. We must remember that Sikes does not present himself to her taste precisely as he presents himself to ours, and that a housebreaker has a high standing among criminals. When he pronounces her "an honor to her sex," and wishes "they was all like her," the assembled company feel as other assembled companies felt when the Prince Regent toasted a reigning belle. Her hysterical frenzies disconcert her fellow sinners, but are accepted by them in a spirit of large-minded understanding. "It's the worst of having to do with women," observes Fagin philosophically; "but they're clever, and we can't get along in our line without 'em."

Then comes the first interview with Rose Maylie. I do not imagine that

many people remember Dickens's description of this young lady who is the legitimate descendant of the *Children of the Abbey*, and of *Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle*: "She was not past seventeen. Cast in so slight and exquisite a mould, so mild and gentle, so pure and beautiful that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions."

This is a truer statement than it was meant to be. Earth is certainly not Rose's element; and before Nancy (a very rough creature) has been ten minutes in her company she, too, loses all semblance of humanity, and begins to talk like this: "Oh, lady, lady, if there were more like you, there would be fewer like me." . . . "Dear sweet angel lady, you are the first that ever blessed me with such words as these." . . . "God bless you, sweet lady, and send as much happiness on your head as I have brought shame on mine."

From that time forth Nancy ceases to exist as a woman of the London slums, and becomes a mouthpiece for the kind of sentiment dear to the heart of Dickens. Even in the supreme and brutal scene of the murder she makes this appeal to her murderer: "Bill, the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end

my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same goodness and mercy to you; and let us both leave this dreadful place, and, far apart, lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more."

There is an archaic quality about this speech, strangely out of keeping with the circumstances. So in their day have sinners repented and atoned:

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

But we cannot see Bill Sikes, and he could not see himself, from this unfamiliar angle. Therefore he murders Nancy whom he has once trusted—"There ain't a stancher-hearted gal going"—and who has, he thinks, betrayed him. Therefore is he hounded to his death. Therefore is Fagin hanged (the beloved Dodger is already awaiting transportation), and the gang of criminals dispersed. Nancy is not much of a heroine; but she fulfils her purpose as well as do Emma Woodhouse and Diana Vernon, and better than does Becky Sharp whom Thackeray thwarted in the irrepressible interests of morality.

April

BY ALICE BROWN

SHOW me the apt succession of sweet sound
Set for the strings of heavenly psalteries
When the blind bird of time, unhalting, flies,
On winnowing wings, along the emblazoned bound
Of great zodiacal splendors lately crowned
With warm young affirmations, and the skies
Lean laughing, crying, to the gay emprise
Of spring, caught dancing in her merry round.
Lord, Who mixed ravishment with April earth,
Teach me one small descant of trembling notes,
That I may sing the grass and feathered throats
And lyric panoply of petaled birth
Wherein Your bourgeoning godhead breaks the sheath
Of conquering, yet lightly conquered, death.

South, for Blue Water

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

IT was in May, 1920, that Pat Spencer came into the garret of Hal Smith's house in New York and found me sitting on a sawhorse, looking at the stars shining through the rafters where the shingles had been ripped off to make room for the new dormer window of the nursery.

"What's all this fuss about going to work?" he said, without more preliminary than lighting a cigarette. "I'd like to cut loose and go on a cruise—a real cruise, say for about a year."

"There's something I've always wanted to do," I answered. "I've always wanted to go on a cruise in the Mediterranean."

"We could do it!" he said. "We could get a boat in Scotland, and come right around down—Penzance is the Jumping-off Place—and go all the way to Cyprus."

This was a bit more than I had intended. I was dazzled by the speed with which a whole year was being dedicated.

"Well," I said, "I'm not so sure about . . ."

"How big a boat should we need?" Pat cut in, taking a seat on the other sawhorse.

We concluded that fifteen tons would be about right, big enough to live aboard in comfort, and not too big to handle easily when the weather was bad; a strong and able little ship, willing to go to windward in heavy weather, and not frightened at a few tons of green water on deck; a ship built right to begin with and kept right, with legs under her for offshore work, and a long keel, so that she would sail herself; yawl rigged, with short and heavy spars, and the canvas well inboard. . . . Within twenty min-

utes we saw her, plain before our eyes, coming into some serene and still harbor, thousands of miles away, in the warm sunshine of a blue and gold morning, or hove to in a black night of shouting windy weather, with the anchor light lashed in the mizzen rigging, and the big white crests of the waves rolling and growling past us in the dark. We saw the purple headlands of the Balearic Isles, and the stars above the palm trees in Algeria. We saw it all, clear before us. At the end of twenty minutes we shook hands on it, and went down stairs to tell the family.

A day or two after this Mr. MacGlashan, Pat's grandfather, an old man, with years of yachting tradition behind him, came back from Cleveland, and Pat asked him if he thought this was a good time to find an able cruising boat in Scotland.

"And when I say able," he said, "I mean able to go anywhere."

"Hoots, man!" said Mr. MacGlashan, "what the deil's going to hurt her?"

That settled it.

It seems hard now to believe that this bewildering dream should ever come true. But it did come true. I am writing this in the cabin of that same ship, in the harbor of Civitavecchia, on the West coast of Italy; the brave west wind is singing in the ropes, and the Mediterranean sunlight is streaming down the hatch.

In June Pat went to Scotland, and I settled down to pass long days and nights with Impatience at my elbow. It seemed no more real, then, than all the other dreams of ships and cruises. And, moreover, I could talk to no one about

it, for it is so fatally easy to be led by enthusiasm into the class of people who always talk of doing great things, and never do anything. So much might happen to prevent our carrying out the whole plan, or, for the matter of that, to prevent our starting it, even. As time went on and I had no word from Pat, I began to be skeptical. I argued reluctantly that 1921 would be the first big yachting season after the war, and that all the available boats would be in use; the market would be tight, and new construction very expensive. I pictured Pat visiting all the yards on the Clyde, in growing discouragement, steaming in and out of the doors of all the broker's offices in Glasgow—and finding nothing. Doubt came in, and sat at my other elbow.

So I went up to New Haven and talked with the Admiral.

"Good!" he boomed when I told him.

"But, of course," I said, "we don't know yet. It may never happen."

"What's the reason it won't happen?" he asked.

There were many reasons, I thought. But sitting there on the Admiral's wharf, looking out over the familiar expanse of black mud that the tide leaves bare, our feet propped up on the spars of the old *Gracie*—she's a wreck now, the *Gracie*, and the fish are swimming in and out between her ribs—sitting there discussing rigs and weather and voyages, the white squalls of the Archipelago and the roadsteads of the Canaries, I began to see that there were better reasons for "its" happening than any which were likely to be found to prevent it.

"You don't happen to know of any old so-called Sea Dog, do you," I asked, "who might have a sextant he would sell cheap?"

"I've got one myself," said the Admiral in his great booming voice. "I picked it up in Norway one time. Take it along. You might as well have it to go to sea with as for it to sit around gathering dust on the shelf at home."

When I got back to New York with

the sextant under my arm I felt vastly comforted. Surely, now that we have actually begun to get ready, I thought, we'll go.

I put the little mahogany box on a conspicuous corner of my bureau, and pointed it out, in moments of discouragement, to Doubt and Impatience, and these specters, at sight of it, hung their heads, and haunted me less insistently.

On the twenty-seventh of August I got a cable from Glasgow:

"Her name is Caltha. I sail to-morrow. Pat."

After that, I never saw Doubt again, but Impatience stayed on for nearly a year, and was very troublesome.

Intrinsically, the winter of 1921 was no worse than other winters—it was, to be fair to it, rather better than the average. But it was a flat and tedious prelude to what was to come after it; it was very long, and very hard to bear. It came to an end at last. We sailed on the ninth of June, with twenty-two thousand tons of steel under us, and four big turbines cheering for us; and on the evening of the eighth day out of New York we were walking in the gloaming down along the banks of Clyde, watching the low gray clouds blow over the top of Ben Lomond, and looking eagerly ahead, at every turn of the road, for a sight of Paul Jones' Yard.

At the corner of the torpedo factory in Gourrock we came out from behind a high fence and saw before us a blasted heath, reaching down to the river, and at the far side of it, on the edge of the harbor, was a group of huddled sheds, with masts sticking up into the sky above them. On the end of the nearest building was painted in large letters, "Paul Jones, Son, & Co."

I do not remember clearly, but I think we ran across that blasted heath. There was a gate in the fence, but neither of us saw it; we pushed through an opening where some boards were loose, stumbled over the scattered timbers with which the yard was littered, and stood under

the *Caltha's* bilge, looking up at her gray sides. There she was. She was real. We put out our hands and touched her.

There was a ladder lying near, and we put it up against the rail and climbed on deck, not waiting any longer to look at the bilge. Her sides were streaked with dirt, and her decks were bare. The skylights stared blankly; there was not even a bit of rigging to give an air of vitality, but only a few frayed streamers of marline on the mast-hoops, whipping in the wind. The two naked masts rose up, with a gantline on each, and that was all. There was a deserted, abandoned look about her. But she knew that she was not utterly forgotten, and it seemed to do her good to have men walking on her deck again. A strange thing, the semblance of personality that a ship has. . . .

We lifted the cover of the after skylight, not having keys for the companion, and squeezed in. Some cork fenders, the accommodation ladder, a bundle of spare blocks, the rudder for the dinghy and two or three coils of line, were piled in the berths. The floor had been taken up, forward and aft, and the pigs of ballast were spattered with candle drippings where the motor engineers had been at work. In the saloon the floor boards were piled on one transom, and the dismantled table and the companion stairs on the other. The place was cold, and the wan twilight shone down from above.

For a long time we sat there, our feet on the ballast, leaning back against the piled-up encumbrances on the transoms, jumping up, now and again, to feel the solidity of the deck beams overhead, to open the lockers, to thump the mast with our fists. We went scrambling all over her, and looked at everything. We kept saying to each other that she didn't yet know she was alive. "She's a lady," we cried jubilantly, "and she's got guts!"

Indeed, for all she was so strong and solid, she was beautiful; there was an air of grace about her, a fine, nervous sort of energy that seemed the very

spirit of her, called out to meet our enthusiasm.

And then we ran into a new sort of incredulity: it was real, but it wasn't true. Even though we were actually aboard of her, even though Pat had bought her, it seemed incredible that we were to live for a year in her, and sail her over all the endless miles of empty water that lay between us and the lands of which we had dreamed.

We must start at once; we must do something about it. But it was after nine o'clock on a Saturday night, and the yard was shut up and deserted by everyone except the watchman. Him we sought out and interviewed. We had come in regard to the *Caltha*. Aye? Aye. Could we see Mr. Jones?

"It's no Mr. Jones you'll be wanting to see," said the watchman.

Pat asked why not.

"He's dead," said the watchman, and cocked an eye at us from under a shaggy brow. "Oh, aye. Dead long ago. It's Mr. Agnew you'll be wanting. Mr. Jones was a different sort of man altogether. . . ."

It appeared that the old man—"he was over eighty when he died, and that was in 1910"—was known to all Clydeside as "a character." Indeed, to some he was known as a Holy Terror. When he was young he had shipped as a sailor, and had spent the earlier years of his life wallowing up and down the Seven Seas, looking at the world. Then, in the forties, he had enlisted in the United States Navy, following the lead of his namesake. I like to think of him as a gunner, a rough, hairy lad, called "Scotty" by his mates, and cursing cordially in thick Gourock as he dumped down the round shot on deck beside his gun. Though whom he found to fire at in 1840, I don't know. Perhaps it was this lack of any enemy that made him give up his post. At any rate, he left the navy when his time was up. He had no liking for a quiet life.

He went to sea in a Yankee whaler—a ponderous, lurching bark out of New

Bedford, probably, on one of those soul-shaking voyages that girdle the world and fight with whales and live to tell of it—and he was shipwrecked in the South Pacific. Precisely where this happened no one seems to know, for though he told the story often enough, he was always “a poor one to remember names.” Perhaps he was the Scotchman whom Herman Melville met in Typee. At any rate, he lived naked among the savages for a year and a half.

Then he found a way to come back to Gourock, and started a boat yard—a startling project, when you come to think of it, seeing it was evolved by a naked man in a coconut grove—and the boys and girls used to get him to open his shirt when he was in good humor (which wasn't often) so that they might admire the fantastic tattooing with which he was covered, so it was said, from his collar to the tops of his shoes. He was over eighty when he died, and the neighbors remember him for his temper and his tattooing and the tales he used to tell. His name is still on the mooring buoys that lie off in front of the yard.

From this it would appear that romance does sometimes creep North of Fifty-three, and that one may hope to reach the Happy Isles from that same strip of beach on which we stood.

On Monday morning we made a start, and for three weeks thereafter we were busy at the complicated business of fitting out the ship for her voyage. It is a long business, and an intricate one, for the amount of detail is enormous, even in a ship so small as the *Caltha*, and everything must be done in its proper order, to avoid unnecessary interference. It was for us chiefly a problem in assembling, for the elements of the task were ready for us. Starting with the bare shell of the ship, we had to create a workable machine, capable of enduring the greatest strains that any human fabric must endure, and of operating smoothly and with certainty, under any and all conditions, in the dark, under water, or wrong side up. Everything about a ship wears out with astonishing rapidity, and we had to think ahead for a year to foresee the necessary replace-



THE CALTHA READY FOR LAUNCHING ON THE CLYDE

ments and provide for them. And the ship was our home; the ink bottle and the tea kettle had a place in our arrangements; the lamp chimneys and the books and the blankets and the oilcloth for the pantry shelves.

We worked all day and every day. In Scotland in the summer the daylight lasts till midnight, and the dawn begins at two o'clock. At the end of many days the riggers came; we made tangible progress which it was a pleasure to see, and the ship began to look like a ship. There came a time finally when it was announced to us that we were to go overboard on the next flood tide; we began to hurry frantically, as if we had never expected the great moment to come so soon. We brought the sails aboard, and the few odd bits that had been waiting their turn in the corner of the locker. We filled the water-casks and hoisted them up. The hamper came from the laundry.

At the very top of high water Mr. Agnew came out of the office above the boat-shop and sent a man to the winch. We climbed aboard, and took the ladder away from the rail. As the carriage rolled slowly down, Pat lay on the deck, looking in under the stern to watch her take the water, and I held the tiller, to keep her straight when once she should be afloat. Imperceptibly, she lifted from the carriage and glided away.

We felt the old familiar rise and fall of heaving water under us. We were at last separated from the land, cut off from everything. We were self-sufficient, of necessity. We felt that we were committed to complete isolation, as if we should view civilization for many months to come only as a dim and auxiliary adjunct to life—like scenery, it would add something, but would not be really necessary.

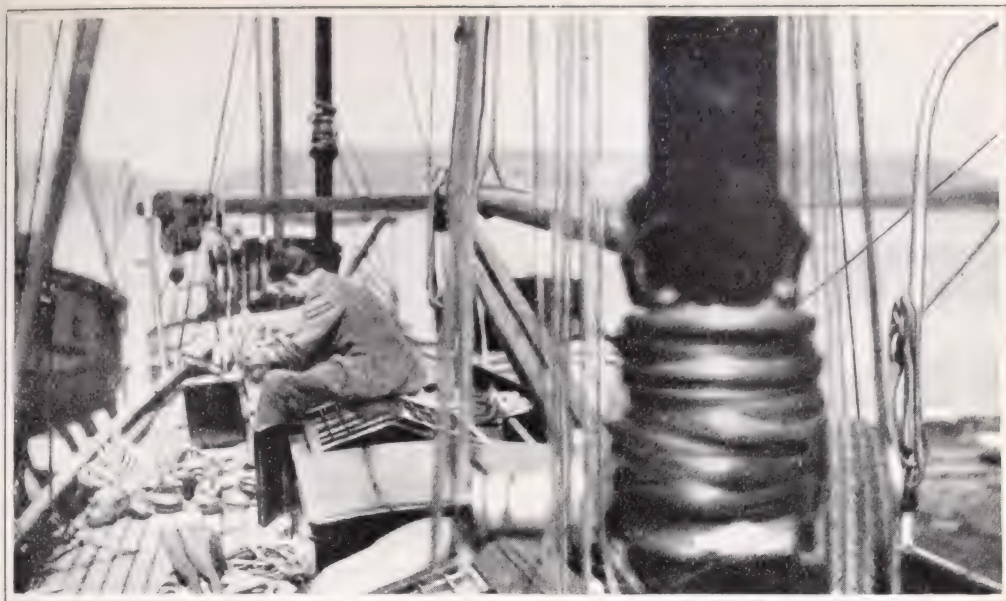
The *Caltha* is fifty-four feet long on the deck, and forty-five on the water line. She is ten feet broad in the beam, and draws seven feet six inches of water. Her registered tonnage is 14.47. She was designed by H. P. Blake, and built

by White Brothers, at Southampton, in 1900.

She is of the cutter type—that is, she is narrow for her length, and deep, with a bow like a clipper ship and an easy turn of the bilge. The extreme of the type is the plank-on-edge, just as the extreme of the opposite type is the skimming-dish. It is sometimes urged against such a model as hers that she is wet, and that she has too little initial stability, and sails with her ear in the water. She is wet; in a seaway she takes water aboard—a little—but she will everlastingly go to windward, slicing through it, with her forward progress barely checked; a ship with a broad bow, on the other hand, though she keeps her head up, hits a head sea as she would hit a snowdrift, stops dead in her tracks, and throws white water over her cross-trees. It is true that the *Caltha* heels easily—a breeze of wind will roll her down almost to the rail, but she carries eleven tons of lead in her, and once down to her sailing lines she will roll no farther; a broad ship, with a hard turn of the bilge, though she keeps her decks level in all ordinary sailing, soon reaches a point in heeling where it is more natural for her to turn over than to return again to normal. You can't have everything.

Now that we know the *Caltha*, our original enthusiasm for her is altered to a firm confidence in her ability. We have been in tough weather from time to time, and we have never had a moment's uneasiness for the safety of the ship; she takes us through it willingly and capably and with an air, too, of doing no more than is in the day's work.

After two preliminary runs, during which all went well, we sent a telegram to our guests, telling them that we were ready. The next day arrived Hal Smith and his wife Claire, who is Pat's sister, and Beatrice Sorchan and Evelyn Curtis, who were going with us as far as their time permitted them. On the fifteenth of July at noon—a date which we had fixed upon more than fourteen



THE LONG AND COMPLICATED BUSINESS OF FITTING OUT

months before—we dropped old Paul Jones's mooring and made sail down the Clyde.

Below the Cloch the breeze began to fail us; the water was like glass, and the clouds hung motionless, aground on the tops of the hills. With the last puff of the wind we ran into Millport, on Great Cumbrae Island, where we anchored and waited through forty-eight hours of complete calm.

When the breeze came again we hove anchor and got away, heading for Holy Island, under the hills of Arran, so as to have the shelter of the land. After supper, off Pladda, we jibed over and set a course southwest, for Ailsa Craig. South, for Blue Water. There will be an "S" in all courses now, until we see the flying-fish, and can watch the dolphins playing in the sunshine under the bow.

The breeze was behind us, and we romped along merrily, singing all the songs we knew, to express our satisfaction, watching the hills of Arran grow darker behind us, more and more like cardboard cut-outs, clearer and sharper against the glow in the sky. Ailsa Craig was ahead—a pinnacle in the sea, a thousand feet in height, with thirty fathoms

of water all around it. It was our first milestone.

At midnight it was abeam. The tide was running strongly against us, as if reluctant to let us go, but the breeze held on astern, and the dim spire of rock faded and vanished in the darkness, and before dawn the last loom of the light had gone down over the horizon.

It was calm at sunrise with no land; only a shining gray sea, with flocks of lonely ducks, who cried plaintively, as if they felt lost so far from the land, but dived, when they saw us, as if to demonstrate that they were, in reality, in the midst of all the resources of home. Many steamers were passing in the distance, and their smoke hung low over the water, looking like distant hills.

When the wind came again it was ahead and very faint, but it grew in strength toward evening, and at sunset hauled into the northwest, very keen and clear. We settled down to fight the tide rips off the Mull of Galloway. This was the last of Scotland, and our second milestone.

At breakfast time we were flying along under the high shores of the Isle of Man. The coast was steep and rocky, and the

scattered farm houses seemed to grip the ground and hang on against the wind that came whistling down over the hills. But the cows in the fields were grazing composedly, seeming not to know the danger they were in. In the mouth of Douglas Bay, where the gusts fairly made the water smoke, we took in the staysail and the mizzen and headed off toward the southwest, straight down the path of the sun, for Holyhead in Wales. Before daylight we picked up the light on the Skerries, and by seven o'clock we had anchored in the harbor and were trooping ashore to see the town.

Holyhead is a small town, filled with docks and railways, important only because it is the port for the Irish mails; but the raw, bleak tone of the place itself shows through the commercial aspect—rather, surrounds it and swallows it up. Wind and rain on a headland in the sea. . . . The windows of the houses are small, to shut out the weather; the sea mist swirls through the narrow streets. When a westerly gale shakes the chimneys the people look to see the harbor fill up with sailing vessels, some with torn sails, some with pumps going, beating up for shelter around the savage headlands, or running, wallowing in the seas, past the misty white ledges off the Skerries. There are pictures of wrecks on the walls of the hotel parlors. A frontier town of the Ocean, set on a salient of the Western Front.

We remained in Holyhead while the west wind blew itself out. The term of our imprisonment was seven days. At the end of our time the weather changed; it was bright and sunny, and the wind was from the southeast. We got under way immediately, and bowled gaily along past the South Stack, looking ahead for Bardsey Island, which was our next mark; everything was in our favor; Fishguard seemed as good as won, and we were making plans for an early arrival in Penzance.

We never even saw Fishguard.

As a preliminary, we had a thunderstorm. After it the wind backed into

the southwest, and blew a gale. The *Caltha* lay hove to under her whole mainsail for a night, and during the following day under jib and mizzen. For ten hours we rode to a sea-anchor, and then squared away, before the wind, and ran back sixty miles to the Skerries, where we picked up a pilot to take us into Liverpool, which we reached at dawn on the second of August, one hundred and twenty-one hours out of Holyhead. We had been through our first bad weather, and were in harbor at the end of it. But we were two hundred and ninety miles from Penzance.

There is always a charm in arriving in a city before its inhabitants are awake; it is like being first up in the morning, and having the tranquil house to yourself. You seem to be the only one who knows that the day has come, and thus you have gained for yourself an enormous advantage over all those who are still in their beds. The streets are free to take on whatever color your imagination may choose to give them; you may create an atmosphere for the place, and, in your right as discoverer, give it whatever name your fancy may select.

A pale light gleamed in the sky—a cold, colorless light, like dull silver; it spread through the rainy streets and over the high towers on the hill and the black shipping in the docks, and was reflected in a wavering sheen from the brown and foaming river. People began to appear in the streets; the tramcars went grinding along the quays; ferries came out, crossing and recrossing between the piers; the smoke from the factory chimneys spread and settled like black fog. There was a sense of returning life, but no cordiality or cheer. It was a chill and pallid resurrection.

Our guests, whose time had now expired, packed up and went to Paris. We signed on a man before the mast, and sent a cablegram to Bill Sisson, asking him to meet us in Penzance, wondering, as we wrote the words, if the water in St. George's Channel would ever be serene and smooth again, or if that bar-

rier of screaming wind and heavy sea would always lie between us and the coast of Cornwall. And then we too went to Paris.

While we were away, our man was busy, and the *Caltha* welcomed us back, all shipshape and Bristol fashion, with her brass polished, and the torn mainsail mended and neatly stowed. We were occupied for a few days in getting stores while we waited our chance with the weather; when it came we took it, and a friendly trawler giving us a line to yank us out of the dock, we started down the Mersey for the Wide World.

It seemed as if every ship in Liverpool was going out with that same tide; the river was as crowded as a busy street. The smack *Confidence* was astern of us, and we two fought a very pretty race down channel; we were the faster, but she knew the water better, and was able to cut outside the buoys on the corners and take advantage of all the tricks of the tide. For four or five miles it was very close; she picked up on us until we could see her crew grinning at us and waving their hands, and then, when we caught a more favorable slant, we pulled ahead again. But down below the Barlightship, where the breeze grew stronger we definitely left her, and when she tacked north over the sands toward St. Bee's she was half a mile astern.

Off the lightship we hove to and pulled up the boat, put up our sidelights, and set a course for the Skerries. Behind us the lights from the streets of the city shone up on the clouds, channel buoys winked and twinkled and grew faint, and the running lights of hundreds of ships, on all sides, bound in all directions, swung up, and passed, and went glimmering away in the distance. By midnight the shore lights and the ships were gone, and the sea was empty.

At dawn we were off Point

Lynus, nearly to Mouse Island, with the Skerries in sight ahead. But here the breeze dropped and the tide turned against us, so that it was noon before we passed the Mouse again, and nearly dark before Holyhead Bay opened up before us. There was a look of old times about it; we seemed to have lived there for years on end. The South Stack was familiar, and Bardsey Island welcomed us, and glared amicably as we passed. But the Smalls stared coldly over the horizon, and seemed perplexed at our entry into new seas.

Our sailor, whose name was Ball, proved a treasure at sea. "If there's a man aboard that writes books," he had said, "I can tell him some stories that will make his hair stand on end." And now, while we were rolling south, with everything set and drawing, and Fishguard—Fishguard the Unattainable—actually behind us, he began to put his threat into execution. Whenever an opportunity offered, day or night, he would



THE CALTHA

squat on deck beside the tiller, or stand in his galley door, and tell his tales.

They were long, rambling, loose-hung yarns, without beginning, and ending nowhere: stories of the "hard ships" of the old days, when there were weevils in the biscuits and living scum in the water casks, of 'longshore fights in foreign ports and desperate times at sea; the story of the Norwegian bo'sun who went mad and drove all the men out of the stoke-hold with a red-hot shovel; of the old sailmaker who died in his bunk the first night of the passage, and came back to haunt the ship; of a Greek named Tony who unwittingly signed on for a voyage out of Singapore with a skipper who had promised to kill him if ever he set eyes on him again; of that time in the Marquesas when the man from Pittsburgh staked his native wife on a cast of the dice, and lost, and wouldn't pay.

"I'm no great hand at expressing these things, but I've often thought I'd like to have a go at setting them down. People don't know what goes on in the world, sir, and that's a fact. I've always said, truth is stranger than fiction."

But truth is easier than fiction, too, and this Ball could not believe. The impression of his yarns, taken all together, was of a fascinating manner of life, and the vividness of every tale lay in the fact that he who was speaking had been there when it happened. But when I attempted to weave a pattern, to put causes before effects, and find some consequential conclusions, he kept interrupting me to say that it did not happen so. He was an artist of the old school; fiction, he thought, was but a poor substitute for truth.

It was sunrise on the second day before we passed the Smalls. To the eastward was Lundy Island and the mouth of the Bristol Channel; Westward Ho was the broad Atlantic. There are phantom ships in this sea; sleek tea-clippers and brave East Indiamen, frigates and seventy-fours and lumbering galleons, and even dim images of coracles, padded by shock-headed, foolhardy pio-

neers, whose bright eyes saw far, but did not understand.

We were only ninety miles from Land's End. This was good going, and we began to think that we would wait at Penzance for Bill, instead of his having to wait for us—an unpleasant prospect for him, this latter, since he didn't know where we were, nor when we were coming, nor from where.

But that night the sun set in a heavy bank of black cloud, and the wind hauled southwest. It came in puffs at first, and then in cold squalls, darkening the water. We knew, now, the nature of a southwester on this coast, and at the very first wail of the wind in the rigging we made all snug; we pulled the boat in on deck, set the storm jib in place of the big one, tucked a reef in the mainsail, and furled the mizzen.

At half past eleven we made our land-fall, and picked up the light on Pendeen Head, a point on the lee bow. This was just right. But there was a heavy sea against us. Somewhere offshore a gale was blowing, and though we never felt the full force of it, the great rollers came charging in ahead of it, outrunning it, silent, ominous, lifting up tremendous crests, sharp and black against the black sky. In the hollows we were becalmed; on the ridges the wind caught us and sent us skidding down the slopes like a coasting sled. And every wave set us in toward the shore.

Several steamers passed, some very close. Ball was steering, and I was seated in the companion, watching the lights. All at once I felt something near us, as a man will sometimes be aware of someone standing over him while he sleeps. I looked astern, and saw the masts and funnel of a steamer in the sky. No hull was visible, only the bare spars and the stack, rolling out black smoke. Then the hill of water between us rolled away, and she rose up, as if spewed forth from the bottom of the sea, black, silent, her lights glaring stupidly and unseeing. Then she sank, without a sound, and the lights went out. She plunged



THE CALTHA TRYING TO PASS THE ISLE OF MAN

again, and when she came up she was nearer. We had a stern light in the mizzen rigging, and a dozen times I blinked at it, asking myself if it was really there, burning brightly, plainly visible. Did she see us? Did it matter to her? Was she blind and dumb? That iron cliff, staggering ahead through the dark, lifting up and swooping down, so insensible, so unaware. . . . At the very last moment, when she was separated from us by the length of only one wave, she put up her helm, and passed under our lee. Her bow went down, and her propeller pounded the water thunderously; then it rose again, streaming cascades of foam. Ball flung a hearty curse at her as she passed.

The Longships had appeared on our lee bow; later, though we kept our course, it showed ahead; in an hour we were heading for the rocks to the eastward of it. Each wave swung us in, dropped us, and left us for the next. We put about, and painfully, inch by inch, crept back to the westward again.

But when we had our offing, and stood over on the other tack again, we were irresistibly caught, and the light swept across our course, seeming to rush up to meet us. A dozen times we tacked, thrown sideways while we were heading south—eating our way out to windward, but getting no nearer the corner, while we were heading west. It was maddening work, endless and hopeless. By four o'clock we had had enough of it. We set the big jib, yanked up the mizzen, shook the reef out of the mainsail, and drove her. The seas couldn't stop us then. Yet at daybreak, when we turned the corner, we had no more than a hundred yards to spare. We eased sheets and started up Channel. As soon as we were clear of the rocks the wind went down.

We came slipping into Mount's Bay through a thick fog. On the port hand we could make out the rough outline of the land, and the wreck of a steamer, lying in a crumpled heap at the foot of the cliffs. Here under the shelter of the shore the big seas were tempered to long

and gentle undulations, pale and coldly gleaming. We came lapping through the white silence like a ghost.

Then, all at once, the fog split, and we sailed out of it into the bright warm sunshine. Penzance breakwaters, and the town behind them, the green slopes of the hills, appeared before us. There was St. Michael's Mount, and the lovely outline of Godolphin Hill. The sun was

shining on the church tower and on the gray glistening roofs of the houses. All was serene and still, like a Sunday morning.

We tied up just outside of the head of the mole, scrambled ashore, and went off up town to look for Bill.

We were there. This was the Jumping-off Place. Now: South, for Blue Water.

(To be continued)



A Dead Man's Song

BY W. H. DAVIES

WHEN I was lying sick in bed
The Fates said, "Come we'll have some sport.
Your mother's life," they said "is done:
You have no strength in hand or foot,
And she is calling for her son."

A second blow struck down my love,
And she was taken from my side—
The one who watched me night and day;
And strangers came and offered help.
But all their love was talk of pay.

And then the Fates struck out again:
They filled these strangers with distrust,
That I had done my love some wrong:
"Ah, cruel Fates," thought I, "you lose,
For now you make my spirit strong."

Straight up in bed I sat and smiled,
And heard them whisper, "See, he smiles,
We dare not strike that man again;
Another blow and he will laugh,
Our Master, in his scorn of pain."

The Fallen Leaf

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

OPPPOSITE the bakery where I work there is a garbage tin that has been placed there by those who would keep the streets of San Francisco clean. This garbage tin and I are old friends; nearly every evening I find a use for it. Sometimes I buy an orange from the Armenian who has a fruit shop near by, and then there are bright yellow peels to hide under its lid, or I have husks of pinenuts to throw away, or the card which my little shriveled Korean tailor insists on handing me.

This walk to work in the evening is the pleasantest time of the day. For my landlady feeds me well and I am full of content. Truly, outside my own native Bohemia, I have never tasted so many good things. But when I tell my landlady this, she says:

"And why not—am I not an Alsatian—a Frenchwoman? . . . Where else in the world do they cook better, I should like to know!"

And for the sake of chaffing her, I say:

"Well, as to that, *thière* is a little village called Polna, just outside Prague, where . . ."

But I get no further, for she replies quickly:

"Polna and Prague, indeed! . . . Perhaps you have never heard of Strasbour geese!"

And I can see by the redness of her face that it is time to hold my tongue.

First there is soup—clear or thick according to the time of week. And a roast rubbed with garlic, and beans boiled in the French fashion, and carrots and peas, and like as not a pudding. Enough for any man, yet, once I get out into the fresh air again and on my way to the bakery where I

work, I must suck on an orange or nibble at pinenuts, as I have said before. When I eat an orange my thoughts are full of gay things, but I grow a little sad sometimes over the pinenuts, for if the Armenian is right, these pinenuts of which I speak come from the mountain forests. Once when I was a child I went with my mother into the mountains of my native country, and I remember always how tall the trees were and what shadows they threw, and how grave the people seemed who lived there. On the plains they dressed in gay colors and danced and sang, but up in the mountains they were a quiet folk who went their way without much laughter. And yet, for all of that they were not sullen—like my Greek friend who works beside me. He, of course, can be merry when he will, but this is not often; and his delight is in saying bitter things.

When, in the evening, he chances to come upon me leaving the shop of this Armenian who sells me oranges and pinenuts, he spits, making a hissing sound, as he says:

"Why must you encourage such swine with your trading? Are there not enough real Christians in the country?"

And, finding me silent to this question, he says again, when we come upon the garbage tin:

"Really, Josef Vitek, you should be taxed double for all the litter that must be carted away because of you. But it is so everywhere—the man who dances is not the one to pay the piper!"

To which I reply as pleasantly as I can:

"Nor do the most of those who look on!"

And thus I leave him, scowling.

Last week, to humor him, I stopped before the cart of a Greek peddler and bought my oranges, but they were so sour that I threw them one by one into the garbage tin of which I have spoken. I threw them scornfully, letting the lid fall down with a great clatter. "Now," thought I to myself, "we shall hear no more nonsense from him. In future I shall trade where I choose!"

But to my surprise his tongue was as sharp and ready as ever.

"Well—well—it is good everyone has not such fine taste, or we should all be beggars in short order! A sour orange is not poison!"

"Perhaps it is not!" I said quickly, "but I should like to see the man who could eat what I have just cast aside!"

"As for that," said my Greek friend, "you shall have your wish before you are an hour older. Do you fancy that everything which goes into a garbage tin remains there, to be carted away?"

"You cannot mean," said I, "that there is any man or woman hungry enough to—"

My Greek friend broke into a laugh. "How you do talk!" he cried out. "Men with empty bellies think only of getting them filled. And a sour orange or a moldy crust of bread serves as well as anything. If you worked before an open window, as I do, you would know that much even if you did not have the wit to guess it. One does not learn about life staring at a wall!"

And with that we crossed the street and went in to our work without another word.

Usually I go to my work gayly, but this night the words of my Greek friend made me sad. I am not a fool and I know that there are hungry people in the world, but I have always thought of them as far away. A thousand people starving in another country does not seem so terrible a thing. Perhaps it should not be so, but we are as God made us. . . . Even when I had word from my people of all who had died in

the little village where I was born, I confess I did not feel the pity that I should. It was to me no more than a tale. But now, it seemed that there were people within call who were in little better state themselves, and the thought made my heart heavy. The thought made my heart heavy until suddenly I thought:

"What a piece of foolishness to take any stock in what the man who works beside you says! Have you not learned that he gives tongue to anything that comes into his head to prove his point? There may be those in this city who have not all they would have, but surely no one is put to robbing garbage tins to keep life in him!"

But, to make sure, I said slyly to my Greek friend:

"If you will change places with me to-night I shall not have to stare at the wall. If you change places with me, I can look out of the open window before which you work, and see something of life."

"With all the joy in the world," replied my Greek friend, and the thing was done. But his face was so full of malice that I was almost sorry he had yielded his place to me.

For the first few moments after I had taken my comrade's place, I thought:

"What a pleasant thing to work before an open window—to work before an open window and see the bright street lamps and the black shadows passing by. What a gay life this Greek friend of mine should lead, even when he is working hard at his task of kneading bread!"

For myself, I look only at a blank wall covered with white tiles, and yet this Greek of whom I speak seldom smiles, while I laugh many times before the night's work is done. There was once a time when I scarcely ceased laughing but much has happened since then and happy thoughts are not so thick as they once were. Yes, and as I remember, this Greek friend was the cause of my

first tears—this Greek friend and a woman—but all that is past. Yet, on this night, looking out at the crowded street, I thought of Miriam—she who once danced for me in that Greek coffee-house in a far corner of the town. My Greek friend had loved her, too, but that is past and gone, also.

And my thoughts ran back even farther, to the little guesthouse in Polna where I learned the trade of baker. It was a poor enough place if the truth were known, decent and clean to be sure, but scarcely more. And yet, in those days I had thought it a grand affair. For there were tables at which strangers could eat, and rooms where travelers lodged, and great piles of crisp bread to be carried away by those who wished to save themselves the trouble of baking. And truly, these last were wise, for never, anywhere, have I tasted such bread as that which my master baked in his little guesthouse in Polna. He was a proud man, this master of mine, and he would say to me:

“Josef, my son, remember always what a fine trade you have chosen. Truly there is no service finer than the baking of bread, unless it be that of sowing the seed which goes into it. . . . And a baker must never lack anything, for he is a man that people can ill afford to do without. Yes, Josef, my son, a baker is a great man—wherever he may find himself—even if those he serves have not the wit to know it.”

And I fell to wondering, as I stood in the place of my Greek friend, kneading my bread, what the man who had been my first master was doing at this moment. Had he still his little guesthouse in Polna, and did he still fancy that he was a great man? . . . And, thinking on all these things, I forgot why I had changed to a place before the window; and so, instead of looking out into the street, I turned my eyes backward into the past. I turned my eyes backward into the past, and suddenly the loud coughing of my Greek friend made me start. I looked up; it was raining.

A fine gray rain was falling, and somehow things did not look so gay as they had when I first took my place beside the open window. The crowd had melted away and those who passed by walked quickly, shivering as they went, for it had turned cold, also.

I went on working swiftly, but I kept an eye on the falling rain and I must confess I shivered a little, too, for the air that blew in on me had a sharp taste. I have felt colder breezes in my day, it is true, but never one that seemed so gloomy and unfriendly. And, at once, I thought:

“Your old master was right. Think what a pleasant life you lead because of the trade you have chosen. Here you are clean and warm and dry, with a rich smell of good things fresh from the ovens all about you, when, for no reason at all, you might have a trade that would take you out in any kind of weather. Or you might have no trade, at all, and be shivering on some street corner, like that bent old man standing beside the garbage tin!” For you must know that I was looking out upon just such an old man as I have said, shivering with the cold, and stamping his feet upon the damp pavement.

He stood, at first, quite like any man caught unawares by a rain and undecided what he should do. But, presently, I saw from his manner that he was standing there for a purpose. He looked up and down the street many times—cautiously, slyly—as a man might who was thinking upon an unjust action; and suddenly, without warning, he darted close to the garbage tin. I stopped my work, letting my hands dangle in mid-air.

“What is it?” asked my Greek friend, scarcely lifting his eyes.

“You are right!” I cried. “A man had just snatched that which I threw away as unfit!”

“Is he an old man with a gray hat, and shoes that once knew soles?”

“Yes—how did you guess?” I asked.

“He comes every night at this time

and, in the morning if you are still here, you will see him again. Last week I spoke to him. It seems he was once a baker."

"A baker!" I cried. "That is impossible! Every man must have bread and, if what my old master said is so, there are never enough breadmakers to go round."

"Bother your old master!" said my Greek friend. "A man as foolish as that will come to grief before his time. There are always plenty, and to spare at any trade."

"He must be a very bad baker," I answered stubbornly.

"No," said my Greek friend, with a cruel smile, "but he is a very *old* one!"

All that night as I worked I pondered what my Greek friend had said, and my heart was heavy. Could it be possible, in spite of the fine trade I had chosen, that one day I should be put to standing upon street corners snatching at crusts? And I thought of all the fine meals which were now my portion and which contented me so little that I had need of oranges and nuts and such fancies as I walked to my work. But, in the end, I said to myself:

"Perhaps this man who works beside you is lying. The truth does not always serve his purpose! I shall wait and see if this old man comes every day, as he has said. I doubt, in any case, if he is a baker. And, it may be that he is not even hungry. After all, there are such things as misers."

And so, that very morning, instead of going home at once from my work, I stood in the gray rain, waiting. And presently, the old man came and everything happened as it had the night before, only, this time, the garbage tin was empty; and the old man turned sorrowfully on his heel and went his way. He turned sorrowfully on his heel and went his way, and I followed swiftly behind, for I thought:

"If I could only see his face clearly, I should know the whole tale. For

hunger shows itself there—and greed also!"

But in spite of his years, he was too quick for me, and when I had thought to come upon him, he disappeared into a doorway. I came up to the place and stood before it—it was a lodging house, a foul place, and the door was open. For a moment I did nothing, for I was pondering what would be best; but presently, having decided everything, I began to climb the dark stairs, after him.

A filthy old woman met me in the hallway.

"Well," said she, "and what is your business?"

"I am looking for a man—an old man who lodges here," I answered boldly.

"The old man who has just come up the stairs?" she asked shrewdly. "Well, as to that—he wishes to see nobody."

"Perhaps you can tell me something about him," I said pleasantly.

"I can tell you that he owes me four weeks' rent, and that he gives himself great airs in spite of all that! And that he goes out but twice a day—in the morning, about this time, and again at evening."

"That is all very well, but it is not the thing which concerns me. All I wish to know is his trade?"

"He says he was once a baker."

"Ah," said I. "And where does he come from?"

"An outlandish place—you may be sure of that!"

And, having said this, she went into a room, closing the door. As for me, there was nothing to do but to leave. I felt my way down the stairs again.

"A baker!" I kept saying, over and over again. "A baker—fancy! . . . My old master was wrong! It is a trade no finer nor more sought after than any other. When a man is young any trade is a good trade, but when he grows old it seems that the case is altered."

And I began to think again of this old master of mine—wondering whether he

was still alive, and in the little village of Polna. And, whether he still kept his guesthouse, and things were well with him. For it suddenly struck me that this master of mine was now an old man—yes, as old as this selfsame beggar whom I had followed to his lodgings.

That morning when I met my landlady in the hallway before my door, I told her the story of the old baker who kept body and soul alive with dried crusts and cast-off fruit thrown into a garbage tin, but she only smiled, shaking her head.

"Josef, my son," she said, "what a child you are! One would think that you had never heard of want. Have you forgotten my German friend who had little enough of anything? And that was not so long ago."

"Ah," I answered. "in wartime one expects many things. But now, the case is different. This is a land of plenty. Only last summer, when I went into the country for a holiday, did I not see the orchards bending beneath such a weight of fruit that it was impossible to harvest half of it? And were not the fields stacked with grain ready for the threshers, and did not every hillside grow purple with grapes?"

"No doubt," said my landlady, "but the unharvested fruit has rotted long since, and the grain is stored securely against a greater price, and the juice of the grapes has been put beyond the reach of those who have need of its cheer. And if you were a housewife, as I am, and had ever gone down to the harbor for your marketing, you would have seen fish thrown back into the sea, and golden melons floating out with the tide, and green and purple cabbages rotting on the docks. And yet food is not to be had for nothing, in spite of all this!"

"You are right," I answered, bitterly. "I am a child and no mistake. I have even been foolish enough to fancy that a baker would never want for a single thing. It seems now that no one can escape hunger!"

"None but the rich and the stillborn, Josef my son," she said, lifting a finger in mid-air.

I went into my room. It was a pleasant place with the morning sun showing through the green shades, which my landlady draws down with her own hands. I could draw them myself, of course, but this landlady of mine likes to do this service for me. I went into my room and I threw myself upon the bed, but I did not sleep. Only once before has this thing happened. When Miriam was in my thoughts, I would lie for hours gazing up at the ceiling. But that is past and gone long since. . . . Now, it seemed that I could not sleep again, and this time it was an old man who kept me wakeful—an old man whose face I had not even seen. But I could not but wonder how many such there were in the world; and this, in spite of fish thrown back into the sea, and golden melons floating out on the tide, and purple and green cabbages rotting on the docks. And the more I thought of it the more wakeful I became, and the more confused.

"Something must be wrong," I kept repeating foolishly to myself. "Something must be wrong, or there would not be full and plenty spoiling in the fields and on the docks, and men starving like this old baker who crawls out twice a day from his lodgings. Think of the thousands he has fed in his time, and yet now he must snatch a mouthful from the lap of filth or go hungry!"

Toward afternoon I fell asleep, but instead of resting, I dreamed strange dreams, so that when I awoke at evening I was unrefreshed.

"Josef, my son," said my landlady as I sat down to my meal, "whatever is the matter? Your eyes are heavy and your mouth has lost its smile. Do not tell me you have fallen in love again!"

"No," I answered, "but how can a man rest with things as they are? Surely there is a remedy for want."

"If there is, it has not yet been found."

"What is to be done?" I cried.

"First eat what I put before you!" she said sharply, "and leave the rest to God!"

I shook my head. "I am not hungry," I said.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Have you lost your senses? Do you fancy that another empty belly in the world will set things right? Come, let us have no more foolishness. I am not one to slave all afternoon cooking you a fine rabbit stew to no purpose. If you are to lose your sleep and your appetite over every old man you meet who is hungry you will soon be in a bad way. It is all very well for a youth like you to have notions occasionally because of a girl. But let me hear no more of this nonsense over things that cannot be altered."

She looked at me so sourly that I could not but smile. For you must know that this landlady of mine scolds me out of the fullness of her heart. But I was not to be put out of countenance so readily by a woman, even when she wished to shame me in all kindness, so I said:

"I cannot eat while another is hungry."

For answer she piled my plate high with good things, and I must confess that the smell of them moved me against my will. For there is nothing in the world that is better than the rabbit stew which this landlady of mine makes, flavored with thyme and rosemary. So, instead of going without food, I found myself letting her heap my plate a third time, and when I had finished she said with a laugh,

"Josef, my son, that is more like! Nobody can feel sympathy for another on an empty stomach. Now, you can go to your work and be as sorry for this starving baker of yours as you please."

For a moment I was ashamed but, on second thought, I said to myself,

"Perhaps she is right! . . . No woman who has lived as long as she has can be altogether wrong."

And, so I went on my way, more cheerfully.

I bought nothing that night from the Greek peddler who had cheated me, nor did I stop in at the Armenian's for oranges and pinenuts; instead, I spent my money for thick slices of cold beef between two crisp rolls, which I had from a woman who runs a sandwich shop near my lodgings. She put them into a cardboard box lined with oiled paper, and I was very happy, for I thought,

"What a feast this starving baker will have to-night!"

For you must have guessed that a man who has eaten three times of rabbit stew has no taste for cold beef and thickly crusted rolls.

I did not meet my Greek friend, and I was glad, for I knew that he would laugh to see me putting untasted food into a garbage tin. Nor did I ask him for his place at the window. This Greek friend of mine is a sly fellow and he would have guessed that I had a purpose in wishing to stand before the open window again. So I contented myself with imagining all the fine things that were happening outside to the starving baker, who had so disturbed me.

"Now," I would say to myself, "he has lifted the lid. . . . Now he has looked into the box. . . . Now he is on his way to his lodgings. . . . Now he is going up the stairs. . . . Now he is in his room again!"

And I would see him opening the box and setting the two golden-brown rolls upon a table and eating them slowly, as a man does when he treasures each morsel. Yes, all through the night, while I worked kneading my bread, I went over every act of this starving baker, again and again, so that when morning came I found myself singing while I worked.

I found myself singing so loud that my Greek friend exclaimed that all might hear:

"What a noise this Josef Vitek makes!"

While another, a merry fellow, said:

"Tell us, Josef, why you are so happy!"

And, seeing he was so pleasant about it, I told them all, everything, while my Greek friend looked on and smiled, cracking his long fingers. When I had finished, this Greek who works beside me broke into a laugh.

"Well, you have had all your happiness for nothing, then," he cried. "For this starving baker's belly is as innocent of beef and rolls as a newborn babe's."

"What!" said I, "do you mean to say that the fare I bought for him has gone to another?"

"I mean that it is still where you put it," he answered. "For I have watched before the window all night, and not a soul has so much as lifted the lid of the garbage tin upon the corner."

"He did not come, then?"

"He did not come."

"You might have missed him."

"No, that is not possible!"

But I refused to give up hope. "There is still his morning visit," I said.

"The hour for that has passed, also," he returned, cracking his fingers again.

I had finished my work, so I went swiftly and put on my hat. I crossed the street and looked into the garbage tin. It was as my Greek friend had said: The box with its crisp golden-brown rolls was still there!

"Perhaps," thought I, "everything is as it should be with him once more."

And I pondered which to do—go home to my lodgings and sleep like a Christian or seek him out again. What decided me I do not know, but presently I stood in the dim hallway where this starving baker had disappeared only yesterday. There was not a soul stirring. I pulled upon a cord and rang the landlady's bell. She stuck her head out of a door.

"Well!" she cried.

"I am again looking for the baker who lodges here," I explained to her.

"Him!" she laughed shrilly. "Well, as to that—you will find him in jail, if I am not mistaken!"

"In jail!" I repeated foolishly.

"Yes, in jail!" she cried. "At least, now, he will not run in debt for his lodgings!" She laughed again, cocking her head like the old witch that she was, and she began to close the door. But suddenly, she opened it wide again. "Are you not the man who yesterday asked me where this luckless creature came from?"

I nodded.

"Well, only this morning I learned his country. It seems he is a Bohemian, and he comes from a little place—let me see—a little place called . . ."

She stopped short; my heart died within me.

"Not Polna!" I said, moistening my lips.

"Yes, that is the place, Polna!"

And, this time, she shut the door in my face.

I went down the stairs and out into the sunlight; the glare from the street blinded me, so that for a moment I stood confused. My heart was fluttering, also, and my lips kept repeating:

"From Polna! . . . Fancy! . . . No, it cannot be possible!"

I began to walk, quickly, without purpose, and presently, I ran almost into the arms of my Greek friend. For a moment he stood as if his tongue were ready with a sharp word, but when he had finished staring at me he said as gently as a bitter man could:

"Well, Josef Vitek, so it is you! And, pray, what has gone wrong now?"

For once the fear of his cruel laughter did not move me, so I told him what the old trot had said, but he replied calmly:

"And what of all that? Must you go bumping into every passer-by because one man more or less has gone to jail?"

"Do you not understand?" I cried.

"This man is of my own trade. He is of my own country. He is of my own village. It may well be that he is even the man who—who—"

"Yes, I am listening!" said my Greek friend.

But I could not say what was in my heart, for there are fears that are better unspoken; so I replied instead:

"He may even be a friend, and yet I can do nothing!"

"Nothing!" cried my Greek friend, sneering again. "Well, one might think that any man with two legs could go to the jail and set his mind at rest, if he is foolish enough to be bothered with what does not concern him."

I felt ashamed of my stupidity. "You are right," I answered, "and if I had more wit, I should have known as much. . . . Come, will you go to the jail with me?"

At this my Greek friend spat contemptuously, so that he would not seem too eager to do a kindness.

"Well," he replied, "if you wish company, I cannot think of any reason against it."

And so we turned our faces in the direction of the jail.

After all, this Greek friend of mine has a good heart in spite of his sharp tongue. For truly, I should have gotten nowhere without him. There were so many people to see, and questions to answer, and running about from one room to another. But my Greek friend was equal to it all, and while I was put out of countenance many times, it was never so with him. In the end, we found out enough to serve us: there was a baker from Polna there, but the name he had given signified nothing. Could we see him? . . . Well, as to that, he was this very moment in the courtroom which was open to anybody who could crowd in. And what had he done, this baker from Polna, that he had been jailed? . . . *Nothing!*

We went out into the corridor to search for the courtroom. I confess that I was puzzled, and I said to my Greek friend:

"But I do not understand. He has done nothing, and yet—"

"Of course," he replied, "nothing! That is just it! When one has a trade one should work at it!"

"Oh," said I, "so that is the meaning of it all. But if one cannot find work to do, why—"

"Pooh!" cried my friend. "What has the law to do with such nonsense as that!"

We stepped into the courtroom, and almost at the same moment a name was called and a bent figure went forward and stood before the judge.

"There!" cried my Greek friend, so loudly that all could hear, "that is the man you are looking for!"

With that the judge rapped upon his desk and the bent figure turned and looked in our direction. I covered my face with my hands: it was as I had feared—the eyes of the man standing before the judge, the baker from Polna who robbed garbage tins of sour fruit and crusts of bread, were the eyes of my old master! My old master, he who had felt such pride in his estate, was penniless and a beggar. And, at once, his foolish words came to me:

"Yes, Josef, my son, a baker is a great man—wherever he may find himself!"

My heart beat fast and I could have cried out, but I knew enough to guess that the law was a solemn and proud thing, so I kept my counsel. As for my Greek friend, he laughed openly at everything until the judge rapped again and scowled in our direction. Presently the judge began his questioning. My old master replied in a low voice, so that I could scarcely hear him. He was a Bohemian, a baker, and had come to this country expecting work, but it seemed there was none to be had. Where did he live? . . . He answered. And how? . . . My old master could not understand, so he stood confused until an officer spoke up:

"He lives off garbage tins, your honor!"

At that, everybody laughed. I closed my eyes.

The judge began to speak again. Ah, so that was it! A man who did nothing! A loafer! Well, what had he to say for himself? . . . My old master was silent.

Why had he come to this country? . . . Had he friends here? . . . No, he had not a friend. . . . *Not a friend!* . . . Well, that was stupid—to come where he knew nobody! . . . At that rate, he would get nowhere.

"If you had a friend," said the judge, "a single friend who could say a word for you, why—"

My old master shook his head, again.

Well, it seemed there was only one thing to do, then. A man without money and without friends, who stood upon street-corners snatching crusts from garbage tins might be driven to worse before he was many days older. How about thirty days' food and lodgings as a guest of the city?

I saw the eyes of my old master turn upward as if a blow had struck him down, I heard the laugh of my Greek friend, and suddenly I found myself standing before the judge.

"I am his friend!" I said in a loud voice.

"Ah!" cried the judge, leaning forward, "so you are his friend? And what is your name, pray?"

"My name is Josef Vitek," I answered.

At that I heard a cry—my old master had fallen to the floor!

In the end the judge was persuaded, and we left the courtroom together. My old master walked between my Greek friend and me, like a man in a dream.

"You see how it is, Josef Vitek," said my Greek comrade. "A man without a friend is like a fallen leaf blown hither and thither. A thief may go free—a murderer even, but a man who has no friend—bah!" And he spat again, contemptuously.

As for my old master, he said nothing. We walked slowly back to his lodgings and I rang the landlady's bell for the second time that morning. She came out to us sullenly, and I said:

"Give this man back his room and I will pay everything—even what he already owes."

At this she smiled, showing two miss-

ing teeth, and led the way. We followed, the three of us, and when she had thrown open the door to my master's room, he spoke for the first time.

"I am tired," he said, in the voice of a weary child. "I think it will be well for me to lie down."

We helped him to his bed and left him thus, sleeping.

Outside my Greek friend said to me:

"You did a foolish thing to make promises to the judge concerning this old master of yours. One has only to look at him to see that he will never work again."

"What does that matter," returned I, "so long as I have two hands?"

My Greek friend shrugged his shoulders and went his way without another word; I turned my steps homeward. As usual, my landlady met me as I opened the door.

"Josef Vitek, you are late to-day," she said, shaking her finger at me playfully. "What in the world have you been doing?"

I took a deep breath. "I have been learning," I answered.

She looked at me sharply. "A good lesson, Josef Vitek?"

I shook my head. "No—a *bitter* one!"

I did not wait to dine with my landlady that night, but I rose early and went at once to see my old master. He was sitting in a chair before a cracked mirror, drawing a comb through his gray locks. I called his name and he turned his eyes upon me: they were dark and glittering, like the eyes of one who has drunk deeply of memories.

"Ah, Josef Vitek!" he cried, "so at last you have come! I have been ready this half hour."

"Ready?" I questioned, not guessing his meaning.

"Yes . . . ready and waiting! . . . Did you not tell the judge that you would find work for my hands?"

"Some day—after you have rested—naturally!" I said, for want of a better excuse.

He laid the comb down upon a table. "*Some day—after I have rested!*" he repeated scornfully. "Are you jesting, Josef Vitek? . . . I have been resting this half year. . . . What I want now is work for my idle hands."

His face was red and the finger that he lifted in mid-air was shaking with anger, and so I said quickly, to soothe him:

"Whenever you are ready—at the very moment you are ready you shall begin work."

"I am ready now," he said more calmly and, with that, he reached for his hat.

There was nothing left to do but be gone, so I said with what grace I could:

"Come, let us go to the bakery where I work. It is Friday night, the busiest time of the whole week, and I have a notion we shall find plenty to do there."

He sprang to his feet suddenly, like a man revived with a draught of wine, and we left at once. It was a pleasant night, a little cool perhaps for loitering, but the air was fresh and touched with perfume, and the stars were out. And, as we went our way, my old master spoke of our little village and the guesthouse where he taught me my trade, and of the woods beyond the town, and the strawberries one could gather there in their season. He spoke of all these things, and more, until my heart was heavy with a sweet sadness. And thus we came to the bakery where I work.

My Greek friend was there to greet us, but his welcome was cold.

"What!" exclaimed he in a whisper to me as my old master stood washing his hands, "do you fancy to find a place for him here? He would not earn his salt, even if your present master were fool enough to desire him!"

"Hush!" cried I. "I am but humoring him. He shall stand beside me and fancy that he is working lustily. As to his wages, I shall pay him from my own earnings."

"But," said my Greek friend, "do you not understand all this is against the

rules of our craft. He has no right here until things have been arranged!"

"Bother the rules of our craft!" I replied hotly. "I shall answer for anything that is amiss!"

And saying this, I stood upon a chair and cried aloud to everyone:

"This man is my old master who taught me my trade! There is no better baker in the whole world, and if you care to learn a trick or two, watch him for five minutes while he works beside me!"

At that my old master threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, while my comrades crowded around to watch him at his work. Truly, in all my life, I have never seen a greater miracle; for suddenly this old master of mine had become a man lusty and full of strength. And he fell to, at the task which should have been mine, explaining many mysteries, until even my Greek friend stood speechless with admiration. And thus it went all night, with my old master kneading and tossing and flinging the dough into the ovens, until I thought:

"This old man is possessed. Truly, I have never seen anyone so wonderful!"

And toward the close of his labors I said to my comrades:

"This is Saturday—the morning that we always breakfast together. If you wish it, this old master of mine can make a coffee-cake of a pan of dough and a handful of raisins the like of which is not known outside Polna. Shall we ask him, then, to do this service for us?"

They answered with a great shout, and my old master began this fresh task with every man looking on. And when this coffee-cake of which I have spoken came crisp from its baking, they made a procession and led my old master in great state to the table and sat him down at the head, and my Greek friend rose and said:

"You are the master of us all! If I had but a wisp of laurel, I would crown you, as victors are crowned in my own country!"

Then a merry fellow from Sicily cried out:

"A wisp of laurel, indeed! That may be well enough for Greeks, but if you were in my country there would be vine leaves for your crowning, and the juice of the grape to warm your heart!"

And thus everyone protested a new and pleasanter custom until my old master took the huge knife which I passed to him and cut the cake he had baked and handed every man a piece. When he had finished he sat down with a great sigh, and I saw that his face was white. I looked at the portion he had cut for me and I rose to my feet, saying:

"Master, you were right! There *is* no service finer than the baking of bread, unless it be that of sowing the seed which goes into it!"

In answer he put out his hand to me. "If you have learned that, Josef my son,

you have learned everything I have to teach you!"

I could see the pride of a task well done in his glance, and my eyes filled with tears, for I thought:

"Yesterday this man was despised . . . to-day he is exalted . . . what will be his state to-morrow?"

And as I stood gazing at him through my tears, I saw the light fade from the eyes of my old master, and his restless hands grow suddenly still, and a strange and beautiful smile fall upon his lips. . . .

One of my comrades rose to his feet; every man at the table did likewise. My Greek friend made the sign of the cross in mid-air with an upraised finger.

I fell upon my knees and at once I murmured:

"What happiness — to-morrow will never come!"

A Song of Triumph

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

WHEN I have done the things they say—
The wise and good who teach me how to go—
When my ambition has been flung away,
My pride brought low,
My vanity erased,
And all the plunging passions of my soul
Stand quivering to the touch of whip and rein—
What will I do with all this self-control
That was so hard to gain?
Shall I in truth
Be happy in my conqueror's crown?
I hardly know. . . .

When from my pinnacle I shall look down
To contemplate such vast defeat,
I think perhaps the taste
Of victory may not be so sweet
That I can view without a touch of pain
Those bright battalions of my youth
That shall not charge again;
Still are the summits, by fine airs embraced,
But there are trumpets on the plain;
And I may know a dim distress
To feel myself the lord of loneliness—
The monarch of a waste!

Adventures in Human Nature

The writer of the following article, which she does not sign for obvious reasons, has been called by that distinguished journalist, Sir Philip Gibbs, "the best interviewer in America." For the past fifteen years she has been a member of the staffs of morning, evening and Sunday newspapers in several large American cities, and all of these hitherto unpublished adventures in human nature are drawn from life.

IF it had not been for the juxtaposition of a Christmas vacation, a set of uncorrected examination papers, and a maxim from Bernard Shaw's "Revolutionist's Handbook," I might be a school-ma'am still.

The vacation permitted me to go to the nearest large city and make the rounds of the newspaper offices, until I found a city editor who would give me a chance and ten dollars a week. The examination papers made me realize that any kind of work is preferable to correcting fifty-two analyses of the character of Lady Macbeth, all written by persons under the age of sixteen. And the discovery of Shaw's cryptic, caustic, not wholly fair verdict "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches," clinched my conviction that as a teacher I was out of the main stream of human activity and of individual creative achievement. I had an intense desire to know people, all kinds of people, and to be a writer. It seemed to me that so long as I remained in my present profession I could neither do the one thing nor be the other.

From the red-brick, ivy-kirtled, elm-shaded co-educational seminary, where I was in charge of a floor in the girls' dormitory, a table in the dining room, and four classes in English, I found easy enough that transition which I am sure some of my academic friends considered the descent to Avernus. It was a year when they were "taking on" college girls in newspaper offices, and when girls with a flair for writing found that in the city room there is a chance—as a famous

recruiting poster says—to "learn while you earn." Out of the early clutter of women's club meetings and "Sunday specials," on which every journalistic neophyte (female) is encouraged to try her typewriter, I finally emerged a "sob sister."

It is the popular, though now outmoded name for the woman who obtains and writes for a newspaper articles of value for some quality of human interest, rather than for news alone. Years ago such articles were supposed to turn on the trickling tear of the sentimental reader; but nowadays, in the work of his women special writers, an editor demands humor, keen observation, a cultured background, ideas, and he tolerates pathos only when he is sure it is not bathos. Above everything else, however, he values an incident, an experience, that picture of personality which he calls an "interview," for the "human" note. The truest name and definition of a sob sister is "a collector of human nature."

It seems to me that there is no other woman quite so completely the privileged looker-on behind the scenes of life as the writer for a great daily newspaper. She is the modern confessor. By letter sometimes, more often by word of mouth, she hears the most dramatic, the most extraordinary revelations of human passion and perplexity and perfidy. She passes, like Pippa; hers are half-hourly contacts. Yet out of them may come a more direct and illuminating knowledge of the essential human nature in the men and women she meets than she

would gain in five years of conventional association.

She calls on a woman poet, to ask her to discuss jealousy, to say how far a wife may be justified in watching and suspecting her husband. (In the local courts a doctor's wife is being tried for shooting one of his women patients, and the editor ordered: "See what some well-known women think about the rights and wrongs of jealousy"). The interviewer has picked the poet, because writers of lyric verse are supposed to know all about the more primitive emotions; so far as she is aware, this particular versifier is a happy and trusting wife.

It must be made plain that the interviewer has no thought of probing a past, that she is prepared merely for an academic discussion. Five minutes after her arrival in the apartment she is watching a woman in torment, torn by the claws of a beast that had been sleeping but not dead. Not the passage of years, not literary success, not the devotion of a *second* husband, has made the poet forget her searing, sordid betrayal by the husband of her youth. She strides up and down the long Chinese rug, arms stiff at her sides, hands clenching and unclenching. Her swift, staccato inflections break now and then on a high note of pain.

"If a woman tells me that she has never been jealous, I know that she is lying—or that she has not loved! The women who love most are the women who know jealousy! I know—for I loved him.

"We were such friends! We went to the same New England college, we were married when we hadn't five dollars in the world, we were poor together, we worked together. Before doubting him, I would have doubted my own soul! But what can you do when disloyalty is thrust at you? He is away from home and you open a telegram addressed to him, thinking it may need an immediate answer. It is from a woman. You pick up the telephone receiver, and a woman

says, 'Is that you, Tom, dear?' You learn to watch women guests in your house. You—"

In the pause, feverish black eyes found and held mine.

"There was my own sister!" came the incredible confession. "And I *worshiped* her children!"

That confession has never been printed until now, when the identities of her who made it and her who listened to it can be disguised. "Of course, I'm not telling you this for the paper," the writer of verse affixed the seal which every interviewer recognizes and respects. But why did she tell it at all? Why did she "cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff"—for surely her second husband would not have cared to learn how old fires still blazed, the "vehement flame!" I do not know the answer; but, after that strange interview, I filed away in my catalogue of human nature the tragic fact that a woman may hate, despise, divorce a man, that she may love and marry another man—and still the strongest passion of which she is capable will be agony over her first lover's treachery.

Many persons have an idea that an interviewer for a newspaper is a sort of psychological ghoul, who goes around digging up buried tragedies and feasting on them. On the contrary, the average man or woman caught in a tangle of emotion or crime is only too eager to explain himself or herself. No one is either blackjacked or blackmailed into giving an interview. It is entirely a matter of free will. Sometimes, as in the case of the woman poet, the interviewer has not even sought to give the talk a personal turn. On other occasions, while she may be commissioned to ask a question so intimate that she herself winces over it, the person questioned perceives not an ordeal, but an opportunity.

A certain rich man died not long ago in one of our big cities. He had posed as unmarried, and when his will was probated he was found to have left his

property to a woman friend, also unmarried. The next development was the discovery of a wife who announced, through her lawyer, that she intended to contest the will. Being a clever lawyer, he allowed several other facts to become known about his client: that she was a gentlewoman, of Virginian birth, that she had not lived with her dead husband for twenty-three years, that she could have obtained a divorce, but had refused to ask for one because she loved him and did not wish to involve him in a scandal. The lawyer gave also the name of the hotel where she was living.

"Go get that woman to tell you the story of her wonderful devotion," said the editor.

I hated the job. I pictured a frail, dainty, gently bred Penelope, shrinking at the pain of a stranger's inquiries about her love and grief and loneliness of more than a fifth of a century. I might have spared myself apprehension. Penelope tripped into the reception room of the hotel as the star in a musical comedy trips down to the footlights. Black-clad, an old-fashioned cameo at her throat, a lace handkerchief in her hand, she dressed her part perfectly except that her cheeks were just a trifle over-rouged. Still hesitantly, I said something about her unusual married life, and asked her if she cared to tell me the story of it.

She did care. In her soft, slurred Southern voice—she really was well born and well bred—delicately touching her eyes at intervals with the lace handkerchief, she described easily and in minute detail just how she had met and loved and married her husband, how they had established themselves in the big city, how she had asked a girlhood friend to pay them a long visit, pitying the girl because of her unhappy home surroundings. Penelope then proceeded to paint the picture of the Trusting Wife, the False Friend, the Weak Husband. She admitted that probably she had been too noble, too blind to the wicked pos-

sibilities inherent in human nature; she blamed herself for that. She spoke of her final, reluctant suspicions, of her husband's confession, of her friend's departure from the house.

"I never told anyone about what had happened," she said. "Of course, I could not live with my husband any longer, but he was just at the beginning of his business career, and I knew a divorce would mean the loss of his position and perhaps the ruin of his life. Besides, I never stopped loving him. All these years I have loved him, even though he never came near me and I knew that he was spending his time with her. It has been a lonely life. But I could not bear to drag his name into a scandal. And yet he himself mentioned that woman in his will!"

I have said that an interview is often recognized as an opportunity. Penelope saw and seized a dual one: the chance, after cultivating a suppression complex for twenty-three years, to *express* herself as the martyred heroine, to occupy for one moment the center of the stage in her triangle play; and the chance to hold up to public scorn the woman she quite naturally hated for stealing her husband. The interview which she gave me with such graceful willingness was the stone which killed both of these birds. What price, as our English friends say, the sacrifice of a little reticence for such laudable ends?

If any reader consider me unduly cynical in my analysis of Penelope's motives, I submit this further fact: Penelope wrote to thank me for my frank transcription of her story, and added the following postscript: "Miss—" (the "other woman") "has many friends in Canada. I think that the papers in Montreal and Quebec would be glad to reprint your interesting article, if you would send it to them, and perhaps I could give you more material if you would have tea with me some day."

The next time you read a newspaper interview in which somebody's husband or wife explains what is the matter with

his or her partner, don't accuse the heartless yellow journalist of profaning the sanctities of the home. Remember that it takes two to make an interview, as well as a quarrel; and that while one of the two has been ordered on the job by an editor, nothing on earth except the human will-to-talk compels the party of the second part to utter a word.

If one of the first things which the "sob sister" learns about human nature is that man is the explaining animal, she discovers almost as quickly his glorious and ludicrous vanity.

A gentleman who has made a fortune in the business of manufacturing automobile tires considers that it has qualified him to discuss the higher education of women. He launches a broadside at the dinner of the Tire-Tape Club. One is sent to draw more fire. One begins by asking him if he is married, with the natural desire to discover whether he has sent daughters to college and repented it.

He looks for the wedding ring on one's hand; not finding it, he becomes at once apprehensive and stern.

"Now, madam," he says, "that's neither here nor there. But I'll tell you right now—I'm not in the market!"

Or one journeys forth to win from a popular evangelist his recipe for saving souls. He says quite seriously that he doesn't see how men can help losing their souls while the women dress as they do.

"Right here in this study," he declares, "a woman of this church came to talk to me about some charity or other. She is a pretty woman, and she sat there with her knees crossed so that I was ashamed to look at her. I said, 'You go home and put on more clothes—I won't talk to you till you do!' She just laughed, but she went. Nobody knows the temptations to which a minister of the Lord is subjected!" finished the reverend gentleman, with a sigh.

Perhaps my most amusing contact with human vanity came in the case of the lady whom I shall call Mrs. Potiphar. To describe her truthfully, if cruelly, she

looked like early twentieth-century cartoons of a Suffragist. She had the mannish apparel, the angular figure, the forbidding glare. Any type more distantly removed from Joseph's temptress it would be impossible to imagine. A clever woman, interested in several social and philanthropic activities, the author of a novel or two, it had been my duty to interview her on several occasions. Once, being slightly indisposed, she received me in bed, but, before I left, rang for a maid to bring in a new dinner frock.

"You can describe me as wearing this," she remarked, blandly.

With such a straw to indicate which way the wind of vanity blew, perhaps I should not have been surprised at what followed. Did I tell you that Mrs. Potiphar was married to a man twenty years her senior, and that she had a grown-up son? She herself must have been fifty. One afternoon, over the tea table, she was explaining how frequently women are to blame for a man's losing his head—an interview with her was usually an explanatory monologue.

She fixed me, suddenly, with a challenging glance.

"I had a man lose control of himself absolutely, a year ago, in this very room," she breathed.

Perhaps I didn't look shocked enough. She proceeded to pile up horrific details.

"I was wearing a scarlet tea gown," she recalled. (In scarlet, she would have all the allure of a Carrie Nation.) "My dear, he went absolutely all to pieces! I had to order him to leave. I wrote to him the next day and said, 'Of course, you can never come again. But it was MY FAULT.' (Nothing short of capitals will indicate the magnificent emphasis on these words.) I was wholly to blame. So I shall forget this, and remember only the pleasant things in our friendship."

And to me, the collector of human nature, Mrs. Potiphar's defiant glance said: "Don't dare to think me homely! Don't dare to disbelieve that I can al-

lure men! Don't imagine that I am middle-aged, that in another ten years I shall be old! Think me indiscreet for telling you this story, but don't think me a liar!"

Nevertheless, I acquit Mrs. Potiphar of all indiscretions—except the crowning one of imagining that I could believe her.

After this encounter with a ruling passion, I never turned a hair when perhaps the most famous woman novelist in America (her name is *not* "Rutherford") cautioned me, pettishly: "In your article, be sure to speak of 'Janet Rutherford' or 'Mrs. Rutherford'; don't say, 'Mrs. Janet Rutherford'—there is only *one* Mrs. Rutherford!"

It seems odd to be telling these tales out of school, even though the figures in them are suitably disguised. One so often hears complaints about the "terrible things" which the newspapers make people say. One is moved to quote Bernard Shaw: "People do not like the things I say—they should just hear the things I do not say!" Rather, they should hear the things people say to me in private and which I keep them from saying in public!

It was my interesting privilege to obtain the first long and exclusive interview given in this country by a certain particularly distinguished woman visitor from overseas. She began by remarking, tactfully, that she would think I'd hate my work—"going around and asking people what they had for breakfast." As soon as she found that wasn't the sort of thing I asked, and found also that I admired her, we got along. In fact, we got along so well and so far that she told me her candid opinion of an American-born woman now living in her country, a "front-page" person, both in the Old World and the New. My vis-à-vis produced the evidence, social and political, on which she based her candid—and unfavorable—opinion; how unfavorable may be deduced from her final comment: "She's the most frightful *mistake!*"

I saw my "story" on the front page,

and in the foreign exchanges. The distinguished visitor perhaps had a similar vision—I've always believed there is something in thought-transference. She stopped, and besought me: "Now, you *won't* give me away?"

I never have—even now.

Once I went to interview one of our most widely read and genuinely beloved American novelists on the simple and salutary theme of how a girl should be trained for wifehood and motherhood. Just in what manner it happened, I am not sure—certainly there was no conscious volition on my part—but before the end of our talk, the novelist had explained to me her unorthodox opinions about the mighty church in which she had been born and brought up, which she has not left even to-day. Her sentiments, however, may be imagined from the last one she delivered: "My sisters and I all had to marry outside the church. We couldn't find—young men who were intelligent enough!"

She didn't even pledge me not to quote her heresies, yet I refrained. The day after the publication of our interview, which might have been so sensational and wasn't, I received a letter of positively tearful gratitude!

The peace of home may be wrecked—or preserved—by an interviewer. I suspect that I once saved a lovely actress from the wrath of her manager who is also her spouse, when I "forgot" to report her feminist fulmination, entirely irrelevant to the subject we were discussing.

"Mr. Jones," she pouted, "always introduces me everywhere as Mrs. Jones, instead of Miss Smith"—her stage name or, rather, the alias I choose for it—"and it makes me so *damned* mad!"

The only time when an interviewer cannot afford to be kind is when an indiscretion is a matter of news. Even then, she cannot afford to break her word, once given. No reputable member of the Fourth Estate betrays a confidence which he or she has promised to keep. None has the right to go farther

than that—when the public's right to news is involved.

At just this point, I should like to touch on the question of newspaper honor. "If any," some cynical reader murmurs. I say only this: so far as my experience and observation go, the men and women writing for decent newspapers possess a keener sense of honor than various eminent citizens, who try to dodge criticism, or financial loss, or responsibility, by proclaiming in stentorian tones, "The reporter lied!"—when all he has done is to tell a truth of which, seen in print, they—or their friends—repent! All my newspaper life I have been waiting for somebody brave enough, when he got into trouble because of an unwise utterance, to admit that he and not the reporter was at fault. I have known of just one man who, in such circumstances, refused to "pass the buck": an officer and a gentleman of the United States Navy publicly shouldered the blame for the misunderstanding which resulted in the false Armistice report sent out by a news agency. As against one newspaper writer who deliberately or even carelessly misquotes, ten suffer from more or less "diplomatic denials"—for the sins of other people's tongues!

We have heard a great deal, in the past few years, about "group psychology." The woman writer on a newspaper has interesting opportunities to observe it; to collect human nature in battalions, as well as by single spies. For example, I once studied group psychology in all the saloons on a certain famous American street where, in the old days, there were four drinking places to a corner.

The method was simple. I donned a Salvation Army bonnet and went out to sell *War Cries* in the bars and back parlors, with one of the real lassies. They used to do it quite as a matter of course, even the youngest ones with the prettiest blue eyes.

Life persists in not being true to the moving pictures, which, together with

sentimental stories, foster the illusion that the "slum angels" are treated with respect even by the roughest and most dissolute men. My little guide knew better.

"You must watch everywhere," she said, "especially the man behind you. If the poor fellows are themselves, they will be all right, and in a saloon there are usually some sober enough not to let us be really hurt. But for anything short of physical injury, we must just look out for ourselves."

One entered the now historic swinging doors, walked past the sneering bartenders to the far end of the room and worked one's way back, offering the *War Cries* for five cents a copy at each table. The men who had had only a drink or two were decent enough. They called us "sister," and either bought the papers or promised to do so next time. One youth, I remember, offered gravely as an excuse his fear lest his mother might find the sheet in his clothes and know he had been drinking!

The "drunk and disorderlies" were less pleasant. They snarled, cursed or attempted to flirt, according to temperament and condition. I marveled at the eternal patience and gentleness of the yellow-haired girl, younger than myself, who made these rounds not once, as a "stunt," but every Saturday night. She cried herself to sleep afterward, she told me, yet still returned, keeping intact her faith in the Army slogan: "A man may be down, but he's never out." It is a bit crude, if you like, yet what else did a great poet say, when he wrote of "apparent failure":

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;

* * * * *

That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

Isn't it difficult, if not impossible, for most dwellers in this modern, materialistic world to grasp the psychology of the Crusaders, of the Puritans, of any historic group that honestly and whole-

heartedly put the things of the spirit before the concerns of fortune, of family, of the everyday machinery of living? It seems a far cry from Richard the Lion Hearted and Oliver Cromwell to Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Yet a Sunday spent in Zion City, Illinois, among the several thousand members of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church of Zion, founded by Alexander Dowie and now vigorously shepherded by Voliva, helped me to understand how a faith—or, if you will, a fanaticism—may sweep men and women from all the moorings of habit and thought to which their generation has been tied.

The citizens of other towns an hour's ride from Chicago go to church on Sunday—but they do not spend Sunday in church. If some—not by any means all—eschew the golf links on Sunday, few allow their religion to interfere with taking out the little car. Nor does their creed define the length of a woman's sleeve. It does not make a pork chop, a pipe, a pill-box all alike the insignia of sin. The Zionist takes his faith into these intimate details of life. His Sunday, or Lord's Day as he prefers to call it, is like nothing else in America; I had almost said like nothing else in the twentieth century.

One chilly Sabbath morning I arose at five-thirty, and, with others of the faithful, I picked my way half a mile uphill to the huge, barnlike Shiloh Tabernacle, without even a stained glass window to cast a dim religious light. To cut a long Sunday far shorter than it seems to one living through it, religious services in Zion are continuous from six in the morning to about nine in the evening, with the exception of three hours, from eleven to two. Not every Zionist spends this entire period in the Tabernacle, but the number of hours devoted to worship by every man, woman and baby amazes even the devout outsider.

The whitewashed, egg-shaped main auditorium of the Tabernacle, with its hard, uncushioned, wooden seats and its walls hung with abandoned crutches,

plaster casts, secret-society badges and smoking paraphernalia, mute testimony to the miracles of physical healing and moral reform wrought by the faith, is crowded for the principal service of the day, beginning at two o'clock and sometimes not ending until after seven. Voliva preaches, and for three or four hours he holds an audience of three thousand people tense, yet thrillingly responsive. He is one of the short, stocky, black-haired individuals who look a little like Napoleon and know it, combing their hair in similar fashion and standing with sturdy legs wide apart, hands clasped behind their backs.

It was when I listened to Voliva that I realized the human nature I was collecting in Zion City differed superficially, rather than fundamentally, from human nature in the world outside. The Zionists do live on the principle of all for God, and the world well lost. Yet it is clear that they, like the rest of us, can be stirred by emotional and æsthetic stimuli, only they find these in the preaching of Overseer Voliva. With powerful presence, with gestures, with resonant and tellingly modulated voice, with humor, scorn, ecstasy, passion, with the knack of weaving Biblical phrases and prophecies into such stuff as drama is made of, with the invaluable footlight gift of personal magnetism, Voliva is the theater of Zion City, the moving pictures, the serial story, the spellbinder. Even the babies in arms do not cry during those three-hour sermons!

After the service, I interviewed him. In the life of a "sob sister" the interview fulfils the function of King Charles's head. One day she interviews a former President of the United States on his ideas about making young women independent of marriage as a means of support: she rushes down to New Haven to catch him, only to find that he is about to leave for New York, and she ends by trailing him to the corner of a parlor car for the two-column talk which appears next day in her paper. By the time it is printed, she may be somewhere east

of the Bowery, interviewing the pretty blond wife of a young gunman for whom the "little green door" at Sing Sing is about to open, or she may be interviewing Fannie Hurst for a radio audience of a million people. Through a combination of perseverance, persuasiveness, and sheer good luck, she induces H. G. Wells to discuss the future of America, "which," he tells her, "lies in two words: Adventure—or Degeneration." (She has waited four hours, one evening, for Mr. Wells to come home, and when she calls again, the next morning, it is so early that he opens the door in his nicely starched blue shirt sleeves and minus a collar. However, that doesn't embarrass her. Hasn't she interviewed Billy Sunday when he was sitting up in bed, wearing pajamas—heavily chaperoned, of course, by "Ma" Sunday and the rest of the family? Hasn't she been the early bird that caught the exclusive interview with Boston's fifty per cent Ponzi—a Col. Sellers of real life, who himself answered her ring at six-thirty A.M. wearing a chaste plaid dressing gown and a yawn? The interviewer comes to have a wide acquaintance with celebrities *en deshabille*).

Why is the interview, and what is it? It is a distinctively American institution, in the first place. Perhaps owing to the influence of classical education, with its drill in *oratio obliqua*, English journalism seems to prefer indirect to direct discourse. Even in reporting debates in the House of Commons English newspapers make a practice of printing: "The honorable gentleman said he had understood the situation to be unchanged," rather than our crisper American construction: "Rep. Longworth, of Ohio, said: 'The situation is unchanged.'"

"Always tell a thing first-hand if you can," the first managing editor for whom I ever worked warned me. The essence of an interview, the reason for its existence, is that it is a first-hand story—whether Tom Keogh is being interviewed by a cub reporter about the automobile accident he saw on his way

home from work, or whether Sir Oliver Lodge is being interviewed by me about the survival of the spirit and its ability to communicate with us.

There was a time, perhaps, when the newspaper editor valued the interview chiefly as a success of scandal; when the interviewer's job consisted in interrogating the banker as to why his wife had eloped with the chauffeur, or asking the lovely murderess to give her reasons for killing her husband. It is that sort of interview which critics of yellow journalism have in mind when they moan about the newspaper writer's intrusions on privacy.

These critics fail to realize what I have already pointed out: that it takes two to make an interview, and that the human will-to-talk invariably plays into the hands of the inhuman city editor. Criminal or victim, everybody wants to explain, to "tell the world"; sometimes it seems to me that self-justification, not self-preservation, is nature's first law! The test of such an interview is not, in my opinion, some inch-wide academic standard of good taste; it is the test we apply to the novelist—does the drama of his situation, or its novelty, or its curious psychology, counterbalance whatever it contains of sordidness or suffering?

Such a test is applied instinctively to-day, by every editor who does not belong to the extreme left wing of journalism, before he commissions a "sob sister" to obtain an interview with somebody who is or who soon will be in the divorce or criminal court. The individual must be a person in whom there is general and legitimate public interest, or the plot of the case must be as arresting as a De Maupassant short story. Only then, according to modern editorial judgment, is an interview worth while—*i.e.*, likely to interest readers. For the editor's psychology on the subject of interviews is eminently simple. He wants to print those which people will read.

Why does he think people read interviews at all? Because he looks about

him and perceives that America never has got over the Chautauqua habit. He sees his countrymen and countrywomen rushing into halls, to pay anywhere from two dollars and twenty cents to five dollars and fifty cents, including war tax, for the privilege of hearing somebody talk to them. Wisely, he says to himself: "These people, and thousands more, will pay three cents any day for the privilege of hearing somebody talk to them through my columns."

That is why one obtains so many interviews with noted men and women from overseas, as well as with native sons and daughters who have written novels, shot lions, or done something else about which they can stand up and talk. From the arrivals listed in the ship news, from the book notes in the literary supplement, from the lists of guests furnished by hotels, from brief news reports of speeches—and not once in eighty times from the police-court blotter—the editor and the interviewer, co-operating ideally, on a fifty-fifty basis, select the to-be-interviewed.

But that is not all of it. If there is any more helpless performance in print than the unfocused interview, I have yet to see it. Henry James superbly defined realism as "the individual caught in the fact." An intelligent, readable interview shows the individual caught in the idea. It is not enough to know *whom* to ask to talk. You must know *what* to ask him, or her, to talk *about*. An interview, like a verb, must have a subject or subjects. It must not merely shoot an arrow into the air.

Interesting sidelights are thrown on the editor's psychology by the sort of subjects he thinks people like to hear discussed. One famous editor says there are just four sure-fire topics: sex, cookery, superstition, science. Another man believes the public is interested in any unique experience or achievement narrated by a woman. Still another is sure that everybody enjoys reading interviews on health questions and on how

to succeed in life. The editorial touchstone for any topic, however, is its "human" interest—that is, its interest for all or most men and women, rather than for one group or class.

The commonest objection to the interview is that no person who is not a short-hand writer, can report accurately the manner, as well as the matter, of another person's discourse. The answer to this objection is that it can be done, for the interviewer with a good memory and a good brain does it every day of her life; the best interviews are obtained without note-taking of any sort. I say "her," advisedly, for the reason that most of the special interviewing on our great newspapers is done by women.

One reason, perhaps, is that woman, with a reputation for being the Talking Sex, is far more truly the Listening Sex. There has always been a Desdemona, just as there has always been an Othello to tell her tall tales. Who was the talker in Eden? The Snake. Eve merely listened sympathetically.

But while a good interviewer must be a tactful, a sympathetic, an inspiring listener, she must be something more. "The interview," runs an editorial maxim, "like water, can never rise higher than its source"—its source being the person who first obtains and then writes it. "A good interview," to quote another of my editorial friends, "like all Gaul" (he didn't intend a pun) "is divided into three parts: one-third, what the interviewed says; one-third, what he tried to say; one-third, what he ought to have said." I myself should define an efficient interviewer as a cross between a creative artist and a *simpatico* collie dog.

There are times when you must sit at the feet of Greatness and fix on it your large, brown, intelligent eyes. If you had a tail, you would wag it. There are other times when Greatness, or Notoriety, loses the trail of its remarks, even of its ideas, and has to be set right. Who can do this except the interviewer?

When I read letters in the newspapers

from persons who complain that they have not been "quoted accurately," I cannot help thinking of the far greater number who would have real reason to complain if they *were* quoted accurately—or, I should say, literally." Any experienced interviewer knows how to make a moron sound like a person of at least normal intelligence, and how to make a Grade-B-mind coruscate for publication. I assure you, it is not the most grateful task in the world. One has one's little vanities, and an interviewer usually thinks she possesses a pretty turn for epigram. It takes her a long time to learn not to wince, when she has to put one of her own shrewd observations in the mouth of some simple creature who knows just enough to snap it up as greedily as a trout snaps a scarlet ibis.

For the amusing and the amazing feature of the business is the ease with which other persons appropriate the things you say. This weak sense of property values in the spoken word finds illustration in the story told of Whistler and Oscar Wilde. Whistler had made one of his rapierlike retorts, and Wilde exclaimed: "Oh, Jimmie, I wish I had said that!"

Said Whistler, grimly: "You will!"

There is another story which makes the same point, and of which a newspaper writer is the—shall we say—victim? He had done the actual work of writing a book to which a certain world-famous French actress had, for a price, lent the selling power of her signature. A year or two afterward he called at her Parisian home to interview her. The book—his book—lay on the table in the reception room. He picked it up and was examining it when the actress swept over the threshold.

"Ah-hh-h! mon-sieur!" she exclaimed, dramatically. "You look at my book, my precious little book! I assure you, it was written in my hear-r-r-t's blood!"

When I was interviewing a well-known American playwright I asked him if he

would mind my making *him* say, in my article, a certain "line" which *I* had just uttered.

"No, indeed!" he gracefully assured me. "I *shall* say it—often!"

While, for reasons of dramatic fitness, most of the good things in any interview must be ascribed to the personality that has inspired it, nevertheless, it does represent the contact of two minds, and in that fact consist its real interest and value. The interview, properly done, is the literary expression of that perfectly human desire which most of us feel when we read an essay, listen to a lecture, or go to church—the desire to "talk back." The interview may cover the subject matter which afterward will be developed in a public speech, yet it is more readable than the report of that speech because the interviewer's intelligent questions and comments have challenged the speaker's arguments, or helped him to clarify them—or perhaps have punctured one or two of them with a jest.

Whether it be used as a vehicle for the thoughts of a great writer, humanitarian, statesman or for the emotion of some simple woman caught in a dark-threaded tangle of love and hate, one hopes that the interview interests readers, but one knows how absorbingly it interests oneself. For it is the psychological butterfly net with which one justifies, most easily and often, one's title of collector of human nature. The secret hurts, the odd revenges, the comedies of indiscretion and vanity, the unexpected nobleness of men and women, come to the "sob sister" for the asking, and even without it.

As for literature, she handles every day incomparable subject matter, and she may choose whether to deal with it in a manner crudely sensational, or whether at least to aim toward that splendid ideal of Huysmans: "I write what I see, what I feel, what I have experienced, and I write it as well as I can: that is all."

The Bright Side

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

"WHAT in Sam Hill!"

Billy Larkins, peering into the night, carefully closed his hothouse door behind, for the wind was bitter. March was leaping upon the world like a lion, the lash of the northern gale in mane and tail.

A doubled-up figure came toward Billy on the run.

"Have you gone crazy, Ed Mann?"

"Let me in quick!"

Billy opened the hothouse door, and a warm breath fragrant with lilies, roses, geraniums, and indeterminate green things growing lushly in damp heat, steamed in their faces. Billy had been sitting in an old armchair between the rows of plants. There was another chair beside it. Billy indicated it. Billy was rather curious in his personal appearance, still pleasing. He seldom shaved, and wore his hair rather long, with the effect of strong features gleaming dimly through a soft gray mist of floating locks and beard. His brown eyes shone out as alert as a Skye terrier's under the overhang of his bushy brows.

Ed Mann, small wiry, sharply handsome of feature, thin cheeks red as a girl's, carefully clad, shoes polished, tie exactly twisted, even the shoulders of his old overcoat brushed to a gloss of high lights, regarded Billy and beamed. "Jest dodged 'em in time," he chuckled.

"Dodged who?"

"The hull women's club. I thought they had gone, and I was makin' for the back door, when I near run into 'em. They were pilin' out of the kitchen. Goin' out the back door on account of the snow. Two or three cars standin' there. Mebbe they'll be an hour gettin' out, standin', talkin' to Emmy."

Billy nodded, sinking his chin into his ash-sprinkled over-slouch of waistcoat.

"I run home, wanted to tell Emmy," said Ed.

"Bought it?" inquired Billy indistinctly on account of the pipe in his mouth.

"Yep. Foss took a hundred off on account of cash too. Said he knew the Fields man who owns it wouldn't kick."

"Land enough for hens and a garden beside the house?"

"Yep, garage too. Goin' to buy a Ford later on."

"Guess Emmy'll be tickled."

"Tickled! My God, Billy, if you knew how that poor little woman has slaved, and saved, and wanted, a home of her own all these years! She hated rentin'. 'I ain't complainin', Ed,' she'd say, 'but I do feel if I could be livin' in a house that was our own, knowing I'd die in it when my time comes, it would mean more'n anything else to me.' You see Emmy's folks did own their their home. She never knew what it was to rent till she got married."

"It ain't goin' to cost ye any less, Ed. Taxes goin' up every year. Renters goin' mad on town improvements. Lots of fun spendin' other folks' money. Next thing they'll be wantin' to pave Main Street with gold bricks, like the New Jerusalem. It'll cost you more than to rent."

"I know that, but mebbe taxes will go down."

"When you goin' to begin?"

"Cellar's goin' to be dug right away. Say, I believe that was the Emmons car went out then."

"Guess it was."

Ed jumped up. "Then I'm goin' home. Emmy knows I was thinkin' of clinchin' the bargain to-day, and she'll be crazy to hear. I'm goin' to give her that hundred dollars I saved for a mat for the new parlor floor."

"Hardwood?"

"You bet. We ain't waited all this time to crawl out the little end of the horn. Hardwood all over the house, and electric lights and a telephone and a bathroom. Every darned thing she's been hankerin' for."

Billy closed the hothouse door quickly after Ed, and stood outside watching him scud across the yard lit by a high-sailing moon in a rack of gold-tipped clouds.

Ed ran up his home steps like a boy, and threw open the kitchen door. A warm fragrance of cake and coffee emerged like a presence. And there stood Emmy.

Emmy was a very small woman, daintily detailed. She wore her best dark-blue silk dress with a lace collar. She had been very pretty. Now all of her beauty lay in her expression, which was almost wonderful. It made for eternal youth, and hope, victorious over all delays and disappointments of life.

"Well, Ed," she said and raised herself upon her little toes.

Ed laughed exultantly. "All right, Emmy."

"You bought it?"

"Sure thing, finest lot in this town. Bought and paid for. Why, Emmy, Emmy! Emmy be you sick? What's the matter? Emmy!"

Ed caught his wife, just saving her from a bad fall. Then he stood, holding on to the little figure, tightly, helplessly. "Why, Emmy, what ails you? Emmy, Emmy!"

Suddenly the door was flung open and Billy Larkins rushed in.

"Seen you through the winder!" he grasped. "What in Sam Hill?"

"Guess it ain't anything, Billy. Reckon I told her about buyin' that land sort of sudden. She ain't sick."

"Ain't sick, you blarsted fool! Lay her down on the floor quick! She's fainted clean away if she ain't—gone. Mebbe—she's—gone."

Ed laughed over the faded little head on his shoulder. "She ain't sick. She was just struck all of a heap."

"Lay her down on the floor quick, and I'll get some water."

Ed kissed Emmy's little face as he laid her gently down.

The action had astonishing results. Emmy sprang up like a released wire-coil. "Ed Mann," she cried feebly but strenuously, "you'll ruin my best dress! I know they've spilled coffee on this floor! Let me up quick. Just let me set down a minute and get me some water and I'll be all right."

Emmy drank the water, holding her handkerchief over the front of her dress, then she looked up at her husband.

"I heard right, didn't I, Ed?" she whispered.

"Course you did, Emmy."

"The land for our house is bought?"

"Course it's bought."

Billy Larkins stared anxiously at Emmy.

"Feelin' all right now?" he asked.

"Land, yes. It sort of come over me, that's all. Then I was tired out having the club meeting."

"You women beat all," Billy said with a chuckle which had repressed tenderness in it. Billy had dreamed about pretty little Emmy before her marriage.

"Give her some coffee clear," he told Ed. "We'd have somethin' stronger to give her ef it wa'n't for them damn bums, the country is trying to steer to salvation."

Ed poured a cup of coffee, and Emmy drank it, still shielding carefully the front of her dress. "Don't talk so, Billy," she said. "I wouldn't touch any liquor anyway."

"You feel all right now, don't you, Emmy?" Ed asked.

Emmy nodded smiling. "It just come over me, that's all."

Billy regarded the little smiling face which had a strange color. He shook his head as he turned to go.

"I'll be over for a game of pinocle later on," Ed said.

When Ed entered Billy's house after supper the cards were not ready as usual. "Look at here, Ed," Billy said soberly, "I don't think we'd better play to-night."

"Why not, Billy?"

"I don't think Emmy had ought to be left alone."

Ed laughed. "Emmy, she's all right now. She's gone to bed. Said she'd ring the bell if she felt bad."

"A h—I of a bell she'd ring if she was as bad as she was before supper. I don't want to scare you, Ed, but Emmy, she ain't well."

"Emmy not well? You wait till you see her in the new house. Guess you'll think she's well, then."

"She may not ever live in the new house," Billy said heavily.

Ed started, then he laughed. "That's just like you, Billy," he said, "always lookin' on the dark side. Emmy, she's all right. She's had these spells before."

"How many?"

"Oh I dunno, quite a lot. She always perks up right afterward. There's nothin' the matter with Emmy."

The other man sat in a cloud of smoke. His face was inscrutable.

"Ain't you never had the doctor?"

"Doctor? Emmy would have had a fit if I had called in a doctor when we were savin' money for the house. Doctor! Hm! Emmy, she's all right. Ain't we goin' to play pinocle?"

"Don't believe I feel jest like it to-night. I think you'd better be goin' and see if Emmy's all right. If you want me any time in the night, you jest ring the bell. I'll sleep with one ear open."

Ed laughed. "Land! Emmy would laugh till she cried if she heard you. She ain't scared and I ain't."

"Sometimes scarin's savin'," returned Billy. "Get along with you, Ed."

Billy stood in front of his hothouse, watching Ed hasten across the yard. The wind was in his beard and gray hair. He waited until a window downstairs in Ed's house flared golden with light, then dimmed, then two upstairs windows between slants of white curtains flared and dimmed. Billy listened for the bell. Finally when he heard nothing, he went into his house of plants, and locked the door.

Next day he with Ed stood over the men digging the cellar of the new house. A century ago, another house had stood there in an old-fashioned garden whose flower beds were marked off primly with box hedges. Even now one could see straggling clumps of box here and there. A slight depression showed where the cellar of the old house had been. It was rank with dry weeds. Now and then the men dug up old bricks.

"The old Squire Fields house used to stand here," Billy said. "Remember how it used to be tumbling down more and more every year?"

Ed shook his head. "Guess I'm jest about enough younger than you to be sort of hazy about it. I do seem to remember a big garden here. Those old lilac bushes must be the remnants. Guess there'll be more old things flowerin' in the spring."

"Emmy'll be terrible tickled with 'em."

Billy nodded and smiled tenderly.

Ed Mann's house was built in an incredibly short time. The exterior was complete and the men could work inside when the heat came. It was one of the hottest, most dreadful summers on record. Every morning poor little Emmy would gaze through the steaming fog at the roof of her new home. All that summer she toiled at her womanly tasks toward its furnishing. She made new towels of fine linen with cunning needlework, tablecloths, napkins, she drew in rugs, made preserves to stock her new cellar. She worked and she saved. She saw to it that her husband had plenty to eat,



Drawn by Mead Schaeffer

"FEELIN' ALL RIGHT NOW?" HE ASKED

but secretly she starved herself for the sake of new things for the new house. She had gone without for years for this crowning possession of her life. Now she spared nothing of her strength for its fulfillment in beauty.

Emmy lost flesh. She suffered from dreadful weariness and weakness, but she realized immense happiness. She had not been as happy even during the first years of her married life, and she loved her husband. Now Emmy had not only her husband, but the true setting for her married life loomed before her, dazzling her faded blue eyes with glory. Through the terrible, damp days of heat when all nature seemed fainting, she exulted.

One afternoon when there seemed scarcely air enough to sustain life, when the sun behind its thin curtain of terrible vapor scalded, she walked over to the new house. The sound of the hammers seemed to her like music. She climbed up a board-slant to the door, entered and looked around. The workmen hardly noticed her. Stripped to shirts and trousers, reeking—hateful to one another and to themselves—they toiled away.

Emmy looked about delightedly. "It's going to be cool in here," she said.

One man nodded, then took another nail from his mouth. All were surly from suffering.

Emmy went around the house, looked at the drooping old floral survivors of long-dead summers, at the site where they planned to have a garage, at the gnarled old trees bent in stiff contortions by the storms of a century. . . . Suddenly a great peal of thunder sent her scurrying. She ran fast, skirts kilted over thin flying ankles.

Ed came home an hour later. He entered the kitchen door. He went on a run across the yard to Billy Larkin's.

Billy sat smoking in his north doorway, watching the storm, which had begun to slacken with a retreat of rain-spitting, shell-shaped clouds toward the

northeast and a spur of distant mountains.

"She's gone," Ed said in a strange voice like a talking doll. He stood before Billy and panted.

Billy paled. "What?"

"She's gone. Emmy's dead."

With that Ed turned and raced back across the yard. Billy rose and lurched heavily into the house to his telephone. Then Billy left the receiver hanging and followed Ed. He walked feebly and clumsily like an old man.

"I've got the doctor and the undertaker," he said in a hoarse whisper to Ed who was waiting for him in the kitchen door. Ed nodded.

"Where is she?"

"Parlor floor," Ed replied.

When the doctor arrived he found poor little Emmy in there. Her sewing, a hemmed curtain, lay beside her. The doctor nearly stepped on her thimble. He was a young man but cool and deliberate. He picked up the thimble and handed it to Ed, before he knelt down beside Emmy.

The doctor rose in a few minutes. He looked at the two men and nodded solemnly. They all stood silent for a minute. Then the doctor said in a whisper,

"I saw her in the postoffice the other day, and thought she was looking seedy."

"She was never better in her life, and I never see her so happy," Ed returned with a curious air of gay defiance in the face of death.

Ed did not look as much affected as Billy, who trembled so that the doctor gave him something in a glass of water. "Better drink this and go home and lie down, Billy," he said kindly.

"Emmy's things to be laid out in are all in the bottom drawer in her bureau," said Ed. "She told me a long time ago. I can lay my hands right on 'em when the undertaker and his daughter come."

The young doctor regarded Ed curiously. "Well to be prepared," he remarked dryly.

"That is what Emmy said," replied Ed in a calm, almost a happy, voice. His tone certainly implied pride over Emmy's foresight. "She said it had to come to all of us, and nobody would know where the things were. She wanted to be laid out in her best blue silk dress too."

Ed looked questioningly at the doctor. His face was sober but perfectly collected. He had not lost his color. "She didn't suffer?" he asked.

"Oh no. Knew nothing about it."

"I am glad of that," Ed said simply. "If poor Emmy had suffered it would have been very hard for her."

The doctor had to assist Billy as he went across the yard.

"Talk about suffering, what is that man made of?" he asked.

"He suffers enough," Billy replied thickly. "It's—his way of taking everything. He—can't see anything but the bright side."

The young doctor swore under his breath, as he helped Billy up his own steps. "Now you go and lie down," he said.

Billy nodded dazedly. "I'll be all right. It is sort of sudden."

After the doctor had gone Billy lay on the old sofa in his sitting room, and tears rolled over his grizzled cheeks.

After Emmy's funeral—they had stopped work on the new house meantime—Billy heard the hammers and could not believe his own ears. He went slowly down the road, and stood listening. He was sure then. The work on Emmy's house was going on, and she was in her grave. The flowers heaped upon it were not even entirely faded.

Ed came out of the new house. "Hullo Billy," he said.

Billy looked at him.

"What's the matter?"

"Workin' on the house?"

"Yep. Movin' in next week. Paper goin' on upstairs now."

"You are goin' to finish that house, and—live in it now?"

Ed stared, frankly puzzled.

"Finish that house she lotted on so and live in it, now she's dead?"

Ed regarded the other man with a mystified expression. "Why, of course. That's the main reason why I'm in a hurry to get it done and move in. Emmy was so set on it."

Billy shook his head. "Dunno how you can move in at all."

"Look at here, Billy. I feel jest as if she was goin' to move in too."

"She ain't."

Ed looked at Billy. There was a strange rapt expression in his blue eyes. "Be you sure?" he asked.

"You beat me, Ed."

"Emmy, she planned every single thing. She picked out the paper. I know where every single piece of furniture is going to set. Do you s'pose a merciful God would make a good woman like Emmy lose every single thing she spent her life wishin' for because he called her unexpected to leave it?"

"I dunno. You beat me."

"When I'm in that new house with everything jest the way Emmy wanted it, I'll feel as if she was there too."

"Well, I'm glad if you can," Billy said feebly.

"You look sort of sick, Billy."

"Guess I be. Guess the heat sort of took hold of me. Guess I'll go home and lay down."

"I'll walk along with you."

By the time the two had reached Billy's house, the worst storm of the season broke. Trees bowed to the ground before the mighty multiple flail of the wind. The air was aquiver with electric fire. Crash followed crash.

Billy lay upon the sofa gasping for breath. Ed was afraid of the telephone in a thunder shower, but he used Billy's and called the doctor.

After the doctor had gone Billy, sinking into the feather pillows on his bed, looked up at Ed, and laughed weakly and crazily. "S'pose I can visit you in your new house if I'm dead and buried too?" he whispered.

Ed did not hear him. He laughed back rather uncertainly in response to Billy's laugh.

Billy was overcome by the heat of the worst day of the season, and he had no recuperative power. The doctor came and sent for a nurse. Billy died during the fainting hours of the early morning. Ed had not gone home. He sat waiting in Billy's sitting room. The doctor looked in.

"He's gone," he said rather curtly. He could not understand Ed. He looked at him shrewdly, waiting for some trace of emotion.

"He was three years older than I be," said Ed.

The doctor scowled.

"I'm glad he ain't got anybody but me to miss him," Ed continued reflectively.

"Reckon you can stand it," the doctor said with sarcasm.

But Ed only looked wonderingly at him. "I can stand anything I have to," he said. "What else can I do?"

The next day was a little cooler. A distant cousin of Billy's long-dead wife, who was to inherit his property, arrived. He was a gentle, masterly man, and took charge of everything with quiet skill. The nurse cooked dinner and Ed stayed with the cousin and ate.

The cousin, whose name was Larkins also, his Christian name Abner, looked kindly at Ed when he passed his plate.

"You were the nearest he had here?" said Abner.

"Yep," Ed replied to his question.

"Hear you've got a new house most done?"

"Yep." Ed looked at the other doubtfully. "S'pose folks think I'd ought to lay off work till after the funeral," he said.

"Why?"

"Because me and him was so much together."

"What difference can it make to—him?" Abner indicated the best room by a movement of his head.

"That's the way I figger it out. And

my rent comes due next week. Seems a pity to start another quarter."

"Course it does. Keep right on. Course you'll come to the funeral."

Ed stared. "Course, and nobody is goin' to hear any hammers whilst it's goin' on."

"That's jest decent."

Ed nodded.

"You're goin' to be one of the bearers?"

"Ef you say so. I want to do all I can for Billy."

"Countin' on you. Mis' Sheffield, she's goin' to stay till after the funeral, and then I'm goin' to shift for myself. Used to it. Goin' to rent my house in Barr. It ain't as good as this, and I'm goin' to keep on with Billy's business. I know a lot about flowers. Say—"

"What?"

"I'm goin' to cut every bloom in his greenhouse to trim the house for his funeral."

"I figgered on buying a pillar for him with 'Rest' on it done in little white flowers."

"Don't you go to makin' expense, with all them flowers in there. You can come over and help if you want to."

"Course I do."

Come to-night then. We'll make a start. Can't do everything till the last minute; the weather's so hot, the blooms would wilt."

"I'll be over to-night."

People talked a good deal about Ed Mann having his house finished and moving right in so soon after his best friend had died, and the more because he seemed radiantly happy. Ed, after he was settled in his new house, displayed it from attic to cellar to all callers. "It's all jest as my wife wanted it," he would state triumphantly. "Ain't her room pretty? She always wanted a blue room. I know I ain't set a stick of furniture anywhere she wouldn't have picked out."

One day the young doctor brought the woman with whom he boarded to

see the house. The woman had taught school until she had been covertly asked to retire and make way for a younger woman. She was a gentle, reasonable soul. She acquiesced with no rancor. She had her own house, and had saved a little from her meager salary. She eked that out by boarding the doctor and minister. The woman was of the sort that no breath of scandal touched her with her men boarders.

That afternoon, leaving the new house with the doctor in his car, he looked at her when he had started on the straight stretch of road. "Is that man a bit touched?" he asked.

"Touched?" repeated Ellen Holmes, "touched, Ed Mann?"

"Yes, I for one cannot understand him."

The woman beside him, elderly, rather stout, clad in gray veiled with gray, laughed a little sadly. "I wonder if any of us ever can understand people like him," she said.

"Then you think him perfectly sane?"

"As sane as he ever was, as sane as any of us. He is different. Difference does not spell insanity."

Doctor Emmons hesitated a minute. "Insane people are different," he admitted finally with a laugh, "but you are right, Miss Holmes. Different people are not always insane."

"Well, he has always been different. I have known him all the years I have lived here. I am a little older. He was different as a boy. Take away Ed Mann's apple, and he would be just as happy with a nut. He was born with his face turned toward the bright side of things, and I really suppose everything in this life has its bright side. Ed's mental neck may seem a little askew to us, but he can't help it. It is twisted toward brightness, perhaps more so lately." Ellen Holmes frowned reflectively.

"What is it?"

"Well, I do wonder whether Ed has always been quite like he is now. I wonder if the general upheaval of all

familiar things by the War can have affected him too, a little. But Ed is sane enough."

"He seems happy anyway."

"He is happy."

"Doesn't he mourn for his wife and Billy Larkins?"

"He mourns them, but he mourns them with the light on his soul."

Doctor Emmons gave a surprised look at Ellen.

"You ought to have written poetry instead of teaching school," he said.

"Poetry would not have supported me," Ellen replied. "I am glad for my part to see a man like Ed. It is something in this world now even to know of a man who is happy."

"I am glad if he is," said the doctor with a laugh, as he put on second speed for a short steep hill.

There was no doubt that Ed Mann was happy. When the horrible summer was over and a drenched dismal autumn, winter came without snow, brilliant, crystalline, dazzling with cold blue—with constellations pricking the heavens with celestial splendor.

Ed in his house enjoyed to the full every day. He was not in the least lonely. He was happy, and he believed his Emmy was happy; he believed also in Billy's happiness.

Often that winter Ed sat of an evening in the kitchen, because of the cold, his stockinged feet toasting in the stove oven. He had his pipe and the evening paper. Sometimes he dozed lightly. Then he woke with a smile. He often talked aloud to himself.

"Emmy, she never could stand such dreadful cold," he said, and nodded affirmatively. "She would have wanted to set in her parlor, and it's freezin' there. She would have worried about her plants and the bathroom pipes. Now she's where she don't have any call to suffer or worry. I guess Emmy, she's got as nice a one as there is of them many mansions, and she's havin' the time of her life fixin' it up."

Ed got up, raised a window shade and

gazed out. It was a bitter cold night of crystalline beauty, and death. So cold it was that death even could not prevail entirely as to its condemnation of organism to decay. Life in a sense reigned triumphant.

Ed looked up at the stars. "She's enough sight better off," he said. "As long as she is, what's the odds about me?"

Ed lowered the curtain, stuck his feet in the oven, and puffed at his pipe. He thought of Billy, his old pal, of their evenings playing pinocle. Somehow that thought made him uneasy. "Donno what they've got to give poor Billy instead of his play cards and his pipe," he said.

Finally, Ed got out his old pinocle deck, and began to play on the kitchen table, with an imaginary opponent. After a bit he chuckled happily. "Guess you're beatin', Billy," he said.

A knock came on the door, immediately followed by its opening and the entrance of Abner Larkins. "See your light, and come right in," announced Abner "Too cold to wait for perliteness."

He unwound yards of gray knitted stuff, and his handsome face dimly pink beneath its golden furze appeared. His blue eyes snapped as with blue flame at the cards.

"What you doin'," he asked.

"Sortin' out the old cards. Have to get things straight in odd minutes," replied Ed calmly. "I miss Emmy about that. Try to keep house the way she'd like it."

Abner looked with abashed wistfulness at the other.

"S'pose you never play cards," he ventured timidly.

Ed shook his head. "Emmy, she never quite approved of it."

Ed knew perfectly that the other man was longing for a game, but he could not bear to play that night with other than his self-projected vision of his dead friend. He packed the cards neatly, tied them with a bit of string,

and placed them in the drawer of the table.

"Keep 'em in there?"

"Belong in secretary in t'other room, but it's too cold to open the door and let the heat out of here."

Abner took his pipe out of his pocket, filled it and began to smoke. "It's easier for a man than a woman to be left," he remarked, "because a man can smoke, always has that left."

"That's the way I feel," agreed Ed.

Abner stared around. "You've got everything shipshape."

Ed nodded. "Jest the way she wanted." He too stared about him, taking in everything completely with its fullest meaning of memory and loss. For a second he looked immensely grave. Then his gallant old face cleared. He laughed. "Yep," he said, "this is some kitchen, and I cooked a supper anybody might have set down to. My hot biscuits and my fried ham couldn't be beat in this town, I'll bet my hat."

Abner made quite a long call. When he left Ed held the lamp in the kitchen window to light him down the path. "He means well," he said, "but he ain't Billy; but I'm glad Billy ain't got to set up all night tendin' them plants in the greenhouse."

Ed wound up the clock, banked the kitchen fire, saw to the furnace, and went to bed. Before he switched off the light he looked happily around the charming blue room which Emmy had planned. "Jest the way you want it, ain't it, Emmy?" he said.

That winter night was Ed's last in the new house. Nobody ever knew how it had caught fire. Ed had been very careful. People thought it was due to a short circuit.

At three in the morning Ed woke with a gasp. He tasted smoke, he smelled heat, and there was a red light. He ran to the telephone, but it was too late. He dragged the new rug out of the parlor, and tore down the curtains, before he ran out.



Drawn by Mead Schaeffer

"PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY DOG," SAID SHE

All the village was there when the roof fell in. The usual shout—the strange compound of horror, fear, and admiration—went up.

Ed looked on as calmly as if he had been a mere spectator.

"Hope you was well insured," Henry Dodd, the storekeeper, shouted above the roar of the flames.

"Not a dollar. Emmy, she didn't believed in insurance. She believed in prayin' every night."

"Much good your prayin' did you," Dodd said scornfully. "Look at here," he called out to bystanders. "He wa'n't insured."

There was a clamor of distressed sympathy. People crowded around Ed.

"Much good your prayin' did," Dodd said again.

"You needn't blame it on the Lord, Hen Dodd. I didn't pray last night about fire. I forgot to. You needn't blame it on the Lord. He's blamed for too much as 'tis."

"Ain't blamin' it on the Lord," Dodd said surlily. "Not a dollar of insurance!"

Dodd crossed the firelit yard, and spoke to a stout woman enveloped in shawls over her calico wrapper. She shook her head.

Ed went over to her, and laughed pleasantly. "I couldn't come noways, thank you jest as much, Mis' Dodd," he said.

"You couldn't have heard!" Adeline Dodd gasped.

"I see. Sometimes seein's hearin'."

Adeline's fat, pretty face colored red between her shawls.

"I'd like to have you come. I'd take you and welcome, Ed, but Lucy's coming to-morrow, and I've got only one spare room."

"Course you ain't. Thank you jest the same. I couldn't come. I've got my plans all made."

"What—are—you—goin' to do, Ed?"

Ed pointed toward a tiny unpainted building with a tile chimney, tinted rosy red by the fire. "Lucky the wind wa'n't that way."

"You—goin to—live there?"

"Course I be. It's all boarded up tight, and there's a place for a stove. It's going to be real nice and comfortable."

"I'm real sorry about your house burning down," Adeline said uncomfortably.

"You needn't be. Lots of folks have their houses burn down and don't have any other place to live in the way I do. I'm goin' to get some of the men to help me move in my things that are saved."

Ed walked away. Adeline stood staring after him. Ed readily secured all the help he needed. They worked by the light of the smoldering house-fire. Soon the little garage was furnished and looked, after a fashion, comfortable.

When the people had all gone Ed stood gazing about him. There was a fire in the kitchen stove which had been saved. There was a smoothly made bed. The parlor rug was on the floor, curtains hung at the one window. There were chairs, a table, and a bureau with a looking-glass. There were dishes and cooking utensils and provisions.

"Come," Ed said, "this is mighty nice after all. They saved the ham and eggs and coffee and bread. Guess I'll get a little early breakfast, and won't go to bed again; I'd better watch that fire in case the wind changes."

Ed cooked his breakfast, and ate peacefully from the kitchen table.

"It's lucky they got this out instead of the parlor one," he said. "I'd have spoiled that, cookin' and eatin' on it."

After Ed had finished breakfast he lit his pipe, sat down before the stove, and toasted his feet in the oven. After awhile he rose, moved his chair near the window, sat down and looked out. He could see the red cellar of his destroyed home. The constellations had sunk toward the horizon, where they burned dimly in the waxing pallor of the winter dawn.

Suddenly Ed started. He had been smelling acrid smoke all the time, but

now a puff of smoke of a different quality came in his face.

This smoke was hot.

Ed stared up at the wooden ceiling. It was filmy with smoke, curling about in great spirals like a nest of snakes. A tongue of flame lapped through them.

"This did ketch fire after all," said Ed. He was fully dressed and his shabby but warm overcoat had been saved. He got into the coat, and thrust his cap firmly upon his head covering his ears. He felt in his inside pocket and drew out his wallet. It was packed with banknotes. "Lucky I saved this," he said. He also drew out a bank book. "Keep me goin' mebbe as long as I live," he said. "Might be a heap worse off."

Ed fled out of the garage. It lit his pathway with flames. He dodged into shadow as he ran. He heard the fire alarm and the clang of the fire apparatus. He ran down the road in the opposite direction. It was a lonely road and led to South Barr.

Ed had not been gone long before his garage crashed down with a burst of flame. It did not take much time to destroy the tiny edifice.

As soon as the embers were cool enough, men were poking in them. Everybody thought that Ed had perished in the fire. Doctor Emmons worked with the rest. Finally he got into his car and drove home to breakfast. He had his round of morning calls to make.

"He probably burned to death," he told Ellen Holmes over his coffee.

She looked at him pitifully.

"I wonder if he did not take the trouble to get out of that fire," Emmons said thoughtfully.

"You mean?"

"Oh I don't know exactly what I do mean. I may be wrong. But I do wonder if that poor old village chap did not escape the contagion of his time. You were right, Miss Holmes. He surely had a twist. His mental neck was bent aside from realities. He looked at life from an inhuman angle. It is common nowadays and it is dan-

gerous. It does not pay to go far on the road with the wrong sign, because you are sure it's right. Ed Mann denied the evil in life, and when mortal man denies evil he defies the gods."

"He did deny evil. Then you think?"

"It looks as though he had burned to death."

"Poor old man," Ellen said.

Meantime Ed was creeping, bent a little after the manner of an escaping animal, along the South Barr road. The sun came up, and the day dazzled. Everything gave out reflections from white-faceted frost.

He heard a car behind him, and crept under some stiffly crackling bushes out of sight. He gazed with alert eyes through the glittering lances of branches and watched the car slither past, then two men trudged by with axes over shoulder. The blades gleamed like fire.

Ed, when all was still, stood up and gazed about him. In the rear stood a wretched old house. It was rain-washed, wind-lashed, windows were broken—still the house held itself erect with almost comical effect, like an old woman whose only strength and beauty of life is in her own mind-of-defiance toward length of days and ill fate. Originally the Carr house had been builded with conscience as well as hand. Its foundations were intact, its ancient beams true to their purpose.

Ed emerged from the glittering tangle and entered the house. He sniffed disgustedly. Despite the open door, the breath of the aged edifice was that of horror and decay. The room was not as cold as out of doors. The wind did not enter, and there was a little fire smoldering in the rickety cook stove.

Ed wondered a little that the furniture had not been moved. Beside the stove there were a dirt-blackened table and a few chairs. A cupboard stood open, disclosing odds and ends of dishes.

Ed remembered that he had heard something about the people moving out of the house.

"Reckon they didn't think the furniture was worth takin', or they were too lazy to bother with it," said Ed.

He stood amidst the miserable discard of a poor flitting family. The floor was strewn with unclassable articles, bits of wood, glass, tin, the shards of a human nest.

Ed started. Suddenly he heard a sound from the next room, an unmistakable sound—the whimper of a dog, the appeal of a dog from his footstool of humanity to its kingdom, an appeal compounded of utmost need and confidence in power to help. Ed entered the next room. It was unspeakably disorderly, and shabby but completely furnished with wreckage of good old furniture.

In a corner on a heap of old cushions lay a dog. It looked at Ed with wonderful, beautiful brown eyes of utmost adoration and trust.

"I swan," said Ed.

He went nearer. He stooped and lifted a feebly jerking, fat little puppy.

"Left you your bed and one of your babies," he said. "Glad they had that much decency."

The dog lumbered up and licked Ed's hand. She was a beautiful mongrel, paradoxically a throughbred of cross breeds.

Ed moved away with the puppy, followed by the mother, out of the house, the puppy shivering in the sharp air. Ed tucked him under his coat, cuddling him warmly.

"Now you'll be all right, little feller," he said. He patted the mother's head. "Come now," he said, "this ain't so bad. Here I be with money in my pocket, and quite a lot saved up in the bank, and a puppy dog, and a mother dog. Ain't never had a dog. Always wanted one."

Back in the village the men were still anxiously poking the embers of Ed's garage for his charred bones, as he went up a glittering rise of road, the puppy under arm, the mother at heel.

Suddenly the following dog gave a

short sharp yelp. Ed turned. The dog was a flat streak of speed on the road toward a slender advancing figure with fluttering fringed ends of shawls.

Ed stopped, facing the figure, which was now stooping and patting the dog.

"What in tunket?" said Ed.

He began to retrace his steps. The woman straightened, hesitated a moment, then came on to meet him with the dog leaping around her and yelping.

"This is my dog," she said in a weak little voice when they met.

Her small, strained fair old face stared affrightedly at Ed.

"Please don't take my dog," said she.

Tears rolled over her thin blond cheeks from her faded blue eyes.

"My sakes alive! I don't want your dog," said Ed.

He stood staring at her. She bent her head and fairly sobbed, hiding her face in the corner of her old green shawl. Everything which she wore had an appearance of having been worn in hot suns and heavy rains and wild winds, and being marvelously intact in spite of them. The woman herself, faded and old as she was, had a willowy grace and pliability which spelled strength.

She was in fact at once delicate and enormously strong by reason of having overcome her own fragility enough to maintain her existence upon the earth.

Ed stared at her. "Don't cry so," said he, "you'll make yourself sick."

"I know I hadn't ought to," she gasped. "I didn't want to lose Patty. She was all I had left after my brother and his wife went."

"Look at here," said Ed, "I want to know. Ain't you Abby Carr?"

The shawled head nodded.

"I used to go to school with you, don't you remember?"

Another nod.

"I didn't know you lived here. I heard you went out West to keep house for your brother Sam when his wife died, years ago."

"I did. There's been nothing but deaths in our family. Father died first,

then I went out West to live with Sam and he married again. Then he died, and I lived with his second wife and my half-brother Harold.

"Sam's wife was a nice woman. She and I got along fine. Then she died, and Harold got married to a dreadful flighty little thing, pretty as a picture but dreadful flighty. Then Harold lost his job, and he thought he could get one round here, and the old house was here. So we moved. The furniture was mine. Father left it to me. We moved the furniture, and came on here in the summer."

"Along about the time my wife died."

"Then last Thursday Harold's wife got a job in the movies in New York, and they went right off, just like that, packed their clothes and scooted and borrowed the money from me for fares."

"Left you alone?"

"Well I've been sick quite a while, sort of run down. Guess I haven't eat any too much. Nothing the matter with me. They couldn't take me, and Rosamond had a good job with big money offered. I am all right. I'm glad they didn't take Patty, and they were pretty good to leave her that puppy."

"How many puppies?"

"Five. They took four in a basket; thought they could sell 'em. That was all right. I am afraid Patty is hungry. They left a little bread and milk but not much."

"What have you had to eat, yourself?"

"I ain't been hungry."

Ed stood looking at the woman, poor pitiful endurance of feminine humanity. She had never had much, never asked for much, never complained because she had not much. Unconsciously, the creature was so meek that her whole spiritual attitude was one of apology to the world at large for suffering her.

"You never got married?" said Ed.

She straightened herself, wavering lines of beauty appeared in her face, her cheeks flushed faintly. She shook her head. "He died," she said.

"Somebody out there?"

She nodded. She looked at him, her face full of pride. At least she had not been unsought.

Ed stood regarding her with a puzzled air. "What in tunket are we going to do?" he said finally.

She drooped again. Her face answered his question with another.

"Have you got anything at all to live on?"

"I've got enough to pay taxes on the house."

"It ain't clear."

"I've kept it clear," she said with a slight toss of head.

"I've got enough for two to live on the income if I have a garden in the summer," said Ed.

She gazed at him uncomprehendingly.

"I could go right in there and we could live real comfortable—except—" said Ed. He faltered and reddened slightly.

She still gazed, not comprehending.

"Folks would talk," Ed said at last.

"We're too old," said she, "but maybe you wouldn't like my cooking."

"If we had walked out of the Ark with the animals two by two, we wouldn't be too old," said Ed. "We'd have to get married and I don't want to get married. Emmy's all the wife I want."

"And my beau that died is all I ever want," returned the woman with sudden understanding. She flushed with anger. "I never liked you enough to marry you, Ed Mann!"

"I don't suppose you did, but you can't live alone, poor little mite like you. You've got to have somebody with you to take care of you and keep you from freezing and starving to death."

She turned her back toward him.

"Look at here, Abby, you don't like me well enough to marry me, and I married Emmy. That settled me about marrying. But—you ain't got anything against me?"

She shook her head.

"If you don't like me well enough to marry me, and feel as if that poor feller that died is the only one, and I feel that Emmy is the only one, do you think you could put up with me staying in the house with you, cutting up wood and bringing up coal, and keeping the fire going, and eating at the table with you?"

Abby gazed at him, bewildered.

Ed patted the puppy dog. "Nice little feller. I know I'd like your cooking all right, Abby."

She made an inarticulate noise.

The two stood staring at each other.

"We ain't getting anywhere," said Ed. "Look at here, how is the house het?"

"There's a big base burner in the sitting room. It heats that and the room out of it where Harold and Rosamond slept, and there's a register in the floor of my room right over the stove. It heats up real nice."

"Course you'd feel safer with me downstairs."

"Suppose I would."

"I know the Baptist minister in South Barr," said Ed. "Guess you remember him. Nice old man. Getting a license and having a few questions asked and answering them wouldn't do any harm."

The woman nodded. A light of understanding flashed into her face.

"Then," said Ed, "folks couldn't talk."

The woman reflected.

"I do remember the Baptist minister in South Barr," she said at length. "He was always real nice."

"Suppose you go back to the house, it's too cold to stand here. You wrap up real warm, and I'll go on to Judson's livery. It ain't far. Then I'll come back for you, and we'll go to South Barr."

"We can get some provisions there, too. Got any coal?"

"A little?"

"I'll order some to be brought tomorrow."

The woman turned.

"Here," said Ed, "you'd better take the puppy, tuck him under your shawl. The dog will foller."

Ed went on up the hill, and the woman walked rather rapidly back to the house, the puppy bulging her shawl, the mother dog waddling after.

That evening Ed and Abby sat in the swept and dusted sitting room. They had eaten a good supper. Abby was a master cook. There was a grand fire in the base burner. A red geranium bloomed on the window sill. The puppy and his mother nestled in coils of comfort in an old basket lined with straw.

Ed, seated in an old rocking chair, looked at Abby, seated in another.

"He used to smoke a pipe," Abby said unexpectedly. She had put on an old brown silk dress. Her blond hair, gray on the top of her head, had a rosy tinge from the glowing isinglass door of the stove.

"I always have smoked a pipe," said Ed.

"I like the smell of one," said Abby.

Ed crammed his old pipe with tobacco. He lighted and smoked peacefully.

"Me and Billy Larkins always used to set evenings and smoke and play pinocle," Ed remarked reflectively.

"I can play pinocle."

"Like to?"

"Always did; don't play very well."

The two sat at the little table and played pinocle. Ed won the first game. He looked across at Abby and smiled. "I guess if Emmy could look in here now, and see me setting here playing pinocle after that good supper, she's be tickled to death, after all I've gone through," he said.

Abby smiled back at him, the smile of a little girl child.

"I guess my beau that died would be tickled too," she responded. "When he was sick so long he used to worry about me, how I'd get along. He died with old-fashioned consumption. I guess he'd be tickled just the same as Emmy."

Damaged Souls. V: Benjamin Franklin Butler

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

AND still I am looking for a real, live rascal, one who knows and confesses himself to be such, and boasts of it, who does not dodge and shift and palter and whip the devil round the stump, to whom principle is nothing, conscience is nothing, God is nothing, and self and pleasure and success are all. If I could find him, he should have first place among all these palely damaged, but not completely damned souls. I have not found him yet, and he is certainly not General Benjamin Franklin Butler. On the contrary, it was always Butler's strenuous assertion, and very likely, conviction, that his aims were the highest and his acts not far behind them. As he aptly expressed it, of one particular phase, "I have done nothing but good and that *continually*."

But, however contented Butler might be with his own virtue, his enemies thought him a rascal of the worst description, and he had hosts of them, though he had also loyal and devoted friends. His vigorous, impetuous, insolent temper seemed to revel in hostility and to think it fun to be hated. He himself believed that he was disliked because he was with the under-dog in the fight, though there were those who insinuated that he cheered on the under-dog, but was not so ready to haul off the upper one. At any rate, he made enemies from the start and kept on making them. As a young lawyer in Lowell and as a Massachusetts legislator in the forties and fifties, he became obnoxious to those in position and power by speaking and arguing, less often, it was said, by voting, for radical measures, and by pleading causes that did not always deserve to be successful, though he often

made them so. He was forty when the Civil War came, and he plunged into it with eagerness, having long devoted himself to the study and practice of military matters. As a major general of volunteers in Louisiana and Virginia, he grew to be an object of peculiar loathing to Southerners. He also created antagonism in the executive of his own state and in powerful elements of the regular army and navy and of the government. It may have been fun, but it was disastrous; and he was relegated to Lowell before the close of the war. In later years he made innumerable enemies in both political parties, by shifting from one to the other. Decorous newspapers decried him, what is called society eschewed him, professors and well-groomed people generally detested him. When, after repeated efforts, he won the governorship of Massachusetts in 1883, Harvard College, for the first time in its history, refused him the degree of doctor of laws. From 1884, when he received a presidential nomination, till his death in 1893, he avoided politics, practised his profession zealously and profitably, and laughed at his enemies. All the same, they have made terrible havoc with his reputation ever since, and the efforts of his friends to have his statue erected in the grounds of the Massachusetts State House led only to bitter and repeated denunciations of his name and memory, which the warmest arguments of his grandchildren hardly sufficed to repel.

The whole question of Butler's character and his picturesque career is so tangled and complicated that a dogmatic presentation of it is impossible, at least for me. But by indicating first the substance of the attacks made upon him,

then the ardent advocacy of his friends, and finally letting the man depict himself at full length before us, a display which was never repugnant to him, I think a fairly close and complete impression may be obtained. Let us see, then, first what his enemies said of him, as a lawyer, as a soldier, as a politician, as a financier.

His ability in legal matters is not seriously contested. It was perhaps rather of the surface order, more apt at sudden turns and tricky surprises than at profound logical argument. But beyond question, his clients believed in him and his adversaries dreaded him, dreaded his infinite resources and his terrible tongue. Yet listen to those pestilent enemies through the voice of George F. Hoar: "Quiet and modest men who had the confidence of the courts and juries used to win verdicts from him in fairly even cases. . . . He was seldom content to try a simple case in a simple way. So that, while he succeeded in some desperate cases, he threw away a good many which with wise management he might have gained."

And now the soldier. Here there are two Butlers, the general in the field and the administrator. As to the administrator, his compatriots north of Mason and Dixon's Line are less disposed to quarrel. His methods of government were severe, rough sometimes to the point of brutality, and, as in the case of Chaplain Hudson, they do not always seem to have been exempt from personal spite; but everyone admits that they were immensely effective. The enemies who reviled and maligned him here were the enemies of the country, and generally speaking, such abuse is not regarded as discrediting a commanding officer. But in Butler's case it is so extreme and so well-directed that it is difficult to pass it over altogether. Take the notorious order which put a stop to the impertinence of the Southern women by proclaiming that, if they did not behave, they were liable to be treated as women of the town. The remark of Fiske that

"its wretched author" could not have "understood in the smallest degree the feelings of a gentleman" is exaggerated. But—well, the order was not exactly nice: it is impossible to imagine Grant, or even Sherman, issuing it; Napoleon might have.

As to Butler the campaigner, the controversies are hot and hopeless. In such a thorny professional subject a layman can hardly have an opinion. Some deny the general's courage, many his ability. Halleck speaks of "his total unfitness to command in the field, and his general quarrelsome character." W. F. Smith called him "as helpless as a child on the field of battle and as visionary as an opium-eater in council." But Halleck and Smith were both liars—in Butler's opinion; in any event, they detested him. Meigs, who was specially detailed to report on Butler's field command, says, "he has not the experience and training to direct and control movements in battle." And Sherman wrote, "He always struck me as a mighty man of words, but little in deeds of personal valor." Generally, it is argued that Butler accomplished nothing of notable consequence in a military way. New Orleans was taken, but the navy claimed the victory. Petersburg was not taken, Fort Fisher was not taken. There were plenty of excuses in every case. The general's friends assert that he was not supported and blame the jealousy of West Point. But the fact remains. "Success is the test of ability in my profession," said Albert Sidney Johnston; "it is a hard rule, but I think it right." Success is a lamentable and often a cruel criterion; but it is difficult to establish any other, and it is the one that posterity most frequently applies.

In politics it would seem that Butler was more at home than on the battlefield; yet his enemies hound him here also, perhaps even more implacably. They deny that he was ever associated with any large constructive effort of permanent value. They accuse him of taking advantage of popular passions

and sensational situations, like the Tewksbury scandal. His name is chiefly connected with measures of an unsavory character, the Sanborn contracts, the Salary Grab, the issue of greenbacks, the attempt to pay war debts in a depreciated currency. Above all, it is charged that he changed his party allegiances to suit his personal convenience, and that no man was more zealous to use political power for the aggrandizement of himself and his friends. "Butler was a spoilsman of the lowest order," says Mr. Rhodes.

It is in this point of spoils, of financial corruption and dishonesty, that the charges against Butler are most clinging and most persistent. They were made fiercely, obstinately, and definitely at all times in his career, and perhaps they are summed up with most bitterness in Mr. Moorfield Storey's pamphlet, "The Record of Benjamin F. Butler." Mr. Storey's charges are mainly accepted by Mr. Rhodes, but, as in the case of the similar attack on Blaine, a spirit of intense partisanship is manifest in them, and some at least of Mr. Storey's allegations are energetically disputed by Butler's grandchildren, Mr. Adelbert Ames and Mrs. Marshall. Outside of the war period, the charge most frequently brought is that of malversation of funds in connection with the Soldiers' Home; yet, complicated as the affair was, it seems as if we should give some weight to the assertion of the judge before whom it was tried, that "nothing had occurred in the testimony which reflected in the slightest degree upon the integrity or honesty or upright conduct of anybody who was concerned or had at any time been concerned in the transaction."

But it was the commercial dealings connected with his name during the war that laid the greatest burden on Butler's reputation for honesty. While he was governing New Orleans and again in eastern Virginia, an enormous speculative trade was carried on with the enemy. The government authorized

this trade under strict regulations, for the sake of getting the cotton. But private individuals were supposed to profit vastly and to violate the regulations with no thought for anything but their own personal plunder. And many who were close to Butler, including his own brother and brother-in-law, had peculiarly favorable opportunities. Observers like Denison, who were by no means unfriendly to Butler, condemned the trade in general and complained of his relation to those concerned in it. It is true that Mr. Rhodes, who criticizes Butler, severely, admits that there is no absolute proof against him. "He is such a *smart* man," says Denison, "that it would, in any case, be difficult to discover what he wished to conceal." But, though nothing can be actually proved, the taint followed Butler at New Orleans and at Norfolk both. Wherever he was, there was the disreputable trade. And no other officer of his rank, north or south, is seriously accused of such transactions. It would be absurd even to suggest them with Grant or Sherman.

Whatever Butler's personal concern with the matter, there was no excuse for the crowd that he had about him. All his life he was as loyal in sticking to his friends as he was indiscreet in the choice of them. What his enemies thought of his surroundings it is unnecessary to indicate. More interesting are the repeated suggestions and admonitions of his supporters, those who believed in him and those who profited by him. One of them quotes Secretary Chase as saying, "Why will General Butler allow his friends to be so loaded, so embarrassed with his commercial connections?" and advises extreme caution. And the tone of the letters he receives is too often significant, implying an attitude in financial and other matters to say the least far from delicate.

But the testimony which is to me most striking is that of the witness who followed General Butler's career in all its phases with tender and passionate solicitude and whose vision was in many

respects as keen as her sympathy was profound; I mean his wife. I shall have much more to say about her later; but on this matter of the general's financial connections her evidence is immensely impressive. To begin with, in the early days of the war she lays her finger on the essential weakness (*italics mine*): "Beside the fond devotion of a wife, there is still the same responsibility felt by me for whatever you may do, as there was years ago when you laid your head on my lap, and prayed me to look kindly and lovingly into your face. I saw then what I have since seen in Paul, but not in the other children, *peculiarities easily wrought upon*, and dangerous from their very simplicity." When the complications increase, she pleads and entreats for prudence and common sense: "I would not have men holding places or trading in my Department to any great extent whom I could not trust at home. They will bring discredit that will worry you hereafter." And the note of overwhelming tragedy in her outcry as to that fatal brother is more poignant than the blow of any enemy: "Is it not enough to make one mad that after two years of agony which I have borne, and after I had proved to him that Jackson was the cause of his failure at Fortress Monroe, yet again that he should bestow all power and give all confidence once more, to have his reputation assailed, and the power he has and might yet gain, slip from his grasp and crumble to nothing?" Is more needed to show that Butler kept about him a class of persons that would damage any man?

To sum up this chapter of enemies, my impression is that during the greater part of his career Butler managed to win the dislike and mistrust of a large majority of those who think themselves the better class of people: not by any means of all, as will be shown later, but of a considerable majority. You may belittle these people as much as you please. You may sneer at them and snub them. You may mock at Harvard College and the New York *Nation* and

the Boston *Transcript*. You may proclaim yourself entirely contented with the laudation of the illiterate and the adoration of the unclean. You may point out that the Scribes and Pharisees thought themselves the better class, while your followers freely pronounce that "your name, like Jesus of Nazareth, will stand chiseled in the principles of justice and righteousness as long as God shall revolve this world." Nevertheless, that contemptible better class dominates history, guides education, and controls the opinion of generations to come. The severe judgment of Mr. Storey and Mr. Rhodes represents the judgment of thousands and tends to produce the judgment of millions. And such a weight of odium, however, right or wrong, well or ill founded, makes a prodigious burden for a man's memory to struggle against through the progress of the years.

Now to consider the very extensive testimony in favor of General Butler. To begin with, a word should be said about the labors of his granddaughter, Mrs. Marshall. This lady has collected in five huge volumes the correspondence bearing upon the general's life during the war period. It is hard to say enough about the thoroughness and the wide candor with which this task has been accomplished. Mrs. Marshall could not better prove her own complete confidence in her grandfather's integrity and nobility than by gathering and printing, as she has done, the bitterest attacks of his enemies as well as the defense of his friends. So far as my examination goes, she has performed this duty with impartiality. If the absolute devotion of his grandchildren could clear a man's memory, Butler's would be stainless.

From Mrs. Marshall's volumes and from other sources we may gather first the friendly evidence of Butler's avowed enemies, and some of them are by no means sparing of it. Men like Stanton, who frowned upon his financial reputation, eagerly recognized his ability in other directions. Men like Bowles, who

fought him politically, felt his social charm and acknowledged him to be a good fellow, though they thought him a bad citizen.

Butler's relation to the two most prominent personages on the Northern side during the war is profoundly interesting to study. It is clear that in the early days Lincoln was much impressed by his brilliancy and activity. Butler believed that Lincoln was inclined to support him and even asserts that in 1863 the President offered him Grant's command. With his broad political vision Lincoln undoubtedly appreciated the value of Butler's popularity with certain classes all over the country and was willing to make allowance for it; yet it is hard to think that the President ever really relied upon him. As to Grant, the tangle of his feelings in regard to his brilliant subordinate is almost impossible to unravel. First he asked to have him removed. Then he kept him. Then finally he got rid of him, with some severe criticism. Yet, after the war, he toned the criticism down, and said to Young: "I like Butler, and have always found him not only, as all the world knows, a man of great ability, but a patriotic man, and a man of courage, honor, and sincere convictions." The ill-natured have assumed that Butler had some hold over Grant: at any rate, there are Grant's own words, whatever interpretation you may put on them.

Passing now to the eulogy of Butler by his friends, it must be admitted that the impression above indicated of a certain lack of discrimination in the choice of these is often painfully emphasized. Too many of the letters from enthusiastic admirers, printed by Mrs. Marshall, like that containing the somewhat profane comparison quoted above, bear unfavorably upon the recipient as well as upon the writer; and one is sometimes tempted to reverse the well-known remark of a supporter of Cleveland: "We love him for the enemies he has made." One eager follower proclaims: "You stand well generally, are well

spoken of by the middle class, in the cars, in the barrooms, at the corners, etc., as 'the right man in the right place.'" The compliment might perhaps be regarded as two-edged. On the other hand, there is a long list of men of the highest standing in the community and of unimpeachable character, whose praise, bestowed at different times and on different occasions, might be urged as affording satisfactory credentials for any man. Salmon P. Chase, Horace Greeley, Henry Wilson, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison—all these spoke well of Butler, some of them with enthusiasm, and his friends can hardly be blamed for quoting such testimonials with complacency.

So far we have been dealing with Butler as a public man. The evidence of those who knew him in private life is even more favorable. It is certain that he was kindly, helpful, and generous to the poor and needy, and gave money largely without any thought of return. In social relations those most hostile to him admit that he could be charming. When he dropped politics, his easy gayety, his quick wit, his cordial manner, made him delightful to meet and profitable to converse with. One of the most agreeable pictures of his domestic life is afforded in a letter written by a lady well known in New England for her literary gifts and her estimable character, who visited intimately in the Butler family and was acquainted with all its members: "In his own home I was always struck by his simplicity and frank uprightness. Perhaps you will smile when I say I thought him *single-minded*. He had a contempt for everything mean and small, pity for the suffering, and no pity for the pretender. He had strong likes and dislikes and prejudices, and did not hesitate to show them. He had perfect confidence in his wife, consulted her constantly, he adored his children. . . . I think slander never attacked him in his domestic relations, he was never willing to see women lobbyists, and a woman never came into

his private office or saw him alone. He had a reverence for women; and no mother ever had a more devoted son."

But by far the most interesting witness to Butler's good qualities and attractions is the one whom I have already slightly suggested, but whose testimony is quite inexhaustible in significance, his wife. Her numerous letters, as printed by Mrs. Marshall, form a curious human document in themselves, and, as illustrating her husband, they are beyond price. She was a remarkable woman, and I wish I were writing a portrait of her instead of him. Her energy and ambition and her love of poetry led her to the stage in early life, and it was from there that Butler married her. The love of poetry stayed by her, and she quotes Shakespeare as if she knew him by heart. From him perhaps she drew her extraordinary clear-sighted analysis of herself and those about her.

It is easy to imagine the interest of such an analytical light thrown upon a career and a spirit like Butler's. The personal relation between the two is absorbing in its charm. The wife seems to fling the great world aside and all his activity in it and concentrate all human life in the beating of their two hearts. Jealousy? Oh, yes, she feels jealousy. Anxiety? Oh, the poignant sting of anxiety! Longing? The intense, burning, solicitude of absence? How she knows it! "Say there shall yet be a time for me, apart from ambitious struggle, which is but dust and ashes, hold me to you with care, as a mother would her sick child, kiss me, love me, and forbid me to die of anguish."

Yet, though all the ambitious struggle may be dust and ashes, she enters into it every moment, with the keen passion of self-forgetful love. It is a delight to watch the intertwined threads of her remote, world-excluding tenderness and her large zeal to have him make his deserved place in the affairs of men. She advises him as to friends and as to enemies, as to commercial transactions and as to the movement of armies, she

analyzes his situation and suggests how to improve it and how to get out of it. She penetrates the design of battles and the causes of defeat, understands campaigns, military as well as political, or thinks she does. At least she darts keen shafts of vision into the darker secrets of the hearts of men.

And the distinguished lady whom I have cited above as to Butler's family life assumes that because such a woman as this loved her husband with her whole soul he must be worth loving, could not possibly be what Butler's enemies represented. Alas, we have already studied Margaret Arnold and Theodosia Burr, spirits as keen and noble as Mrs. Butler, who loved as much and admired as thoroughly, and we have not been able to accept their certificates of character as absolutely irrefutable. But whether we agree with her estimate or not, no one can resist the fascination of seeing that wide planetary career reflected in the troubled ocean of her tenderness. Whatever secret reserves her acute insight may have made, no one could express more confidence in her husband's power and possible future than she: "I do not often praise you, but it is my firm belief that there is but *one man* now known to the people who can save this country in its present critical state from utter loss and confusion irremediable; and that is yourself." In short, behind all the passion, and all the desire, and all the wide, tireless urgency, one cannot help imagining the shadowy grandiose figure of Lady Macbeth, murmuring such words as these: "The death of General Williams has nerved me like steel. Would I were a man. I am stronger in the hour of danger, for then I forget myself and woman's cares, and feel all the high enthusiasm that leads to deeds of fame, and for this reason it is better I should be with you. I could never pull you back from what I thought it your duty to do, but should urge you forward, and help, with all the wit I have." What a wife! And, oh, what a woman!

To sum up and complete these portrayals by enemies and friends, we shall endeavor to let the general portray himself, an endeavor in which he offers us unlimited assistance, not only in the thousand vast pages of *Butler's Book*, but in the endless collection of his letters and speeches of all kinds. Many people have praised him, but it required his own genius to give the fine, discriminating touches, and, alas, he has condemned himself in a fashion to delight his enemies, if not to satisfy them. Again and again I am reminded of his own remark as to some of Johnson's utterances: "If Andrew Johnson never committed any other offense—if we knew nothing of him save from this avowal—we should have a full picture of his mind and heart, painted in colors of living light, so that no man will ever mistake his mental and moral lineaments hereafter." I need not explain that I am well aware of the possibilities of treachery in such an exposure as I am undertaking. The greatest cruelty to a man is often to quote him. I can only say that I try to represent the general as, after months of study and investigation, he actually seems to me.

To some extent a man reveals himself in his outward appearance, and those who have formed a pretty definite estimate of Butler's character will probably find some reflection of it in the portraits of his later life: the rotund, heavy, ungainly figure, the heavily drooping cheeks, the heavily drooping eyelids, with the well-known defect of vision, the drooping mustache and scanty locks, the domed forehead, radiant of benevolence. And this is age. But such likenesses as that on page seventy-nine of *Butler's Book* suggest that the youth had much about him of the grown man.

Butler himself gives a vivid description of his childhood, but one cannot help suspecting that it is slightly idealized. The boy of ten who looked down upon the little town of Lowell and said to himself: "Here is to be my home; these people are to be my people, and I

must prepare myself to take care of those who are my own in old age and to do such service as I may to these people," would appear rather to be a boy in a book.

Butler's account of his education is piquant and interesting and of his intelligence even more so. The education was perhaps not very profound, but was certainly discursive. "I suppose General Butler knows more about more subjects than any other man in this country," declares an enthusiastic admirer. His intellect may not have gone very deep, but it was surprisingly quick and active.

In those matters in which intellect should be most profitably applied, that is, religion and God, Butler is always interesting to follow, but his attitude is not easy to elucidate. He had been well trained in the Bible and his ready memory kept bits of scripture often on his lips. He was profuse in references to our Holy Religion, to "Him who died for all," etc., though such references were not always in the best of taste. As to actual belief, we can only take the general's own words, written in the utmost confidence to his wife: "If I *could* believe, I would become a member of the church, but alas! I haven't faith. You may have."

If he had not faith in things divine, he was not much better supplied with it as regards humanity. He was far too apt to impute low, mean motives for actions that were at least susceptible of being ascribed to a higher source, and he did not sufficiently realize that such imputations have a deadly way of recoiling upon the imputer. He was too ready to fling about terms like "liar" and "thief." To be sure, he insists that he did not use such words except when they were "the only ones that ought to be used." But we never know; and when a man believes he is doing his best and you abuse him, he is inclined to pay you back. I think so often of Butler's own sentence: "When a man calls everybody a liar, he is like the man who said that

every man in the town was drunk, for they all seemed to him to stagger."

Disbelief in individuals, however, is perfectly compatible with a belief in the race, at any rate with love and pity for it, and above all a desire to help. Butler's merits in this direction must be recognized, and others besides himself insist upon them, though his own insistence could perhaps at times be dispensed with, and his enemies urge that here, as elsewhere, it is a little difficult to distinguish words from deeds. He did proclaim loudly his sympathy with labor, though labor asserted that he sometimes failed it at a pinch. He did perform distinct services for the negro, independent of putting into circulation the famous phrase "contraband of war." And as to mitigating the fate of prisoners, we should not overlook General Schaff's remark: "It is only due to Butler to say that no man, North or South, did more, not one even approached him, in persistent endeavor to effect exchange and thereby save thousands of lives."

Much more significant than this general philanthropy, however, is Butler's kindness to individuals. Here also he is himself a not unwilling source of information. But there seems plenty of evidence of generosity and charity which looked for no reward and which well bore out the phrase I have before quoted: "God made me in only one way. I am always with the under dog in the fight. I can't help it, I can't change, and upon the whole I don't want to."

And if he was kind to outsiders and strangers, there can be no question about his devotion and tenderness to his family. The charming testimony I introduced earlier is wholly borne out by his own letters to his children, which indicate thorough sympathy with their pursuits and attention to their interests. As for his wife, I have shown her side of the relation; I could fill pages with the analysis of his, and the delicate and instructive response and interaction between them. When she mourns, he cheers her; when she frets, he soothes

her; when she advises, he listens to her—respectfully, and often complies; when she cries out for love, he gives it to her, gives it cordially, heartily—and yet, and yet, the tone is a little too much that of one humoring a child, and so she feels it. He loved her, oh, yes, he loved her. But, as she herself says, "Ah, me! there is such a wide difference between man's thought and woman's"—and God knows, a husband's love is a pitiful thing.

For he has a thousand great affairs to attend to besides loving. He must be a lawyer, a governor, a soldier, a hero, a patriot. The desire and the achievement of all this filled Butler's life, and he portrays them with his usual abundance. His vigor, his energy, his inexhaustible resource are astounding. He was full of aspiration, full of hope, full of confidence. Patriotism? Well, if you believe him, and I think he believed himself, he was ready to sacrifice everything for his country: "I would even take myself away rather than to do anything which would weaken by one ounce the strength with which the administration should strangle this rebellion." Ambition? Ah, this is a more delicate matter. Those about Butler, his many admirers all over the country, seemed to look to him as the only man who could save it; how? By legal and constitutional means, no doubt, if possible. But if this was not possible, let him save it by the sword, and in the chaos that would ensue the chances were infinite. How far Butler himself reflected on these chances it is difficult to say. But that he did reflect on them somewhat is suggested by one priceless bit of intimate confidence, addressed to that wife who was ever on the watch to tease great thoughts out of him, if she did not herself put them in (*italics mine*): "It is coming—a 'Military Dictator.' God grant the man may be one of power and administrative capacity. Let it come—the man has not developed himself yet—but he will—in the field too, before long. The day of small expedients and small men is getting

by. *Well, an empire is the repose as it is the ripeness of nations.*"

Unfortunately, these large hopes and soaring thoughts were disfigured by a distressing amount of petty vanity. There was vanity of display, the exhibition of showy uniforms and pompous accessories. There was the sense and the assertion of self-importance and consequence: if my plans had been followed, if my ideas had been adopted, the outcome would have been so different! This was applied indiscriminately, to South as well as North. "Pardon these suggestions, but I am getting a little nervous with the depletion of our line, and the thought of what I would do were I Lee." One sighs over the abyss of regret that must open before the South, when it thinks of what would have happened if it had had Benjamin F. Butler in the place of Robert E. Lee. Fortunately, the North was saved from having this added disadvantage to contend with. What it would have meant may be best appreciated from the colossal remark of Butler himself, which is of course not to be taken too seriously, but just seriously enough: "At any rate, when he [Butler] was there they had no enemy around the capital. When he was away, the enemy got there. I don't mean to say that those two things had any relation to each other; but it was so."

This element of vanity, which it is always difficult to reconcile with fundamental greatness, is too often present in Butler's defense of himself against his enemies and in his statement of his own achievement. Law? They say I am sharp. Of course I am sharp. It is only when they cannot imitate it that they complain of my sharpness. Politics? "They all agree, so far as I know, that I have ability enough to be governor—plenty of ability—too much. He can do great wrong, that is why it isn't best to have him. But I say that a man that cannot do wrong cannot do much right." War? It would be hopeless to attempt to summarize the vast abundance of the

general's self-commendation in this line, but he has done it himself, as well as it can be done, on the concluding page of his Book: "If any general officer with the same means did more in the war for the life of the nation, I congratulate him most heartily, but I would like to see his list." In all this magnificent rehearsal there is too much insistence upon what would have been done. If due support had been given, if West Point had not thwarted, if this man had not delayed, and another man lied, and another been jealous, what grand results would have been accomplished. But history has trouble enough to chronicle the things that did happen, without stirring up the huge chaos of things that did not.

And worse even than the vanity in Butler's attitude toward his critics and enemies are the low insolence and vilification, which, when so fierce and so constant, indicate something more than mere tone, an essential spiritual lack and taint and damage. Butler's friends say that it was a matter of mere outspokenness, that he was a frank, direct man, who hated red tape and formality and said what he thought. But a man may be frank without being brutal and direct without being scurrilous. Again, it is urged that allowance must be made for his humor. He had undoubtedly a shrewd, coarse wit, which was often misunderstood and got him into trouble. But neither frankness nor humor can excuse or palliate the excesses of that terrible rough tongue. Take the whole correspondence with Governor Andrew at the beginning of the war. Both sides may have made mistakes and shown temper; but Andrew's is the temper of a gentleman, Butler's—is not. Take the unspeakable insubordinate insolence of the farewell to his army, when he was relieved, which even Parton deplors: "I have refused to order the useless sacrifice of the lives of such soldiers, and I am relieved from your command." Take the lavish bestowal of bitter epithets upon those who had offended

him. Badeau is "the French for 'dirty water.'" Halleck is "a lying, treacherous, hypocritical scoundrel, with no moral sense." Porter is "a reckless, consciousness [sic], impudent liar." And so on *ad infinitum*. The man who indulges perpetually in this sort of thing is more damaged by it than is anyone he attacks. And the unavoidable implication is that he is judging others by the standard of himself.

Whereas I am inclined to think that Butler judged others seriously very little, and himself hardly at all. I have examined his huge prolixity with the utmost care for any evidence of self-examination and I find almost none. This utter lack of self-analysis must be taken into account in any general discussion of Butler's aims and motives. Certain things sounded well to say. Of course he meant them. Why shouldn't he mean them? At any rate, just as much as others did. What was the use of plunging and floundering in a vague spiritual chaos to find out what a man meant? In such a chaos I know that I have floundered, in the endeavor to find solid bottom in the depths of this complicated soul, and I am forced at last to leave the question of Butler's sincerity between himself and God, with the suspicion that the divine perspicacity has seldom been more severely taxed.

What is certain is, that, however it may have been with thoughts, Butler was a master of words. And I do not mean to say that words were the whole of him: he had many striking and significant qualities besides the power of expression. But words were the worst and the best, and I think his gifts in this direction accounted largely for his prominence and for what success he had. It is said that he had not the natural graces of oratory. Perhaps not; but he understood an audience, knew how to take advantage of every favorable turn, of every weak point in the argument of an adversary. He was always at his ease, always ready, never discomfited by any excess of reverence. Moreover, he

had an illimitable flow of language. And this is even more evident in his writing than in his speaking. When you probe his documents to the very bottom, you may not find any great coherence or logical force. But for plausibility, for shrewdness, for power of producing just the turn of thought that the occasion required, for touching it with vigor and driving it home, his speeches and his written statements are often remarkable.

As with other forms of self-analysis, I have watched curiously to see how far Butler himself reflected upon this terrible power of speech, both for good and for evil, to speaker and to hearers. His friends saw it clearly enough: "Speeches of public men are the assassins they bear about with them," warns one. But I do not find him dissecting it with scientific lucidity. That he well appreciated its practical bearing appears in his account of his firing the laborers of Lowell to fury: "My voice rang out as it can do upon occasion. . . . 'As God lives and I live, by the living Jehovah! if one man is driven from his employment by these men because of his vote, I will lead you to make Lowell what it was twenty-five years ago—a sheep-pasture and a fishing-place; and I will commence by applying the torch to my own house.' . . . The effect was marvelous. A yell broke out like the agonized groan of wild animals when they feel the deadly knife at their throats. Some cried out, 'Let us do it now,' and applause broke out all over the hall."

Such things force upon us the significance of words in a democracy, and what they can do, and what they can do for a man like Butler. Words with something behind them make the man who prevails. But even with little behind them, their insinuating dominance is far too overwhelming. One thinks of the rare cases of men like Cleveland who come to the top with practically no words whatever, simply with the driving energy of character. Again, one compares even more directly two such men as Butler and Lincoln. Undeniably, there were

marked resemblances between them. Both came from the people, both understood the people, both appealed to the people with singular effect and aptitude. Both knew the value of humor and resorted to it with constant freshness and efficacy and with a homely shrewdness approaching, when not reaching, the coarse. Both had the gift of speech in a high degree. The enormous difference can only be summed up in the indefinable, but far-reaching, term, character,

which we applied to Cleveland. Words without character go far, terribly, dangerously far, in our tongue-ridden world. What words with character will do the career of Lincoln shows. So far the frothing, foaming, restless ocean of popular government has thrown up fifty men of the type of Butler for one of the type of Lincoln. Those who, with Lincoln, believe in the future of democracy, can only hope that with time it will produce more Lincolns and fewer Butlers.

Edges

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

Under the edge of the wave
That breaks on the stubborn land,
There is more than its carpet of foam outspread,
More than the surf and the sand.
Under the curve of its crest
Is a door to the depths of the sea;
If only the turn of the tides could be stayed
Until we had captured its key!

Over the edge of the dark
I know it is always light;
Once, I walked in a garden world,
And laughed when men called it night.
(I walked with my heart's desire—
Desire of her heart was I—
Lovers' lanterns of all the world
Swung over us, passing by.)

Under the edge of the rose
That curls in its velvet pride
There is more than the stab of its grieving thorn,
And the shade of a rose that died;
Never in all the world
Shall so secret a craftsman be
As he who distils the scent of the rose
In a still room too small to see.

Over the keen edge of Death
There is more than the resting from Fear,
Finding again of forgotten things,
Long leisure for work grown dear;
If the half could be told, say They
On whose telling a seal is set;
O sweet shall the sound of its shattering be
In the land where there's good gold yet!

Fatigue Poison

BY HAROLD H. ARMSTRONG

BETWEEN calls there was not much a man could do; and Lew Pearse, chief dispatcher for the Detroit and Hartsdale Interurban Railway, removed the head-clamp that held the telephone receivers to his ears, impaled this latest order upon the upright spindle, then slowly rose and meandered irresolutely toward one of the front windows of the little dispatching office.

Not an arresting figure, Lew Pearse, save perhaps for the profound honesty graven upon his serious and patient face. He had a little the look of a farmer; and indeed, like most of the D. & H. employees, he hailed from the adjacent countryside. Now, however, after two years in the dispatching room, his face was pale—startlingly so by contrast with the dull russet of his thinning hair and of the close-clipped mustache that exaggerated his long upper lip—by contrast also with the pinkish crescent-shaped scar that disfigured one high cheekbone.

Having reached the window, he peered down upon the thawing January snow that sootily besmeared the station's front yard. Just beyond lay the car tracks, and still farther, a muddy road. But Lew Pearse's attention speedily converged upon one of the several figures standing alongside the car tracks, awaiting the arrival of No. 31 Local, north-bound.

"Guess that's Sam Jewell," he identified him.

The general superintendent of the road stood a little apart from the others, his back toward the track. At his side were two small children; and evidently he was explaining to them the various exciting things that went on inside the station. For this sprawling brick build-

ing at Ruppert, Michigan, was the operating center of the entire line, and, as such, served as power house, car barn and dispatcher's headquarters.

But now Sam Jewell raised one arm and pointed directly up at the odd second-story tower that housed the dispatching office; and even as he did so, caught sight of Lew Pearse in the window and promptly waved his hand in careless but intimate regard.

In return, the dispatcher's earnest homely face enkindled into an expression of eager enthusiasm; and his eyes—gray, conscientious eyes behind commonplace spectacles—lighted up with a wistful devotion. Jewell was popular with every employee on the road, and for a very simple reason: he had remained human. A conductor himself not so many years ago, he had later been a dispatcher, then an assistant superintendent, and for the last two years the operating head of the line; but the point was, he never seemed to feel his new oats, never blustered, never brushed his men aside with haughty gestures.

In Lew Pearse's case, however, there were special and personal reasons for gratitude. One of Jewell's first acts as superintendent had been to single him out from the ranks of conductors and promote him to the dispatching office. Twice since then his pay had been raised; and now he was chief dispatcher, directly in line for further advancement. Enough cause for unquestioning loyalty, but there were other bonds even stronger. Sam Jewell it was, for example, who had sent the company doctor to Pearse's house last winter, when the dispatcher's little boy seemed dying from pneumonia. Sam Jewell it was who had come there



Drawn by S. M. Arthurs

THE LITTLE BOY WAVED UP AT HIM AGAIN

himself one afternoon when the disease was at its worst, and remained all that night at the child's bedside. No, you don't forget that sort of friendship easily.

"The best man in the world to work for!" was Lew Pearse's fervent tribute, as he stood in the window responding to the superintendent's greeting. He could not help wishing, though, that Jewell might come up to the office a moment. A certain vague dread had been lying heavy on his mind for several days now, and he felt the necessity of unburdening it to the superintendent.

As if in direct answer to this need of his, one of the children at Jewell's knees seemed suddenly to make some request, which the superintendent, after a quick glance at his watch, acquiesced in. The three of them started toward the station, and Jewell signified to Pearse that they were coming up to the dispatcher's office. Stamping steps reverberated from the wooden staircase; and an instant later the superintendent pushed open the door, in defiance of its "No Admittance" sign, and entered the room with his two young charges.

"Hello, Lew!" Then, before the dispatcher could reply, he jerked his head toward the stove in the middle of the office. "Great Scott, but you keep it warm in here!"

Pearse, his enthusiasm not at all dampened by the implied criticism, pointed to his shirtsleeves, which were caught up just above the elbows by scarlet sleeve-garters. To have worn his coat while at work would have seemed like presumption, a putting on of airs, a transgression of one of the unwritten laws governing his particular job. All train dispatchers work in shirtsleeves for some obscure reason or other; and Lew Pearse was not one to break the sacred conventions. But he added, as if in further explanation:

"When you're inside all day you got t' have a higher temper'ture." As a concession to his friend's overcoat, nevertheless, he lowered one of the windows a few inches from the top.

Jewell nodded offhandedly, as if admitting there might be some excuse for seventy-five degrees of heat, even on an unseasonably warm afternoon like this; but simultaneously he surveyed his friend's face somewhat more closely. There was, in fact, a noticeable contrast in the appearance of the two men. Jewell's out-of-doors countenance was ruddy with health, and there was a certain vigor and swing to his walk; yet he could remember that he, too, in his days of train dispatching, had become white of face and sluggish of gait. This indoor confinement did tell on a man!

"You ought to make a point, Lew, of taking at least an hour's walk in the fresh air every day," he said. Then he looked at his watch once more, with a gesture of recollection, and turned toward the two children.

"We're taking No. 31 Local to Hartsdale," he explained, "and these two kids of mine insisted on my bringing them up here a minute to ask you to explain how the system works."

Pearse's diffident soul expanded with secret delight; and for the moment he forgot completely the more serious business he wanted to mention to the superintendent.

"Well, I'm mighty glad they did insist," he said. "So these are your kids, eh, Sam? Haven't seen the girl since she was a baby—and the boy, never." And he stooped down to shake hands with them gravely.

Like many another shy man, he felt instinctively and warmly drawn to little children; and the circumstance that these two were Jewell's heightened his natural affection for them. The older, a girl of perhaps ten, pleased him with her pert prettiness; but it was the younger boy toward whom his whole heart at once went out.

He looked up at the superintendent. "Y' know, Sam, this chap's just about the age of mine."

"Say, that's so," Jewell remembered. "How is that young strapper of yours, anyway—and your wife, too?"

"Fine, both of 'em." Pearse's eyes seemed fondly lonesome. "Been in Hartsdale the last two weeks, visiting Alice's folks, but they're coming home to-morrow, I expect."

The little girl interrupted restlessly. "Say, papa says you can telephone to street cars from here. Is that so?"

"Don't believe it, eh? You're one of the kind that's got t' be shown!" The dispatcher did not laugh frequently; but when he did so, as now, he performed the operation so thoroughly that he was compelled to catch his breath again in odd little explosive snorts that sounded like a man snoring—a phenomenon his friends called "Lew's backfire." "Well, all right," he was finally able to tell the little girl, "I'll show you."

First he pointed up to the large blueprint map that stretched out six feet long over the telephone desk. "There's a diagram of the whole D. & H. road, with the city of Detroit at this end, and Hartsdale at this. And here's Ruppert, where we are now, about in the middle."

"But why is it your office is in a little town like Ruppert, instead of in Detroit or Hartsdale?" the little girl wanted to know.

Pearse liked her inquisitiveness. "More efficient t' have the power house here in the center of the system—don't have t' send the electricity so far, see? And the power house being here, it's more convenient t' make this station operating headquarters."

He reverted to the blueprint. "See those heavy white lines running from one end to the other? That's the track, sixty-seven odd miles of it, with every little curve and right angle marked down. And can you see all those little white dots along the track? Well, every one's a station and a switch, where the cars stop and where they can pass one another. There's a station once every mile, or closer. Well, at each station, you'll find a telephone in a little booth. Maybe you've noticed 'em along the way."

"I have!" cried the little girl, thereby

demonstrating her vast superiority over her three-year-old brother. "And I've seen the motormen go in there, too."

"The motorman *and* the conductor," amended Pearse. "Under the new system. . . ." The telephone bell cut him short. "There's a call now. I'll show you how I do."

He clamped the receivers over his head. "Yes?" Then, after an instant's pause, during which he glanced up at the blueprint map, he added crisply: "No. 37 Local northbound at Quimby. Meet No. 33 Local at Lieders. Let out No. 6 Express at Dawson Creek. Meet No. 39 Local at Halliwell." The while he spoke he jotted the order swiftly on a printed form. Another interval of listening and he corroborated "Right!" then slipped the clamp from his head and turned smilingly toward his audience.

"Explain it to 'em," laughed Jewell. "It's way over their heads."

"Well," said the dispatcher, with a faint show of pride in his demeanor, "this is what happened. That motorman who called me is on a car just leaving the outskirts of Detroit. See, here's Quimby. I told him to meet another car, going in the opposite direction, at this station, Lieders." He indicated the point with a ruler. "A little farther along, he's to go on the switch and let an express car pass him; and still farther, at Halliwell, he's to meet another local. At Halliwell, he'll call me again for further instructions."

The girl looked slightly dazed, but very much impressed. "But how can you tell that all those other cars will be there to meet that motorman's car?"

Her father chuckled again. "That's the trick of it, don't you see? He has to keep it in his mind where every car on the road is, all at the same time."

"Oh, it's not so hard," asserted Pearse with false modesty. "You see, if I happen to forget, I can refer back to my orders on this spindle. It's only when there's a tie-up somewheres along the line that I have to watch my step. The

rest of the time I issue the same orders practically every day. That's the trouble" he added, with a side glance at Jewell. "The job just gets mechanical after a while."

The little boy had long since lost all interest in the novelty of his surroundings; but his older sister's curiosity was not entirely satisfied.

"Yes, but what happens when you make a mistake?"

Her father interposed: "Lew Pearse never makes mistakes. That's why he holds the job, see?"

"But what if the motorman didn't understand the orders right?" she demanded. "Would there be a collision?"

Jewell and his subordinate looked at each other, slightly disquieted by the mere mention of catastrophe. With one accord both harked back to the D. & H.'s last great smash-up.

"Well, that did happen once," admitted the superintendent without relish. "About two years ago, just before I came on the job. But accidents like that can't occur any more."

"Your father put a new regulation into effect," explained Lew Pearse. "Nowadays we check up on any such mistake, and this is the way we do it. First, I 'phone the order to the motorman, who writes it down. Then the conductor reads it back to me, just to make sure the motorman didn't make any mistake, see? Of course"—this for the superintendent's benefit again—"there'll always be a possibility of collision until they double-track the road."

The girl had had enough of explanation by now, and her attention wandered toward the front windows, whence her small brother was already surveying the yard below. But the two men still remained at the telephone desk, covertly preoccupied with the ghost she had raised.

"Any news from Joe Cruger?" ventured Pearse after a moment. Cruger was the ill-fated dispatcher who two years ago had made a slip of the tongue and sent two interurbans crashing into

each other. At least, the circuit court jury had placed the blame upon his shoulders, though he protested that a motorman had misunderstood his orders.

Sam Jewell shook his head sadly. "No good news, anyway. The doctor at Jackson I had go to see him says he'll never live out his sentence. Poor chap!" Cruger's slip of the tongue had killed eight passengers outright and maimed twice as many for life; had cost the company thousands of dollars in settlements; yet not an employee of the road, from the president down but felt that his sentence to three years imprisonment was undeserved.

Lew Pearse rose with a sigh and stood looking up at the blueprint map at a point halfway between Ruppert and Hartsdale, the terminal of the line. His eyes, somewhat nearsighted, focused upon a sharp curve in the track, about equidistant from the two small stations of Elsey and Allison. It was just to the west of this curve that the disastrous collision had occurred in the thick of a snowstorm late one January afternoon.

"Joe Cruger, you know, always swore he told the motorman on the local to meet the express at Allison, instead of Elsey," the dispatcher reminded his chief. "And I've thought ever since that one of those stations ought t' have its name changed. Allison and Elsey sound too darn much alike over the 'phone."

Sam Jewell nodded his head in complete agreement. "Sure—and didn't I break my neck trying to do it? Both of those stations are named after the farmers whose houses are just opposite; and they each raised an awful yell against having the name changed." He glanced sharply at his friend. "You're still spelling the names out when you give your order?"

"You bet!"

"Well, then I don't see much danger." He jerked out his watch once more. "Time's up, kids!"

Pearse was loath to see his opportunity slip away from him. "Just a second,

Sam," he pleaded. "There's something I got t' speak to you about."

"Can't it wait? No. 31's due this minute."

"I'll just tell you what's on my mind, and you can think it over at your leisure," said the dispatcher with an air of urgency. "It's simply this—I want you t' transfer me to some other job as soon's you can."

The superintendent was surprised into forgetfulness of the time. "What's the idea?"

"I don't know exactly, Sam, but lately I been getting sort of fidgety. Losing my nerve or something. My record's pretty clear so far; but I can't help figuring if a man stays in the dispatching room long enough, some day he's going to make a slip, just like Joe Cruger did."

"You do look a bit peaked," remarked Jewell, who had far too much sympathy to ridicule his friend's fears. "Maybe it's because you didn't have any vacation last summer."

Pearse shook his head. "That might have helped for a while, but I tell you I've been on this job long enough. Getting lately so I dream all night long that I'm 'phoning train orders. But the principal trouble seems to be that I'm growing mechanical. The minute the bell rings, I know who it is calling and what the usual order is; and honest, it's all I can do to stop and think before I shoot it out, trying to remember whether there's to be any change in the usual order. Get me?"

The superintendent was studying his shoes. "You mean you think you're going stale."

"That's it, only I don't think it, I *know* it. And if I stay on, some day the jinx is going t' get me."

"Well, I'll admit I've had you on my mind lately," said Jewell. "Now listen. This is strictly on the q. t. There's likely going to be a vacancy in my office before long, and I've been figuring maybe I'd try you out. Probably be two or three weeks before it happens. Think you can stick it out that long?"

Swiftly the dispatcher's expression

shaded from anxiety to jubilant gratitude. "Gee whiz, Sam!" was all he could say.

Just then came the reedy tooting of an approaching interurban; and Sam Jewell instantly marshaled his two children at the door.

"So long!" he shouted. Then, with a note of jocularly that did not quite conceal his underlying anxiety: "Say, whatever you do, don't make any mistake on No. 31 Local this afternoon!"

"Not a chance!" said Pearse with a smile. And inwardly he was alight with a tremendous vow that, no matter what else might happen, he would guide his friend's journey to a safe conclusion. Involuntarily, he found himself framing in his mind the precise routing of No. 31 Local from Ruppert through to Hartsdale.

He was buoyant, too, with the prospect of promotion. "By Golly—an assistant superintendent!" This was more than he could possibly have hoped for; it was very difficult to believe the good news. And working right in the same office with Sam Jewell, his friend—a man he would have given his life for!

He could not keep away from the window, though characteristically his first act was to close it again. By this time, Jewell and the two children were well on their way back to the tracks, and upon reaching their destination, first the girl and then the little boy turned around and waved up at him again.

The friendly gestures attracted the attention of some of the other bystanders waiting to board No. 31 Local. Among these, Lew Pearse recognized Ed Delaney, a motorman, and Oscar Hartmann, a conductor—the train crew who were to relieve the motorman and conductor now on No. 31, and take the car from Ruppert to Hartsdale. They were an odd and apparently uncongenial pair: Ed Delaney, good-natured, rosy cheeked, weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds; Oscar Hartmann, sour, dyspeptic, belligerent, a little runt of less than half Delaney's displacement. It was a

commentary on their dissimilar dispositions that Delaney grinned amiably up at Pearse, while Hartmann, though seeing the dispatcher, gave no sign of recognition. Yet these two were not only fast cronies, but both liked Pearse equally well. He returned their regard with interest; and now, as he stood watching them he noted with affectionate interest familiar details in their appearance. The conductor's leather-faced pockets, for example, designed to carry silver money and to resist the constant wear and tear of change-making; Ed Delaney's gray overalls, and the stool and motor lever he carried in his hands—for in obedience to some queer prescription, no motorman ever dreamed of using any but his own private and personal stool and motor lever.

No. 31 Local came into view through the thawing sunshine just then, lumbering along the main street of Ruppert, across the bridge and then up to the appointed stopping place directly in front of the station. Passengers disembarked and embarked. Lew Pearse saw the old train crew clamber down and the new clamber up. Delaney and Hartmann, however, immediately reappeared, and the former entered the diminutive telephone booth propped up against a scarred pole.

Pearse was at his desk even before the bell rang.

"No. 31 Local northbound at Ruppert," Delaney's voice informed him, quite needlessly.

Even as the dispatcher reached for his order blanks, he was reminding himself with set lips: "Must stop and think! Must stop and think!" But everything on the line was as usual, he recalled.

"No. 31 Local," he spoke into the transmitter, and then issued the customary instructions. Almost at once he heard Oscar Hartmann's rancorous inflections repeating the order correctly, and automatically replied: "Right!"

By the time he could get back to the window, Delaney was already in the motorman's vestibule, and Hartmann,

having locked the door of the telephone booth, was just swinging aboard the rear platform. As the bulky green interurban got under way, there was a waving of hands in one of its windows; and Lew Pearse was able to descry Jewell's small daughter and the little boy signaling him a farewell, with their father's ruddy features barely visible behind them.

As the dispatcher fluttered his hand in reply, his lips involuntarily moved with a whispered good-by. He was touched by their obvious liking for him, and kept his eyes on the swiftly moving car until it disappeared behind a rise of ground in the distance.

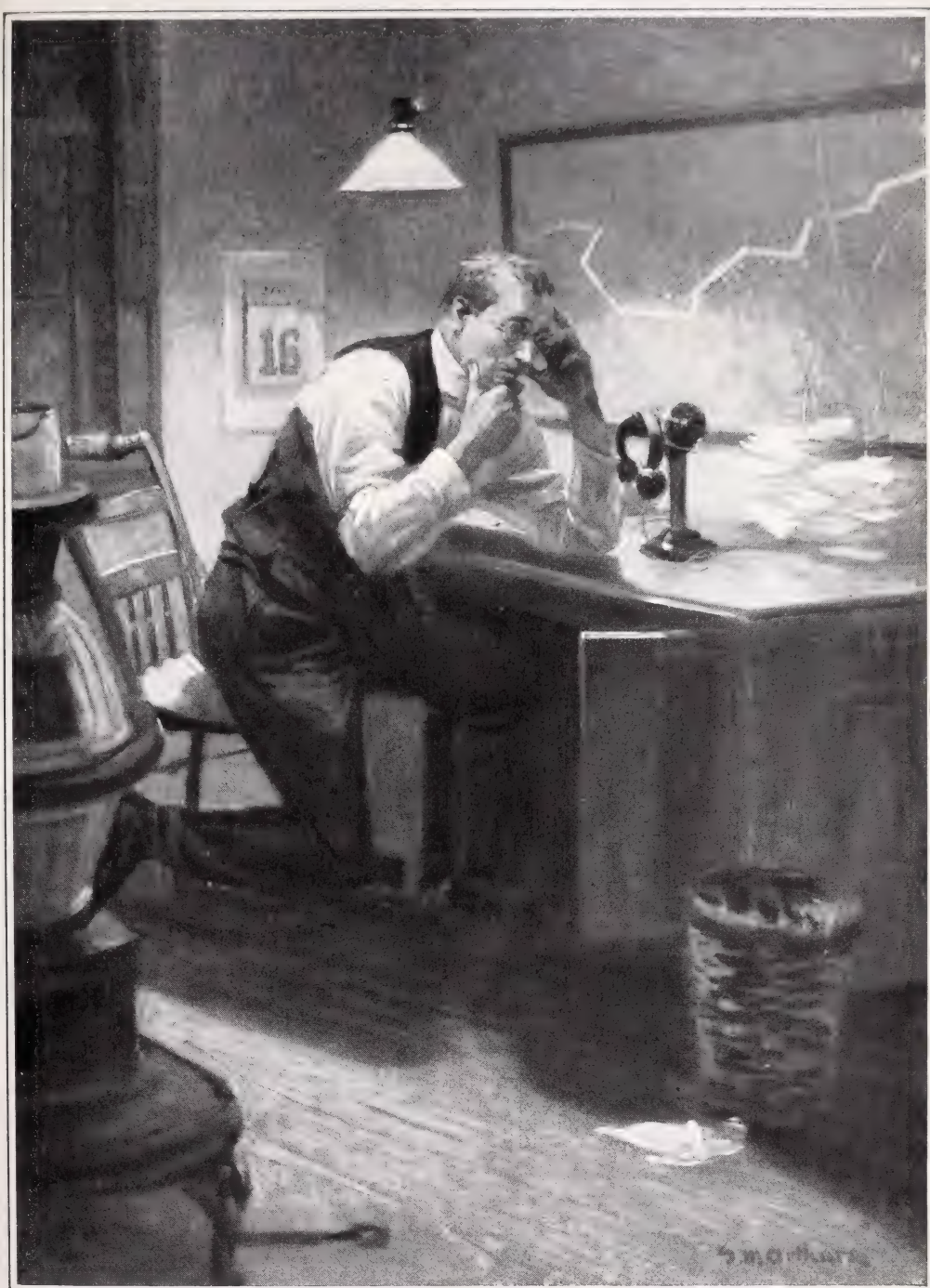
That small son of Jewell's, in particular, remained vivid in his mind, arousing a faint but poignant loneliness and a fresh longing for the moment when he might have his own three-year-old boy back in his arms again. His wife had written from Hartsdale that they would probably come home to-morrow, Saturday, afternoon on the No. 3 Express, reaching Ruppert shortly before six o'clock; and now that the happy reunion was but slightly more than twenty-four hours away, it seemed to him he could scarcely wait that long.

For Lew Pearse was what is known as a family man, so happily married and so content with his home that it was well-nigh impossible to drag him out of an evening.

"Little game on to-night," Ed Delaney and one or two other bachelors would sometimes twit him. "Tell the wife you gotta work an' come on over. Do you good."

"Listen," was the dispatcher's customary response, as he blinked solemnly at them through his rimless spectacles, "You boys don't know what real living is, and that's a fact!"

Even now, as he remained in the front window, his gaze shifted from the rise of ground whence No. 31 Local had disappeared and finally settled upon a row of cottages along a side street that crossed the main thoroughfare a block from the station. His was the third house, quite



Drawn by S. M. Arthurs

THE ROOM WAS BEGINNING TO SPIN LIKE A GIGANTIC WHEEL

undistinguished from the others; and all he could see from his window was a strip of its back yard and rear porch. Yet the spectacle sent a real thrill through him. For a fortnight now he had gone home each evening to a dark and forlorn abode; but to-morrow night there would be lights in the windows, and life and affection awaiting his turn of the door-knob.

"Got t' remember t' clean things up a bit to-night," he adjured himself. "Never do for Alice t' come home to a mess like that."

Then all at once he thought of his promised promotion. "Golly, won't she be glad t' hear it!" He would spring the good news on his wife as a surprise, just after supper to-morrow night. "I'll tell her to go buy herself a new dress—and the kid a new blue suit of clothes."

Yes, sir, he was going to have that son of his just as well dressed as Sam Jewell's little boy. And he was going to see to it he had just as many opportunities in the world. He himself hadn't had enough sense to go to high school even, but his son was certainly going to be sent through college.

"A man can't do much for his family on train dispatcher's pay; but assistant superintendent—that's something different. And there's no reason why I shouldn't be superintendent some day. Yes, sir!"

As he gazed expansively out at the sunlit panorama before him, idly noting the upward jutting of a cloud bank from the northwestern horizon, the telephone rang again. Instantly he surmised it was No. 3 Express just leaving Hartsdale.

"To-morrow night, *they'll* be on that car!"

His guess proved precise.

"Stewart, No. 3 Express, southbound at Hartsdale," came a voice.

Quite automatically and without pausing to consider the situation, Lew Pearse issued the customary order, then listened to its correct repetition from Jack Manthey, the conductor.

"Right!" he corroborated, and was in the act of removing his head-clamp when the conductor's voice intervened:

"Hey there, wait a minute! Somebody wants t' talk with y'."

The dispatcher was startled. It was against regulations for any save company employees to use the private line, and even they were forbidden to transact any affairs over it except those relating to the movements of cars. Only once in Pearse's experience had this rule been broken, and then by the vice-president of the road for the sake of an urgent personal message.

"Hello, Lew!" A woman's voice. "This is Alice."

"But, by Golly, don't you know—"

"It's all right. I asked Andy Stewart, and he said I could speak to you just for a minute."

Holding up an express—she certainly had her nerve. Then a sudden fear shot through him.

"Nothing the matter with the baby!"

"No," she laughed. "All I want to say is, we're coming home to-night, instead of to-morrow."

"On No. 3? But how's that?"

"There's an epidemic of flu in Hartsdale, and I thought I'd better. Besides—I'm lonesome, and so's the baby."

He felt he ought to be severe with her for the infraction of sacred rules; but what he actually said was:

"Fine! Good-by—but say! There's not a thing to eat in the house. Better stop at the grocery, eh?"

"All right, dear—see you at six."

The receiver clicked in his ear.

The crust of her! Pearse couldn't help laughing out loud—and his laugh, as always, backfired with a snort.

"Home to-night, eh?" He glanced up at the clock. Four-thirty. In just ninety minutes from now, he and the kid would be roughhousing each other on the floor. "Lonesome t' see me, eh? Well, that goes double, I'll say!"

Abruptly he remembered Sam Jewell and his two children on No. 31 Local. Why, No. 31 Local was due to pass No.

3 Express at Elsey at a few minutes past five. His family and Jewell's meeting that way—what an odd coincidence!

A prick of apprehension disturbed his contentment.

"By Golly—that's two cars I've got to watch out for, particular!"

He scowled intently, fighting against a return of his earlier nervousness. "Got t' remember t' stop an' think each time before I give an order." But with that, he started up out of his chair. Stop and think—that was just what he had failed to do in telephoning those last instructions to Andy Stewart on No. 3 Express. Just issued them mechanically—the appalling habit he was sinking into!

He snatched up his copy of the order, relapsing into the chair to study it.

"Thank God, there's no harm done this time!" he breathed. What if there'd been a smash-up as a result of his failure to think—on No. 3 Express of all cars! His own wife and child killed or crippled through his carelessness!

"Never again!" he muttered, and was conscious of trembling.

To slacken the strain, he rose once more and walked to the window. He had found it somewhat helpful to keep his mind off dispatching save during the actual calls.

Already it was considerably darker outdoors. Amazing how rapidly that small cloud on the northwest horizon had swollen in proportions till now it cast its gray pall over half the heavens!

"May come on to rain," he speculated. "Or more likely snow."

Snow! In a flash his harrowed mind was swooping down upon the distressing details of that catastrophe of—yes, of exactly two years ago. A snowstorm; Joe Cruger's slip of the tongue in saying "Elsey" when he meant "Allison"; the crash of two cars, an express and a local, in the twilight; the dead and the groaning wounded; Cruger dying in the state penitentiary at Jackson.

Excruciating!

He turned away from the window, clenching his hands into bloodless fists.

"It'll get me, too, sooner or later."

Still, there were only two or three weeks more of the racking ordeal. And fortunately he had caught himself up in time. All that was required of him was to be very careful, think coolly each time he gave an order—and never, never again become merely mechanical.

He forced himself to study the blueprint map intently.

"Everything on the road's clear," he verified. "All orders will be the same as usual. When No. 31 Local next calls me, I am to instruct him to meet No. 3 Express at Elsey—E-l-s-e-y—yes, spell it out. And when No. 3 Express calls in, I am to order him to meet No. 31 Local at Elsey—remember, spell it out! Yes, that's right, ain't it—*Elsey*." The name furrowed itself across his jaded brain.

The half hour between a quarter before five and a quarter after was always one of the busiest intervals of the day, and in the next five minutes, he issued three sets of orders, each time compelling himself to concentrate on the familiar routing. That done, he rehearsed all over again the instructions he purposed giving to No. 31 Local and No. 3 Express, being careful in both instances to spell out the name, Elsey.

Then he swung toward the window again, a smile of satisfaction on his lips. Already twilight was encroaching, and he saw a snowflake drift lazily past the pane, but for the moment he was conscious only of a sense of escape from danger.

"No, sir, this won't be the day." In less than an hour now he would be through work and hastening home to his wife and baby. He pictured them in a seat on No. 3 Express, his wife holding their small offspring on her lap and perhaps telling him the journey was already half over. Just as likely the boy, being venturesome, was out in the aisle, walking up and down with that peculiar and delightful swagger of his. Probably fall flat on his face before he got through.

"Well, if he does," Pearse assured

himself, "he'll pick himself right up again. Wonderful how that kid never cries!"

Once again he dwelt upon the odd circumstance of his family's meeting Jewell's at Elsey. It was barely possible, of course, that his wife and the superintendent might recognize each other as the two interurbans passed. Maybe the pair of three-year-old boys would have time to wave at one another.

"Elsey," he impressed the name on his mind. "E-l-s-e-y."

He glanced up at the clock, and all at once his unaccountable dread returned. Already it was five minutes to five. Ordinarily, No. 31 Local called him at seven minutes to five. Two minutes late. If the delay continued, it would necessitate his changing the usual orders on all that section of the line.

But the 'phone rang instantly, and his brow cleared. Then contracted again.

"Stewart, No. 3 Express southbound at Rennsalaer," came the motorman's voice.

No. 3 Express!

"Just a moment," Pearse answered.

The call was perhaps a minute ahead of the accustomed time—but where was No. 31 Local?

Must stop and think!

Express cars had the right of way, he recalled. Always they were to be speeded through, even at the expense of locals and freights. No. 31 Local was nearly three minutes late by now—enough time to push No. 3 Express through at least one station past the accustomed meeting point. The first station south of Elsey was Allison, just this side of that right-angled curve in the track.

Was that right now? Stop and think again! Yes—

"No. 3 Express," he 'phoned. "Meet No. 31 Local at Allison—"

"Elsey?"

"No—Allison. A-l-l-i-s-o-n. Got it?"

"Yep. Allison."

"Correct." Slowly, laboriously, Pearse issued the balance of the order.

"But look—if you don't find No. 31 Local at Allison, call me back, see?"

Then the voice of Manthey, the conductor:

"Meet No. 31 Local at Allison. A-l-l-i-s-o-n."

"Right!" the dispatcher corroborated.

"Say, Lew," Manthey appended.

"Your wife wanted me to tell you your kid's fallen asleep."

The very idea of breaking company rules for a message like that! Yet Pearse's heart warmed within him.

"Where they sitting?" he found himself asking.

"In the smoker. Sorry, Lew, but that was the only seat I could find for 'em."

"All right—but take good care of 'em."

"Sure! You bet! Snowing like hell, ain't it?"

The receiver clicked, and Pearse slowly disengaged his head-clamp.

"Now when No. 31 Local calls in," he reminded himself solemnly, "be sure to remember to stop him at Allison, instead of Elsey. And spell it out!"

A pang of recollection shot through him. Why, it was in just such a mix-up that Joe Cruger had become confused two years ago, and told No. 31 Local to proceed to Elsey instead of halting at Allison. And on just such an afternoon. Neither motorman had been able to see the other's searchlight because of the snow, and also because of the abrupt curve in the track—with the result that the express had crashed into the local head-on, just west of the turn.

Every nerve in the dispatcher's body grew taut with the electricity of fear.

"That's all right, now," he attempted to soothe himself. "All I got t' do is remember t' say Allison, instead of Elsey."

He stood up, slightly giddy with the effort of supreme concentration. Too hot, the room was. Sam Jewell had been quite right on that score. He moved uncertainly toward the window, intending to let it down from the top once more; but halfway across the floor, he paused in complete forgetfulness. A

jumbled mass of thoughts crowded into his weary brain. No. 31 Local—if he didn't call in within the next thirty seconds, Pearse would have to hold him at Lee's Corner, the station this side of Allison. Allison—yes, that was right, wasn't it. Stop and think!

His boy. He had a sudden vision of him fast asleep in Alice's arms. "Some sleeper, that kid!" Not once had he or his wife been routed out of bed at night to look after the baby.

Too hot! Yes, he remembered now—he had intended to open the window.

Only two more weeks. He mustn't forget to tell his wife, just after supper—as a surprise.

"But where in Sam Hill's No. 31 Local?" A second time he paused on the way toward the window.

The abruptness of the telephone ring left him quivering. At last! Now then—must stop and think—must try to whip his blurred faculties into alertness. "Yes?"

"Delaney, No. 31 Local northbound at Wilcox."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, just a couple of fuses blew out on me, but I'm all right now. Shoot it to me!"

"No. 31 Local." Pearse endeavored to put the screws on his exhausted nerves. Stop and think, must stop and . . . Perversely, the vivid image of his sleeping boy projected itself upon his brain once more, and he could not seem to dispel it. His tongue moved, as if reflexively.

"Meet No. 3 Express at Elsey."

The familiar name slid smoothly along the deep furrow it had creased in his brain. Must be sure to spell it out, so that Delaney would get it right.

"E-l-s-e-y." The sound of the letters filled him with satisfaction and a sort of relief.

Then Oscar Hartmann's sour accents:

"E-l-s-e-y?"

"Right!" said Lew Pearse.

Well, thank God, that was over. He deposited the head-clamp on his desk.

The critical order had been issued correctly, even to the careful spelling out of the station's name. Conscientiously, he jammed his own copy down over the spindle and got to his feet, his mind still numb, yet capable of a vast contentment.

Hot! That window—not opened yet. He steered his way toward it, surprised to find himself unsteady. "You poor chump! The sooner you quit this job the better."

By now it was almost completely dark outside, and the snow sifted down thickly. A gleam of light from the lunch room across the street was reflected on the wet rails. The tracks would be slippery to-night, he reflected; but his attention wandered to the other points of yellow illumination blinking moistly at him from near-by dwellings. His own house he could no longer see, but he imagined its forlorn darkness. Yet within the hour, his home too would be alight.

Poor Joe Cruger! Just a slip of the tongue, and he was a condemned criminal. Pearse shuddered as he bethought himself how exactly that tragic twilight of two years ago resembled the one into which he was now staring. Yet Joe Cruger had had at least this drop of consolation: he was a bachelor, with no one dependent upon him. Whereas he, Lew Pearse, was married and . . .

But he shook the thought from him with a tremulous smile. "No, sir, this ain't the day." The office clock showed three minutes past five. Within the next two minutes, No. 3 Express, bearing his wife and sleeping baby in its crowded smoking compartment, would meet and pass No. 31 Local, with Sam Jewell and his two kids aboard. At Elsey. E-l-s-e-y.

Slowly the smile died away from his lips.

"No—it's at Allison they meet. A-l-l-i—"

He sprang to his desk and tore the order from its spindle, deciphered the curiously shaky handwriting.

"Meet No. 3 Express at Elsey."

Steady, boy! He snatched up the spindle and peered at the next order, the one he had given to No. 3 Express.

"Meet No. 31 Local at Allison."

Stop and think, stop and think—with the room beginning to spin like a gigantic wheel, with the blood throbbing intolerably in his temples. With blank horror freezing itself on his face.

No, it wasn't true. It just couldn't be true. He recalled how conscientiously he had rehearsed the order stopping the local at Allison. Yes, he must have spoken the order correctly, and simply made a botch of writing it down. Queer what tricks a tired mind could play on a man.

Then he remembered with paralyzing vividness the voice of Oscar Hartmann crankily spelling the letters out: "E-l-s-e-y."

The ancient scar on the dispatcher's cheek lighted up to a scarlet that matched the garters on his shirtsleeves; and a layer of cool air slid from the open window across the hot room to his wet forehead. Trembling hands groped for his contorted face; but they could not shut out the vision of mangled bodies, the appalling cries of the hopelessly wounded.

Well, this had been his day after all, then.

"I'll take my medicine without playing the baby act," he thought. No trying to blame Ed Delaney and Oscar Hartmann—no passing the buck, the way Joe Cruger had done. Poor Delaney—and Andy Stewart! There wouldn't be a chance for either motor-man in a head-on collision.

Sam Jewell and his children—but *his own wife and kid!* In the smoker, at the very front end of the Express!

He leaped up. "My God, I've got to stop 'em!"

But there was nothing he could do. The D. & H.'s signaling system, admirable enough for normal occasions, provided absolutely no emergency measures—no electric semaphores, no red lights, no wireless. Too late, anyway. Five minutes past five, and even at this in-

stant, the two heavy interurbans might be tearing at each other's throats.

Just a slip of the tongue—

Crisply the telephone rang.

Pearse, haggard, stupid, stared at it, a faint hope flickering in his breast.

"Why sure—they've probably discovered the mistake. Maybe met right at the curve, with both of 'em slowing down. Not one chance in ten they'd crash without seeing each other's headlights."

He fumbled the head-clamp over his ears.

"Yes?"

"Schmidt, No. 30 Local northbound at Quimby."

So . . . no reprieve. Pearse grasped the edge of the desk. Got to stay on the job, no matter what happened. Must stop and think—yes, everything was as usual on that section of the line. Falteringly, he framed the customary instructions—then somehow he could hold on no longer. The floor seemed to tilt up toward him: he was not conscious of having fallen.

Dreaming, he must be. You couldn't fool him into thinking the telephone was ringing again—so persistently, however, that he finally opened his tired eyes.

Let 'em go hang! No, must stay on the job somehow, till his assistant showed up. Never in his life, it appeared, had he undertaken so tremendous a feat as this simple business of crawling up on his chair once more and adjusting the head-clamp.

"Yes?" he answered at length, weakly.

"Delaney, No. 31 Local northbound at Allison."

"What say—where?"

"Allison. A-l-l-i-s-o-n. Oscar Hartmann and I both thought you said Elsey; but Sam Jewell, knowing we were three minutes behind schedule, argued that Allison would be the right meeting point, unless No. 3 Express happened to be late, too. And sure enough, when we got here, we found No. 3 waiting for us and just on the point of phoning you, like you'd instructed him to, see?"

Pearse gulped. "But I did say Elsey."

"Shut up! Bum 'phone connection—that's our story and we'll stick to it. Changed our copy of the order to read Allison. You do the same, get me—and the mistake don't need to go no further. . . . Say, listen—Jewell wants t' talk to you."

The superintendent's friendly and unexcited voice:

"Hello, Lew—all right, are you? Now look, I want you to do exactly as Delaney says. A poor connection, understand? Buzzing on the wire. Also, you're to lay off to-night—take that vacation. And I guess you better not try to do any more dispatching, eh? Not blaming you a bit, see? Entirely my fault for not noticing you were all in."

Odd that even in his enormous relief and gratitude, Lew Pearse found room for a pang of disappointment. No promotion now—well, hardly! No surprise for Alice to-night. No blue suit for the kid either. In fact, this was probably just Sam Jewell's merciful way of telling him he was fired.

But the superintendent continued:

"And as soon as you feel like working again, you can start in on that new job at my office—the one I was telling you about, remember?"

Pearse's white face worked pitifully. "You mean you're willing—"

"You bet!" Suddenly Jewell chuckled. "Oh say, Lew," he remembered. "Your wife's on No. 3 Express, you know—and she wanted me to be sure to tell you your kid had just waked up and was asking for you."

Singers

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

SINGERS, singers, whither are you journeying,
So dusty and so ragged, foot-sore and shining-eyed?

*Toward the sunset, toward the sunrise, from to-day
Into to-morrow, backward through the ancient days
To where the years divide.*

Singers, singers, why must you be hurrying?
Pause a space and rest a while and let us hear your song.

*There's a wind that blows behind us, and a wind
That swirls before, and the past and future call us;
We dare not linger long.*

But singers, singers, who will hear your voices?
We bring you bread and cooling wine; stay with us and sing.

*You will hear us in the forest when the night
Breeze whispers, and the mountain winds will tell the tale
Of all our wandering.*

*You will hear us in the valleys, in the rivers
In the grasses; in the broken gusts of winter and
The murmurings of spring.*



THE LION'S MOUTH

LIONEL

BY PHILIP CURTISS

MY oldest child is just five years old and my youngest is barely three, but already, from time to time, there have come to me vague, perfunctory thoughts as to what I shall do about their education. Shall I have them taught by the Montessori method or by the Bertillon? As both are girls, shall I have them brought up to be business women or clinging vines? Should they, like Macaulay, be reading Latin at seven or eight, or should their tender minds be allowed to lie fallow?

These thoughts, I admit, are largely formal on my own part, induced by outside pressure. Personally, I cannot see the slightest prospect that my children will ever have any education whatsoever.

We live, winter and summer, in a very remote country district. It is one of those New England regions of large estates and abandoned farms where, apparently, everything has ceased to reproduce its kind except us and the white birches. One by one, all the little school-houses on the hilltops have been boarded up and their flagpoles lowered. Our district, which formerly contained from twenty to thirty children, now contains three—two Italian and one Swedish. On winter mornings, about eight o'clock, I can see these poor little tykes, with their dinner pails, coming down the side roads to the state highway where, for fifteen or twenty minutes, they stand and shiver beside the rural delivery box until an old Ford comes along and, at the expense of the town, transports them to the "center" school in the village. If any of

them aspire to a higher education, this is only the beginning of their travels. From the Ford they transfer to a motor truck which takes them ten miles farther to the nearest town where there is a high school. If necessary, I suppose that, from there, a still larger truck would pick them up and carry them to Columbia University.

Without being guilty of any more snobbery than is contained in the wish to see my children on zero days between the hours of eight and five, I feel that for us this system is impracticable. A governess? Yes, there is something in that for, in these days, a first-class governess is cheaper than a second-class housemaid. But governesses weep. They have lovers in distant places or mothers who are continually breaking down and telegraphing for them to come home. Also, outside of the novels of Archibald Marshall, they are singularly loath to go to the country.

So what are we going to do about it? As I have already said, the question has never really troubled me very actively, but when the children's mother insists on talking about it, I have several plans which seem to me highly attractive. One of these is to let my daughters grow up completely illiterate, to spend all our money on graces and gowns and then present them to society—polished, witty, sophisticated, at home in any company, but wholly unable to read or write. The effect, I think, would be absolutely irresistible.

The only objection to this plan is that it would be impossible. Already, without a day's schooling, my daughters have only to hear their mother spell out the sentence, "D-o-n-t g-i-v-e t-h-e-m a-n-y m-o-r-e c-a-n-d-y" to set up an instant

wail. At twenty they would be sure to spot us when we told each other to go out and "h-i-d-e" the "g-i-n."

What I really hope to do, in the back of my mind, is to bring my daughters up as "queer" children of a sort which, from time to time, used to flit across the dull pages of my own very commonplace boyhood. If I describe the child of this class whom I best remember I am sure that everyone will recognize the type and agree with me as to its advantages.

I was, I suppose, about seven or eight years old when, one day, there was a great commotion in the corridor of the public school where I was anchored. The door of the classroom opened and there entered the following procession in the following order: First came the lady principal of the school, all smiles and affability. Second and third came two tall, rather regal-looking ladies in black, who looked so much alike that they must have been sisters. Fourth came a merry-looking, bald-headed gentleman with a walrus mustache, a tan covert coat, a cane, white spats, and a haunting fragrance which was already vaguely familiar to most of us but which, for several years yet, we would not identify as the mixed aroma of Havana cigars, clove lozenges and Bourbon whisky. Fifth came a self-possessed, unabashed little boy in a blue sailor suit with long, flaring trousers.

One by one the members of this company were introduced to the teacher, who began to beam and smile as hard as the principal. Third readers were passed all around and one of the ladies created a local sensation by opening a lorgnon. Some of the bigger boys had already been sent out officiously for chairs and one or two of the class's sure-fire performers were put through a little canter in mental arithmetic; but the rest of us knew that so long as the visitors remained in the room, we should enjoy complete immunity. All in all, it was a splendid show and we hadn't had so much fun since the Austrian consul had

come to the school and made an address in broken English.

Finally, however, the principal and the adult visitors arose and departed with handshakings and farewells in reverse order to that in which they had entered. The little boy in the sailor suit was installed in a special seat at the side of the platform and then came the supreme moment for which we had all been bursting. As the last footstep died out in the corridor, the teacher turned to the room.

"Children," she said, "this is Lionel."

Now if this scene had occurred in a story there would have been one of two sequels. In one version, Lionel would have proved to be an insufferable little snob, turning up his nose at the rest of us, protected by nurses and teachers, until in some final and sweet revenge we caught him behind the barn, poured mud over his pretty clothes and performed other feats of one hundred per cent Americanism. In the other version, Lionel would have been taunted day after day by the rougher boys, but from some mysterious code of "honor" he would have made no retort until at last one of the smaller boys was attacked at his side. At this, Lionel, who had really been instructed by the best boxing masters of Europe, would have turned up the sleeves of his sailor suit and polished off the school bully with two or three of those "uppercuts" which work so well in fiction but to me have always sounded rather doubtful.

As a matter of fact, neither of these things came to pass. Lionel remained as he had first appeared, a picturesque and distinguished figure, culling all the sweets of school life and enduring none of its penances. He lived in a schoolboy's dream, completely superior to all regulations. The term was already six weeks old when he arrived, and even while he remained he was conspicuous for his irregularity. He usually came to school ten minutes late and frequently was sent for half an hour before closing time. At Christmas he was gone for three weeks—

"on a ship" we learned—to Bermuda. Early in May he left for good. His family was going to the seashore, it was reported, and so, of course, Lionel was going too. Oh, inconceivable thought to the rest of us to whom the first of July still remained the inexorable date for vacation days!

But who *was* Lionel? Frankly, I have never learned. Somebody must have known at the time but none of *us* ever did. As well might one ask a child who Hänsel and Gretel were, or expect a small boy to look up Peter Pan in the city directory. To us he was merely one of those fortunate children whose lives slip along on golden wings; for the transient manner in which he appeared among us was not an accident. It was a definite career. He had been doing the same thing all his life in different schools all over the world. Presumably, he continued to do it. We knew by his own confession that he had lived in England and there was also an accepted belief that he could speak French.

Now, to bring one's children up like Lionel would seem to imply the necessity of certain—well, funds, which in themselves would solve any question of education, but I do not think that the subject ends there. For instance, there were the McKinstry boys who flashed across our school horizon a year or two later and then, like Lionel, passed along into the great unknown.

The McKinstry boys came to us from "Akron," which at that time sounded just as remote and just as romantic as Paris. Their father could only have been a machinist or at most a factory foreman, yet, in all the essential points of their lives, the McKinstry boys were amazingly like Lionel. They had lived everywhere in their time—in Cleveland and Chicago and Omaha and in Westfield, Massachusetts. Their parents, like Lionel's, seemed to regard school regulations with an amused tolerance and yet, like Lionel himself, all the riches of the earth seemed to fall into their laps. They had a superior kind of roller skate as

soon as it appeared on the market and silver watches at the age of twelve. They were allowed to keep rabbits and pigeons and go to the theater on Saturday night and, when the rest of us were breaking our hearts for the most modest kind of bicycle, lo and behold, they appeared with a tandem!

No, there is something potent simply in being that kind of child, and the point that particularly interests me is that some of the charm seems to be retroactive. Children of that kind always have such delightful, distinguished parents. Of all the figures which took part in that ceremony when Lionel appeared at our school, that of the father has always remained most persistently in my imagination. I can still visualize to this day his cane and his spats and his walrus mustache, his tan covert coat with its huge pearl buttons and his floating, clovelike aroma. If I bring up my children to be like Lionel, shall I myself appear to the next generation like that? Who knows? I may. At any rate it is worth trying.

THE GET-THERE SEX

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

"THE roads are full of automobiles with husbands at the wheel, doggedly refusing to ask the way, and saying, 'My dear, I know perfectly well where we are; we take the next road to the right,' while their wives are saying, 'Henry, why don't you stop and ask this nice-looking man?'"

Ever since I first saw this passage in the August *Lion's Mouth* I have been thinking about it so continually that certain other paragraphs from my current reading have popped right up off the page and attached themselves to this first quotation. Of these I present to the reader three, and politely inquire whether he does not feel in all four passages an underlying connection worth scrutiny. The two following are taken from love scenes:

"He drew her in his arms. . . . He

took the circumambient air and a couple of buzzards to witness, 'Goes to the point with the well-known heavenly intuition. Eternal womanly that leads us upward and on—and into—most especially bang *into*—things!'

In another tale another lover protests: "It's all very well for a man to mix up with all sorts, Mary, but it really isn't the thing for a woman."

Despite woman's proverbial ineptitude with a hammer, it is a woman writer who drives the nail straight in this next:

"The father who is himself a pragmatist willing to have his son shape his life for himself, objects when his daughter defies parental authority, laughs at conventions, and spends her time and money to please herself. Young men who are themselves ardent disciples of the new mechanistic psychology, protest against the young women acting on its principles."

These quotations are but four from a myriad on the same theme which I have lately found peppering my reading matter. It may not be at first obvious that the theme is the same, but it must be at once evident to anybody that all four express a certain worriment over women. Something uncomfortable must be happening, or so many people would not be stirred to an enforced cerebration on the subject. Precisely what the subject is needs a little elucidating.

The first passage forms part of a noble-minded confession in which Mr. Frederick L. Allen maintains that the ease with which any man may be turned from his avowed intention is explained by a regrettable self-consciousness in the masculine sex. I don't agree with this diagnosis. As to amount of self-consciousness the sexes rate about equal. The real distinction between men and women as they travel through life, whether in a flivver or out of one, lies in their differing attitude toward a destination. A woman thinks a destination is a place to get to, and as fast as you can. She always has felt this way about it, but it is only lately that circumstances

have permitted her to put this opinion of hers into action. For ages man has been airily indicating various goals as pleasant spots to go to, it is only recently that woman has turned on him and goaded, "Why don't you go then?" This is bad enough, of course, but it is worse when the woman adds, "If it's all so nice, why can't I go, too?" Now every man likes to point out noble objectives, and to start a publicity campaign for them, in which he can enjoy both the exercise of his imagination and also the effect of his rhetorical flourishes upon his hearers, but as to his own personal relation to an objective, he wishes to be free to go or not go, just as he pleases. He likes to boost his dream cities, but he does not want to be forced to visit them himself, and still less does he want his wife to visit them. In spite of the engaging plausibility of Mr. Allen's arguments, I hold that the real difference between the sexes is not self-consciousness: the real difference is that men belong to the race of goal creators, and women to the race of goal getters.

Regard that man at the flivver. He had unwarily announced that he wanted to go to Portsmouth, so his fool wife thinks he does want to go to Portsmouth. Perhaps he did, at the start, but as the devious approach lengthens, he may want to change his mind and go somewhere else. His desire to arrive at Portsmouth was never so strong as his disgust at having to make an idiot of himself by asking the way. To have to go to Portsmouth simply because he has said that was where he wanted to go, is maddening. Why, half the time, for a man, the fun of a destination is not getting to it, but for a woman a destination by a river's brim, a destination is to—the inaccuracy in the Peter Bell legend is that Peter was not a man, only men have been too chivalrous to say so. No man ought ever to say where he is going until he gets there. Of course, the little matter of flivvering to Portsmouth, whether or no, may be merely irritating, but a woman's insistence on a man's

proceeding toward his own announced aims may become tragic: Macbeth is not the only man who has been sorry he ever told his wife where he wanted to go.

To pass from Portsmouth and the throne of Scotland to more widely advertised goals, look at the present concern over the caveman. For years man has been stating in books which woman has only just now been reading, "I want to be a cave man." Now comes woman and replies, "Well, run along then, and be a cave man. Don't mind me. I can stand for it all right." The trouble is that no man really wishes to be a ruffian. If there's one thing a man is more fussy about than his cravat, it's his chivalry. He's just as much embarrassed to appear without the one as the other. It is therefore most unhandsome of present-day woman to demand that present-day man shall go back to the jungle. He liked playing with the idea, but to be forced himself to become the reality is abhorrent. Of course, there's no telling where man may go, if woman continues to nag him to be a savage, but so far he has practiced the ethics of the jungle only in the novel, and on the screen.

The grown man of to-day finds himself in a predicament familiar to him as a boy of nine. Then the most alluring goal was the pinnacle of the barn roof. But always there was the inconvenience of little sister. If she spied big brother gazing at the ridge-pole in happy abandon to daydream, himself supine on the pleasant grass, she prodded him to climbing. If, however, he did climb, there was the danger of her following him. Still, in those days, he was permitted one precaution, he could always first tie little sister to the gatepost. But now the horrid little thing is loose, and scuttling for the barn roof as fast as she can go.

Merely because he has said that ridge-poles are glorious and perfectly safe, is a man to deny himself all climbing, now that little sister insists on imitating him and teetering before his agonized eyes at the risk of her life?

As a matter of fact, despite big brother's protests, little sister has already followed him to one ridge-pole after another. His most conscientious spankings haven't done her any good. The only way to get rid of her would be to knock her off the roof, but he knows she knows he'll never do that. She has tagged after him to all the perils of business, and there she sticks—no driving women out of the business world. She is clambering swiftly up the dangerous heights of politics, and gives every sign of sticking there, too. But big brother is still holding out, with many manly yelps, at the invasion of his last strongholds. He really can't have little sister running after him toward the freedom of his social relations. He had thought that the bonds of convention would hold when all his other means of tying her to the gatepost proved futile. He never dreamed she'd give up being classes and run out after him and try to be masses. Examine quotation three for what a lover thinks of a democratic sweetheart. All right for a man to be a good mixer, but very wrong for a woman.

Of all objectives that are at the same time precious to big brother's heart for his own exercise, and abhorrent to him as pastimes for little sister, there are the twin ridge-poles of agnosticism and materialism. The masculine panic described in quotation four cannot be exaggerated. Old men and young men are equally agitated at having their women folk adventure the daring new psychology. When their girls and their grandmothers take to enjoying men's dear unmoral Freudianism, men grow frantic with anxiety. The mechanistic philosophy of life is the most irresponsible ever formulated, and therefore it has been of all barn roofs the most tantalizing to a man, for it is supreme irony that this irresponsibility so delightful for himself should entail a torturing responsibility for his woman. No sooner does a man climb to the dizzy perils of Freudianism, and balance himself up there gloriously exempt from all

ethics, than he looks around and sees little sister just behind him, and he shudders. No fun in Freud when feminized. The dilemma revealed in quotation four is, shall a man give up his Freud, or give up his female? He can't have both.

Frankly, I'm all for the man's side of the woman question. Agnosticism, materialism, Freudianism are perfectly safe for men, because men can be so splendidly inconsistent. This may be partly due to costume. Men have been bifurcated so long that they straddle instinctively, but women have been handicapped by skirts so long that even now when they are adopting trousers, they don't sit astride of a fence; unlike men, they will always be found on one side or the other of any question. Men are imaginative, creative, they can always separate theory and practice, goal and attainment, destination and arrival, but women are helplessly logical, helplessly literal. If you convince a woman that some place is good to go to, she up and goes there straight as a shot.

With a mentality pitifully limited by logic, woman is to-day convinced that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, and this has destroyed the gander's relish for his own sauce. If imitation is flattery, it's the one kind of flattery no man enjoys. To-day big brother stands frankly stumped; all his methods of fastening little sister to the gatepost have failed him. He provided her with several distractions to keep her from pursuing him on his adventures. He gave her a home to make, children to raise, a God to worship. She leaves them all, and runs after him. It looks as if women would henceforth follow men wherever they go. Therefore men will have to choose their destinations more carefully, for to-day the get-there sex is getting there as never before. It may be that the only way to make a woman go back to her home, to her children, to her church, is for the man first to go back to his home, his children, his church. His woman or his ridge-pole, which does big brother love better?

For the anxious man of to-day there is one comfort: wherever women may now appear to be flying, they will never fly to evils that he wots not of, the most they'll do is to fly to evils that he wots of only too well. Man may continue his adventures or forgo them, but of one thing he may be sure, women will never go anywhere where men have not been before.

GOSSIP AS AN ART OF BARTER

BY FRED C. KELLY

IN the long run, I believe, the most intelligent and most companionable persons I have known were great natural gossips. I'm not referring now to *malicious* gossips who try to get even with the world by telling exaggerated stories about the shortcomings of the neighbors. There is no more reason to confuse scandal-mongers with the rank and file of gossips than to group bankers and burglars together because each is intent on making money. The born gossip is a person who so loves his fellow humans that he is full of curiosity about their activities. I find that I am never so anxious to know what is going on among my neighbors and all over town as when I'm feeling at peace with the world and hopeful that mankind may have every reasonable success. When something has gone wrong I don't care *what* people are up to and don't even feel much interest in reading a newspaper. During such brief moods I'm disgusted with the human race and all its works. I say: Let the world go to the bowwows if it so desires. But show me your town's leading gossip—the fellow who knows the real inside of all that is happening—and I'll show you a charitable, wide-awake, dependable citizen who knows too much about average folks not to be tolerant of their weaknesses. He is ever ready to excuse men who wear brown derby hats, turn down pages of books, or beat their wives. Moreover, he is probably full of interesting chat about people and things, and therefore a delightful companion at a dinner party. Imagine, though, spend-

ing an evening with a selfish fellow who thinks so little of other persons that he has never taken the trouble to inquire or observe anything about them, or never mentions what little he does know.

Now, to be a good gossip, to know what is going on about you, it is necessary—or at least it is helpful—to be intelligent. One can't follow any set of standard rules about how to absorb information. Finding out things is an art. If you merely run up to people and ask a lot of questions they become suspicious and don't tell much. You must learn without any seeming effort. The best newspaper correspondents are rarely those who operate their legs most assiduously but who quietly make casual inquiry about one thing and another, and then with rare artistry put two and two together. Such individuals are only somewhat glorified village gossips who publish their information and thus turn their interest or enthusiasm about the human race to profit.

This brings me to Arnold J. Gilroy, as we may call him—lest he might fret over seeing his name in print—who is in many respects the most successful gossip in the United States. I call him successful because he finds out all about everything and yet does so with the minimum of effort. Early in life he stumbled upon the Rosetta stone of gossip; he learned that information is like capital—useful in barter and exchange. It is difficult to operate a business without capital, but the next best thing to having capital yourself is the ability to borrow it shrewdly, invest it, and then make a quick turnover of your stock. So it is with information. If you have a little you can easily get more. To him that hath gossip, gossip shall be freely given.

Gilroy, in the days when I first knew him, used to appear each forenoon at the press gallery of the United States Senate without a fragment of brand-new political gossip. But within a few minutes he usually had an abundance. He merely sat down and waited. Before he had

been there five minutes some other correspondent was certain to walk up and tell him an important piece of news. Why? Because Gilroy was regarded as a mine of information and a man to be cultivated. Having learned something new, he strolled over and engaged another correspondent in conversation.

"What do you know?" inquired the other correspondent.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Gilroy. "I suppose you heard about so-and-so"—and he went on to relate the bit of tidings he had just found out.

Wishing to return the favor, the other correspondent told Gilroy something else. Gilroy now had two pieces of news that he had acquired without much toil. With this capital he could go to almost any correspondent and make an exchange. He could swap two pieces of gossip for one—thus making the trade highly profitable to the other fellow. Then he would have three items of important information which he could afford to exchange on liberal terms—three for two, or even three for one. In the course of an hour he usually possessed more news than any other individual in the press gallery—for he knew everything that *all* the others knew. After he had garnered his daily store of knowledge in this way he never neglected to go to the man who had given him his first piece of news that morning and properly reward him. He not only returned the amount of the original loan but one hundred or perhaps two hundred per cent interest. In this way Gilroy maintained A-1 credit. To tell him anything nearly always proved to be a farsighted investment. No wonder all the other correspondents cultivated him and sought opportunities to whisper gossip to him. By the middle of the afternoon he had found out so much more than any of his confrères that he usually credited himself with a day and hied himself out to the golf links.

He had successfully mastered the art of living without seeming to work.



The Need for Free Discussion

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HOW is it possible to increase the happiness of ministers and the popularity of their calling by securing to them the privilege of divulging their views about religion as they come along? We have seen it done by Doctor Grant, week after week for some time, and presently in a published letter six columns long in reply to Bishop Manning. Doctor Grant has had a good time, a very good time indeed. His six-column letter was interesting reading—instructive in all ways both in the parts in which one did not agree with him and in those in which one did. One must wish that every minister with something on his mind could have a like opportunity to relieve it. Not every minister, to be sure, could make as good reading as Doctor Grant did, nor get it printed at so much length in so many newspapers, but each according to his gift for publicity might relieve his mind and be the better for it and religion not a whit the worse.

For nothing is so bad for religion as the consciousness that it must not be discussed. When his brethren in the Church can say to any minister: "If you say thus and so you will lose your job," the conditions are not favorable for the disclosure of truth. Churches are useful for the preservation of beliefs. Creeds are depositaries of beliefs. That is all very well. As such depositaries creeds are useful, but must men, must ministers, be depositaries of beliefs in the sense that creeds are? Creeds stand

still. Men move along. For many of them it is a long journey from perfunctory acceptance of a creed to understanding of the truth they have subscribed to.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Dr. L. P. Jacks, discussing the League of Nations, says that, so far, the plan has been for nothing more than a league of governments, but he finds that a very imperfect provision. Governments, he says, do not represent the souls of the nations they stand for, and he explains why they do not. He wants a league that will stand for the souls of the nations, which he finds to be quite different in their aspirations, and very much better, than governments. The League of Nations is a scheme, in a way, for international unity. Just now there is a plan and a hope for church unity, but what would church unity mean so far as anyone has worked it out? Would it not mean another league of governments—an agreement between the various church organizations to have one central church government, and harmony in management? Would it not mean one government for all churches in about the same degree that the League of Nations would mean one government for all the nations? What the church needs is agreement between souls rather than a mere co-operative agreement between the managers of sects. What is the church anyway? Is it the great body of Christian believers or is it the machinery of the organization that has grown up for them? If there is to be a union of

minds, of souls, a mere combination of organizations will not effect it. Nothing can bring it about except the increase and general acceptance of knowledge and belief. That never can come to pass, or at least will never be helped, by the suppression of free discussion. The churches may define their beliefs in creeds and may hold tight to those creeds, and it may be in doing so do good, but when they stifle discussion of creeds they do harm and invariably impede progress toward Christian unity.

And so, as the problem of the League of Nations is difficult so that many people think of it as a fire into which the world is invited to jump to escape the pains of the frying pan, so church unity to many minds still involves a possible loss of freedom which would be too high a price to pay for such advantages as might come from a combination of organizations. But unity in belief and toleration of differences in belief make progress all the time. The mass of accepted knowledge gradually but surely increases. Some beliefs once held and practiced are not held now at all. The idea that it was useful to religion to torture or burn people whose impressions about it did not match the impressions of the officers of this or that church has gone by the board. Torturing and burning for Christ's sake is not done any more. It is all but universally admitted that it was a mistaken policy, and not really Christian. One reason for that has been the general acceptance of a good many ideas and beliefs that people were burned or tortured for holding. Another reason is an increased reluctance to discommode decent people or cause them pain. In spite of all that happened in the war, we are milder people than our ancestors of even three or four centuries ago. The demand that shows in heresy trials for the detachment of a preacher who does not agree in important particulars with the recorded doctrines of the church he belongs to is not unreasonable. It is a comparatively mild form of discipline to take a man's job away from him—much

milder than to burn him, or put thumb screws on him, or pour hot lead inside of him; but even this mild form of discipline is disagreeable to the feelings of contemporary people, particularly when the culprit is recognized as a good and zealous man, who speaks the truth as he sees it, and is helpful in their spiritual life to a good many of his parishioners. Nobody wants to see such a man deprived of his professional opportunity. Generally, his radical opinions are only a minor part of his belief and affect conduct only slightly if at all. Very often these same opinions are held by a large part of his congregation and by lots of other ministers who are more discreet than to talk about them. Church authorities are always loath to take action against such a man. It is not so much a question as to whether he is right or wrong as to whether he is good or bad. If he is bad, it is a simple matter to unfrock him, but if he is good, it seems to make more mischief to turn him out than he would make if left in.

A lot of doctrinal points that interest ministers need discussion. There ought to be places in which clergymen can discuss such points freely and without danger of being disciplined for their views. If their church pulpits are not such places, suitable halls and rostrums might be provided for them, and in such unconsecrated places there would be no objection to free discussion, and out of such discussion there would doubtless come increased unanimity of belief. You cannot argue with a heretical minister so long as he is in his pulpit, but get him out of his frock and loose on the platform and there is a chance to exchange instruction with him.

Doctor Grant said that the laws of God, that is to say, the laws of nature, were never violated, and that Christ, if a man, could not have walked upon the water because that would have violated the law of gravitation. He did not hold with the New Testament story about the devils that passed out of a man and entered into a herd of swine. He held with

Dean Inge in thinking that "miracles must be relegated to the sphere of pious opinion." He contrasted the first-century science of St. Mark with twentieth-century science as represented by himself. Doctor Grant might hold all of these views and still be a useful Christian preacher, but whoever thinks he is less useful because of them must wish rather for his conversion to better views than to see him dropped out of his ministry. It is quite possible that he may be mistaken in all the conclusions that he mentioned about so-called miracles; that his twentieth-century science is only just beginning to catch up in some particulars with the first-century science of St. Mark; that the attraction of gravitation can be overcome; that devils do exist, and can be cast out if you know how, and may enter into animals. A man has been preaching in New York and elsewhere and has been widely reported in the papers who tells of quite as astonishing things and things quite as incredible to Doctor Grant as any of those he specifies. Another man, a clergyman of the Church of England, is lecturing here at this very time of writing, relating experiences of the same order, telling of communications from the dead and giving more or less in detail information thus received about the future life. Put Doctor Grant on the platform with Conan Doyle and Vale Owen and let them discuss the incredible in open meeting. Doctor Grant has quoted Dean Inge as being doubtful of miracles. Dean Inge is doubtful also of Conan Doyle and Vale Owen and the whole company of spiritists. He calls current spiritism "humbug," and might possibly call the New Testament miracles humbug if discretion or politeness did not hinder him. But as likely a way as any at present to sift and verify the New Testament miracles is by sifting and verifying, if possible, the stories so prevalent that are of a like character and which, though they have been believed and are believed by some of the most eminent scientists in the world, are not yet explicable by

modern science. The unbelieving scientists say of them, as Dean Inge does, that they are humbug. The believing scientists say, "Here are signs and tokens that seem to be true. Let us record them, watch them carefully, and learn if we can how they happen. They do not violate the laws of nature and in seeming to do so they operate under the laws which we do not yet understand."

What does Doctor Grant know of levitation? He says in effect that the story that Christ walked on water "won't wash." That only means that he does not know how He did it. But Home, the medium, seemed to overcome gravitation. One hears that they do it, or used to do it, in India. How much does Doctor Grant know about the testimonies to the modern examples of things which he believes to be impossible? He is very sure, he said, "that Jesus of Nazareth did nothing in His life for the purpose of creating wonder," but that is far from certain. Doctor Grant, of all men, ought to appreciate the necessity of advertisement for the diffusion of ideas. The main progress of humanity has come by the observation by men of things which they did not understand and which astonished them and made them try to find out how they happened. That is the process by which our knowledge of the laws of nature has been obtained so far as it has come. That Christ should have used wonders to wake up the minds of men and turn them to investigation and belief is nothing to be surprised at, for it is by such expedients that men are stirred to think and to discover and to accept truth. Knowledge will not perish with Brother Grant nor with Brother Inge nor with Uncle Joseph Jastrow, nor with any of the incredulous school. They have not yet got everything that is known or will be known, and the credulous people who believe a little too much are more likely to get hold of the new knowledge than they are. But if we are to know more, to understand and accept the incredible, to fathom the more diffi-

cult Bible stories and get the good of them, to meet the Grants and the Inges and the Jastrows and set them right, we must have free discussion. Nothing so exposes error as to publish it. Nothing nourishes it like suppression. To turn a good man out of his job because he thinks he is up to date when he is not, is a confession of incapacity to meet his statements. It leaves his following set in the belief that he was right and his opponents wrong. *

Religion has to do with the invisible world, but a great many pious people seem to hate to admit it. They will agree perfunctorily that religion in the main has been communicated from that world to this and is the main tie between visible and invisible existence. Most of them will even admit that we are, or profess to be, in constant communication with that world and that we can get strength and guidance out of it if we go about it the right way. But all the while they cling desperately to visibility, and shy at all attempts to bridge the gulf between the life that is and that which is to come.

There are plenty of good reasons for their reluctance, but happily they are not reasons that restrain the adventurous from adventuring, or the inquisitive from inquiring, or searchers for truth from observing what they may and putting their minds on it and making such deductions as they can. Doctor Grant contrasts the knowledge of the twentieth century with that of the first, and the twentieth century does know a good deal about certain things and is rapidly, very rapidly, learning more. Its development of the powers of man over materials is very wonderful, but the people of this century are not the first lot of people that have acquired knowledge and applied it in this world. A great deal seems to have been known ages ago and to have been lost. The Englishmen who have been excavating the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen in Egypt have helped to an appreciation of that. They tell us that that king dates back three or four thousand years, but

even then they knew how to do a good many things well, made beautiful furniture, beautiful jewelry, were skillful in the arts. How much they knew in Egypt in times as old as that and times much older we cannot tell, but the evidence we get of the knowledge of those days is very impressive. There were Egyptians probably who understood a good many things that are perplexing to Doctor Grant and Dean Inge, and it is so far from certain that the knowledge which the Bible reflected was inferior, especially in mystical and occult matters, to the knowledge of our generation, that probability leans the other way.

The notion that the Europeans and Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are the first people on earth who ever knew very much is flattering to our self-esteem, but it is by no means well-founded. Arts perish. Knowledge may be forgotten. The knowledge of Greece and Rome almost disappeared off the earth in the Dark Ages to be revived later in the Renaissance. Back of that, the knowledge of Egypt perished in wars and was buried in the sand. All knowledge contemporary or anterior to that seems to have had the same fate. Babylon and Nineveh are mounds. In Yucatan and Ceylon the remains of cities, beautifully adorned, lie in the jungles. Man has known aplenty and yet he may be right—I think he is—in believing that his chance to add to knowledge was never so great as now. To avail ourselves of that chance it is necessary to keep the door open to discussion and above all things to get rid of war. War is the great destruction of everything—knowledge included. Multitudes of people deny that we can ever get rid of war, and it is true that all precedent is against it, but nothing is incredible that concerns man. People who think they have taken his measure and know what is possible for him and what not, know less about him than they suppose, for he constantly wriggles out of their calculations and accomplishes the unexpected.



German Marks

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

MY banker friend had a bored look, but I fixed him with an unwavering eye and explained the Big Idea. I would buy German Marks, I said, at about fifty cents a hundred—this being something more than a year ago—keep them on deposit right along, in a solvent German bank, at interest, until they got back to their old status. Of course, it might require a few years, and the interest meantime would be low, but it would be of compound cumulative variety, which mounts up in a perfectly amazing way (I had paid some of that kind); and then an industrious, even if wrong-headed, race like the Germans would be coming back with both feet, in no time—the mark would recover its health and pristine vigor before we knew it. Convalescence, in fact, had set in: there had been a gain of three mills on the hundred in a week. That was a cent every three and a third weeks, or fifteen cents a year, and, of course, once started . . . Why look at Germany already!

I paused to note the effect of my unanswerable logic. . . . It was interesting. Mere financial persons often seem to me short on imagination. My friend spun a little revolving paper weight on his desk and looked out of the window on the soggy crowd that was mashing its way through a perishing November snow.

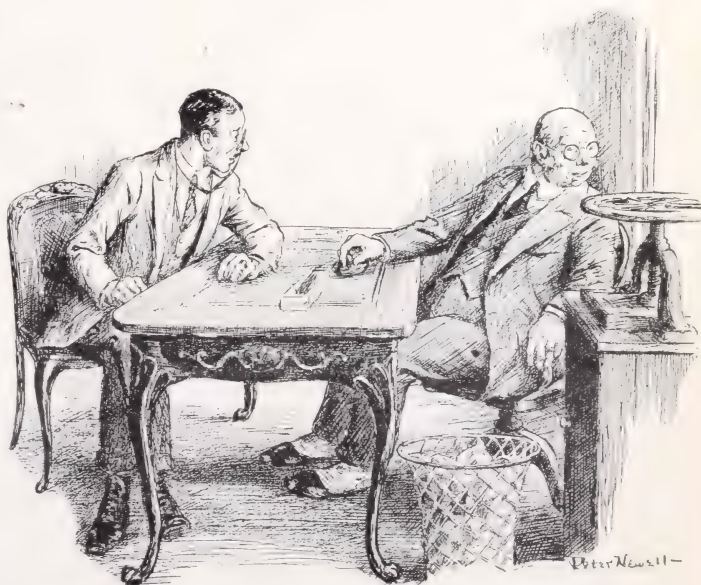
"Huh!" he said.

I was going to require him to explain that "Huh!" but decided to give him another chance. I judged he couldn't find any answer—any good

answer—and I was right: he didn't really answer it at all; he only remarked—absent-mindedly, I thought:

"Do you ever happen to notice that series of Goldberg's, in one of the evening papers—the series that ends with an old chap looking into another man's head, with a telescope and remarking 'No brains, no brains?'"

It seemed clear that he wanted to change the subject. I felt he was rather jealous of my scheme—wished he'd thought of it first. I replied that I had seen that amusing series; then I said good-by, and not to make him feel any worse, went to another bank and bought a hundred thousand German marks, with the five hundred and some dollars I had been saving to buy a car with, because I wouldn't need the car before next summer, by which time I could, if I felt disposed, sell



I EXPLAINED THE BIG IDEA

out for enough to buy a great deal better one; also, probably a motor boat and a lot more things. I came away with a feeling of golden affluence. I had never owned a hundred thousand of anything before. When I noticed by the evening paper that marks had advanced seven mills to the hundred I was so sorry for my banker friend that I was moved to call him up, but he had left the office. Later I was glad, and I haven't had an impulse like that since.

Most anyone will remember some of the things that were happening about a year or so after the big war ended. We were still in the midst of a grand time when I bought those marks. Most prices were still at top notch. You couldn't get anything human to work for you and preserve either your cash or self-respect, you couldn't buy a suit of clothes, or a hat, or a necktie without negotiating a new loan at the bank. The whole country, regardless of prohibition, seemed to be on a permanent spree. You were told to buy now, *buy now!* Things were going to be higher, certainly *never* any cheaper.

But then other things began to happen—different things. A lot of obstinate persons refused to “buy now!” said they'd be derved if they paid war prices any longer. Luxuries hesitated: candy suddenly fell ten cents a pound. Silk shirts that had been bargains at \$11.00 were conspicuous in the windows at \$6.98. Honey-haired secretaries slumped from forty to fourteen dollars per week.

I don't know whether German marks were at this time considered a luxury, or not, but they acted exactly like one. That seven mills advance mentioned was high-water mark. They never really smiled again. They were in pretty poor health. In a little while you could buy a hundred of them for forty-six cents, then forty; then they seemed to get a sudden disorder that was very disquieting to a financier of my species. If the mark had heretofore been regarded as a luxury, it was clear that the German government was not going to permit it to remain so. It was to be abundant, even in the humblest home. The printing presses were put on a double shift; a “basket of money” was no longer a figure of speech. When I picked up the evening paper at the end of a few brief months of affluence and noticed that German marks were quoted at just about three for a cent, and on another page of the same paper ran across that ridiculous “No Brains” series of Goldberg's, the memory of my banker

friend's irrelevant remark was slightly irritating.

Some suggestion of recovery manifested itself at this time, even a hope of convalescence. But then came another relapse—dangerous and very lingering. The pulse of the German mark dropped to thirty—a hundred marks for thirty cents American money! Yet, even so, that nation wasn't satisfied. It seemed that every printing press in the land had turned into a get-rich-quick machine. The stories we had heard of Russian peasants going to market with wheelbarrows—not to bring home their purchases, but to carry their rubles in—seemed likely to be transferred to Germany. What in the world was the matter with Europe, anyway?

I decided to go over and see. It was said that you could still really buy a good deal with German marks, in Germany, if you had enough of them, and I conceived the brand new idea of going over there and living on mine for quite awhile, getting even, as it were, by enjoying them at first hands. I had been in Germany before, and remembered some rather attractive corners, in the Schwartzwald and Bavaria.

I really got as far as Switzerland. Swiss money was the highest of any in the world, just then, and it took nearly a bushel of marks to buy enough francs to pay a week's board. But I have a weakness for little carved bears and cuckoo clocks and yodling, so I lingered a little, it being spring, waiting for summer time. The mark showed a flickering interest as the flowers came, and then seemed about to pass away. By midsummer you could buy five marks for a cent, then ten. After that. . .

I concluded not to go to Germany. I did not fancy the idea of starting out with a wheelbarrow when I wanted to get a haircut. Neither was it necessary for me to go: Germany came to me.

To me came Germany allegorically, as it were, fair-haired, blue-eyed, ample of stature, Germania herself made flesh. She arrived at my *pension* with a trunk of astonishing size, and on the second day made known its contents. From her dress we had guessed that she was a widow, and she told us that her husband, killed in the war, had been a great artist. It was his remains, his art remains, that filled the trunk. She hoped they would provide her with support. She had once lived in America, and spoke English.

My art education has been neglected,

which was perhaps the reason I did not appreciate her entire collection. There was variety enough, I'll say that—something to fit every taste. Her dead hero had been a versatile genius. I mentioned this fact, and she eagerly agreed that there was “nossing in art he could not make.”

Her samples were evidence enough of that. There was statuary that unhappily suggested a miniature Thiergarten; there were paintings of sheep and cattle and peasants and castles on the Rhine. Germania thought it necessary to point out which was which, and when I suggested that the artist from time to time had seemed to vary his method of producing objects, she turned her eyes upward with considerable effect:

“Ach, Gott, he make dem effery vay, according to his moot!”

He had no end of moods, certainly, some of them calculated to invite violence at the hands of the observer. But I could not wound Germania: one must be considerate of a defeated and bereaved enemy. We passed to quieter things. She produced packages of embroidery—he had made those, too. “Ach, yes, indeed!” He was *weiblich* and turned to such things for “*Seelenruhe*”—for relaxation, as I gathered. Sometimes she had helped him, but no, her fingers were “Too heffy—they make only trouble.” I was not in the market for fancy work. Yet, I felt for Germania, and was inclined to acquire one of her treasures, especially as she said she would take payment in marks, *almost* at pre-war prices. That clause moved me to the verge of tears. I pointed to the assortment.

“These are his extremes,” I said. “He must have done something between the two. Something that would employ *all* his gifts . . . something decorative, or . . .”

Ah—I had struck the right note! Ach, *Himmel*, yes! She dug down excitedly among the embroideries, brought up a package, tore off the wrappings and shook out a cloud of black and gold, flung it effectively over a screen that stood handily near.

“*Sehen Sie!*” she exclaimed. “You see—



“HE VORK ON IT A YEAR—ONE WHOLE YEAR!”

jüst der ting—his masterpiece! He vork on it a year—one whole year! One he do before—not so fine—he sell to der kaiser, for Potsdam, for five tausend mark—gold, yes—when our mark was gold. Now—*Ach, du heilige!*”

Her emotions overcame her. She lifted a corner of the drapery and turned it to the light. It was an effective thing, certainly. It was a pongee effect, with a silken sheen, its entire surface covered with an intricate Persian design. It was easy to believe that it would take anyone a year to do, by hand. I examined it, marveling that even so great an artist as our dead hero could have done it in that way. It was almost as if it had been produced from engraved plates. My wonder grew, and I marveled audibly. *Ja wohl*, like engraving! so fine, so perfect, he had such delicate hand—you haf said it truly—a masterpiece!”

I thought of one or two persons at home who might appreciate such a masterpiece of art, and timidly asked the price. She looked at me with a kind of helpless appeal that was very upsetting. Long ago, before the great war, an inferior example had brought five thousand gold marks. At the present rates, how much? Nobody had so many marks, what could one do? one must go back to one's unhappy land, “*Ach, Gott, yes!*” In the end and almost tearfully she quoted me a price of one hundred thousand marks.

It seemed like fate that she should name my exact capital, barring a slight accumulated interest. I have a taste for mental arithmetic, and a swift calculation convinced me that I could do a noble deed and come out ahead on it. The kaiser had paid the equivalent of twelve hundred dollars for his curtain. My marks had cost me a trifle above five hundred. They were worth at present rates about one tenth of that figure. Under ordinary conditions it would never have occurred to me to lay out my savings for a hand-painted drapery as a substitute for a motor car, but the idea took violent possession of me now. I could do it and come out ahead. Providence in the person of Germania had taken a hand in my affairs. The old chap with the telescope and his mournful dictum of "No brains—no brains" would take a back seat. Would she take my check on Berlin? She would; I drew it hastily for fear she would change her mind.

Coming across the ocean, somebody got from a wireless report that the mark had taken another fifty per cent drop, and my satisfaction increased. I was troubled a good deal about the customs and wondered if I dared declare how little I had really paid for my treasure, or if I should properly enter it as a work of art, duty free. I decided to do the superior thing—that is to say, the latter. I had a clammy feeling, though, on the dock, when the inspector began to dig down into my trunk, my list in his hand.



—FRED NEAZIL—

"DO YOU MEAN THEY ARE TO BE HAD OVER HERE?"

"Where's that thing you entered as a work of art?" he asked in a tone that did not raise my temperature.

He had just come to it, and I feebly turned back one golden corner to exhibit its perfections. I thought trouble would begin at this point, but he barely gave it a glance.

"You needn't have put that down at all," he said. "No duty on those things."

His words were reassuring enough, but there was something about his tone that gave me a renewed, and different, chill. But, of course, he had been mistaken—one does not refer to a great work of art in that inclusive, careless manner. . . .

My sister-in-law dropped in as I was unpacking my trunk, a dramatic moment, for I was just lifting out the precious thing, which I had intended for her. Flunging it over a rocking-chair, I stepped back:

"Well, what do you think of it?" I said meaningly.

"Oh," she said, "is it for me? I'm so glad! I've been wanting one of those things. I didn't know they had them over there, too."

Again that clammy feeling. "One of those things!" She talked like the customs examiner.

"Do you mean to say there are more than *one of those things*, as you call it, and that they are to be had over here?" I demanded rather grimly.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she insisted. "They're the latest thing. They call them Stamped Persians. They're *made* on this side, I believe, but I suppose they ship them everywhere."

"And may I ask how much they tax a person for *one of those things* over here?" I asked feebly.

"Oh, they're quite expensive. Money-makers have them at seventeen-fifty, but you can get them at Tracey's for sixteen ninety-eight. I hope you didn't pay more than that."

And remembering the latest quotation on 'German marks, which I had noticed on the way uptown, and making a swift mental computation, I said, rather indifferently, "No—I didn't pay more than that—in fact, considerably less."



Looking Backward

Lucretia Borgia half way through her daily dozen

The Scotch of It

TWO old Scotchmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing merrily away at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"How dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Well," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain tubacca, ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's, yer pipe's rammed sae tight it winna draw."

Highbrow English

AKINDLY but somewhat patronizing landlady was inquiring of the professor's young bride as to her prospective summer outing.

"Our plans thus far," replied the bride a little distantly, "are only tentative."

"How delightful!" the landlady exclaimed. "I'm sure you will enjoy camping out more than anything."

Alleviating Circumstances

DID you say," Jenkinton asked the landlady, whose rooms he was inspecting, "that a music teacher occupies the next apartment? That will not be very pleasant."

"Oh, that's nothing, sir," she replied, eagerly. "The music teacher has ten children, and they make so much noise that you can't hear the piano at all."

Mathematics, Not Ethics

IT is the custom of a certain Western magistrate, after having passed sentence upon the culprits convicted in his court, to give them more or less wise advice.

On one occasion having before him a person convicted of theft, he started thus:

"If you want to succeed in this world you must keep straight. Now, do you understand?"

"Well, not quite," replied the prisoner, "but if your Honor will kindly tell me how a man is to keep straight when he is trying to make both ends meet, I might."

A Hint to the Wise

AS Flitterby and Jones were crawling along the highway one spring day where a few weeks before they had gone at top speed, Jones was moved to inquire why Flitterby drove his car so slowly.

"Why," explained Flitterby, "everybody's carrying home garden tools. You can't run over a man without risking a puncture."

Their Patience Exhausted

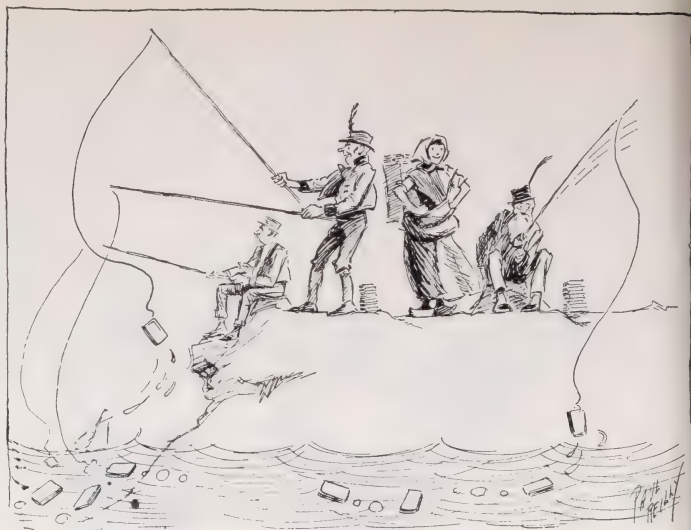
A CLERGYMAN, who has worked for many years among the neglected hill people of Kentucky, tells of a family re-union there which terminated in a free-for-all fight. The offenders were taken before the local justice of the peace, who questioned an old woman as to the particulars of the fight. Her description was typical of the mountaineer's attitude toward strife and bloodshed.

"Well, judge," she said, "Jim Howard got

Our Own Travelogues

Natives fishing for sardines off the coast of Sardinia

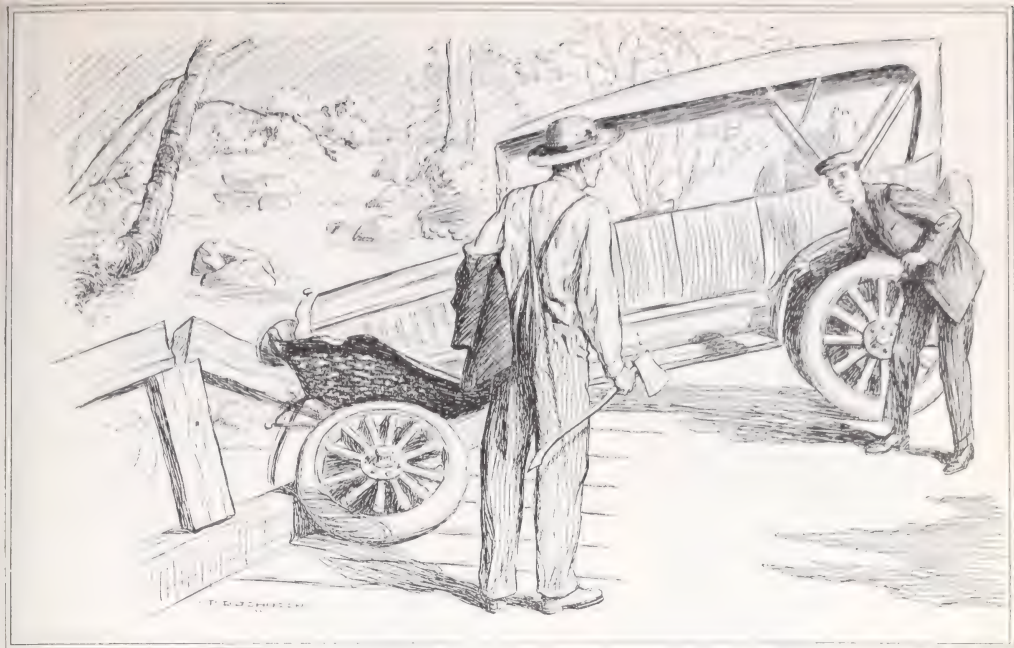
into an argument with Henry Gates. Henry smashed Jim over the head with a stick of cord-wood and busted his head open. Then Jim's brother smashed Henry up with a butcher-knife, and Dick Collins shot him through the leg. Pete Lilly went at Dick with an ax, and then, judge, we just naturally got to fighting."



Only One

"What's your handicap, Mrs. Smythe?"

"He's just holing out over there"



*"What'd you do mister, run off the bridge?"
 "No, I just thought I'd fill my radiator"*

Youthful Logic

MISS BOGGS, the teacher in elementary mathematics, looked hopefully about the room. "Now, children," she said, "I wish you to think very carefully before you answer my next question."

The small pupils sat eagerly awaiting it, wide eyed, and in some instances wide mouthed.

"Which would you rather have, three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" asked the teacher.

"Three bags with two apples in each bag," said a boy in one of the last seats, while the class still debated as to the best answer.

"Why, Louis?"

"Because there'd be one more bag to bust," announced the practical young mathematician.

Clever Beasts

AT the table in a certain boarding-house, a student boarder, who had been reading the scientific notes in a publication on a side table, remarked:

"More than five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys."

"My land!" exclaimed the landlady. "Isn't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do!"

A Witness' Estimate of the Jury

A CERTAIN lawyer had found the witness difficult to manage, and finally asked whether he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why," retorted the witness, "if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

Obedied His Doctor

IN an out-of-the-way village in Scotland a man entered one of the mourner's carriages at a funeral. Opposite him was seated another man whom he did not recognize. Leaning forward, the newcomer said, "Ye'll be a brither o' the corpse."

"No," replied the other.

A minute later the man remarked, "Maybe ye'll be a cousin o' the corpse."

"No," came the answer.

"Ye'll be a frien' then," suggested the man.

"No," said the man emphatically, "I'm nae relation, but I hinna been verra weel and the doctor ordered me to tak' kerridge rides."



A Dear Old Lady From The Country

"Good-by, Conductor; say good-by to the motorman for me, please"

He Knew the Jury

MR. KLEVERLEIGH, the attorney for the defendant, had made a masterly plea. When he concluded nearly everybody was in tears. The jury, made up of hard-headed, weather-beaten old countrymen on whose ears oratory and sentiment fell like snowflakes into a warm chimney, was unmoved. The other attorney took their measure at a glance.

"Gentlemen," he said, coolly, "let it be understood to begin with that *I* am not boring for water."

By Inference

AT an amateur performance a "turn" consisted of a series of imitations of popular actors, one of whom chanced to be present.

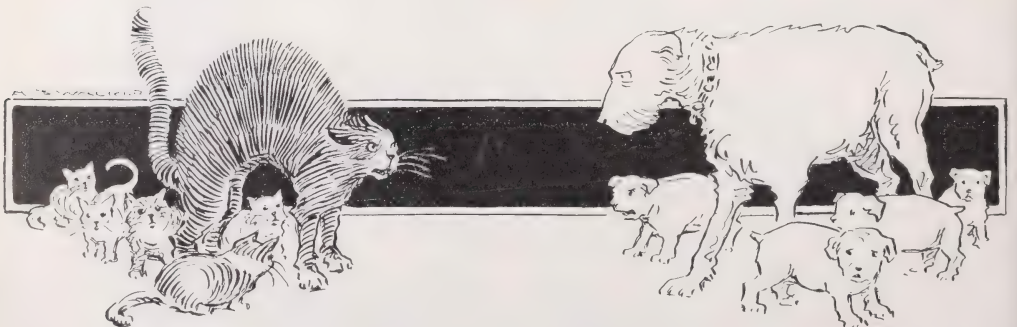
After the show the ambitious amateur sought an introduction to the professional, and asked hopefully:

"Did you see my imitation of you?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind giving your impression of my art as shown in that impersonation?"

"Well, my boy," said the professional, "one of us is awful!"



A Mothers' Meeting

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Charles Hanson Towne has recently returned to editorial work, and is now Fiction Editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*. **Edna St. Vincent Millay**, since her graduation from Vassar College, a few years ago, has done perhaps the most distinguished poetical writing of any woman in America. A sequence of seventeen sonnets by Miss Millay will appear in a subsequent issue of the Magazine. **Konrad Bercovici** makes his first appearance in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. His published short stories have had the special commendation of the O. Henry Prize Committee and Edward J. O'Brien. **E. Dorset** is the author of "The Builders" and other verses published from time to time in the Magazine.

Agnes Repplier is among the most distinguished of American essayists. She resides in Philadelphia. Her best known books are *The Fireside Sphinx*, *Compromises*, *A Happy Half Century*. **Arthur Sturges Hildebrand** gives some personal account of himself in his article, which is the first of several that will describe his recent adventurous deep-sea journeyings in a small boat. **W. H. Davies**, poet and sometime vagabond, is one of the most interesting and picturesque of present-day English men of letters. **Charles Caldwell Dobie**, after a long absence from the Magazine, has returned to the theme and manner of his early stories in *HARPER'S*, which have their setting in the foreign quarters of San Francisco. He is the author of two novels, *The Blood Red Dawn* and *Broken to the Plow*. **Anne Goodwin Winslow** is a writer whose verses have been appearing in the past year in many of the principal magazines. She is the author of "A New Anthology" and "The Caretaker," which have appeared in the Magazine.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has, for nearly a generation, utilized her New England background for short stories, many of which are now classics in American literature. She resides at Metuchen, New Jersey.

Gamaliel Bradford concludes his series of "Damaged Souls" in this issue, but the Editors are glad to announce that they have already arranged for further of his delightful biographical studies. **Ethel M. Hewitt** is a name frequently chronicled in these pages. She resides at Streatham, London, England.

Harold H. Armstrong is better known under his pen name, Henry G. Aikman, as the author of *Zell*, a novel which made him widely known to the American reading public two years ago. Mr. Armstrong now resides in New York and is devoting himself exclusively to literary work. **Philip Curtiss** and **Winifred Kirkland** have shared honors before in the "Lion's Mouth." **Fred C. Kelly**, who resides at Chevy Chase, Maryland, proposes to give some biographical notes regarding himself as a literary free-lance. **Edward S. Martin**, who occupies the editorial chair of *Life* as well as the "Easy Chair" in this Magazine, was recently tendered a dinner by his classmates at the Harvard Club, New York, in recognition of his long and distinguished literary career. **Albert Bigelow Paine** has his residence alternately in Bronxville, New York, and here and there in Europe. The episode of the German marks, in the Editor's private suspicion, may have some basis in fact.



A request from Mr. Charles Caldwell Dobie comes too late for us to comply with, but we reprint his letter, which will prove of interest to readers of his story, "The Fallen Leaf," in this issue.

When "The Fallen Leaf" is published, would it be possible to have a parenthetical note just under the title as follows: "Dedicated to Frank L. Mulgrew"?

Mr. Mulgrew gave me the germ of the story. Observing an old man rifling a garbage tin one day, he said to an artist friend: "I must tell Dobie about that—he'll make a story of it." To which the friend objected that no writer could make a story out of such a slight incident.

Mulgrew insisted that I could do it, and they put up a wager on the outcome. Mulgrew's artist friend does not know yet that he has lost his bet, nor shall he until the story is in print.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE.



Echoes and reverberations from Mrs. Gerould's "The Land of the Free," in the January issue, still continue. Typical letters from the many which are still being received are the following two from Indiana and Kansas:

Hoosier Motor Club, INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

DEAR HARPER'S—For your publishing in your January issue "The Land of the Free" I wish to thank you.

Every 100% American in the United States ought to send a wire of thanks to Mrs. Gerould for this noble attempt to free us from the hydra-headed hypocrites that have all but killed Americanism in America.

Very sincerely yours,

MARGARET NOBLET.

EL DORADO, Kan.

DEAR HARPER'S—The article, "The Land of the Free," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, in the January issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, is the finest piece of literature I have read on one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. It is wonderful, and if the American public could be induced to read it, ponder it, and especially study this one piece of writing, they could get an intelligent answer to the condition of our country to-day.

I am wondering how many instructors in our schools, teaching current events or history of this period, will use that article.

I could not resist writing you about it, and hope we may have more of the same standard.

Respectfully,

MRS. B. IVIE.

The Editors are glad to inform the writer of this last communication that her wish is speedily to be gratified. Mrs. Gerould has written an equally trenchant criticism of certain other aspects of present-day Americanism entitled "Hollywood: An American State of Mind." This will appear in the May issue.

DERBY LINE, Vt.

DEAR HARPER'S—In "Personal and Otherwise," in the March HARPER'S, the only comment from Vermont, about Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article, was distinctly against it; probably you have received other letters from Vermont subscribers in praise, but as you did not print them, I cannot tell, and so I feel that I ought to write and let you know that at least one reader in this state read the article with a great deal of pleasure—

even though, as will likely be the case, this never gets farther than your desk.

"The Land of the Free" was more than a fine article; it got at the root of one of our most important problems, showed the problem up in all its ugliness, never stressed the facts, modified them if anything, and pointed the one way out, showing us that it was the only way out—the only way the United States can ever become, as it was in the past, "The Land of the Free." There is a curious parallel between Mrs. Gerould's article and Governor Smith's speech when he freed Jim Larkin; both preached good, sound Americanism—Americanism in the highest and best sense of the word.

I wish and hope that this article could be brought out in pamphlet form and distributed all over the country; I would gladly send for copies myself and distribute them to friends; the article should be read by every American; it should be read in every high-school and college in the land. "The Land of the Free" is not only the most important article that HARPER'S has printed this year, but also the most important, I believe, that any magazine has printed.

As a judge of the kind of criticism it is receiving, it is only necessary to read the comments in favor and the ones against it. Which ones have the greatest breadth, which ones come from those who are in a position to know the damage the limitation of free speech and thought is causing? The criticisms in favor, every time.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE has rendered the American public a service of rare importance in printing this article, Mrs. Gerould deserves great credit for her courage in writing it; and both should get the praise they are entitled to. HARPER'S has but again proved its right to the high place it has in the affections of its readers. Would that we had more conservatives who were as liberal as Mrs. Gerould! I could write more on this, could tell you of my own experiences, but what is the use? Mrs. Gerould has said all that is necessary, and it would to a large degree be but a confirmation of what she has so ably said. I should like to convey my sentiments to her in person, but this being impossible, I must do it this way and hope that she will see it.

I could not close this letter with anything like satisfaction were I to forego speaking of some of the other features which you have given your readers this year. Gamaliel Bradford's series of "Damaged Souls" are delightful, and it was with the greatest regret that I learned that the next one is the last. Please give us more of these delightful pen pictures. These pictures make the men they treat live for us and help us to understand and sympathize with them, help us to realize that, after all, they were human beings subjected to strong test, wherein perhaps they failed; but who can say that we readers would have acted any better, or as well, under the same circumstances?

Sherwood Anderson's fine story, "The Sad Horn Blowers," was an additional proof of my convic-

tion that he will soon become one of our very best writers. Give us more of his stories. Wilbur Daniel Steele's story—but I cannot speak of it; I haven't the words to describe its haunting beauty. Suffice to say that I look forward to more of them with the greatest pleasure. And all the other stories, each one of which is worthy of special mention, but prove again HARPER's supremacy. Stephen Leacock's plays are just as good as his "Nonsense Novels," and that is the highest praise that can be given. Fred C. Kelly, with his essay on laziness, deserves special mention, and here it is! Edward S. Martin is ideal in "The Editors Easy Chair;" you couldn't have a better man there.

Nineteen-twenty-three is indeed a banner year for HARPER's and you, as Editors, deserve the plaudits and support of all your readers.

Most sincerely yours,

G. E. HEATH.



On a preceding page the Editors have announced that in this issue Gamaliel Bradford concludes his series of "Damaged Souls," which has been one of the most interesting features of the Magazine for the past five months.

Edwin Björkman, the distinguished Swedish author and critic, pays the following tribute to Mr. Bradford's achievement:

DEAR HARPER'S—I am reading Mr. Bradford's "Damaged Souls" with intense interest. I regard the series as one of the most brilliant and important contributions found in any American magazine for years. Apart from their exquisite style and their profound understanding of human nature, they represent a form of writing and thought that I believe to be particularly needed in our country. Please convey to Mr. Bradford my most respectful and cordial compliments.

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

DEAR HARPER'S—May a reader who has greatly enjoyed Gamaliel Bradford's earlier samples of "Damaged Souls" express her surprise at his attempt to fit Thomas Paine into his series and her satisfaction at the perfect alibi for the soul of Thomas which his paper has unwillingly achieved?

Mr. Bradford, whose sense of fairness requires him to absolve Paine of the most damaging charges brought by his hostile biographers—intemperance and untidiness—is not too intolerant of his lack of early training, and his naïve confidence in his own reasoning powers—and the rest is all to the good!

If I had never heard of Thomas Paine before I should lay down this article convinced that he was an honest, courageous, unselfish, enthusiastic soul;

if not a great thinker, at least handicapped by being several generations ahead of his time, since "in social (and should we not add religious?) reforms he was a pioneer in much that scandalized his own age but is realized or soon to be realized in ours."

The world is catching up with Thomas Paine. His rating improves with every decade. When he appeared at the heavenly bar of justice it is much to be doubted that the God he believed in enrolled him with the damaged souls.

After all, rebels are rather difficult subjects to manage. Satan, even in Milton's pious hands, came out the hero of the piece; and Mr. Bradford closes with a faint, pathetic longing for a touch of the rebel quality so marked in this "damaged soul."

Very sincerely,

IRENE M. MEAD.



Human inertia seems to be a subject close to the public's heart. Seldom has a piece in the "Lion's Mouth" evoked such a chorus of response as Fred C. Kelly's recent defense of laziness in the February issue. Here is a letter in hearty agreement with him:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

DEAR HARPER'S—Hail to the far-seeing prophet! Behold the Moses of the martyrs! It has been left to Fred C. Kelly to tear away the false curtain of misunderstanding and inappreciation which has enveloped "the chosen" these many ages. Come forth, O World, and acknowledge that laziness is a sign of genius!

Hail to our champion! Has he not delivered us from our long bondage of scoff and derision? The millions of thy brethren (for we claim thee as one of us, and we are legion) bow down before thee in ineffable gratitude. How long have we borne the contempt of our more industrious, though less intelligent, fellowmen in seemly submissiveness! Our love for the easy chair and a book we have regarded as a weakness, and we have been prone to hide this disgraceful failing under a pretext!

But now we stand in a new glow of self-respect. We are forever done with these disgraceful shams. Let it be known to the universe that we are lazy, yea, and proud of it! Our ingenious devices for conserving our energy are the criteria by which our future greatness may be augured!

And, lo, instead of scorn and condemnation with which we have formerly been met, our beloved family and friends shall look upon us with increasing awe and long-deserved respect. Seeing us comfortably ensconced on the davenport, leisurely reading, they will stop their own tiresome activities to nod approbation and to murmur, "'Tis the mark of all scholars and genius. So it was with the immortal Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and Mark Twain." Who knows but that one of them may steal up

to us with fear and trembling (lest they disturb the future celebrity) to place another pillow at our head?

Blessed be the lazy for they shall command the respect of all men.

Sincerely yours,
GLADYS HAIGHT.

NEWBURGH, Ind.

DEAR HARPER'S—Mr. Fred C. Kelly's article, "The Wisdom of Laziness," in the "Lion's Mouth" for February is instructive as well as amusing. But will you allow me space to correct him on a single point? Referring to the story of Lazy Ned, as found in McGuffey's Fourth Reader, Mr. Kelly states that there is no existing record of his after life. Doubtless Mr. Kelly was not dependent upon his school reader for Friday afternoon pieces to speak, otherwise he would have been more familiar with the poem which ends as follows:

Thus he would never take the pains
To seek the prize that labor gains,
Until the time had passed;
For all his life he dreaded still
The silly bugbear of *up hill*,
And died a dunce at last.

There must be a vast army of living men and women whose young minds have been shaped by the molding influence of these school readers.

Yours very truly,
EDWARD S. JONES.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Editors are always happy to acknowledge their obligation to HARPER'S readers who pass on expressions of their approval to others—particularly when they send copies of the Magazine to their friends to prove their contentions.

Mr. Frank J. Wilstach, the compiler of the well-known *Dictionary of Similies*, and a Leacock "fan," recently sent two issues of HARPER'S to his brother Paul, the biographer of Richard Mansfield. His gift elicited this pleasant tribute:

I got the two HARPER'S. I think they are the best numbers of HARPER'S I've ever seen. Leacock, Gamaliel Bradford, Gerould! Wonderful stuff!

To which Mr. Wilstach appends, as post-script to the Editor: "I agree! That is why I sent them!"

❖ ❖ ❖

The following amusing incident, entitled "Paging a Magazine," we take the liberty of reprinting from the New York *Globe*:

The business man dropped into a comfortable chair in the lobby of the uptown hotel, and having a few minutes at his disposal called a boy, and said briefly, "Get me HARPER'S MONTHLY."

And then he sank deeper in his chair, enjoying the first quiet minutes he had had for some time.

Some time passed, and suddenly he stirred himself to wonder where the boy with his magazine had gone. With the newsstand not very far away, it seemed as though he might reasonably be expected to return some time that afternoon.

And then his ear suddenly caught the monotonous, expressionless drone of a boy paging some one. He listened. Then, thinking that he hadn't really heard what he thought he had, he sat up and listened again.

There was no doubt about it. The boy was disappearing round a group of palms crying lustily, "Paging Mr. Harper's Monthly! Paging Mr. Harper's Monthly!"





Painting by Mead Schaeffer

Illustration for "Prelude"

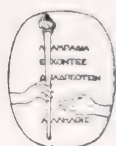
"WHAT AIR YOU WANTIN' O' ME? I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'"

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Hollywood: An American State of Mind

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT used, as we all know, to be said that Boston was not a place but a state of mind. At the time the epigram was first uttered, it was profoundly true; it is not so true, I fancy, at present. Boston is very much a place; and the minds that kept it in a "state" have perished. But there are cities on our national map that exist for the public rather mentally than physically, which are ideas to us rather than municipalities. Reno, for example, is a symbol; and Butte is a legend. Hollywood, California, you may say, is most often a text. Yet I incline to believe that Hollywood, in the profoundest sense, is a state of mind, as Boston used to be—a very different state of mind, let me hasten to say. I feel sure that when motion-picture stars come on to the eastern studios to produce a film, they bring essential Hollywood with them. (Can you imagine Doctor Holmes, wander as he might over the globe, ever setting foot, spiritually speaking, outside of Boston?) But motion-picture stars are few, in comparison with the millions of our population; they do not, in themselves, matter

quantitatively any more than Bahaists or Pillars of Flame. Hollywood in itself might be permitted to remain a state of mind, without comment; for it would not necessarily be an American state of mind. But Hollywood is more than itself. As baseball is the national game, so Hollywood is one of the national points of view, and is, therefore, not without interest. I do not mean that vast numbers of Americans go to the movies: it is not so simple as that. What I do mean I shall endeavor to explain.

I have never been in Hollywood, and I speak quite without prejudice. The attacks on Hollywood as a sink of iniquity are, I should suppose, as absurd as unfair. I do not even believe that Hollywood, through the medium of the films, is corrupting the American world. Hollywood is an instance, a manifestation of something ubiquitously present in America, not an isolated phenomenon, nor yet a cause. It is not a synonym for the drug habit, or for multiplied divorces, or for mysterious murders, or for drunken orgies. It is, I re-

peat, a state of mind. Let us get away at once from the conception of it as a hectic town near Los Angeles given over wholly to the production of motion pictures, and consider it as a mental condition, an attitude of some millions of souls. That the motion-picture world offers a good culture for certain germs of which we go spiritually in danger is probably true. Otherwise "Hollywood" would not be the title of this essay. But I wish to make it clear at the beginning that I am not referring to the private lives or the private moralities of motion-picture folk, which, for all I know, are as good as the average. The youth of the country, if it is menaced by Hollywood at all, is menaced less by what it hears of the vices of the film folk than by what it hears of their virtues. The worst phase of the matter is really that the American public should be especially preoccupied with Hollywood at all. That in itself shows that the disease is widespread; that the state of mind is common.

An analysis of this temper which—perhaps rather wickedly—we call "Hollywood" for convenience would be mightily assisted and clarified if I could quote for you, at random, half a dozen paragraphs from almost any of the motion-picture magazines that clutter our news stands. I have, before this, recommended to anyone who wants to know his contemporary world, an occasional glance at these publications; though, of course, I did not expect anyone but a movie fan to adopt my suggestion, and the movie fans know them already. At all events, I speak, myself, from a fairly intimate acquaintance with them during the last year. (Perhaps I, too, am in danger of "Hollywood.") They are perilously easy reading for anyone who likes good films well enough to like to know what is going to be produced and by whom. It is only fair to say that a lot of the criticism of particular films is eminently sane and sound. So are the cooking receipts and the knitting directions in the women's magazines. It is, in both kinds of periodicals, the implied philosophy of life

that is appalling—and, I may say, astonishingly similar in the two. Yet you will not know your own generation until you know something both of Hollywood and—again, for convenience, may I say?—"McCall Street." Those of us who read "Side Talks with Girls" in our youth, when Bokhood was in flower, can recognize Ruth Ashmore's very voice when a film ingénue is being interviewed.

One of the great prices we have paid for being a nation of successful business men is that we have forgotten how to face any facts save financial ones. I am told that the Tired Business Man is a myth; but he has certainly, in all good faith, been made the apology for cheap and easy art. I am inclined to believe that he is real. I am told also that the American woman—having been endowed by her adoring men folk with leisure beyond that of any European woman—is the most cultured in the world. That, I am very disinclined to believe. That she spends more time deliberately looking for culture, I admit. No other country has developed women's clubs and Chautauquas. In no other country do the women habitually attend lectures and "classes" and courses, of a non-academic, but informing nature. But the women of the country at large have made the same mistake which the men have made: they have believed that they could transfer the rules of "efficiency" to the kingdom of the mind, and make up a budget for the spirit as they could make it up for food and clothing, by using one of the much-advertised little blank books that come for the purpose. Over any mistakes that give us pause we throw the veil of optimism. The fact is that, except in an obvious material sense, we are unwilling to work. The man knows that he must work, in order to make money; the woman knows—on "McCall Street," at all events—that she must work in order to keep her household comfortable. Beyond that, neither is willing to toil. They expect knowledge, culture, "standards," to be somehow broadcasted to them while they

sit comfortably. The very radio advertisements give us away: the man in the Morris chair, with his feet up, ravished and listening. The fact that the best things cannot be broadcasted is not mentioned in the advertisements. It is not precisely time that we are unwilling to spend; it takes no longer to read an author than to go to a course of lectures upon his work. It is effort that we grudge. We like to have things done for us; and we naïvely believe—the wish being father to the thought—that it is possible. “Oh, for that,” says Kim’s lama, about the railway, “one but asks a question and pays money, and the appointed persons despatch all to the appointed place.” Canned food, canned heat, canned music, canned information, canned culture. . . .

The basic trouble with the much criticized “younger generation” is, I fancy, that it is so ignorant. Its ignorance is a by-product of this mental laziness which we have allowed to invade the national soul. We are always looking for the cheap and easy way; and if Coué or some one else tells us that by taking thought we can add a cubit to our stature, we are only too ready to believe. If the “younger generation” has cast away all standards, it is because the preservation or the creation of standards is hard work. We do not, I fancy, write free verse, originally, because we believe in free verse: we write it because it is easier than metrical forms. Then, because we are determined to be not only clever but good, not only good but clever, we invent poetic theories to fit our productions. The younger generation finds it easier to ignore everything produced before 1900 than to learn something about art and letters as they were developed before that shining date: therefore it says that no art worth the name existed before the twentieth century. The ignorance would not so much matter if it called itself ignorance; when it masquerades as knowledge, it becomes a menace. Laziness itself does not matter so much until vanity insists on giving it fine names. But the

“younger generation” would never have been able to hypnotize the public if the public had not forgotten how to think for itself. The public, in matters artistic or intellectual, has developed the pathetic habit of having to be “told” by some one else. We have lost the habit of dealing with intellectual facts, because we have lost the habit of mental effort.

Unfortunately, along with our demand for mental ease, we have developed an inordinate capacity for self-praise. It is the two working together that have produced the state of mind to which I referred earlier. Our vocabulary of eulogy is extraordinary. When we praise, for cause, we know no limit: whether we are praising a statesman, or a motion-picture star. No one would dream of advertising a complexion clay without promising you perfect beauty, or a correspondence course in dressmaking without asserting that, in three months, you can make your friends believe that you have imported your clothes from Paris. Every woman knows in her heart that perfect beauty is not to be bought, as she knows that the handiwork of the home dressmaker can be recognized across any room. But it is all part of our hectic optimism. We refuse to believe that anything is inaccessible to us; we refuse to believe that there is any intangible good—beauty, or *chic*, or wisdom—which we cannot acquire by paying a little money for a magic formula.

Why “Hollywood”? Let me quote a few sentences from a recent motion-picture magazine about Charlie Chaplin:

“He has made himself king, and, while to be born a Guelph or a Ghibelline, a Hapsburg or a Hohenzollern might be thrilling or a bore, there can be no doubt as to the romance of making yourself a King! In all history Mr. Chaplin’s only rival for that distinction is Napoleon, and Napoleon, after all, died leaving plenty of worlds to conquer. Charles Chaplin has completely conquered his world. He is monarch of all who survey him. There is nothing left for him to vanquish. . . . A King with no worlds

to conquer, it is now clear to him, is indeed an unhappy mortal. . . . Like the rest of the extant kings, he now knows that he shall never be able to know who is his friend. Were he not possessed, as he is, of a sensitive, high-strung nature, still would he never again be able to distinguish the true friend from the fawning sycophant. . . ." And much, much more.

"In all history . . ." Our easy superlatives! This was not an interview, and Mr. Chaplin is not to blame for it. It is only part of our eulogistic habit. The writer probably knew as well as you or I that there are more people in the United States who would not cross the street to see Charlie Chaplin in the flesh than there are people who would. It does not matter: facts do not. Mr. Chaplin, I fancy, comes nearer than most residents of Hollywood to being "universally beloved," but the same kind of praise is meted out to many, many others. No woman since Helen of Troy is so beautiful, no woman since St. Catherine of Siena is so good, as practically all the movie actresses are in the magazines. No marriages are so happy, or so cooed over—until divorce proceedings have been started. Mothers are honored in Hollywood as nowhere else in America; children are nowhere so adored by their parents. The origins of these people are always romantic; if they are not, like Charlie Chaplin, children of the slum elevated by sheer genius, they are descended from one of the oldest families in the South. They all work hard, and go to bed at nine o'clock, and, when they are at home, live virtuously in Cecil de Mille interiors. When you see a new vulgarity reported from Hollywood you feel like exclaiming with the poet:

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine,
What every virtue, every grace? . .

When I said that the youth of the country was more menaced by the accounts of Hollywood's virtues than by

any report of its vices, this is what I meant. If Hollywood is the Mecca of thousands of young American men and maidens, it is not because they believe the kind of thing we have been citing, and think that only in Hollywood are so much beauty and virtue met together. It is because they know very well that most of these actors and actresses are very ordinary folk, and that nowhere outside of the motion-picture world does a boy or a girl without education, or breeding, or experience of life, or brains, or any of the things that mean toil and trouble, stand such a good chance of getting both cash and adulation over night, as it were. No one, you see, until he or she has been filmed, knows whether or not he or she will film well. There is always a chance. A stage success means hard work; success in any other æsthetic field means hard work. This, comparatively speaking, does not. I am not so ignorant as to suppose that motion-picture actors do not work very hard while they are producing a picture; and it must, too, be work of a nerve-racking kind. But I can think of no other career that comes so near offering the great American desideratum of earning big money without serving a long and arduous apprenticeship. A man does not expect to succeed in the competitive struggles of the business world without giving years of keen thought and service; nor is he always rewarded with wealth at the end. No serious artist in any field expects to master his medium save by unremitting toil; and—genius apart—he knows that the most brilliant promise flickers out unless it is backed up by effort. The real rewards have to be sweated for. But less and less, as a national community, are we willing to sweat for them; and, on the other hand, less and less are we willing to admit to ourselves that all the rewards are not ours. We are materialistic, as everybody says; but we are materialistic after the fashion of children—not so much brutally as foolishly. Our greatest danger lies in believing our own fairy tales,

in thinking that Aladdin's lamp exists. We perceive the prestige values without perceiving that no thing can eventually preserve a prestige value if it can be universally possessed with ease—and, I need not say, without perceiving that prestige values themselves are creditable or not creditable ones, according to the intelligence of the community that created them.

It is, I hope, beginning to be clear why I called Hollywood an American state of mind. I read—I cannot, of course, vouch for the truth of it—that a well-known movie star (not yet twenty years old) came recently, for the first time in her life, to New York. Her train slipped into the station, and she alighted. There were no brass bands, no throngs of admiring fans, to greet her; and out of sheer surprise and disappointment—as much surprise, I take it, as disappointment—she wept. The tale is amusing, is even, perhaps, rather engaging; but all the same it is terrifying, if one muses for a little on its implication. A girl of nineteen or so, of whom thousands of the most intelligent American men and women have never even heard, expected to arrive in our greatest city and be greeted as if she were Marshal Foch or the President of the United States—as if, in other words, she had rendered heroic service to mankind, or had been chosen by a great people to control its destinies. Would Mr. Hoover expect to be mobbed on his arrival in the Pennsylvania Station or the Grand Central? Or Paderewski? Or Rudyard Kipling? The story, as we said, may easily not be true; but the motion-picture magazines printed it, not ostensibly as a joke. A certain child in Hollywood, not yet eight years old, has made so much money that his parents have gone to court to get the responsibility and possible odium of managing his finances shifted from their own shoulders. Another star—under age—is so rich that she has appealed for legal protection from her mother's interference with her affairs. And so on. What wonder that—the same magazines tell us

—Hollywood has more pretty waitresses and chambermaids and shop girls than any other city in the world? There are a great many pretty girls in America; and Hollywood is the complete proof that you have only to be pretty in a way that the camera likes, in order not only to be rich and beautifully dressed, but to be called a genius and to be mobbed out of sheer public adoration. Never before has anything been so cheap and easy; and it is for the cheap and easy success that we are always looking. The fact that thousands must fail where one succeeds makes little difference; because the pretty young thing is shrewd enough to know that, except for that filmable face, which is a matter of luck, she is quite as well equipped for triumph as most of the stars. She knows, as we said, that they are very ordinary folk; and not only do they get the material rewards, but they are personally treated—in print, at least—as if they were saints or geniuses.

I am far from being an enemy to the films or to the film world. I like good films, and have honest belief in the possibilities of the motion picture and honest admiration for the achievements of some of the producers and stars. Nor am I so ignorant of conditions as not to be aware that there is public sanction for these absurdities. Hollywood, I repeat, is a symptom, not a cause; a state of mind, not a geographical entity. I have always—being romantically minded—been in sympathy with the youth that harnessed itself to the carriage of the great actor, the great singer, after a supreme performance. But genius is, after all, rare; and even that gesture has not been made so very often in the history of opera house and stage. Moreover, when it happens, it happens immediately after the revelation of art, under the stress of direct emotion. The mob does not wait for a week in order to express its appreciation thus. Only the fact of its being done while the mood is still white-hot from creation justifies it, intellectually. We must cool off; we

must readjust ourselves to life; or we are in a state of hysteria. The fact is, I suppose, that a good many of us are in a state of hysteria a large part of the time—but after all, not all of us. I can even understand, intellectually, why Charlie Chaplin or Mary Pickford or Rodolph Valentino should be mobbed by admirers when it is known that one of them is to appear in person: there is no doubt an element of gratitude for pleasure received, along with the less noble curiosity, in the heart of that crowd. You and I would not be in that particular mob, but it is not the mobs that need worry us. The world at large likes to see, in the flesh, anyone it has become interested in, for whatever reason. After all, no individual in recent days has gathered more crowds than did, in its time, the famous crab-apple tree under which the Hall-Mills murders were committed; and I understand that Landru in prison received as many love letters as any male movie star. We are sensationalists. Nor do I wish to be understood as criticizing Mr. Valentino if I refer to a recent adventure of his. I, too, am by way of being a Valentino fan, and if I could imagine myself in any of these mobs, I could probably most easily imagine myself in one of which he was the center. Even so—I do not see why Mr. Valentino should have received (as I saw it stated that he did) the freedom of the city of Boston. I do not suppose that Mr. Valentino wanted the freedom of the city of Boston, and I do not doubt it has, in its time, been conferred on individuals less worthy of it, personally, than he, since Boston municipal politics are one of the least creditable features of that beautiful and noble city. But *why*? On what score? Did they ever give it to Edwin Booth or to Henry Irving? Perhaps they did; I do not know. But I can see that if Mr. Valentino was to have thrust upon him the freedom of one of our most dignified and historic cities, the young lady who did not get even a brass band in the New York station was perhaps, to some extent, justified of her

tears. Considering, that is, the unofficial nature of brass bands, and the fact that she is actively in pictures, while Mr. Valentino is not, one might fairly decide that if he was to have all that to-do about him in the Massachusetts State House, she ought in justice to have had two brass bands, and one of them, at least, in costume.

Hollywood, you see, even better than the women's magazines, illustrates our general lack of the sense of proportion, our tendency to distort values. And Hollywood is wherever the young and the ignorant expect to get the triumph without the toil, the reputation without the virtues, the fame without the achievement, the reward without the sacrifice, the knowledge without the study. In the particular sense in which we have used it, Dr. Frank Crane or Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter or any other professional evaders of hard, unpleasant fact represent Hollywood as much as Jackie Coogan. It is not Hollywood, California, that we need to be worried about: it is the Hollywood in the heart of us all. The little high-school girl from mid-Dakota who goes to the Coast in the hope that after a few years she may return, twinkling with jewels, to give her obscure fellow citizens the "once-over," is sister to the woman who believes that if she can find the right complexion clay, she will be an American Venus, to the man who believes that if he will take a correspondence course, he will be truly educated, to all the people who believe that if they buy a certain book, they will develop "personality—charm—power." More and more, you may have noticed, the advertisements insist on the lack of effort demanded of purchasers. We began with labor-saving devices: we have come to labor-eliminating devices. Once, we banted when we were fat; now, "with no hateful walking or rolling or dieting," we grow thin to music, so pleasantly that the whole family insists on joining us. They are cutting the clay packs down to five minutes instead of forty. The cook is positively begged to go to sleep or to

run out to a movie while the dinner perfects itself. Fifteen minutes a day of easy application will make you a desirable dinner-guest at any table in the land. You can learn professional dancing in a few lessons by mail. All you need, in fine, is to give up a little of your spare time—those moments when you would not be doing anything, anyhow—to become a Talleyrand, a Madame Récamier, a successful artist, or a captain of industry. Perhaps some of you remember "Dolly's Economical Ways." They succeeded, I believe, "Side-Talks with Girls." On one occasion, Dolly went into the garret and found an antiquated evening coat of father's, long since discarded. She cut off one of the tails, ripped it open, lined it with pink silk, and had then an opera bag, "not only pretty but, on account of its shape, unique." No Dolly nowadays, I fear, would be content with uniqueness of just that sort. No periodical nowadays would pay Dolly a salary for suggestions so humble.

That there is a brave aspect to this optimism of ours is undeniable. In a practical sense, we could not do better, perhaps, than try for all these alleviations of our lot. An opera bag is not a very important thing; and there is something rather fine about making an object out of old coat-tails and then making oneself happy by calling it an opera bag. Make-believe often keeps adults happy as well as children. The danger comes when we transfer our make-believe to things of the mind and the spirit. Then, abuse of terminology becomes immoral. We are not willing to take the arduous steps necessary to achieving the reality; therefore we do not get it. But, even as we are content with the semblance of effort, so we are content with the semblance of achievement. We do not want the thing itself so much as we want the reputation of having it. The process is relentlessly logical. First, we wanted all the things that had a prestige value; then, knowing that they were hard to come by, we took any short-cut that ad-

vertised itself; now, being almost as shrewd as we are sentimental, and realizing uncomfortably that you cannot often get something for nothing, we incline to be satisfied if we can convince some one else that we are what we are not. What the advertisements really promise you is a successful camouflage. And, more and more, we are becoming content with successful camouflage.

John Milton told us, long ago, the ultimate truth about prestige values:

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—

That last infirmity of noble mind—

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil

Set-off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

That, expressed in perfect poetry, is the sense of the sane man concerning fame—which is reputation writ large. Fame, or the desire for it, may be the last infirmity of noble mind; it is also what causes a man "to scorn delights and live laborious days." Otherwise, he would be sporting with Amaryllis in the shade. Earthly fame is not the whole, the real reward; but even "broad rumour" is not to be had, in a sensible society, without living laborious days. Milton obviously disapproved of folk who were content with "broad rumour" alone; but the folk who expected to get it without living laborious days, he would hardly have understood. That was not a peril against which it would have occurred to him to warn us. If it had, he would have apostrophized us along with the unscientific clergy as "blind mouths!"

Some people will tell you that it is democracy itself that is responsible for our lack of intellectual, æsthetic, and spiritual standards: that if a standard must be theoretically attainable by all, the standard must be lowered. Others will tell you that it is modern materialism that has fattened the cheeks and eyelids and closed the organ of vision. Without going into any political or social theory to account for it, let us be content with noting the fact. For whatever reason, we have grown mentally lazy; and, being incurable idealists in our own sloppy fashion, we have not been willing, for the mere joy of laziness, to accept the disadvantages of indolence. Therefore we have unconscionably lied to ourselves and to one another. We have paid with words. Any American citizen can tell

you why the Russian ruble and the Austrian krone are no good. But can he tell you why we shall eventually go spiritually bankrupt unless we mend our ways? American presses are working overtime to turn out certificates of value by the million. These mental rubles bear different mottoes: one of the most frequent is certainly

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

That has as many reassuring variants as there are printing presses. But the fact remains that, whatever the obedient flesh may do, the mind that has grown fat cannot be "reduced" to music in ten minutes a day. For that, we must "purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly," as one Falstaff recommended.

Irony

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I ALWAYS wanted
A little carved bowl
With grapes on its edges
And gilt on the whole,
And a daffodil garden
And a singing soul:

I wanted gold rings
And a silken dress
And a friend who knew
What no others could guess,
And a very great
Gold Happiness.

I never have had
A silken gown,
And no gold happiness
Ever came down
To be my shelter
And my shining crown,

Nor a daffodil garden
Nor a singing soul
Nor ever a friend
Who knew me whole . . .
But to-day some one gave me
A little carved bowl.

Mr. Cardeezer

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

MR. CARDEEZER was the last one to arrive. Winter or summer, the motley crew that preceded him did its collecting silently, halting only occasionally for vituperation over old bottles or rusty iron.

It was a scarecrow group against scarecrow background. Mounds of ashes, rusty springs, defunct saucepans, fluttering papers.

As the shambling heavy figure loomed against car tracks and telegraph poles, Ma Hoskins croaked:

"There's Cardeezer! Say! It's a wonder he ain't ben out afore this—ef he had a wife, he'd have the foot to his back come six o'clock."

Madame Hoskins threw an empty tonic bottle in the direction of Miss Tilly Durgins. It just missed the bowed bony hips.

"Grab that there bottle afore somebody else cops it," advised Rosenbaum, the peddler, adding, "Ain't so many bottles you can afford to play fast and loose with 'em."

Meanwhile a group collecting coal raised critical protest. "Quit peggin' them bottles, you might hit some one, for all your eyes looks three ways of a Sunday." A vindictive piece of coal shot by.

Somebody must catch it for this here peggin' of coal! Ma Hoskins seized upon her small son, working near by, and belabored with fury his most defenseless softness. The accustomed little body took it stoically, only in the five-year-old eyes did the everlasting photograph of brutality remain.

The newcomer was received with varying salutations.

"How goes it, Cardeezer? I see where

they've dumped a carload of apples on'y half rotted. Why don't you get them cinders afore they re froze?"

Mr. Cardeezer, however, knew that these suggestions were to entice him from fresh ash dumps where the picking was fast and furious. He smiled, winking, at the silver-bearded peddler, who turned a biblical head set on a humped back. The peddler held up a mass of ash-clogged brass wheels.

"Clock works entire! Just now I turn it over into the silt. When Cardeezer comes the luck comes."

A train ran along the marshy tracks of the flats. Mr. Cardeezer, deliberately hanging a burlap bag to his waistband, took his pipe from his mouth and surveyed the long line of coaches, each window with its pale glimmering face that ran into another pale face.

"So there they go," he remarked, "going somewheres! That's all they care. They don't know," he suggested mystically, "what *makes* 'em go."

"Ah, it's the stores," snarled Ma Hoskins. "Spend! That's all they do—buy what they don't want because somebody else has got one, then throw it on the Dump! Look at all the plush rockers has come out here. Here, you"—Ma Hoskins gestured violently to her small urchin—"do you want to get it again?"

The menacing attitude of the woman, the slumbering sadism in her eyes impressed Mr. Cardeezer. Slowly draping the burlap bag on his fore bulk, the philosopher surveyed her, remarking in soothing tones:

"Joshofit! So that'll do for him, won't it? He knows what he's got to expect ef he's cranky? Yes, yes. Ain't you the woman though? Ought to have

fourteen to wallop. I wonder," said Mr. Cardeezer as he ran a piece of string through the top of his bag, "I wonder that yer husband ever left yer."

But as he said these flattering things Mr. Cardeezer drew from a slack pocket in a sun-greened coat an attenuated lollipop of which the original sucker had grown disillusioned and which, tossed into a waste-paper basket, had found its way to the Dump. Tenderly, he poked this into the mouth of the victim until consoling sweet obliterated woeful salt. "Now shut up," conjured Mr. Cardeezer soothingly. "Now shut up." With a great furtive hand he patted the belabored little parts.

A sense of serenity was communicated from group to group across the blasted and waste-riddled fields of the Dump. Here on this great Rejection the word was passed. Cardeezer had come! The sky was blue this morning, the slow sun warmed out the frost from mountains of cinders; from the edges of the flats the factories sent up swirls of yellow and white and sickly blue. The wind did not blow. It was not now so cold as in the aching early hours. Even the strong smell of fertilizer from the bone factory nearby was less irritating. This fertilizer smell was a conversation-maker. The scattered Russians and Poles ignored it, but the Irish with spicy innuendo recapitulated what went into its repellant vigors.

"If I was a dead hoss," said young Sham Brady, "I dunno wouldn't I rather be dead at the bottom of New York harbor than spread out on them there truck farms."

"No. You'd rather be draped out on the truck gardens, my young boy," reproved Mr. Cardeezer, "a helpin' the growin' things. For ain't it peculiar, a hoss dies and then he goes into glue and hair brushes and this here stinkin' fertilizer, and what grows by that feeds other hosses and men, and then *they* dies and back *they* goes to the ground where more keeps a dyin' and a growin' out, like Somebody down Inside was blowin'

bubbles of Life! The earth don't say nothing about it (that is, if she does explain, we ain't yet growed ears to understand), but it all keeps a dyin' and a comin' to life like a kind of joke."

Since Cardeezer's coming young Meg Mallet had grown talkative. Usually this girl worked silently, casting coal after coal out of blackened fingers into an empty baby buggy. Now she remarked to the shrunken spinster, Tilly Durgins,

"I see that hat again in Herdsein's winder last night. It's down to three seventy-five now. Ain't you goin' to git it—you got them three sacks of coal and the red lampshade; you could sell that shade for five, maybe."

Tilly tightened her sagging mouth. "I don't want it no more. I'm like that. I want first off and then sudden I quit wanting. What would I get a new hat for?"

"Well, it's comin' winter," said Meg, then timidly, "there's some of 'em dresses up on Sundays over to the new flats."

But Tilly was mumbling to herself, "I don't want no hat. When I sell that there coal and that lampshade and the papers I got yesterday I can get somethin' a lot better . . . somethin' that can make me see pictures like: green fields and me walking through them all dressed up, with people, high-toned people, that I never see before, talkin' lovely to me.

"Talkin' splendid to me, talkin' lovely," Tilly's blank eyes seemed to turn inward to some exquisite veiled rapture, some curious assertions of thwarted womanhood.

"That there will git you some day," Meg remarked somberly. "The jails is full of 'em. Cocaine! Oh!" said the girl fearfully, "I ask the Virgin every mass to keep me from that."

"And soon you'll be askin' her to keep ye from the men yer new hat will bring yer," answered the other. In her voice was the coarse knowledge of awfulness.

In their direction came Mr. Cardeezer.



Drawn by H. J. Mowat

IT WAS A DREAM FIRE TO MR. CARDEEZER, FIRE OF WONDER AND REVELATION

He held in his hand a poker-shaped prod with which he rummaged this and that dump reserve and proved things for what they were, vegetable, animal or mineral. All finds he examined without partiality and with an air of pleased and scientific interest. To the women he now exhibited a child's rattle, faded pink ribbons and two smashed bells. Mr. Cardeezer facetiously jingled the bells.

"Want it?" he asked doubtfully, then awkwardly, "a thing like that will sometimes ease the heart of a woman. A little shoe, or a bib—I've often kept 'em when I've found 'em. . . . Once you stick this here rattle in the stove damper or behind the Virgin's picter, it'll be part of yer . . . so that if ye ain't got the trouble of bornin' the pesky kids, well . . . you've kind of got 'em in yer heart, puttin' their little hands on any place that's sore. . . . What I mean," explained Mr. Cardeezer, "everyone's kind of kid-crazy below decks."

So the morning went. The groups roamed over the sordid fields with a sodden sociability hard to analyze. Perhaps Cardeezer's own words best interpreted this sociability which was the communal sense of the Unexpected.

"Of course, we ain't rilly lookin' for diamonds and pearls," Cardeezer remarked to the old peddler. "We'm all collectin' something different, you bottles, me papers, some of 'em out for coal particular, others that has got knowin' ways takin' stock of the garbage, and yet, whatever w'm out for, somethin' else turns up, somethin' different *too* and that's the Joke . . . it's like livin' ain't it? Now me, I'm on'y out for them newspapers you can sell by the pound, but I've struck a libry of books, now and again. And when I find a swell vol—ume like this here, I'm like—what's the name of that geezer that's so pestered with his money?"

"Rockefeller?" hazarded the peddler.

"I'm like Rockefeller, I'm bothered with ownin' too much readin' matter,

me readin' kind of slow, not because of the looks of words for I'm purty slick with words, but it's the ideas that comes from the words slammin' me in the eyes . . . It's to keep them ideas standin' straight and holdin' hands, that's my sharp lookout," said Mr. Cardeezer. "Too much money is like none at all, I take it, but too many ideas, there you'm sockdolaged."

With his mind working on these problems, Mr. Cardeezer referred himself to the tattered little book in his hand. "Lay there," he threw down the tempting reading matter, "lay there, and when it comes dinner time I'll tend to you."

At luncheon time it was generally understood that Cardeezer, being the only one that had scholarship, would read from his troves. It was his habit to peruse and expound, and although the thing was indifferently received, no one ever made demurral. Mrs. Hoskins settled herself with a tin pail of some beverage not revealed. Her son devoured half a banana found on the Dump. Tilly Durgins ate three pickles of huge girth and startling acidity. The red-haired girl chewed gum while staring at the long range of factories that skirted the Dump.

Mr. Cardeezer scientifically peeled an apple found in an unlikely larder, he carefully cut out the bad, tossing the peelings far from him, and regarding them meditatively where they lay.

"Now ain't that funny?" he remarked. "That there apple's skin has took a lot of time and thought to grow, the apple wanted it for somethin' and we don't want it. What the apple wanted it for we don't rightly know. We just think," said this Dump philosopher, "that them apples and oranges and all grows for Christmas trees and Turn Verein. But that ain't all there is to it."

There being clearly no answer to these Socratic observations, the haphazard talk meantime went on. A kind of stupor seemed to come on the groups in the chill noon sunshine; only Meg stayed alert, her eyes staring at the clouds of green-and-copper-colored factory smoke.

Mr. Cardeezer observed this. "Them there factories is like Assy-fidgeta to fishes for you," he teased. "You'm like this here feller writin' this book. It's poetry or piece-speakin' like. A lot of it's tore off, so I don't know how he come out, but the wordin' is set out nice so you get what he's jawin' about."

"What say?" asked Mrs. Hoskins.

"It's about a ship sailin' out to sea where nobody ain't never went before (so this feller says)."

Mrs. Hoskins drew down her mouth. "Ah, Sea!" she objected, "that's on'y water, you can see water enough into the gutters and cellars; there's too much water in this world where it ain't wanted," affirmed Mrs. Hoskins.

But Mr. Cardeezer was now poring over the tattered little volume. At times he alluded wonderingly to his literary taste. Where he got it, he said he couldn't tell except that he had read many a ship chandler's catalogue when at sea and had always been one for "spellin' out the billboards across the medders." Now as he sat there, his crumpled hat far back on his head, his old coat green and moldy, there was in his eyes a curious reverence for this mystery of literature. It was the look of reverence for some edge of human experience that his life barely touched, but touching, felt electric thrill of high communication.

"It runs like this," said Cardeezer. "I mistrust the feller is seafaring from the way he thinks about the ocean. One of them young gobs maybe; they say they can all read and write."

"Yeh?" from Madame Hoskins—"well, what's his complaint?"

Mr. Cardeezer cleared his throat and began reading:

"There are new shores whose beaches clean
and white
Play magnet to the sail I hoist anew.

(Like his sail was a nail or somethin')" explained Mr. Cardeezer.

New fertile vales my exploring dreams invite,
New succulent grapes and glass of fairy brew.

(Now I take it, them fertile vales means like the Kerry Company's Truck Garden, everythin' growin' green in rows.)

Hence my long holding of the unseen range.

The faith that steers, the eye that probes
the mists

To that Unknown—that stranger still than
strange

That every pore and blood beat swear
exists.

"Nice, ain't it?" asked Mr. Cardeezer.

The assemblage eyed him curiously. But somehow they did not resent the voice that in singsong fashion droned out the unaccustomed words.

Ma Hoskins was as usual spokeswoman. "It's comical the way you call it off," she admitted graciously. "Now read that piece into Tilly's paper and see if there's any more about that girl 'poisoned her father and mother and took the money out her aunt's sewin' machine and went off with the feller that was crazy where the cop wanted the other man she had the child by, but they said the butcher's cousin was his father sold it to the druggist had the grandmother's will."

The group looked up less languidly, for this outline had fine racy flavor. But Mr. Cardeezer, though at all times ready to oblige, was still poring over the half-torn pages of the little book.

"There's more of this here," he exulted, "there's more of it—Look what he *says* now—

"Let me cast off, give me the hellum again

The sea and sky are mine, the adventure
new;

Why do ye stay my impee-ri-ous sail, ye men
To whom nor dream nor hope are longer
true?"

Then said Mr. Cardeezer disappointedly, "It's tore off again, but look what a question?" He stared around at his bored associates. "What was the feller holdin' on with his im-pee-ri-ous sail for . . . what ranges was he gettin', like that?"

"Say!" The old man, a very strange light in his eyes, now appealed to Meg, whose gaze was still fixed on the looming chimneys of the factory. Meg was youth, Meg was color and verve and strength and rebellion, Meg might know about these things. But the seven pipes of the factories seen through blowing veils of chemical gasses and steam might have been a vast *Syrinx* playing the girl's ambition into the great sad fabric of exploitation. With a kind of fatality, Meg saw only these. She cared for nothing else.

"Huh?" the girl's face was sullen inquiry.

"Why do ye stay my im-pee-ri-ous sail, ye men?" chanted Mr. Cardeezer a little nervously. He was afraid Meg did not understand.

"They was holdin' the feller back, don't ye see? As if Ma Hoskins and them clawed onto you and kept ye from gettin' that three-dollar hat."

"Is that so?" Meg asked it for the moment respectfully, then the unlikelihood of the thing occurred to her, her young face darkened.

"Aw, shut up yer guff, nobody ain't goin' to hold me from that there hat."

"What's im-pee-ri-ous?" asked Tilly, she had taken up the baby's rattle and was absently shaking it.

"Imperious?" questioned Mr. Cardeezer slowly and gently. "Proud, kind-y, and stand-up-straightlike. . . ." He looked from the torn sheets in his hand to that other destroyed book, the woman's dead skin and muscle-sick face. "That's a thing you ain't got, my woman," said old Cardeezer gently, "that's somethin' *you* won't never have to worry with."

"Spite!" snapped Tilly; "spite! I don't want none of it, whatever it is. I want, I want. . . ." What she wanted she did not say, but they all knew. All Tilly wanted was a drug that still could take her with childish happy feet over such flower-starred fields as she could not picture, into such verdure as she could not describe, where "high-toned"

beings made her comrade and "talked lovely" to her.

One by one, they left Mr. Cardeezer meditating. "Joshofit," he said to himself. He held the tattered book reverently in his great paw. He read and re-read the bit of verse, apostrophizing those who placed obstacles in the path of this Voyager who spoke so adventurously. What he had himself known of delayed sailings oppressed the venerable reader. "Say, leave him go, can't yer," Mr. Cardeezer muttered violently to those obstructionists. "He's got to leebow the tide I expect—and a fair wind don't never hold on for long. Is it because you hain't never seen them countries he talks about that ye act so cranky? You'm afraid he'll be wrecked? Well, you don't know nothin' about that kind. It's neck or nothin' to them, it's Hell bent with the New Idea. He's one of these, *See it and go get it fellers*." Suddenly Mr. Cardeezer put both hands deep down inside his belt and growled out menacingly, "Leave him go, I say! Ain't ye got no gumption, you white-livered sons of guns; what ye holdin' him back for? Leave him go, I say!"

The afternoon waxed late, it grew colder and here and there leaped small Dump fires at which scarecrow figures warmed ash-hardened hands. These strange tongues of fire might well have come from a wind of Pentecost from their linking of the various tongues spoken on the Dump. It was a heterogeneous association of traditions where nothing but the great bond of Poverty truly bound. But it was dream fire to Mr. Cardeezer, fire of wonder and revelation. Standing in the early winter air, his wretched old trousers flapping, his squalid hat perched sideways on his head, he was still possessed with the poem. Struck with a kind of vision by the Dump fires, he saw white sails winging over a dull torpid world, men of new emprise, young men, strong, hard-muscled, sailing close-hauled on clean ships of adventure away from rotten hulks of inertia and custom and tradition.



Drawn by H. J. Mowat

THE OLD EYES RAN OVER THE YOUNG LINES OF THE LISTLESS FIGURE

"So that's poetry," said Mr. Car-deezer, "so that's poetry, hey? Well, sir, it sits like fire on my chest. I'd like to know the feller that wrote it."

The room was of the sort that women think out nowadays, anæmic admissions of the bolder creation they deny or are denied. Pale gray walls, windows curtained with faint lemon, the tentative taper of blue candles; blue hooked rugs. Even the nurse who sat by the window was "done" like the room, she also was in pale lemon color with pale blue apron, only by little rubber soles did she remind one of sterner disciplines.

It was all posed, precious, sterile; yet the man's face on the pillow did not seem to register revolt against it; there was rather cynical acceptance of this daintiness. Looking at Tarry Blake under his azure-tinted coverlid, one could see a surface sensuousness that might find idle pleasure in being "designed," in having one's ultimate privacy thought out in attitudes of chintz.

He tossed a smudgy epistle to the nurse. "Read it if you're not afraid of germs."

The girl smiled tolerantly, lightly receiving the communication. Her face had a calmness somehow irritating, her healthy teeth gleamed only in automatic sympathies.

Dear Sir.

I don't know as I got any rite to be ritin' to you except you are a gob and wouldn't think any more of it than the chaff any two bums would pass when drinkin' or swimmin' on a hot day when such jokes as I've heard given an taken ain't fit for ladies. But it was on the Dump where I found yer book you rote and then Tilly Durgins had a newspaper that told something how you was sick and your paw in some furn place, and I found the address in the phone book at the happy hour social club and bein' a sailor myself, though the less said about that the better on account the forecastles ain't big enough to let the men act like Christians, and I've see some ugly work in my time; though may be it ain't correct that you are a gob for Si Rosebaum the peddler told how its swell where this

letter is agoin. . . . What I mean, and if you are a gob it ain't no harm, is the rest of your book full of all like that? for Ma Hoskins who don't take no interest into nothin' unless its namel saucepans findin' 'em and resodderin'; well, she says Anyone can tell that much can tell more and Meg wants to know if you got there, her bein' nervous bout gettin' a job at the factories and Tilly got interested into it, though Tilly don't care for nothin' very long. An while I think of it there is a young feller named Sham curses somethin' awful was listenin' and he guyin' me and sayin' there want no such place as you was where you went. So now I make bold to ask where it was where you went and was it all like that and did you get there and are you agoin' to other places you don't know?

Hoping you'll rite soon to yours truly.

DANIEL CARDEEZER.

Blake's attendant, her face slowly stiffening into amused disapproval, coupled and uncoupled the sentences. Gingerly, she started to tear up the objectionable missive. But before she could destroy the squalid little sheet the youth's hand arrested her. There was weary authority in Tarry's voice, a curious look she had not seen before, conflicted with his usual indifference.

"Here, let's have it; what's the name? *Daniel Cardeezer.*" There was slight unaccustomed lift in the voice. The lift was different from anything she had heard for weeks. As Blake took the sheet Miss Parton watched him closely.

"So?" The girl was subtly alert, "brought about by a messy thing like that, when all these letters—" Her eyes went with provincial reverence to the pile of dashing looking missives in unimpeachable stationary that had come by the afternoon mail; only half of these, however, were opened.

For a few seconds she sat there, waiting. The window was open, occasional dry squawks came from the avenue automobiles. Tarry Blake turned with a listless look of scrutiny to the concluding words of the letter . . . "So now I make bold to ask where you went on your ship . . . was it all like that? . . . Ma Hoskins says that anyone that can

ell that can tell more. Meg wants to know . . ."

It grew dusk, the girl finally turned on the light behind its little pearl-tinted rice-paper sconce. Blake did not open his eyes.

"Was there any address on the envelope?"

The nurse turned on another light at the table at his bedside; she bent to read the penciled direction,

"Return to Mr. D. Cardeezzer,

No. 1110 Royalty street,

Mr. Si. Rosenbaums flat."

After another stretch of silence, the patient indicated a pile of slender gray volumes in an alcove at the other end of the room.

"Tie up one of the rotten things, will you?" With a restless sigh, "Perhaps he'd like a clean copy. Found my book on the Dump." The lad lying there snickered in an empty mirth rather horrible to hear. "I'll—er, write something in it if you want to give me the pen."

As he scrawled Mr. Cardeezzer's name with "The grateful appreciation of The Author," Tarry Blake murmured, "Royalty Street."

"He seems curious about this Dump man," this Miss Parton reported to Tarry's specialist that night. "He wants to write to him and invite him over for a talk." The cold eyes behind the horn rims tried to burrow into the specialist's reservations.

Dr. John Meserole sat immovable, hearing her attentively. He wondered what increasing "efficiency" and nothing else was capable of making of a human woman.

"Curious? Good! If you can keep him *curious*. . . . Do you know how much in this queer world is the result of curiosity, Miss Parton?"

The doctor asked it quizzically, but the nurse resented people being quizzical, she did not regard humor as "efficient."

"You have no further orders," she inquired snippily.

"No."

With thoughtful eyes the specialist followed the trig figure walking out. "Nurse-snobbery," he commented. "Snobbery gets them as it gets us all. I wish I could graft her science, clean, precise, inevitable, on to a woman's heart and a lady's self-control. I wish I could give her exact 'efficiency' to some great, tender, understanding woman who would know when to lift Tarry Blake up in her arms and talk to him like a mother . . . and when—not to. . . . This little machine can't make him *face himself*, and that's the only way he can be cured."

Whistling a few bars, the specialist reached for some blanks and wrote some strange signs that meant that on a certain date Tarry Blake had recovered from the poisons in his system sufficiently to evidence "curiosity."

So it was curiosity about a man who lived in Royalty Street and curiosity about a man who was trimming his sails for unknown coasts that brought Mr. Cardeezzer and Tarry Blake together.

Cardeezzer, anticipating the event, was somewhat anxious about his appearance. Most of the contents of Tarry's dictated letter he had confided to Mr. Rosenbaum as the two sat at strange meals of herrings and bread, swigging exceedingly gray-looking coffee.

"Up to where he lives," instructed Mr. Rosenbaum, "it's swell. But only in one part. I got friends in them back avenues. Si Goldget and Abe Ferfinger. All back of that block is gold-bug residences. Your friend is likely a gold bug."

Mr. Cardeezzer listened rather absently, sitting in newly assembled calling clothes. He wore a coat which belonged to the Greek fruit merchant, Spiridion Donastes, a Prince Albert taken from an ash barrel with a G. A. R. button still affixed. Mr. Cardeezzer's tie was of a rakish green set off with a pin of Meg's treasuring, a fine sporty spider pouncing upon a sleek blue-glass fly.

His shirt Ma Hoskins had contributed from some source best known to herself. As he had felt that it added to his dignity to carry a cane, he now clutched with some difficulty the huge Irish blackthorn that Sham with a rosary of oaths had pressed upon him.

Perhaps the keynote of this sartorial symphony had come from his friend, Mr. Sniper, the undertaker. This brushed and pressed personality had waved his hand toward a damp-looking wardrobe filled with silk hats. "Take your pick, take your pick," the splendid Sniper had commanded, adding, "seeing that, next to yer funeral, this is the one time you want to look tony. Where that address is," said Mr. Sniper in awed tones, "is very near to the finest funeral parlors in the country—yes, sir, the *finest funeral parlors in the country.*"

Somehow his grandeur and its enterprise associated itself in Mr. Cardeezer's mind with feelings of adventure and risk and with the lines of "Emprise," the introductory poem in the book of which he was now proud possessor; he conjured up a picture of the man he was to meet.

"It's a young gob I've got acquainted with," he explained. "'Why do ye stay my im-pee-ri-ous sail, ye men?'" he says into the book, so you can see he's a devil boy full of guts, ain't goin' to set quiet by the fire for no one. Well, how he talks in this here book is how I've often felt there out there on the Dump, come winter afternoons with the wind blowing red and blue clouds and the fires of excelsior and champagne wrappers burnin' and them trains full of God knows who racin' by."

It has often been suggested that the persons whose lives are lived somewhat independently of the precision and order of ultra-conservation do not always bring with them an esteemed personal atmosphere. It has also been noted that borrowed garments themselves borrow from any surrounding reek such as stale cabbage, pipe smoke or fried sausage. Such scents and inferences were largely

with Mr. Cardeezer as he entered Tarry Blake's bedroom.

"Well, sir, you'm sick, so it seems," said Mr. Cardeezer. A deep rumble of sympathy came from him. Leaning the blackthorn against the bed, he lifted the tails of the coat with what he privately felt to be an elegant gesture and sat down in an upholstered willow chair. This chair seemed to entertain him by its creaking. It broke the ice. Every now and then Mr. Cardeezer would stroke the arm of it tenderly inquiring, "*Now, now, what ails you?*" He soothed it as gently as he might have soothed a peevish female.

He swept a glance around the pretty room and turned to the pale face on the pillows. "So it's laid up you are," wonderingly, "and me thinkin' of you as a lively young gob lashin' round." The great voice rustled with sympathy, the broad anxious face with its cavern cheeks and hairy eyebrows had a benevolence that belied the gruff sally.

"Now I'll bet you'm worryin' about that ship of yourn," declared Mr. Cardeezer, "fer that was me all over when I owned *The Dashin' Wave*. She was a three-master, a coast runner, we carried molasses and candles. Until, well my luck run out; I stove three ribs fallin' from aloft in a seaway and didn't get good treatment on account we was beatin' against a ninety-mile-an-hour gale and things was unsteady . . . some. . . I ain't never been fit since. So now I sail the Dump." This was Mr. Cardeezer's joke. "Now I sail the Dump. But," returning to the main consideration, "I bet you'm worried about your ship, in dock, the torriders gettin' in into her bottom and she may be full of bilge and stinkin'."

The nurse fussed about, opening a window, polishing an impeccable spoon, sterilizing a thermometer. She seemed suddenly alien to all conversational possibilities, the invalid conscious of this drawn suggestingly,

"Isn't this your chance, Miss Parton, didn't you say you wanted a whiff of

the spring afternoon? This gentleman," indicating Mr. Cardeezer, "will look after me."

It was said with perfunctory consideration for one's attendant. But Cardeezer felt some hitch in the situation and the girl's cool, "Oh, no," her slight patronage as of a jailer aroused the old visitor's interest. He subtly eyed his host.

"So here is where the poor gob is got a captain he ain't rightly signed under," was Mr. Cardeezer's conviction. "He's takin' orders from a Somebody that don't know much but swabbin' decks and can't entry the log correct." He looked mildly with his strange old man's air of forbearance on the two, suggesting to the girl,

"Ye hain't see the Block party they'm havin' two streets below. Well, it's awful nice. Mary-go-rounds and the balloons and the donkeys with the lady leaders. And I see a Wop with a Hop. Well, it's amusin'," admitted Mr. Cardeezer, "if I hadn't a came here I would have went there."

What moved the superior young nurse she could not herself have told. Was it a big Something in this old man, a something that seemed to know human hungers, the hunger of youth for gayety and color and speed? Was it that wind just then blowing in a soft waft of sun-warmed green, or . . . was it that the persistent indifference of the listless patient annoyed her? For a moment, in her indecision, Miss Parton lost her deadly "efficiency," and became for a second that very nice thing, a young girl conscious of spring. She was for the second just a bit of life in a pallid sick room . . . with . . . well, a chance to go out. . . . Her look of indecision made her almost human.

"Would you mind?" she was perfunctory in her professional solicitude. She was met with an eagerness quite unmistakable; this very eagerness seemed to make her hesitate the more.

"Oh," argued Blake half irritably, "Cardeezer can do all you do; he'll like

your job, I can see he's quite a boss himself!" Something very slight of humor was enlivening the wan face. The girl scanned him gravely. It was not the secretive eagerness, the furtive plotting look that she had for so long been on guard against; *that* look, the young nurse now admitted to herself had not been there for weeks.

With the air of being only half convinced, Miss Parton took up her trim sport hat and scarf. Then thoughtfully she adjusted them, looking over her shoulder at the pair as she faced the oval mirror. Tarry Blake and this old man! . . . Yet it was the old man who had brought that new look of eagerness, *curiosity*.

"At last. I've got to help with that lower hall door," announced Miss Parton; "it sticks. The servants are out, I think. Mr. Cardeezer, perhaps you can show me about that catch."

But it was not so much instruction about "that catch" (which Miss Parton seemed to manage very well) as the necessity of saying something very low, very distinctly, and very authoritatively.

"We have had to keep strict watch on him. . . . He has consented to the cure, has even co-operated . . . yet we cannot be *sure*. His will, Doctor Meserole says, is wrecked, though his body has been healed. Do you understand?" The young horn-rimmed eyes looked with cold authority into the simple old shrewd ones. "He may have it secreted," whispered the girl. "There is always that danger." She was a little dramatic.

Mr. Cardeezer solemnly bowed his head. His face had taken on anxious understanding. "Sure," he assented, "sure!"—then with scientific interest, "just a week more you say? That's the tough time hain't it? . . . (Tilly's complaint)" muttered the old man to himself. . . . "There's a woman comes onto the Dump. . . . Well! So you want I should keep a stiff eye on him?"

As the house door finally closed, with the crisp and exact presence removed, both host and visitor felt suddenly let

down into the genial ease, the mellow understanding and comfort of their man's world.

Blake with a half-smile watched this friend move the complaining wicker chair nearer to the bed. There was something elemental and solid in the old man's method—he might have been Father to the Unfortunate, so thought the youth whose mind, filled with certain awful questions of modernity, sought all the ways of escape from these awful questions. Tarry was not at all surprised when the old fellow dragged from his pocket a dark wedge of something wrapped in tin foil, and with the side twist of his mouth took a tearing bite.

"Chewin' and smokin' ain't what they was in my day," complained Mr. Cardeezer, his jaws settling into a rhythmic movement. "Now that the first ladies in the land does such things both public and private, tobacker has kinder lost its tickle. Well . . ." the caller sighed provisionally, he spread out his red handkerchief on his knee and raised one leg over the other. "The ladies," Mr. Cardeezer explained, "is goin' on somethin' very different from what we intended. No matter what the advertisements say, they ain't so interested into gas ranges and new kinds of floor mops as you might think; they's more into it than meets the eye. They'm kind of *advancy*," said Mr. Cardeezer, "*advancy*," looking earnestly into his host's face.

The dark eyes had very little assent. The invalid's countenance, while it moved in ordinary contortions like frowning or smiling, carried no lantern in its sheathed tower. Blake's affirmative was languid, at the same time he remarked politely,

"You're an observer, Mr. Cardeezer."

Mr. Cardeezer deprecated this. "Not so much that," he said, "as one that takes ginral notice and then falls a thinkin'. There's lots of ways of lookin' at things. Now, *spittin'*," delicately the visitor paved the way for future contingency. "There's a many won't spit, lookin' out for this one and that one's

carpet, and then again, there's some that spits out impulsive. I'm the sensitive kind myself," suggested Mr. Cardeezer.

Tarry Blake gave a little chuckle. "There's a jardinière over there," he indicated a brass flowerpot holder. "I'm afraid it's the best substitute I have."

Mr. Cardeezer gravely rose. He fetched the receptacle, inspecting it on every side. "So that's a jardineer," he said marveling, "so that's a jardineer. I's always hankered to see one. Many's the time I've read about them in the catalogues onto the Dump."

The eye of the youth, flitting now and again emptily upon him, saw Mr. Cardeezer very tranquil and friendly. He was in truth taking stock of the situation the nurse conveyed to him. The pathos of the thing quickly galvanized him into his Dump role of Entertainer. Mr. Cardeezer sought for something that should beguile the attention of this listless boy. "Here," said Cardeezer to himself, "was a young gold bug, one that couldn't know very much about a Dump. The life there might divert him. And this here gold bug was suffering from Tilly's complaint!" He looked pitifully upon the young face which bore preoccupations not only of the results of drugs, but was modern youth crucified on the lies and insincerities of an entrenched modern conservatism, a face molded by materialism, too much money, too much leisure, and a deep and cynical unbelief. "Where's the young feller's folks?" Mr. Cardeezer inquired of himself. "Where's that there father that had ought to have stuck by and fit it out with him. Tilly's Complaint!"

It was because of his sense of the enormous pity of it that the old man strove so hard to render the life of the Dump vivid. He wanted to show it in the filth and hunger and aching cold and squalor, for this he thought might be a lesson to the gold bug, but for the life of him, Mr. Cardeezer could not keep back a certain sense of pride and romance.

"Well, you'll hear 'em try to second-

rate the Dump," he said. "They'm critical. There's this one and that one will have it that the Dump ain't healthy and so on. But look what you can see on a Dump! They ain't nothin'," said Mr. Cardeezer with pardonable pride, "that I don't know by Box, Bottle or Can! And take readin' matter, the Sunday Supplements and all and the calendars, why 't was on the Dump," said Mr. Cardeezer, with a final burst of enthusiasm, "that I found that there book you wrote!"

The invalid smiled. His slight sneer was not directed at his visitor. "Exactly; on the Dump!" There was a note of young scorn. "Keep on looking, Mr. Cardeezer, and you may find the author there." Blake laughed the cracked laugh of an old man.

But the visitor's enthusiasms were not to be thus stayed by the contemptuous curl of a boy's lip. "And all them other kinds of learnin' that I've got off the Dumps," he serenely resumed.

"Yes?" The young patient lifted his hands, looking absently at the finger nails, he surveyed them one after another as if reading their empty lines and smooth softness while cynically speculative about what one might learn on a Dump.

A Dump, Mr. Cardeezer resumed, was a real good place to see how folks treated life. You couldn't, of course, hold the Dump all in one hand like you could a book, but you could read it, someways, like a book. "That's funny, ain't it," inquired Mr. Cardeezer mildly. "How you *can* hold a war or an ocean or two or three murders in one hand in a book. Now I take it that *you*," said the visitor rather subtly, "could put the whole Dump into a book so a body could read it, and then them folks passin' so haughty in the railroad trains would think different from Dumps from what they do."

At the suggestion the boy had closed his eyes. A slight tremor ran through him. "Holding life in one hand in a book . . ." he queried dreamily. "Yes, you can hold beauty and love . . . in

one hand—in a book, but not in life itself, in life itself all you can hold is despair . . . in both hands . . ." the slightly cracked voice trailed away, the vacant eyes sought the corners of the room like dark hunted things in a trap.

Mr. Cardeezer stole a glance. There was quite a long silence.

"They ain't nothin' he *cares* for," he said suddenly with conviction. "It's only carin' for somethin' that keeps people's muscles settin' up straight." Subtly, the old eyes ran over the young lines of the listless figure.

"I mistrust he ain't never knowed nothin' *real*," thought Mr. Cardeezer, "it's been, 'Oh, ain't this the elegant Idea! and ain't that the elegant Idea!' but he ain't never had to hunt first on the Dump for the very soap to wash his hands with."

After this silence the deep voice took up the one-sided discussion.

"As fur as holding queer things in your hands in a book is concerned, I wouldn't wonder but that was what your book done to Meg and Tilly. You gave 'em that there new voyage to hold—Tilly, well of course"—Mr. Cardeezer was indulgent if contemptuous—"she's all et up with drugs. (This here cocaine.) She's a hundred mouths all hollerin' for it. That's all Tilly is." In his ruthless simplicity he made the picture rather horrible. "But Meg is different, she's young, she comes to me yesterday with a side of bacon she found on the Dump, twant so musty as you'd think, neither—and she says to me, 'That you was readin' about—that feller that was steerin' for some better place and wasn't scared. I'd like to hear about it again, it's the way I feel sometimes. I'd like to think how nobody couldn't hold that feller from goin' ahead. Sometimes when I look over at the factories I know that nobody ain't goin' to hold *me* back neither from gettin' somewheres. To a better place, sort of.' Curious warn't it?" observed Mr. Cardeezer with bland cheerfulness, "how way out there on the Dump, you, a gold bug (by which I

don't mean no disrespect), was speakin' to Meg and Tilly and Me and Sham, just as plain, and Meg wantin' to better herself and get off the Dump and into the factory. . . . Meg, she *understood*."

There was no response. Mr. Cardeezer might have been conversing with the detached plaster relief of what might once have been a faun. Somewhat nervously he smoothed the willow chair. The old man, running over in his mind the strange chance that had brought him to this bedside of this indifferent boy, now suddenly espied in an alcove the two tall piles of *Emprise*, Tarry Blake's unsuccessful book of verse. With the assurance of age, the old visitor got up and creaked over to these piles. He took one book reverently from its place.

"Ain't you got a nice lot left," he inspected the two piles with innocent congratulation. The book opened to its title poem "Emprise," the one with which Mr. Cardeezer was more familiar. His delighted eyes took in anew the opening stanza which he now knew almost by heart. Coming back to the creaking chair, he let himself down in an ecstasy of reminiscence. With all the pride of one who now knew his way in a mysterious and fascinating forest of words he slowly read aloud.

"Still the long holding of the unseen range,
The faith that steers, the will that probes
the mists

For that Unknown—that stranger still than
strange

That every pore and blood beat swear
exists.

Why do ye stay my imperious sail, ye men?"

The old voice declaimed it booming.

When Mr. Cardeezer had recapitulated all his favorite lines, he stopped and appeared to be deep in thought. He spread the red handkerchief more carefully over his knee and laid the little book gently down on it. Blake watched him. "What's on the old bird's mind now?"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Cardeezer, he took the blackthorn stick and laid it carefully

on the floor. He bent with an effect of pause to the jardinière. "Ahem," with increasing gravity. "Well, sir, I don't see but what you and I had better get down to it. I can see you'm been sick and I can see you'm bedeviled. Now that ain't right," said Mr. Cardeezer seriously—"that ain't right . . ." he hesitated, then with pontifical gravity continued. "You ain't poor, *that* ain't the trouble, you ain't got no bones broke that I can see . . . but somethin' ails ye. . . . You'm *bedeviled*. Now," said Mr. Cardeezer in his most practical Dump manner, "the fust question is, what's the matter with yer folks . . . seems that there ain't nobody to care for yer except that young High Stepper I seen in here. What's the trouble?" Cardeezer demanded.

In the light casual opportunist circles that knew Tarry Blake, where the chief gravities were reserved for the hanging of piquant chintzes, the arrangement of "tones" or the broader painting of some obscene incoherency; among other friends where his carefully groomed, lackadaisical presence was frequent, there would have been shrieks of derision, or long wails of repudiation for this unbelievable "curtain raiser" of this modern world-wanton, faced with these sobrieties of solicitous old age. Yet here, alone of a late spring evening, with worms of ennui and despair eating at his heart, the lad gradually turned as human beings in spite of themselves often turn to anyone who cares and is patient, and understands and . . . listens; instinctively he let himself be natural. Tarry Blake let himself talk!

And it was with that very strange spiritual thing, the searching questioning of an old man, this casual uncritical human method of the Dump, that wily Mr. Cardeezer obtained the information he sought. He dwelt marveling within him on the strange contradictory threads of a gold bug's history! How Tarry's father, the older gold bug, had gotten caught up in the comet path of a beautiful and restless young woman whom

he had married. How he had helplessly foresworn a companionship very precious to his son. How Tarry's "girl," because of fundamental differences in their purposes toward life, had thrown him over and married another man; how his newly published volume had appeared and been hardly noticed, in fact, made fun of. How there was no business to do. Nothing but to spend money and slip along on currents that had taken him where the rapids were strong . . . and whence he had been cast out, like this! Thrown back alone on that most unsatisfactory of comrades, himself.

Swiftly with a sort of bitter luxury in avowal, followed the story of one who with iron defiance is bound to hurl the sneer of life back on life. After all, it was fun tossing over an entire ship's cargo of inherited tradition. Why hang on any longer to narrow precious heirlooms of decency and sobriety? Tarry Blake was still meticulously intent upon going to the devil. His only grievance was that so far the trip had been so lonely and so dull.

Mr. Cardeezer seemed not to be very much surprised at the recital. He sat there quite at ease, paternal in the creaking chair. As solemnly as ever he had listened to Dump grievances, so he now listened to these self-disgustful revelations. Tarry Blake, as a young man will, strove to enlighten his elder as to the more modern forms of depravity. "That, you see," Blake's tone had weary patronage, "is the way they do it now." . . . "That," he added with weak fierceness, "*is real life*, that grows under the sham we call 'life.' . . . The sham"—vindictively—"that I believed when I wrote that stuff"—with a vicious gesture toward the piles of little gray books.

The old man, sitting soberly by, did not at first answer. He seemed to turn many things over in his mind. Mr. Cardeezer told himself that he wished to get it all correct. He shook his head dubiously, then after a silence said meaningfully, "that ain't all, is it?"

Blake's eyebrows went up a little. He stared at the visitor sitting there, his expression like one who searches for some lost piece to a puzzle. There was something a little obstinate in Mr. Cardeezer's manner. The young fellow did not answer.

Mr. Cardeezer resumed. "No," the old fellow shook his head objectingly, "you can't lay everything to yer paw's goin' off and the girl givin' you the mitt and—them other women like you told me. . . ." Cardeezer waited quite a long time with his eyes fixed on distance, he appeared still to wait for that lost puzzle piece. If he was considering the entire drama of a rake's progress, there was something curiously inexorable in his knowing old voice as he summed up:

"No, sir, I take it that it was after *that* you done the thing that was the only reel harm. . . ." Cardeezer cleared his throat. He was a bit of an adventurer himself, now he sailed uncharted seas, but his hand was steady on the tiller. "Why, it was then," declared Mr. Cardeezer recklessly, "that you went like a foolish young feller and began—well, say, what was it you begun? Hey?"

There was no answer. As calm as Moses, his inexorable face fixed upon the lad's, his question still poised straight over that secretive young face on the bed, Mr. Cardeezer was invincible. "It's as well he takes it first as last," he reasoned. "Ain't nobody had the nerve to do this to him." The doughty old mentor stiffened with parental firmness. "It's as well he takes it first as last."

Now and then the old visitor bent reverently to the jardinière. He could be silent, he told himself, as long as the next one. But too long a silence did not seem to him judicious.

"Ye ain't mad?"—at last he asked it. . . . "Ye ain't mad?"

As there was no answer to this either, he resumed a tranquil chewing, remarking after a few moments, "Well, my lad, ye needn't mind me. I was a gin soaker myself once, and I never see an advertisement of one of these here happy homes

with the range and pinola and a nice woman workin' a carpet sweeper that I don't reelize what-I lost. . . . But I've got over it, the gin soakin', chiefly because there ain't much gin nowadays, but more chiefly because there's things I've got to care for more. . . . Ye needn't to mind me. What I mean," said Mr. Cardeezer sturdily, "I know all about it." He hesitated, then dropping his voice confidentially, "Many's the time I've found Tilly lying acrost a doorstep or in the gutter crazy with *It*. Ye see," said Mr. Cardeezer genially, "ye see bime by it'll turn ye all into one body made out of a thousand mouths all cryin' for one thing. . . . Hey? What say?"

In the silence a man's slow indignant hand pointed to the door. Outraged eyes, haughty, not lackluster now, turned implacably on the visitor. Many a one in Mr. Cardeezer's place might have risen hastily and with awkward embarrassment taken the hint. Not so the doughty old Philosopher of the Dump. When Blake, with nerveless shaking hand, reached for the electric bell hanging from its wire over the pale blue-painted bed, the old visitor put out his own hand. He laid it masterfully on the young torso; something of austere authority seemed to control the quivering body.

"No, boy. No, boy," forbade Mr. Cardeezer reproachfully, then with a gleam. "Ye can pound out my liver when ye get well, if ye like. But *I'm goin' to have my say now*. . . ." After a few moments the strangely vital voice went on. "It was only that I thought . . . mebbe if I'm the one speaks out about it, then it will be out, then the worst is over . . . an' things that's out clear and straight between folks ain't got no poison into 'em, it's what's hidden and silent that rots the soul. And some way," added this uncouth Merlin slyly, "someway I think that's what ye've reely needed."

The silence was very awkward now.

"No doctor couldn't do to ye, ye'm

too swell, he'd lose his job. Ye've wanted to tell somebody and you'd be damned if you *would* tell anybody. You've laid here for many a day keepin' a secret that you and everybody else knowed and it's pizened ye. . . . Nobody else, not even that Miss High Stepper nor the doctor has dared to say right out, '*Ye got to stop thinkin' about this here dope*.' Ain't that so? Ain't that so?" asked Mr. Cardeezer.

Then with curious coaxing, "Ye ain't mad, shipmate, that I told ye what we both knowed?" Mr. Cardeezer was arch now, he laughed a short rumbling laugh. He was a little disrespectful.

There were signs of the block party's breaking up. The clatter of children's footsteps, then whoops and gay calls that go with the bobbing and veering of toy balloons. Silver ring of trundled hoops, fling of tops and jackstones, the short skirmishes of marbles . . . and then very faint and far, like a pagan heart beating in the forest of the city, the thumping of the "Wop" on the "Hop."

In the dimness of the delicate room, Mr. Cardeezer looked mildly about him. He pondered over these unmasculine surroundings of one whom he had thought to be a "gob," whom in his imagination he had pictured as a weather-beaten devil-may-care explorer. What he then said was rather thought aloud than said. His sentences came with their usual large sense of forbearing speculation.

"That there stuff don't make nothin' better," the old man formulated dryly. "It hain't never brought no cargo into port. Take Tilly now," the boy under the counterpane shivered helplessly, but the inexorable old voice went on, "Tilly, see her by an large, ain't as useful as one of them blue namel coffee pots that lays by the hundreds on the Dump. You can resodder them coffee pots, ye can renamel them and sell 'em, but you can't renamel Tilly. Her mind leaks, her morals is shot full of holes and they ain't a notion she can hold onto. She's doped, that's all," remarked Mr. Cardeezer blandly, "she's doped."

There was chilling silence. It afflicted

the old visitor. Mr. Cardeezer worried over that deathly mask of a boy's face on the pillow. He frowned upon its greenish white. "If the young High Stepper was here now," he worriedly thought, "like as not she'd stick her glass tube in his mouth like she done before.

"But that wouldn't do him no good," Mr. Cardeezer obstinately held his position. He plunged into obscure ruminations. What could do good to this youth pallid and will-less in these effeminate surroundings? Clearly the rough and raw of life had never touched him, though the reek and mold and seepage of life had. The watchful eyes sobered on the long lines under the counterpane. "The poor feller's went too deep," sighed Mr. Cardeezer mercifully. "He's knowed the best of a good woman, that's one kind of dope; and the worst of bad women, that's another kind. He's tore up inside, it ain't no wonder that he took to the only kind of dope there was left!

"I'd best go," at last said Mr. Cardeezer. He felt very awkward and unwanted now. He stuffed the red handkerchief ruefully into the tails of the Prince Albert coat. "Now where do I set the jardineer?" he asked with perfunctory briskness.

There being no answer, the old visitor sat the jardinière where he thought good. Then he came back to stand by the bed quite a long time, hesitating and abashed. He had the idea of farewell in him and some dim sense of asking forgiveness—yet—without giving further offense—how might he say what he ought to say?

"What I mean," begged Mr. Cardeezer humbly, "what I mean." He leaned over the bed almost groaning. Impulsively his great hand caught up the slim hand of the youth, he looked at it a moment in his own seamed member, then rather grimly laid it down.

"What I mean . . ." Mr. Cardeezer felt very unsure of himself now—"that stuff don't help none.

"On the Dump I've learned that. I've

seen in cold weather and hard times, this one and that one turn to it. Goin' off in secret, crawlin' in and out like rats where it's sold. Hidin' it, always scared and jumpy and ugly because of it. Ah, Boy," with a kind of agony Mr. Cardeezer almost cried it out, "that ain't like *You*. . . Don't *ye* remember . . ." he implored.

"Let me cast off, give me the helm again,

The sky and sea are mine, the adventure new;

Why do ye stay my impee-ri-ous sail, ye men,

To whom nor dream nor hope are longer true?

"It ain't like *you* going contrary to *that*. If you go contrary . . ." Cardeezer hesitated, standing bowed over the bed. Then a strange idea seemed to come over him. He lifted his head and looked about him, muttering in a curious defeated way, "Why then I suppose we all got to . . . I suppose there ain't no use for any of us—well . . ."

The hand lay where he had dropped it. It was as inert as the large slightly sensuous lips, as the face empty as a dead faun's. Mr. Cardeezer stood taking silent farewell of this puzzling, this inexplicable thing, a poet dead beside his own fires! a sailor blind to the plunging of his own ship! Suddenly he shoved the willow chair aside, he strode a few shaky paces to the door, he looked back; there was something very like disgust in the old voice, something like contempt.

"So this!" . . . the old man spoke scornfully, he had the dramatic air of one discovering a cheat . . . "this is what I find. Hey? I start out to make me acquainted with a healthy seafarin' man with a will into him. The feller that wrote 'give me the hellum again' . . . that feller that didn't care how many damned interferin' men was tryin' to stop him, but knowed he was goin' sailin' on, captin of his own ship, didn't care what he banged inter as long as he himself knowed the latitude and longitude and was headed for somethin' big and new and chancy . . . and now,"

said Mr. Cardeezer, with redoubled, if somewhat historic scorn, "what do I find? A Somebody that is about et up with dope (or anyway the dope idea had got into his head like a moth layin' eggs in an old shirt). This is what I got to tell 'em all when they ask about you on the Dump. That you're a Man-Tilly. Yes, sir, a Man-Tilly, ain't it awful?" brooded Mr. Cardeezer, "a feller hain't all new copper paint like we thought, startin' for a new voyage, but is barnacled up and slumpin' by the head, and lurchin' in anchor chains and eat up with terridors. A fine thing," said Mr. Cardeezer with dramatic scorn, "well, sir, I wouldn't have believed it . . . a Man-Tilly!"

Suddenly there was a slight commotion under the bedclothes, the face of Tarry Blake still maintained its indifference, but his youth's body suddenly contracted in the beginnings of a laugh. For this lofty contempt of the old man in this strange apostleship of the Dump, the spider-and-fly tie pin, and G. A. R. button, the red handkerchief and the blackthorn stick suddenly resolved themselves into symbols of that whimsical figure, the figure of the eternal Moralist! Blake got it, he got it sharply and ludicrously, but even as he registered the ridiculous effect, he felt strangely and nervously, his first strong emotion of laughter gave way to another emotion, a very acute emotion. The eternal pathos of it!

The pity of this old man, this beggar and wastrel of life, with his knowledge of tragedy, his sense of beauty and the vague wish to save and succor and befriend. . . . Well, it was funny . . . but it was something else . . . not so damned funny either.

It was characteristic that Tarry Blake, artist more than anything else, should go on fire with the thing; he felt suddenly swept by it. Oh, this was so absurd, so ridiculous, so wistfully, horribly *sad*! Blake turned half away to hide that poignant twinge by which the writer

knows that something will be born; by which he shudders once more into his old yearning passion to catch and portray honestly the great Comic Tragedy, the awful sorrow and laughter of universal life.

Suddenly with a curious loveliness, with a wistful errant charm, the youth on the bed there stretched out his hand. "Shake," he said abruptly. "Shake." Tarry bit his full lips, his dark eyes gleaming with a strange kind of mirth as he tried to utter various platitudes; but he only succeeded in mumbling, "Don't—er worry, you see, Mr.—er—Cardeezer, you see I've chucked the stuff."

Then with a wild peal of laughter, he gave way. "Oh, you're all right," he groaned . . . "A Man-Tilly? I say. What on earth? Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" It was a strange hysteria composed of many things. "You're all right," sobbed Blake. "It's all right." For he saw the old man aghast. He did not know that tears ran down his face while his peals on peals of pent-up laughter broke from him. "You're all right, you're all right," he gasped.

Mr. Cardeezer was a little taken back, but he had no idea of retreat.

"Well, sir, now you know," he said it a little stiffly. He maintained a rather lofty front, and the youth, lying there stuffing the bedclothes in his mouth, rolled from side to side laughing the more.

"What was that you called me? A polite, courteous term, Mr. Cardeezer, a very parlous term. *A Man-Tilly*," the boy, eyes wet and mischievous, was teasing now. Something bold and saucy had returned to this young faun. "A Man-Tilly," choked Tarry Blake. "Huh? a Man-Tilly? So nice of you!"

Mr. Cardeezer was puzzled how to retort. He, himself, began to laugh helplessly. For here was youth at its own game, facing an old fellow down, making him feel his age. He thought hastily of the "gob." Gobs always acted that way, he acknowledged.

"Well," he remarked, slightly confused. "I may have called you some such name." Mr. Cardeezer hesitated, then with a flash of fun in his own old eyes, "I will say," he remarked, "that it's the only one you've answered to"—and between their jovial appreciations, the two registered certain mute recognitions.

As he tried to tear himself away, Cardeezer's gaze went a little timidly around the room he was about to leave, to the tall trinity of fleur de lis, the delicate walls and curtains.

"I'd like to tell 'em on the Dump," he said wistfully, "how that for all you've been sick, you was easy seed, a fine, up-standing feller, full of guts, with as much fight in ye as the next one . . . and that ye was . . ." he hesitated, "that ye was settin' sail very soon for . . . better places. . . . Hey?" He was very wistful now, this old man. "Maybe it ain't much to you," he said simply, "but it's a lot to them all on account of what you wrote in that there book. Mebbe," said Mr. Cardeezer, "mebbe you think I'm fresh, but I—"

For the succeeding moments it was very still indeed, until it seemed to Tarry Blake that they two spoke to each other without words some very

deep promise. It had no words, this promise, but it was a man's vow made to a man and it had pith. The two struck hands. Then—the door closed. A boy lay staring into twilight, an old man's step went solemnly away.

Society greeted Tarry Blake's new novel with wonder. *On the Dump* was handled with strange fire, with bitter truculence of revelation that made comfortable people squirm while they marveled. The pageantry and pathos of human woe were acidly done, but the etching was dug in with a curious vitality and color.

"How could he *know*?" everybody asked. How could Tarry Blake know about the drug addict that carried in her starved bosom the baby's rattle and talked ceaselessly of green fields where she walked happy paths with people she didn't know that "talked lovely" to her?

How could he know about Meg, the winged victory of a girl who sprang like a young goddess from a background of ashes and cans and garbage? And the strange character of the old Merlin, whose mysticism and grasp of life dominated wastrel and vagabond and fish-wife? . . . How could Tarry Blake know?

After Commendation

BY J. H. DAVIES

I SANG for you:

As, sometimes, mountain streams
Leave pools as still and safe as dreams
To fling their volume down some headlong steep,
For beauty's sake, in one exultant leap,
So did I lavish *myself*, too,
Singing for you.

"You did that well."

Thus, kindly, did you speak,
Praising my voice and my technic;
Nor guessed I furnished quickening for my "art"
In passion throbs, poured from my living heart.
I make no facile boast of pain—
Nor sing again.

The Universe and Life

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

Director of the Harvard College Observatory

FROM the standpoint of astrophysical studies of the structure of the universe, life is not an important item. It is but one of many minor crustal phenomena at the surface of a planet. And a planet, to the student of sidereal affairs, is a fragment of secondary import. Animal behavior is a trivial matter compared with the behavior of elemental gases. Human laws are transient, weak, and absurd when contrasted with the impressive generalizations of physical science.

An impersonal cosmogonist would not single out for investigation those chemical jugglers called living organisms. He would prefer to understand, for example, the radiations of a comet's tail, which seem to be a concern of much higher weight in the comprehension of the physical world.

To him the structure of the atom is significant, and the interpretation of the variability in stars and nebulae may lead toward understanding, but the world politics of the human species has little appeal or application. The difference between the evolution of the Galaxy and the evolution of the political state is to him the difference between the cosmic and the comic. The one approaches the eternal and infinite; the other approaches the infinitesimal and evanescent. Statistics of the yield of wheat, investigations into the genetics of cows, chemical analyses of organic things—all are apparently so useless in grasping the structure and history of the universe, in ferreting out the meaning of matter, space, and time.

But wait. The ferret and interpreter of the sublime facts and acts of the ma-

terial universe is one of these same trivial organic things. That in itself should attract attention to him. That should make him, the ferret, and his kind, of interest as a phenomenon of the cosmos. Physically minute, to be sure, but is stature everything? Temporally brief, but is durability alone important?

A typical phase of cosmic energy is involved in the affection of matter that is called, by its practitioners, life. From the viewpoint of the astronomer let us consider what it amounts to in the sidereal scheme. How serious is life, and how permanent, as a disturbance or affliction of matter? Is it endemic or universal? Is it terrestrial only, or a widely spread infection? Is it easily incited and suppressed by the vagaries of celestial motion and the by-play of the physics and chemistry of the material universe?

Before we dream, or contemplate, or try to reason, about the diffusion of life throughout stellar systems, or speculate on its terrestrial permanency in the future and in the past, we must define it in a way that is clear and recognizable to the average dreamer and speculator. We can do that by avoiding altogether a strict definition. Let us agree that by life we mean that physico-chemical phenomenon which is commonly recognized as life on the earth's surface. The following discussion, therefore, would not apply to disembodied beings. And outside the definition also would be both the chimerical creatures that are fancied to exist in gaseous flames, and the vague residents of empty space where temperatures approach the zero absolute.

Life as we know it on the earth is based on an intricate chemical com-

plex—protoplasm. The activity of protoplasm requires the coexistence of water in a liquid state; it is largely of water, and lives by it. Life cannot subsist on steam, the gaseous form of water; nor on ice, the solidified form.

Protoplasmic life requires an ideal solvent, and water is just that. A large proportion of the human body is liquified water; the same is true of the lower forms of terrestrial life. Water is the fluid essence that vivifies the clod. It is the blood of the organic universe.

Our inquiry into the probability of life in other worlds therefore reduces to the question of the existence of liquid water. If water is available, there may be life; if water does not exist, life cannot be. Hence, as explorers of the sky, searching for the habitable lands among the stars, the nebulae, the other planets of the solar system, we must look first for water; it is more necessary to the animate colonist than gold and silver; more precious than rare and costly elements. For these common chemical elements, hydrogen and oxygen, suitably combined in a liquid state, are fundamental.

The same is true of our own planet. If, in the remote past history of the earth, conditions once were not favorable to the existence of water, if circumstances here prohibited the prevalence of this little appreciated nectar of the gods, then those quondam gods must have concerned themselves only with earth's inanimates. And if, in the future, water becomes unavailable, protoplasmic chemistry must stop. If a star, or a star's planet, would develop the delicate and unstable chemistry we recognize as living organisms, then it must first see that the temperature, pressure, and other physical conditions are agreeable for that one special combination of hydrogen and oxygen.

There no longer seems to be a sharp line between the lifeless and the living. The transition stage from inorganic to organic appears, to many scientists, to be merely a field of chemistry as yet un-

thoroughly explored. It is certain that one who considers the evidence of the rise and decay of massive stars, the birth of planets, the organization of stellar systems, everywhere finds nothing more supernatural than obedience to the laws of gravitational astronomy and physical chemistry. He has difficulty, therefore, in imagining that a new factor in world building comes between the complex inorganic compound and the beginnings of protoplasm. He prefers to believe that the development, on a celestial body, of the relatively unstable chemistry of protoplasm, is a natural procedure when liquid water exists and when suitable conditions prevail with regard to light and the atmosphere.

If the chemical environment is right, primordial life thus becomes inevitable. If the environment remains propitious, a complex development toward higher forms follows of necessity. The intervention of creative gods, between the inanimate and the living, appears to the scientist to be as unnecessary for the starting of life as the opposition of unnatural devils is impotent to thwart its coming. Modern science teaches that far deeper mysteries exist than the origin of organisms.

Suitable physical conditions, however, are not likely to be abundant throughout the stellar universe. To harbor organic beings, a star, which itself is hot and gaseous and impossible, must have planets; and it must keep them in a healthy condition during a long interval of time. We suspect that a hundred million years are far too short for the development of the simplest organism now known. To arrive at a highly complicated and evenly balanced living complex, such as a beetle, a man, a starfish, or an orchid, has consumed an interval of time, and has required a stability of chemical environment, that surpasses our ability to appreciate.

We are not now aware of the actual existence of any planetary system other than ours. We are too remote from our

nearest stellar neighbors to have cognizance of their small family affairs. The sun, however, does not differ, so far as we can see, from hundreds of similar stars. Its temperature is intermediate, its content of matter is well within the known extremes, its volume is typical of stars that have passed the prime of life, its motion shows no peculiarities, its isolation from neighboring stars and nebulae is not unlike that of thousands of others in this domain of space. From general appearances, therefore, there seems to be no reason why the sun should be chosen for a special mission in the universe.

Before we consider the possibilities of protoplasmic life elsewhere in sidereal regions, let us inquire concerning some of the absolute necessities for organic existence and development on a planet of our own solar system. There are at least seven requisites for life—that is, seven prime conditions that must be met to assure the continued existence of water in a liquid form and an environment otherwise suitable. If a planet conspicuously fails to fulfill a single one of these conditions, it fails as a possible animate dwelling. Even if it fulfills all the requirements, other factors may enter to hinder a high development of the terrestrial sort, or to prevent even the most lowly origins.

For living is precarious. Organic reactions and reactors cannot endure severe hardships; they cannot withstand, except under very favorable conditions, the cruel buffeting of a material universe. Temperature variations must be moderate and the extremes quickly modified; otherwise animate things precipitously return to the inorganic clay. Excesses of pressure cannot be borne by fragile earthy pots. And the potter cannot work his clay, if the chemical constitution of soil and air differ ever so little in a deleterious manner.

The seven factors referred to above may first be put briefly:

1. The radiation emitted by the

source of energy (the sun, in our case) must be constant in quantity and quality over a considerable interval of time.

2. The distance of the planet from the source of energy must fall within suitable limits in order to maintain the liquidity of water on its surface.

3. The orbit of the planet must be approximately circular, because its distance from the central power plant must not greatly vary.

4. The planet must rotate in a satisfactory period, in order that the alternating climatic conditions of day and night may be tolerable.

5. The axis of rotation must be suitably inclined to the plane of the planetary orbit so that seasonal oscillations do not prevent the requisite stability of atmosphere and water.

6. The mass, that is, the amount of matter in the planet, must not be too small; nor should it be too large, if higher forms of life are expected.

7. The chemical constitution of the planet's coverings—atmosphere, lithosphere, hydrosphere; air, land, and water—must conform with a very definite prescription, for life of the terrestrial kind.

The daily dole of radiation from the sun is the power that energizes terrestrial life. This gift of light is as basic for organic energy as water is fundamental for protoplasmic chemistry. In light is the means to life. And light for the planets, in its primary form, is wholly a phenomenon of the activities of solar atoms. In the beginning "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and then, according to the Mosaic cosmogony, came the momentous pronouncement: "Let there be Light!"

Even these earliest students of the origin and structure of the universe recognized the overwhelming importance of light. With light, and the waters of the deep, all becomes possible; but a certain measure of constancy is demanded of the source of radiation.

Light, visible and invisible, not only is

the source of life, but is the source of knowledge of all the universe that lies beyond the sun. Solely by the light of stars do we know them. The sun itself could be recognized at our relatively short distance by its gravitating power, independently of its radiation; but the stars are too remote for their masses to be felt.

By analyzing, in appropriate ways, the light of stars and nebulae, astronomers can find the positions in space, the motions, the temperatures, and the chemical constitution of stellar atmospheres; they can deduce generalizations or laws bearing on sidereal organization. As a source of terrestrial energy, however, they find the stars are quite impotent. The heat received from the brightest and nearest is just on the limit of the most refined heat-measuring instruments.

Our complete dependence on a single small star, the sun, is hardly appreciated. We are all parasitic—we living things. Civilizations, and all other animal manifestations, are parasites on photosynthesis—on the chemical operation in the leaves of plants which capture for us a small bit of the solar energy. The power comes, wirelessly, from movements of distant electrons. It comes from the oscillating electrical charges that constitute atoms, ninety-three million miles away.

The primeval heat from the earth's interior, yet remaining and flowing outward, now helps little, if at all, in the warming of the surface. The earth's own radiation is not suitable for ordinary plant reactions, because the wavelengths are too long; but solar radiation is satisfactory, and has been in the past for hundreds of millions of years. We are utterly dependent on it. In the future we may hope to derive some energy from atomic transformations, or from the moon-generated tides. At present the solar machine does it all. We are now thinking, writing, reading, solely by grace of electronic vibrations in chemical atoms at the surface of the sun.

All of this emphasizes our need of faithful performance on the part of the

central heating plant. We are likely to assume that life is widely adaptable, that it can tolerate much variation in planetary meteorology. But the great severity that some animals can bear is after all only relative. Penck, and other paleontologists, assert that a lowering of the earth's average temperature by as little as five or six degrees (on the centigrade scale) would bring back Ice Ages comparable with those of the late Pleistocene period, some forty thousand years ago.

A change of six degrees corresponds to only two per cent in the absolute temperature of the earth. Alterations of ten per cent or more, either up or down the temperature scale, would, if permanent, be a serious obstacle to the continuity of protoplasm on the earth's surface. Variations far in excess of ten per cent are possible of endurance if they are quickly moderated. Extremes of heat and cold are not fatal when relieved in the course of a few hours, days, or months. Relief for short frigid intervals lies in the reserve energy stored in the ocean, air, fuel, and animal bodies. It is the unmoderated alteration in temperature that cannot be permitted. The average heat must remain constant, within a few per cent. The sun cannot be a variable star similar to the hundreds known to astronomers; and the evolution and dissipation of its heat supply needs to be a very slow process, compared with organic evolution.

The second of the conditions for life on a planet is, like the first, a requisite aimed at the maintenance of liquid water. In the solar system there is an interval of distance from the sun where the energy received is neither too little nor too great for the existence of water. Apparently, three planets move within that interval—Venus, the earth, and Mars; but the last is probably somewhere near the outer limit, and Venus may be uncomfortably near the sun.

The distance of Mars from the sun is such that it receives less than one-half as much solar energy per square mile as

the earth. At the distance of Jupiter and Saturn, the water on a planet like the earth would freeze. On the other hand, as near the sun as Mercury, a planet receives more than six times as much solar radiation per square mile as the earth, and, without some remarkable atmospheric device for moderating or avoiding this flux of energy, it certainly could not succeed as a life-bearing object.

If the sun were a much brighter star, the favorable interval of distance would be placed farther out in the planetary system; if it becomes less potent than now, the favorable interval will come in toward the region of the innermost planets.

The elongation of a planetary orbit obviously introduces variations in the amount of heat received from the sun. If the path is so much elongated that the planetary body wanders too close to the sun or too far away, it must be ruled out as a livable place. Orbits like those of the comets are undoubtedly too eccentric. The planet Mercury, when nearest the sun, receives two and a fourth times as much radiant energy as when it is at the outermost part of the orbit. The elongation of the orbit of Mars is also considerable, but probably not too high to rule out the planet on this count alone.

The axial rotations, which bring about the tempering effects of day and night, are known to be of the order of one day or less for most of the planets. These rotations are apparently all in the same direction, and their cause dates back, no doubt, to the cataclysmic origin of the planets from the rotating sun. Of the three planets within the favorable limits of distance from the sun, the earth and Mars have rotation periods very nearly alike, and quite suitable for the demands of life. Probably Venus also has a relatively short day and night, but the available evidence is not conclusive. A few astronomers believe that Venus always keeps one face toward the sun—just as the moon has faced the earth and not

revealed, within the memory of man, the mysteries of one whole lunar hemisphere.

This same absence of a relative rotation is almost certainly the case with Mercury, the nearest planet to the sun. One face is continuously bombarded by the fierce radiation of the nearby star, and the other is always turned to outer space, where the everlasting cold is not appreciably moderated by earthlight, moonlight, Venuslight, and other feeble radiations in the planetary system. The contrast in temperature between the sunlit and shadowed sides of Mercury permits no permanency of water or atmosphere.

It is conceivable that a planet, such as the earth or Venus, might rotate in a period sufficiently short, but rotate unsatisfactorily none the less. If the axis of rotation lie in the plane of the orbit, that is, if it were tilted over so far that everywhere on the planet day and night each last for half the year, the seasonal restrictions on life would be important. In other words, although the Arctic and Antarctic zones on the surface of the earth extend but twenty-three degrees from the poles, it is possible that on some planet they might extend ninety degrees, down to the equator, bringing about a great modification of life, if not preventing altogether its high development. Of the seven limitations noted, this may be considered as the least serious.

One of the most important requisites for planetary habitability is that of mass. Again Venus, the earth, and Mars maintain their eligibility, though the smaller amount of matter in Mars (one-ninth that of the earth) is probably its greatest stumbling-block. The important function of mass is its gravitative power for holding an atmosphere. The moon, with a mass one-eightieth that of the earth, fails as a habitable world; and probably lack of mass is its sole cause of failure. It can maintain no atmosphere: an absolute necessity for terrestrial animate forms, and highly essential in mod-

rating the alternate exposures to a hot sun and a cold space.

In the matter of mass and surface gravitation, the planet Mercury again fails to qualify. The atmospheric pressure at the surface of Mars is about one-half that at the top of the highest terrestrial mountain. That an atmosphere actually exists on Mars, and occasionally, at least, liquid water is present, we can safely assume from the observations of polar caps, cloud phenomena, and other superficial markings; but the air is generally admitted to be quite too thin for earthlike organisms. If plants or animals could be miraculously transferred from the earth to Mars, and exposed to Martian meteorology, quick death could be the only result. But this does not mean that protoplasmic life is there not possible. A modified organism might slowly evolve, capable of withstanding the low temperature and the thin atmosphere; but it, too, would succumb immediately if exposed to terrestrial rigor.

Of all requirements for earthlike life, the chemical constitution of the environment is clearly most essential. The character of the rocks differs greatly over the earth, but they are bathed by air and water of remarkable constancy and uniformity. It may be that the atmosphere we have is the only one possible of development on a planet of this size and genetic history. Moreover, the uniformity in chemical construction among the stars is one of the accepted conclusions of modern spectroscopic analysis. It is probable, however, that the atmospheres in some planetary systems are variously polluted, or are changed permanently, by the sporadic action of volcanoes, or by gaseous nebulae encountered while wandering through interstellar regions.

The chemistry of the sun, so far as we can tell, is much like that of the earth, when allowance is made for the enormous differences in temperature and pressure. Of the chemical constitution of the other planets of the solar system

we know nothing, for they, like the earth, are parasites, shining only by light reflected from the sun. Attempts to detect water vapor or oxygen in their atmospheres have failed, up to now, to produce unequivocal evidence.

To summarize the discussion, so far as it bears on the planetary system of the sun, we may state the average astronomical opinion; it is far less optimistic for the diffusion of life than is the opinion of the enthusiast.

1. Venus, so far as we can see, more nearly fulfills the conditions than any planet other than the earth. Its mass and orbit are certainly favorable, its distance, rotation, and chemical constitution, are probably not unfavorable, though we cannot penetrate its dense covering of clouds and seek out the mysteries of its surface. 2. Low forms of life may exist on the planet Mars, where the thin atmosphere does permit our telescopic explorations. High forms of life at the present time are, however, generally deemed improbable, and beings comparable with man and other terrestrial mammals are considered utterly impossible. 3. The other planets of the solar system are now quite unsuited to protoplasmic life.

As to the habitability of the earth in the remote past, the fossils in the rocks tell the story. Very impressive is the lapse of time throughout which the solar radiation, and the orbit, rotation, mass, and chemical constitution of the earth, have on the average been uniform. Although measured in the hundreds of millions of years, it is, however, a short interval in the development of the sidereal universe. The past has been constant and secure, and has permitted the slow animate evolution leading up to the complicated equilibria and instincts of the higher animals.

So much for looking backward; but "forward, tho' we canna see, we guess an' fear!" Or even if we do not fear, and most of us do not, certainly we do

guess. We have insufficient data for exact prediction. The sun has behaved itself reasonably during the past millions of years, and we guess that it may continue to do so in the future. The earth's atmosphere and water have been livable, despite occasional desiccations and glaciations, throughout our long ancestral line, and we assume it will remain so for whatever posterity is granted us. But that is all guesswork.

Many stars appear to be moving in exciting neighborhoods, where clouds of nebosity, or something else, provoke great variations in light emission. There is the phenomenon of a new star, or so-called Nova, where a star appears to lose its equilibrium for a time, and suddenly bursts forth with thousands of times its ordinary radiation—to the utter dismay of whatever organic chemistry may have developed in the vicinity. The novæ, in fact, are so frequent, relatively, that during the past history of the living earth there have doubtless been millions of such catastrophes out in space. Nothing of the kind, however, has happened in this system. The existence of organic forms at the present time, which are closely comparable with those of the Paleozoic era, is a proof of some value to the astronomer that the sun has not only had no accident, nor a pronounced variation in light, but also that it is developing very slowly. Its freedom from serious disturbance, notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of the new-star phenomenon throughout sidereal space, is a clear indication that the sun, fortunately for us, is moving through a dull and uneventful region.

In the foregoing outline we have emphasized the requisites for our sort of life on the planets of the solar system. The same conditions hold for the other stars. We cannot assume, however, that all other stars have planetary systems, or even that the family cult is a common sidereal habit. Again we must speculate without too much knowledge of the

facts. Some conclusions, however, can be expressed with confidence.

A close double star, in which the two members of the pair of gaseous bodies are within a few stellar diameters of each other, cannot maintain a planetary system that would follow the rules; the perturbations would probably wreck the orbit quickly, or hopelessly distort it, even if a planet should start right for the development of protoplasm.

We can also assume that by no means all of the single stars have had the encounters with other bodies that would produce, through some sort of tidal eruption, a planetary system of the kind proper for habitation.

Even if one star in a thousand eventually develops a planetary system, it is probable that only rarely would one of the planets be ideal for our kind of existence, and still more rarely would those conditions be long maintained free from the disturbances of periodic variation, collision with nebosity, and the further encounter with stellar neighbors.

Uncommon as a habitable planet may be, we are not justified, however, in assuming an absolutely unique position for the earth in nature. The stars of our stellar system are numbered by the thousands of millions. Time is long. Sometime, somewhere, there have doubtless been many planets, besides those of the solar system, fitted for that complex of innumerable chemical reactions called protoplasmic life.

The animal man, to be sure, is probably unduplicated elsewhere in the sidereal universe. Astronomically speaking, he represents such a transient, fortuitous and uncertainly poised combination of circumstances, that it would be surprising if the laws of probability exactly reproduced him. But, in some form, non-terrestrial life probably exists, and has existed, and will exist. In the absence of information, we can only surmise that the chance that it surpasses our own is as good as that it falls below our level.

The Drama As I See It

STUDIES IN THE PLAYS AND FILMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

IV.—*"The Greek Drama"*

AS PRESENTED IN OUR COLLEGES

THE Greek Drama, as everybody knows, possesses a majesty that we do not find elsewhere. It has a loftiness, a sublimity, to which no later theater has attained. Anybody who has seen the play of "Alcestis" put on by the Senior class of the Podunk High School will admit this at once.

The Greek Drama, unfortunately, is no longer exhibited to the ordinary theater-going public.

It is too sublime for them. They are away beneath it. The attempt to put on one act of the "Œdipus Polyphogistus" of Boanerges at the entertainment evening of the annual convention of the Rubber Men of America last January was voted down by a nine to one vote in favor of having Highland Dances of the Six Susquehanna Sisters.

Another difficulty is that a lot of the Greek Drama is lost. Some critics think that all the best of it is lost; others say, not all; others again claim that what we have ought to make us feel that we have no right to complain over what is lost.

But though the Greek Drama is not presented in our commercial theaters, it still flourishes in our institutions of learning. One may yet see the stupendous tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides put on in the auditorium of the Jefferson High School or acted, under pressure, by the boys of St. Peter's (Episcopal) Resident Academy, or presented in commencement week by the Fi Fi

Omega (oil) Fraternity of the University of Atlanta.

The open season for the Greek Drama in the college is the month of February. This gives the students four months to learn the Greek lines, and is based on a piece-work rate of five words a day. After the play they have still time to get back to what is now called "normalcy" before the end of the college session.

Let us therefore transport ourselves in fancy to the winter evening in a college town when the Greek play is to be put on by the Senior class in classics. There is no unusual light or brilliance in the streets to announce this fact. On the contrary, the general appearance is as of gloom. Here and there a glaring light against a boarding brazenly announces the vulgar fact that Harold Lloyd, or rather the shade of him, is revolving at the Coliseum. But of the fact that the shade of Sophocles is to be at the auditorium of the Faculty of Liberal Arts there is no public indication. Nor is the location of Sophocles easy to find. Our first attempt to follow what seems to be the movement of the crowd leads us vainly toward the entrance of the Third Street Skating Rink, and then to the lighted portico of the Gayety Burlesque Theater, Ladies Cordially Welcomed. No such lighted path leads to the august dead. Nor are the services of a taxi of any use to us. The driver has not heard of the performance, is not aware apparently of the existence of the

college auditorium; and can only suggest that Sophocles himself may be staying at the Jefferson. Most of the actors do.

But to anybody accustomed to colleges and their ways, it is not difficult to find the auditorium. One has but to notice here and there among the elm trees of the side streets a few shivering figures moving in the same direction and wearing a costume half way between fashion and disreputability. These are college professors and they are going to the play. Let us follow them.

We do this and we easily find the auditorium—in fact, on a close inspection, we can distinctly see light here and there in its windows and people going in. Entrance is effected in two ways, either by ticket, for those who have tickets, or without a ticket, for those who haven't got a ticket. When we are well inside the place, we find a large placard, visible only to those who have got in, announcing the attraction:

A GREAT TRAGEDY

The Greek Play

OROASTUS

Put on in the original
by the Senior Class

A MASTERPIECE OF SORROW

DON'T MISS IT

ALL UP

There is quite a sprinkling of people already seated. There must be what is called "easily three hundred." But on such occasions nobody is mean enough to count the audience. We are shown to our seats by girl ushers in college gowns and bobbed hair, a touch of old Greek life which goes to our heart.

If the Senior class understood advertising as well as they know Greek, they would have put that placard near the railway station and had a band playing and one or two of the girls with bobbed hair selling tickets behind glass. Nor would it have been necessary to select the girls who knew most Greek. But

still—we started by saying that the Greek drama was lofty; let it remain so.

When we get to our seats we realize that we needn't have come for a long time yet. There is no evidence of anybody starting anything, Greek or otherwise. There is a subdued chatter among the audience and people straggling in, one, two, and even three at a time. We notice presently that all the audience in the hall except ourselves have got little books or pamphlets—paper things that look like the uplift hymns at a Rotary Club six o'clock supper, or the hymnal of a Chautauqua Society. We go back to the outer entrance and get one (fifty cents each) and find that this priceless thing is the book of the play with the Greek on one side and the English (it seems English) on the other. So now we can take our seats again and study the thing out.

On the outside of the book of the play is an announcement for

KOLLEGE KLOTHES

Superb Suits, \$13.50

Classy Overcoats \$9.50

But we had always known that education was a struggle and we pass this by.

On the inside the thing begins in earnest.

It is still a little sprinkled with advertisements here and there, but we rightly gather that they are not essential to the tragedy. The book runs thus,

Oroastus

(*Kollege Klothes and Students Boots.*)

A Greek Drama dating probably from the fifth century (*Students Shirts*) B.C. The play is generally attributed to Diplodocus, who lived probably at Megara, but also perhaps (*Knit to Fit Underwear for College Men*) at Syracuse. His work (*All Wool*) is generally esteemed on a par with that of his great contemporaries Iambilichus and Euarbilus. He is said on what seems credible ground to have died during the presentation of one of his own plays. But the place of his death (*Third Avenue and Jefferson Street the Home Lunch Resort*) is unknown.



WE ARE SHOWN TO OUR SEATS BY GIRL USHERS IN COLLEGE GOWNS

The entire works of Diplodocus, with the single extant exception of Oroastus, are lost but they are none the less esteemed on that account. A full account of his life was written by Polybius but is lost. (Rah! Rah! Join the Mandolin Club.) A critique of his genius written by Diogenes Laertius but attributed also to Pliny, has perished. The bust of Diplodocus, said to be the work of Phidias Senior, was lost, either at sea or on land. The bust now in the Louvre was executed one thousand six hundred years after his supposed death, and may or may not show him as he was. Internal evidence goes to show that Diplodocus was, internally, very unhappy (*Try Possums Pills One A Day.*) From the play before us many lines have unfortunately been lost. But the loss is in every case indicated by asterisks in the text (*Get Your Neckties At Appletons.*)

The simple theme of sorrow, the rigor of fate, and the emptiness of human desire dominate the play (*Have You Joined the Bible Class? Now Is the Time To Join.*)

And at this point the solid Greek begins, pages and pages of it, and facing it on the other side, solid masses of English. And just as we begin to try and study it out—we ought really to have begun a month ago—we realize that the entertainment is beginning.

The huge white sheet that acts as a curtain slides sideways groaning on a wire, and behold the platform of the Auditorium, converted into the severe stage of the Greeks with white curtains on the sides and a bare floor, and of stage properties no trace. No comfortable little red mica fire burning at the side, such as cheers the actors of a drawing-room play; none of the green grass and the cardboard inn with the swinging sign that stand for eighteenth-century comedy; nothing of the sweep of rock and the curtain of cloud which indicates that Forbes Robertson is about to be Hamlet. Nothing, just nothing: boards, a little sawdust, room to come in and out, and sorrow. That is all that the Greeks asked or wanted. How infinitely superior to ourselves, who have

so piled up the panoply of life about us that our lightest acts and our deepest grief must alike be hung with priceless decorations! But the Greek Theater, like the four bare walls of the Puritan House of Worship . . . but stop, the play has started.

A tall figure walks in, a player in a long draped sheet of white, a bearded player, with a chaplet of leaves about his head. This must be Oroastus; let me look, yes it's Oroastus, King of Thebes. What's he saying? A sort of long-drawn howling "*Aie! aie! aie! aie!*" My! My! Oroastus must be in a terrible way.

"*Aie, aie, aie, aie.*"

This must be that note of sorrow which I spoke about: or else it is some of the internal melancholy of Diplodocus.

Oroastus, King of Thebes, walks out pretty well into the middle of the stage and stands there groaning, "*Aie, Aie, Aie.*" . . .

So to get a clue to what is now going to happen, we look at our book of the play to see that the next thing marked in the English text is:

ENTRY OF THE CHORUS

Ah now! cheer up! that's something like, the Chorus! Bring them right along in: No doubt they will be of that beautiful type of classic Greek girls. If there is one thing that we specialize on in the modern drama, it is the chorus. Fetch the girls in, by all means.

In they come. Help! What is this? Three old men—very aged, with cotton-wool beards and long white robes like the one Oroastus wears.

No, there is no doubt about it, the Greek idea of a chorus is a matter on which we take issue at once. These three old men may think themselves terribly cute, but for us, quite frankly they are not in it. We knew before we came that the Greek Tragedy was severe, but this is a pitch of severity for which we were not prepared.

However, as these three saucy old men are on the stage, let's see what they're doing. Look, they all lift their arms up

straight above their heads and they all begin to moan.

"*Aie, aie, aie-e.*"

In fact, just like King Oroastus. They evidently have got the same internal trouble that he has.

Now they seem to be breaking into a kind of sustained talk in a sort of chant. It's impossible to know what they are saying because it's all in Greek—or no—of course we can follow it. We have the English in the book of the play: in fact, you can see all the people in the audience turning the leaves of their little book and burying their heads in them up to their spectacles. At a Greek college play the audience don't look at the stage, they look at the little book.

This is what the three saucy old men are saying:

O how unhappy is this (now standing before us) King!

O fate! with what dark clouds art thou about to overwhelm (or perhaps to soak) him.

O what grief is his: and how on the one hand shall he for his part escape it? Oh, woe! Oh, anxiety, Oh, grief, Oh, woe!

In other words, in the Greek play the business of the Chorus is to come in and tell the audience what a classy spectacle it is going to be. Sorrow being the chief idea of Greek tragedy, the Chorus have to inform the audience that they're going to get it and to get it good. It's a great idea in dramatic construction. It's just as if at the beginning of Hamlet, the Chorus stuck their heads over the battlements of Elsinore and said, in up-to-date English, "Say, look at this young man! Isn't he going to get it in the neck. Eh, what? Isn't he in for hard luck: just wait till his father's ghost gets a twist on him."

So the Chorus groan and the King keeps howling, "*Aie, aie, aie,*" and after they'd done it long enough, the three Chorus men walk out one behind the other like the figures on an Athenian frieze, and the King is left alone.

He speaks (and a foot-note in the book

says that this speech is one of the finest things in Greek tragedy).

What awful fate hangs over (or perhaps overhangs) me this unhappy king?

What sorrow now does the swift-moving hand (or perhaps the revolving finger) of doom make for me?

Where shall I turn? Whither shall I go? What is going to hit me next?

What would I not give, even if it were my palace itself, to be let loose from this overwhelming anxiety (or perhaps this rather unusual situation).

Beside it, my palace and my crown are nothing.

The King pauses and lifts his two hands straight up in the air and cries:

Oh Zeus, what next?

And at this juncture the little book says:

ENTER A HERALD

and the audience look up from their books a minute to see this herald come in. In runs the herald. He is young and has no beard. He has a tunic and bare legs and on his feet are sandals with wings and on his head also are wings and he carries a wand. The wings on his feet are meant to show how fast he could go if he really had to—like the bicycle that the telegraph messenger pushes along with him. The wand means that if he needed to he could fly.

The entrance of this Herald causes the only interruption from the audience that occurs during the play. There are cries from the gallery of "Attaboy! Good work, Teddy!" The Herald is one of the most popular members of the Fi Fi Omega Society. Anybody looking at that Herald approves of him. He is the best stage effect of the lot. In fact, there is more "pep" about

the Herald than in all the rest put together.

He confronts Oroastus and they hold a dialogue like this:

O King.

O Herald.

Aie.

Me, too.

Woe, woe! King.

I believe you.

Things are bad.

They are indeed. What misfortune brings you in this direction?

A grave one.

I guess it must be: but tell me that my ear may hear it.

Grievous are my tidings.

I am sure they are.

And hard for you to hear.

The slowness of the Herald in giving the bad news to the King is one of the striking things in the Greek drama. It is only equaled on the modern stage by the great detective revealing the mystery in the fifth act, or a lawyer explaining the terms of the secret will, or the dying criminal (shot, deservedly, in a cellar) confessing the innocence of the heroine. In fact, the Greek Herald was the man who started this kind of trouble. He was the first original exponent of the idea of not telling a good thing in a hurry.



"AIE, AIE, AIE, AIE!"

He speaks again.

Things are not what they seem.

Oroastus groans.

Things which were yesterday are to-day not.

Oroastus groans again. All the dialogue has by this time been knocked out of him. The Herald realizes that he can't get another rise out of him. So he gets down to facts.

Your palace, O King, has on the one hand been destroyed by fire and your crown, which in and of itself for the most part signified your kingship, has on the other hand been stolen.

Oroastus. Aie, aie, aie, my palace is destroyed and my crown is lost. Oh whoa, this is grief.

The Herald: It is. Good-by. I have other tasks (or perhaps avocations).

The Herald says this and withdraws, and as he goes out, in come the three old chorus men again. That was the great thing about the Greek tragedy. It never stopped. It went right on. In the modern play when the Herald said "Good-by," the curtain would fall on Act I. In the moving picture the scene would shift and show the palace being burned. But the good old Greek tragedy went right on like sawing wood. This is called the unity of the drama, and so far nothing beats it.

The Chorus, of course, have merely come in to have a good time by piling up the sorrow and gloating over Oroastus.

They line up and they chant out:

Oh! look at this—now standing before us King (or sometimes rendered this ordinary man). Sorrow has struck him.

His palace and his crown are destroyed.

But Fate is not done with him yet.

All compelling Fate is getting ready another arrow (or, perhaps, is going to take another crack at him).

He has lost his palace.

But watch out.

There is more coming.

And at this the three miserable old

brutes troop out again. Then the King says:

Oh, me, alas! My palace is gone and yet a further fate overhangs me. What is this hangover?

For so much indeed have I borne that to me now it seems that nothing further could overwhelm me even if it were the loss of my tender consort herself.

And, just as he says this,

THE HERALD ENTERS

The King speaks:

What now? And why have your feet brought you back?

It was evidently a favorite theory of the Greek tragedians that a man went where his feet took him. This was part of the general *necessity* or rigor of Fate.

The Herald says:

Terrible are the tidings.

What are they?

Something awful.

Tell me what they are.

How can I?

Go at it (or perhaps go to it).

Dark indeed is the news and terrible is the certainty.

What is it?

How can I say it. It is dark.

What is the dark stuff that you are giving to me? Does it perhaps concern my consort, the fair-fingered Apologee?

It does.

How much?

Very much.

Tell me then the whole extent of the matter, concealing nothing.

I will.

Do.

With my lips I will say it.

Do so.

The King groans. The Herald knows that the time has come to let loose his information. He says:

Listen then, oh King. Your queenly consort, the fair-fingered Apologee, has gone to Hades.

The King. Too bad.



THEY ALL LIFT UP THEIR ARMS AND MOAN

The Herald. Gloomy Pluto has carried her off.

The King. This is deplorable (or perhaps reprehensible).

The Herald. Good-by. I have other avocations.

The Herald retires, and the King has hardly had time to say "Aie," before the Chorus come trailing on again and take up their station. They chant out.

Look at this.

How's this for grief?

The royal consort has been carried off by the Gloomy Dis, he of the long ears, to his dark home. But sorrow is not yet done. There is a whole lot more coming. For such is the fate of Kings. Either they have a good time or they don't. With this sentiment the Chorus all troop off again. We gather from the little book, even if we didn't know it already, that their last sentiment "either they have a good time or they don't" is considered one of the gems of the Greek Drama. The commentator says that this shows us the profundity of the mind

of Diplodocus: Some think that this places him above the lighter work of such men as Iamblichus or Euarbilus. Others again claim that this passage "either they have a good time or they don't," shows (internally of course) that the life of Diplodocus was not all sorrow. To write this, Diplodocus must himself have had a good time some of the time. In fact, these lines, we are given to understand, have occasioned one of those controversies which have made the Greek Drama what it is.

King Oroastus, being now left alone, starts a new fit of sorrow. "Aie, aie, aie"—in fact, just as we expected that he would. By this time we have grasped the idea of the tragedy, the successive blows of sorrow that hit Oroastus one after the other. First the Chorus say there'll be sorrow. Then Oroastus says, "here comes a sorrow," and then the Herald comes in and says get ready now, stand by for a new sorrow, and lands it at him. There is a beautiful simplicity about it that you never see on the stage

to-day. In fact, this is that sublimity, that loftiness, that only the Fi Fi Omega players can catch. So the King groans.

Oh, what an absolutely complete sorrow this is, this last one!

Oh Apologee!

Oh Hades!

For me, what now is left? My palace is destroyed and the fair-fingered Apologee has gone to Hades. What now is left to me but my old dog?

Old dog that I am myself on the one hand, my old dog on the other hand is all.

This passage "old dog that I am myself" is indicated in the text as one of the high spots. In fact, it is a joke. The text says so. From where we sit we can see the professor of Greek laughing at it. Indeed, we could easily prove by looking up the large editions of the play that this is a joke. The commentators say "the bitter jest of Oroastus in calling himself an old dog illustrates for us the delicious irony of the great tragedian. Certain critics have claimed indeed that the passage is corrupt, and that Oroastus called himself not an 'old dog' but a 'hot dog.' We prefer, however, the earlier reading, which seems to us exquisite. Diplodocus undoubtedly felt that the weight of sorrow at this point had

become more than Oroastus or even the spectators could bear. By calling himself an old dog he removes exactly that much of it."

This contention seems pretty well sustained. In fact, anybody accustomed to the modern stage will realize that we are here at the source of the Alleviating Joke, introduced at any moment of terrible tension. In the modern play a comic character is carried all through the piece in order to make these jokes. But the Greek Tragedy was nothing if not simple, direct, and honest. The hero has to make his own jokes.

Still, we are keeping the Herald waiting. The time is ripe for him to come in again.

ENTER THE HERALD

In he comes just as before (the Greeks didn't believe in variety), and the King at once asks him the usual question about his feet.

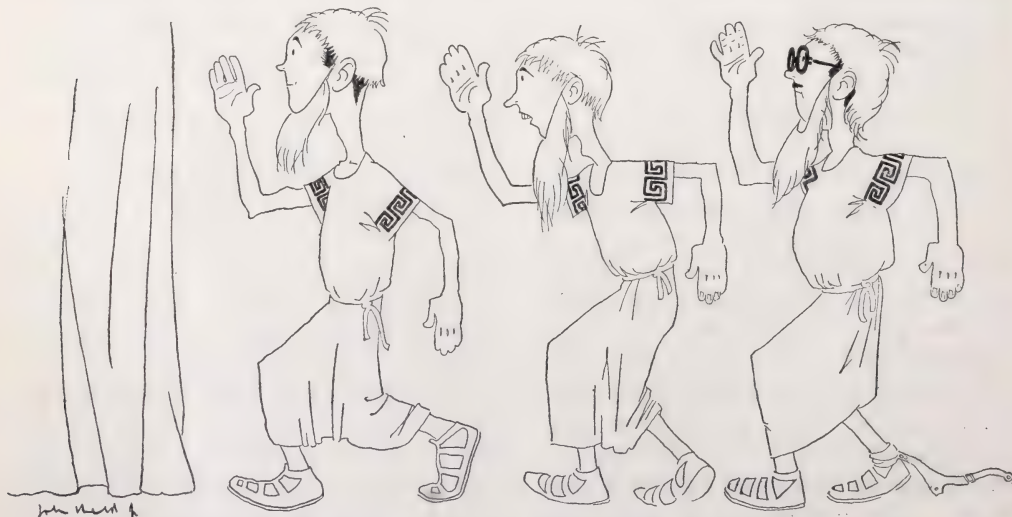
"For what purpose, O Herald (he inquires), do your feet bring you this way again?"

The Herald. A gloomy one.

Let me have it.

I will.

Do. For however dark it is, I, being now an old dog (or perhaps a hot dog), have no further consolation in life than my dog.



THE CHORUS MEN WALK OUT LIKE FIGURES ON AN ATHENIAN FRIEZE

It is to be noticed that Diplodocus here uses the same joke twice. Anybody who deals in humor will warmly approve of this. To get the best out of a joke, it must be used over and over again. In this matter the Greeks have nothing on us.

This time the Herald knows that Oroastus can't stand for much more. So he says:

Old dog indeed? Did your lips lead you to say old dog?

They did indeed.

Are you perhaps under the impression, O King, that you still have an old dog?

Such is my impression.

In that case you never made a bigger mistake in your life.

Let me know it and if indeed I have made a mistake, let me hear it.

Hear it then. Your old dog is gone to Hades. Good-by. I have other avocations.

The Herald leaves and the King breaks out into lamentations.

Aie, aie (he says), my consort the fair-fingered Apologee and my old dog are in Hades. Why am I still left in the upper air (or perhaps up in the air)? Oh Whoa!

The King lifts his hands up in sorrow and a note in the book says, "King Oroastus has now had nearly enough." To this we quite agree. One might say, in fact, he had had plenty.

But the Chorus are not done with him yet. On they come with the remorselessness of the Greek Drama.

They line up.

Look then at this-standing-before-us King. What a load he has. But worse is yet coming.

Keep your seats and watch him.

They go out in their usual undisturbed way, and Oroastus says:



"FOR WHAT PURPOSE DO YOUR FEET BRING YOU THIS WAY AGAIN?"

Oh, what a last final installment (or hang-over) of bitter grief is now mine! What now is left? Now that everything has gone to Hades, of what use is life itself? Oh, day! Oh, sunshine! Oh, light! Let me withdraw myself, I before my time, to my tomb, to my mausoleum which I have had made by the skilled hands of artificers, and there let me join hands with Death.

Oroastus has hardly said this when the Herald comes back. By this time everybody guesses the news that he brings. Under the circumstances not even a Greek Herald could string it out. The thing is too obvious.

The King says—well there is no need to write it again—the Herald's feet, that same stuff, but what he really means is, are you back again, and the Herald says, "Yes." This is the first plain answer that the Herald has given all through the play.

Then Oroastus says:

Is it dark stuff again?

And the Herald says:

The darkest.

At which the King gives a groan and says:

Then let me not hear it, for already to me thinking over pretty well everything the matter seems more or less what you would call played out (or possibly worked to death). It is now in my mind hearing nothing further to retire to the mausoleum which I have long since caused to be built by skilled artificers, and there lying down upon the stone to clasp the hand of Death.

The Herald: You can't.

The King: Why not? What is which? For your words convey nothing. Tell me what it is.

The Herald: I will.

The King: Do.

The Herald: All right. Get ready for something pretty tough. Are you all set?

The King: I am.

The Herald: Know then that your mausoleum no longer is. It was broken into by burglars and is unfit to use. Good-by. I have other avocations.

Oroastus. Aie, aie, aie. . . .

And in come the Chorus.

Then they line up for a last crack at Oroastus.

Look at him!

Isn't he the unlucky bean (or perhaps turnip)?

Did you ever hear of worse luck than his?

Can you beat it?

But such is life, Oroastus, and it is a necessity of the Gods that even Death is withheld from the sorrowful. Aie, aie, aie.

And with that the play gives every symptom of being over. The white sheet that acts as the curtain glides down and there is quite a burst of applause in the audience. The actors line up on the stage and all the Fi Fi Omega crowd in the gallery call out "Attaboy, Oroastus! Good work, Teddy!"

After which the audience doesn't break up as an ordinary theater audience does, but coagulates itself into little knots and groups. It knows that presently coffee and sandwiches are going to be passed around and the Greek Professor will stand in the middle of an admiring group while he explains to them that Oroastus is under the compulsion of ANANGKE.

But for us no cake nor coffee. Let us get back to the Jefferson Hotel Grill Room while the supper is still on, and while we can still get places for the midnight vaudeville show with the Dances of the Susquehanna Sextette and the Blackfaced comedian with the saxophone. This Greek stuff is sublime, we admit, and it is lofty, we know it; and it has a dignity that the Susquehanna Sextette has not.

But after seeing Greek Tragedy once, we know our level. And henceforth we mean to stick to it.

South, for Blue Water

No. 2—*By Way of Gibraltar*

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

THERE is a tavern beside the harbor in Penzance in Cornwall which seems specially selected, of all taverns in the world, as an inspiration for romantic tales and a starting point for high adventures. We had been so fortunate as to discover it, but we saved it for one important day. Bill Sisson arrived from Paris to join the cruise; we went inside, and ordered ale. We tried to talk of winds and Sailing Directions and ships' stores and the chances of gales, but the Inn itself simply would not let us be practical. There is a crest on the glasses: the name of the Inn in a circle, with a ship in the center. There *are* no such inns.

It faces the water, and there is a bay window, just large enough to hold a table and three chairs, which looks out over Mount's Bay across a pebbled beach. There are neat curtains at the windows, and the panes are very bright and clean. In the gray granite lintel above the door, which is so low that a tall man must stoop to enter it, is cut the date "1717"; the roof sags with the weight of the years.

The sitting-room floor is worn hollow around the knots in the planks; the beams in the ceiling are black with smoke, because a southwest wind, which is from the sea, sends draughts down the chimney. For two hundred years mariners have sat in the bay window, with their glasses on the shining table before them, telling long yarns of voyages and ships and intricate escapes, of stupid accidents that turn to adventures in the telling, of living gales of wind.

We sat there—and we talked of all the adventures that must have had their beginnings at such an inn

At such an inn the smugglers were caught; before that door the magistrate and his men went galloping down the frozen road in the moonlight. It was at such an inn that the highwayman rapped with the butt of his pistol on the window-shutters. The lovely lady was carried across just such a pebbled beach and put in the waiting boat that red dawn when so much happened under the beech trees behind the church.

The "Admiral Benbow," where Billy Bones died, was such an inn; Pew and his gang turned the place upside down, looking for Flint's Fist. It was at such an inn that the Squire stopped, in Bristol, while the *Hispaniola* was fitting out for her voyage. We remembered how he came to the door to meet Jim Hawkins and Tom Redruth.

"Bravo!" cried the Squire. "The ship's company complete; the Doctor came last night from London."

"Oh, sir," said Jim, "when do we sail?"

"Sail?" cried the Squire. "We sail to-morrow!"

Now this was on Saturday, the third of September.

On Sunday we sailed.

As we cast off our lines and hauled out of the dock, the sun was coming up, very hot, over the top of Godolphin Hill. It was a tranquil morning; the bay was calm, and the water shone like polished copper, but there was a ripple on the surface of the water at the foot of St. Michael's Mount that promised a north-east wind. We had hoped for this; it was just what we wanted. We made sail as we dropped down the bay, and by the time Wolf Rock was abeam the breeze was blowing merrily. There never

was such luck; the glass was high and steady, after a week of fluctuation, the sky settled and serene, and we kept the northeaster astern of us for a week.

The coast behind us glimmered and gleamed in the sunlight like gold. The sound of the church bells grew faint. In three hours the last of Cornwall, the last of England, had faded out of sight astern, and we were at sea. The course was south, thirty-seven west, across the Bay of Biscay, for Cape Finisterre, the north-west corner of Spain. To Cape St. Vincent the distance was seven hundred miles—St. Vincent, of which it is said "beyond this cape lies Summer." We set everything we had and let her go.

Our thoughts were dominated solely by the progress of the ship through the water; we were making a passage. But in addition to that, we were immediately surrounded by a manner of life, and we constantly felt ourselves within it, in all the naturalness of necessity. We were not merely men who were passing through the country—we were inhabitants. The sea is big and lonely, brutally indifferent, utterly unexcited—but it is not uninhabited. There is always someone out there.

A ship's topsails cut the horizon ahead. At ten miles' distance Ball pronounced her to be Norwegian, and so it turned out; a big bark, on the opposite course to us, close hauled on the starboard tack, reaching up across the entrance to the Channel for Land's End. We passed close to her, being on the same road. She towered up, seeming to fill half the sky with that tremendous rig of hers; we could hear the water swishing in her wake, and the faint booming of her upper canvas, just lifting in the wind. Three sailors in the waist, under the gray arch of the big mainsail, and the man at the wheel stared at us as we passed; perhaps they talked of "that little yawl"—in Norwegian—at supper that night, saying that we had found the best of all possible ways to go to sea. We spoke often of her; there is a certain impression of

capability, a noble sort of assurance, about a big ship that a small one can never attain.

There was no lack of company in the bay. Sailing vessels especially, taking advantage of the good weather—though they would have been there just the same, though unseen, even in a gale (for where else could they be?), were especially plentiful, and not a day passed without some. We saw tall square-riggers, under the stars. . . . Ball, who had passed his life in such ships, grew reminiscent and sentimental, and told long yarns of voyages, like a man who finds his youth given back to him. And as we proceeded south the steamers came in increasing numbers some hull down on the horizon, with only their masts and funnels showing, some so close that we could see the faces of the men.

We could not be entirely trustful of the weather, for all the sky was so serene, and the wind held so true and steady. We tapped the barometer whenever we passed it, and kept a watchful eye on the behavior of the clouds, for when the wind should shift, and how we ought to steer to take advantage of it, was our chief concern. Because this was the Bay of Biscay.

A gale, if it came, would probably strike us from the northwest, or, more doubtfully, but worse, if it happened, from the southwest. In either case, we must get out to the westward as fast and as far as the wind and the sea would let us, to keep away from the land, for, to put it no more elaborately, it is often rough in the Bay of Biscay, and often the wind blows very hard. The north-west corner of Spain has a reputation. The coast is bold and rocky, many of the lights are weak, placed so high on the cliffs that it is impossible to see them in thick weather, and the currents run like demons. In the center of the Biscay chart there is a note to that effect, headed "Caution" in large letters; if a ship falls in with the land at night, or in fog, with a gale howling, she may call

herself foolish, but there is little else that she can do. There are harbors, but you couldn't find them to save your life, and they are of no use if it blows too hard to carry sail, or if the sea is too big to run before it.

If it should come on to blow from the east, which was not likely at this season, but always possible, then we should have to reverse the instructions, and stand up into the bay, because when we arrived at the corner we should need a lee, and the closer we were to the cliffs the better. If no gale came at all, then seven west was far enough, and we were best off where we were.

But nothing happened. We had an easy following sea, a steady wind on the port quarter, and during the whole passage, day and night, we never even had the skylights closed.

However, there was no way of knowing this in advance. Every night, after dinner, we took in the spinnaker and the big club topsail, because we could not make it seem prudent, considering the circumstances, to carry everything. On the third night out from Penzance, though, we did carry everything, and during that twenty-four hours we made a hundred and thirty-two miles. When I came on deck at midnight we were running seven knots, rolling deeply, so that the boom trailed in the wave-tops with a spout of faintly phosphorescent spray; the sails were steady and quiet, every rope was taut, and the *Caltha's* long thin bow was cutting the water with a steady roar.

The port light, shining into the hollow of the spinnaker, made the sail glow ruby red; to starboard, under the boom, I could see the faint spectral green of the starboard light on the tumbling bow wave. We had a riding lantern lashed in the mizzen rigging, with a shield of tin on the forward side of it, and it lighted the quarterdeck. The dew had tightened the boat cover, and I drummed on it. Before me as I steered was the compass card, the most important point in the world, a yellow

disk, floating in space. Beyond the ship was blue deep darkness; the sea was the color of the sky, and there was no horizon.

At two-thirty I was relieved, and went below. After the endless waves and the rush of the wind through space it was pleasant to stand for a moment in the saloon doorway and feel the security of the four protecting walls. The lamp-light filled the room and glinted cheerfully on the panels. The swing table, with its brown cloth, dizzily balanced the chart and the Light List that lay upon it. The yellow oilskin coats were heaped in a corner of the sofa. After the chirp of blocks, far up in the dark, and the gnawing noise of the water beside the ship, the ticking of the saloon clock was a small, comforting, domestic sound.

In the cabin, the dim starlight, reflected from the mainsail, shone down through the skylight, showing the backs of the books in the shelves and the white pillows in the berths. It seemed very strange that there should be a bed here, in the very center of the sea, a warm bed, with a mile of cold sea water under it. The noise of the wind outside was like a faint memory of things that happened long ago, and could not happen now.

On the morning of the fourth day we saw a whale. He blew first at a distance, in the classic position of "Weather bow!" and later came close to look at us. He rolled his little eye out of the water; he seemed utterly unconscious of his own unimportance. We brought a rifle on deck and fired at him; the bullet struck the water near him; he left, and did not come back.

There is always something miraculous about a landfall. That a man should be able to find his way across the "trackless ocean"—about which one hears so much—when his guides are the Magnetic Pole, the Observatory at Greenwich, a pair of printed books, and the sun in the sky—all of which are fantastically remote from his immediate question—is nothing less than magical.

At the noon observation of the fourth day I marked our position on the chart with an arrogant cross. "Here we are," I said, trying to make it sound probable. "And Finisterre lies east southeast of us, distant twenty-six miles." Now there was nothing in sight to the east southeast, or anywhere else. And the only navigating I had ever done, before this, was in a book. We looked at one another, and went trooping solemnly up on deck, where Ball was steering.

"Put her east southeast," said Pat.

"East southeast, sir," Ball said, and hauled the tiller over.

This was at noon. At twenty minutes before two we made out a luminous cloud on the horizon ahead, and an hour later we saw the sun shining on a high red cliff. This was the northwest corner of Spain. It seemed incredible. Yet there it was.

None of us had ever seen Spain before, excepting Ball, who had been everywhere. But it looked exactly as we thought it should look: bare mountains, brown and dry, with jagged crests, rising up out of the sea; there was white surf at their feet, and lonely white houses clinging to their sides. We passed a fisherman—a long, lean, double-ended boat, carrying an enormous lateen sail set on a yard that bent like a whip. Ball cried, "*Buenos días, señor!*" as she went swooping past, and the man at the tiller raised his arm and shouted something in reply. There could no longer be any doubt of it.

During the night the breeze dropped, as it so often does near the land, and the sun rose out of a thick white fog. Acting on an assumption, we headed in toward the coast and fanned slowly along. Luck was with us again, for we hit the harbor of Leixoes end on, and sailed into the entrance, where the pilot came out to meet us, without touching a rope.

Portugal was ours; we had discovered it. The first person we saw—after the pilot and the health officer had left us—was a very sleepy Republican soldier in

a sentry-box on the quay. He was hot and desperately bored with life, and though he would have liked, plainly, to honor us with a gesture of salute or of defiance, he remembered—we saw him—the weight of his rifle, and remained immovable.

Indeed, everything in Portugal is beautifully Portuguese.

Leixoes is an odd, anomalous place. It seems a mere village, a loose collection of huts, yet some of the buildings are well built and neatly kept; although the harbor, which is entirely artificial, has been built at enormous expense, yet the streets are half finished, littered with refuse, and ankle deep in dust, so that the place seems stricken with an ancient curse of poverty. It faces the sea in a flinty, desperate manner, as though there were danger at its back.

The houses are white or pale yellow or salmon color, plastered or faced with tiles in patterns like oilcloth; the roofs are deep russet red; the sky above is blue—a deep, aching, inevitable blue. The women who sell fruit or pass by carrying great balanced loads on their heads are festooned in rags and gay scarves; the swarming children wear one simple garment each and stare out through their tangled hair with great dark white-pupiled eyes. The shops are dingy and barren, the goods for sale heaped on rude counters or piled against the walls or hung beside the doors with no attempt to make them look salable, so that one never knows whether he is in a shop or a private storeroom. The windows of most of the houses were tightly shuttered against the heat, and the doorways were draped with heavy curtains.

Along the shore on the way to Oporto we passed many villas, spotless and crudely new—heroines of moving pictures, with flowers in their teeth, seemed moving about under the deep shadows of the palm trees, and the villains of the plots, "faultlessly attired," though somewhat frayed, and with a self-conscious air of grandeur, tiptoed across the



A NEWFOUNDLAND SCHOONER OFF THE COAST OF PORTUGAL

gravel path and through the tall iron gates.

What else could Portugal be like?

The principal Square in Oporto is paved with black and white stones, set in a pattern of waving lines, which gives a horrible dizzy feeling of earthquakes. In Lisbon, too, the main Plaza was treated in this same outrageous manner, though I am happy to be able to report that it has been altered now. There is a quaint air of facetiousness about this, as if the designer felt himself clever.

Indeed, we were disappointed in Lisbon. It is planned in the grand manner, and there is a great deal of charm in many of the details, but there is a certain feeling of failure about it. It seems as if the city had felt an obligation to be a "European Capital," and had missed the essential principle. It is like a groping imitation of something French. In Spain, there is nothing like this; Spain is Oriental, exotic, eternally unchanging; but Portugal seemed obstinately determined to conform.

It was the twentieth of September when we left Lisbon, and we were convinced that the equinox would have some special weather put aside for us. Indeed, one glance at the eastern sky was enough to convince even the most care-free prophet that the weather would never be good again.

A tremendous mass of black cloud

came rolling down over the mountains and buried the Tagus valley. We could see the gray curtain of smoky rain sweep over the country, hiding everything. We rove off the reef-tackle as we watched it, and rearranged the contents of the sail-room so that the storm jib should be conveniently to hand, for the Portuguese coast is an evil one, and there are only two harbors in its whole extent, both of which were behind us, and to windward.

It happened that the wind of this storm did not come near us; but in Lisbon houses were wrecked and trolley cars derailed, and many persons lost their lives by being swept into the sewers by the floods. It is easy to imagine what would have happened to us if we had been caught in that raging swollen river among the big ships, with the reckless current sweeping down onto the outer shoals.

St. Vincent was the next corner. It would close a door behind us and lock up winter on the other side; we looked for some splendid change in the aspect of the world.

As we drew near to it the signs of summer welcomed us. At one o'clock in the morning the light on the cape was close aboard; the raw northeaster that had been blowing dropped to a gentle offshore breeze, bringing the scent of the pine woods with it; the sea went down, the clouds vanished, and the sun rose, clear brilliant yellow, out of Cadiz Bay.

The equinox had provided a surprise for us. For three days we were becalmed. One afternoon I read an old letter on deck, and threw it overboard when I had finished; the following morning, after breakfast, the torn pieces of paper were floating under the stern. We lay breathless and motionless—for three days. The sun came up and crossed over and went down, and there we floated. Whales came and played about us day and night, and dolphins. With the current we drifted slowly eastward, sighting the sand hills of Cape St. Mary and the lights of Cadiz. On the fourth day, off Cadiz, at ten o'clock in the morning, the breeze came.

The ropes shook, the blocks rattled and thumped the deck, the water began to talk beside the ship, the sails left off their idiotic clamor and went quietly to work. We heeled over and moved ahead. After three days of calm and baking sunlight and glassy water as blue as the sky, so that the ship seemed to be suspended in the midst of it, it was a strange sensation to be underway again—unreal, and rather unpleasantly exciting. We took a new interest in life; we

began to count time again; we looked ahead for Trafalgar as if it were the only cape we had ever hoped to pass.

With a perversity that seemed not unnatural, the wind hauled ahead as soon as we entered the Straits, and we beat through, taking all night to do it. At dawn we came about under Ape's Hill, which is the southern Pillar of Hercules, and reached across into Algeciras Bay. The sun came up behind the Rock. It reared up into the sky, its summit wrapped in cloud. Enormous, rising up, the sky all bright behind it . . . certainly the most stirring sight to see, and the Straits, the most thrilling place to sail through, anywhere in the world. In the town, as we sailed up to the anchorage, we could see the smoke rising from the chimneys where people were getting breakfast.

We felt at home in Gibraltar. The Gateway to the Mediterranean was our first great objective, and we had attained it; we settled back for a time to enjoy it, for though Gibraltar sits on the threshold of the ancient world, it is much more than a stopping-off place. It is an Outpost of Empire, a fortress, a



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, TOWERING UP, ITS SUMMIT WRAPPED IN MIST



THE AVENUE OF PALMS ALONG THE WATERFRONT AT MALAGA

bazar where East meets West—and a delightful, affectionate little town with streets and houses such as one creates when one sits at home and dreams of far-away and friendly places on the other side of the world. It is the sort of place that makes one plan to live in it. One leaves it with reluctance; were it not for that inevitable conviction that one must come back again, it would not be possible to leave it at all.

We slipped out one evening about ten days after our arrival, and lay all night becalmed off Europa Point, under the cliffs. We were bound for Palma, in the Balearic Isles. We counted Palma our El Dorado, since we knew nothing of it, and had always wanted to go there and see—but there are long miles of blue water between Europa Point and El Dorado. We had surveyed this distance on the chart, walking it off with a pair of dividers set at an average day's run; a dreary length of coast, we thought it, lonely and hard and a million miles long, fit to discourage a full-powered steamer,

to say nothing of a little vessel under sail. But the last cape of winter was already far behind us, and we were in the season of prevailing westerly winds; we made allowances for bad luck, and permitted ourselves a week.

Now that night off Europa Point was the night of the sixth of October; we reached the Balearic Isles, in a hail storm, early in the morning of the twenty-second of November.

This is how it happened. That night, there was a heavy sea rolling in from the southeast—rolling in ahead of a breeze of wind. It reached us at dawn, blowing hard and gusty, with cold rain squalls out of a sky like lead; the seas were steep and short, and we were close-hauled. We slammed into it, pitching, soaking the bowsprit in it, smashing it out under our long counter, making no better than three knots. After thirty hours we had had enough, and eased sheets to run into Malaga. We stayed there for two weeks—partly to visit Granada and to see a bull fight, partly to wait for a change in the weather, for

during all that time the wind blew from the east, or did not blow at all.

It was during one of the periods of calm that we set out again; we drifted for twenty hours, and when the wind came, it came from the east, very light at first, so that we were half a day in getting back to our starting point off Malaga, and then blowing harder and harder, bringing with it the same chill rain and the same mean sea. We fought it for a hundred miles, jumping and yanking and slicing into it. This brought us to Almeria, where we found all one side of the harbor crowded with sailing vessels, a dozen of them, moored all in line along the quay, as close as they could lie, waiting for that prevailing westerly that is promised in the books and guaranteed by all experience.

The fleet left all on the same morning, but as soon as we were well around the corner, off the Mesa de Roldan, the wind veered into the east again, and blew like ten men. We were forced to run back thirty miles to spend a night of howling winter weather hove-to under the lee of

Cape de Gata. There were others under the cape that night; we could see the winking red and green sidelights as they ranged in and clawed back and forth along the beach to wait for daylight. When we came back into harbor at sunrise it was to moor among old friends—except that the little schooner from Cadiz—the one with the chickens on her quarterdeck and the pig-pen on her hatch—was blown offshore, and didn't get back to Almeria at all.

On the second try we made Cartagena, another hundred miles along our road, and the wind did not shift against us until we were actually at the entrance of the harbor. Ball had left us at Gibraltar—or, to be more nearly truthful, we had left him—and we had been for three weeks with no one before the mast; but at Cartagena we found Modesto, a good man, with a taste for adventuring, who stayed with us for more than a year. However, he did not, as we had hoped, demonstrate himself an adequate mascot.

It was only rarely and at short inter-



OUR BERTH OFF THE MALAGA YACHT CLUB



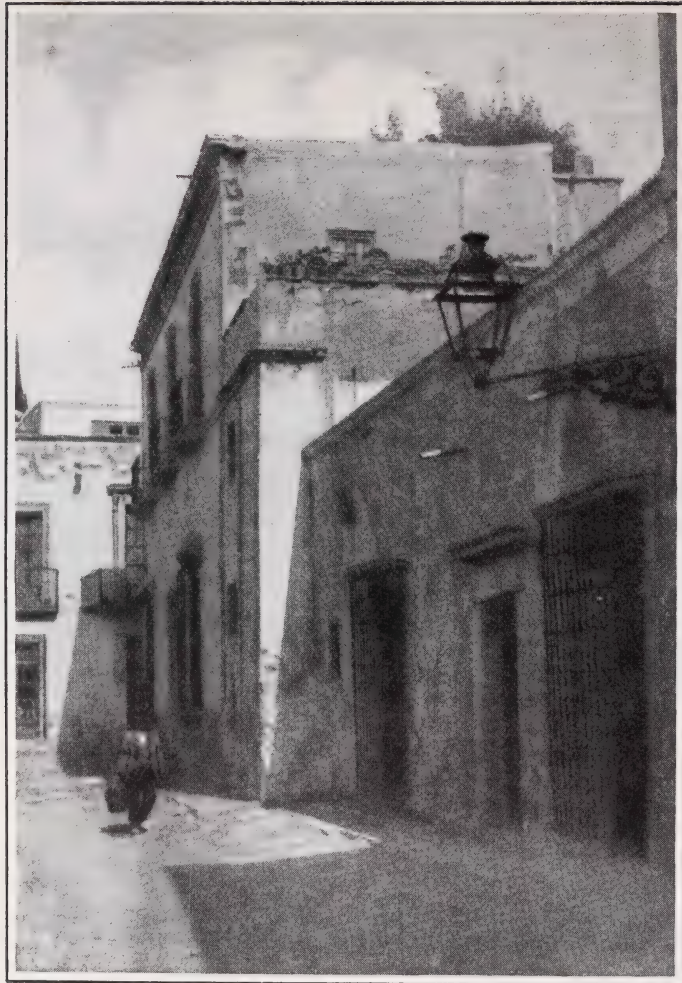
EVERY CITY IN SPAIN HAS A MOORISH CASTLE ON ITS HILL.

vals that the wind allowed us respite. We were seeing southern Spain, of course, which we should not have done if the weather had favored us, but we were on the road to El Dorado, and we could not but be irritated at delay. We beat into Alicante, and drifted out again. Once we sailed from a west wind directly into an easterly, without the slightest pause or warning; a fishing boat ahead, reaching up in the opposite direction, held her breeze until she was abeam; then she boomed out and ran before it, and we, sailing into the water she had left, hauled sheets and beat. We took shelter in Morayra anchorage, under Cape San Antonio, and lay for four mortal days in that desperate cove, with the wind screaming at us down a demon valley. And from Denia, to which we ran back after we had actually come in sight of the hills of Iviza, the nearest of the Balearic Isles, we made three separate starts.

There was always something. Once

we ran into a northerly gale, but did not know it until we were in it, since, though it was blowing when we left the harbor, it was blowing from the westward near the land, and was no gale at all. Once we listened to the local pilot when he told us that if we went out while such a sea was running we never could get back; once we did not listen to him, and went out—and came back. And on the last try we left at midnight in a fine brave westerly that dropped dead at sunrise and came up again from the east.

We sighted Iviza again, and stood down near the coast so as to have a lee available in case we should need it, for we were determined not to run back to Denia, even if we should be blown out of the water. This is the sort of determination that got the Flying Dutchman into trouble. At nightfall the sky on every side was white with constant lightning. It was plain to see that we were to be subjected to the Burden of Thunderstorms.



THE NARROW STREETS ARE CHECQUERED WITH SHADOWS

The first of them reared up over the horizon in the east, split into two parts, and passed away to the north, leaving a portion of it hanging in the northeast. A storm then appeared in the south. Then it rained. The storm which had passed blew back overhead again, shutting out all heaven, raining in streams, in sheets—raining solid.

The two storms met above us, one from the south, one from the northeast. It rained again, soaking, roaring, covering the water with a film of cobwebby white. We sat hunched up in it like wet birds, waiting for it to pass. And all this time the wind held steady in the

east, blowing as gently as a summer breeze.

The storm from the north came into action, rolling up over us, burying us in thick rain. Some sharp zigzags of lightning fell into the sea near us, with soul-shaking crashes. Then it hailed. We stood by the main halliards, ready to lower away when the wind should come; the hailstones were as big as marbles; I picked one up and put it in my mouth, to feel the size of it. They drummed on our hats and on our shoulders, and bounced on the deck like rubber. They struck the water cask and went leaping ridiculously up into the air again. They

were as hard as glass, and they cut where they struck.

When the wind came, it came with a rush that made the rigging whistle. We took the mainsail in, the water running up our arms in streams as we reached up to drag at the sodden cloth. It blew hard for only a few minutes, and then settled into a tolerable breeze, though it changed its direction constantly, and would not let us sail our course.

Then it hailed harder. The air was filled with the crash of it. We could see nothing—there was nothing to see except the anchor light in the rigging, and we could not raise our heads to look at that. The binnacle lamp was out—drowned. The sea, even close to the rail, even during the flashes, was invisible. The hailstones roared on the boat cover and jumped up again, striking our faces under the brims of our hats.

This lasted for perhaps half an hour, though all sense of time had left us. When it ended we started a fire in the

binnacle and put her on her course again, under easy sail. We picked up a light ahead—Dragonera, on the southwest point of Mallorca. It was barely twenty miles away. If we could make that point before the east wind came . . . We set the mainsail and sailed her for it.

We made it. At sunrise we were three miles beyond it. When the easterly began to blow, striking down over the high hills, we were off the entrance to the little harbor of Andraix, and we ran in. We worked the ship through a narrow opening between the breakwaters and anchored in the center of the harbor just as another hail storm came tearing in from seaward.

On the following day we were subjected to the Trial by Calm: we were seventeen hours in making eighteen miles. But at the end of it we were at Palma—Palma de Mallorca, in the Balearic Isles. We were eighty days from Penzance, but we were in El Dorado.

(To be concluded)

The Struggle

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE fever stirred and the world grew calm,
I was washed in waves of a warm content,
And voices blurred their lugubrious psalm,
And there was a cry I tried to resent.

The fever fell as the voices died;
The singing pulses at last were dumb;
And an angel came and stood at my side:
"You are healed," he said, "you may rise and come."

The fever returned as I strove to rise,
For I found I was chained; I was bound to the bed.
He aided me, urged me. Then, in surprise,
"There is someone holding you back," he said.

The fever grew; we were torn with the strife,
And spent and baffled he muttered, at last,
"She has beaten my strength, for her hold on your life
Was greater than mine" . . . And the fever passed.

Lovers' Meeting

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

GEORGE HARLEIGH and Rose Devenish were both past their first youth when they met; both, too, happy, even absorbed in their work, and unwilling to admit troublesome distractions. But moderns, intellectuals and individualists though they were, love was eventually too much for them.

"Oh—well—" said Rose, surrendering at last to love; and her alive, changeful eyes shed tenderness and teasing upon George. "It can't, I suppose, be helped!" She laid down her paintbrush with an air of finality.

"Dearest!" he thanked her. Then he reverted immediately to lightness. "But why this close-up? Or do I mean fade-away?" He held the paintbrush before her eyes. "You'll still paint after we're married, you know."

"Yes," she acknowledged. "And you'll still lecture and write. But it won't be quite the same, George, will it? Specially for me. However, down on our knees and thank heaven fasting that we're not geniuses, anyhow. So we may survive the collision of matrimony, don't you think? By the way, though, you'll have to give me time before the collision to finish these 'Omar' drawings. *Edition de luxe*—did I tell you? Even if I have fallen in love with you and am not a genius, they're the chance of my life. And oh, George, but I'm doing them *nicely*!"

"I know. Peacock. How much?"

"How much what? Money?"

"No. Time."

"Oh! Six—eight months, perhaps."

"Six."

"Well. Yes. All right." She ruefully laughed. "To think that I should live to know this *married* feeling!"

"I've got to live to know it, too, haven't I?"

"So you have, poor darling! We must just try to bear each other up, then, till it's all over, mustn't we? How long, George, does it take to get it over? A year, don't they say? After that you settle down, abandon hope and acquire resignation, don't you?"

It was all very well—it was, indeed, delicious—to toss the ball of love and catch it, like this, in the cup of laughter; but there came a moment when that ball (released, as it were, rudely unawares) caught one of *them*—caught, in fact, George and, with all the force of the truth that weighted it, stunned him.

It was four months after the day in Rose's studio when she had finally capitulated to love; and they had fallen into a regular habit of meeting in London on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Less, they were agreed, was unthinkable; more—considering the date of their marriage and the amount of work to which, before it, each of them was pledged—inadvisable to the point of professional suicide.

So Rose was accustomed to come up from Hertfordshire where she shared a studio with her friend, June Tydd; and George was accustomed to meet her under the clock at St. Pancras. After that they went to a theater or a concert, or did the sort of desultory sight-seeing that Rose blithely designated "poking round," or went simply to George's pleasant flat in Gray's Inn Square for talk and tea, and later to a restaurant for dinner. All and any of it thoroughly congenial, and they both enjoyed those afternoons and evenings very much.

On this particular Wednesday George was, as usual, more than punctual. As usual, he strained his neck to breaking-point in order to see the time by the clock above his head; as usual, he set his watch by the clock when seen; as usual, he paced up and down, observing the curiosities of travel and (more especially) of travelers, and waiting for the 1.57 to steam in.

It steamed, and his eyes searched the advancing passengers confidently for the eager figure, radiating charm, that was Rose.

The figure was not there. For the first time in four months it was not there.

And, as he realized that, a curious feeling—a *very* curious feeling—invaded the remoter nerves of George's being. It was so curious that it scared him; and, being scared, and being at the same time mentally very "nippy," so to speak, he just managed to skip out of the way of that feeling before it surged all over his consciousness and drowned him. It was like escaping, by the merest fraction of a second, the onrush of a tidal wave.

However, the great thing was that he had escaped. He had escaped and had got himself attached like a limpet to the rock of a definite thought—the perfectly legitimate and desirable thought that Rose, having missed the 1.57, would turn up by the 2.13, and that it was both his duty and his pleasure to wait another sixteen minutes for it and her.

He did his duty and his pleasure with a stubborn concentration on both, aware that if he could only succeed in passing those sixteen minutes in a thoroughly limpetlike absorption with the thought in hand, he would be safe: upon the arrival of Rose he would be blessedly safe.

But when the 2.13, in its turn, had steamed in, disgorged its passengers and conspicuously failed to disgorge Rose, his capacity for limpethood suddenly deserted him. He slipped, exhausted, off his rock and was instantly carried by the tidal wave to destruction. For the

thought that he had been tirelessly combating during all those minutes was that he was glad Rose had not come.

It was, of course, an inconceivable thought—and yet he had quite certainly conceived it. His effort to make of these two incomprehensibles one moderately reasonable comprehensible caused him to sway a little in his walk as he began to descend the steps leading from the station to the road, so that a lady ascending them looked at him with marked suspicion, and put between him and her the utmost distance permitted by the staircase.

George, however, was far beyond the point at which the baseless fabric of a strange lady's suspicion could abash him. He noted it, certainly, but with the brazen hardihood of despair. For if this thing were true—if Rose's single defection while he was still only engaged to her, only seeing her twice a week, could become a matter for self-congratulation—what in thunder had he to do with *marrying* her? He fled from his panic at such a rate that at the foot of the staircase he was almost run over by a tram.

That sobered him, and he considered what he ought to do next. Not what he wanted to do (this was on the instant astoundingly clear to him) but what he ought to do.

And presently light—the bleak light of duty—was vouchsafed to him: what he ought to do was to return to his flat and find out whether a letter, telegram, or telephone message from Rose had arrived there during his absence.

He resolved, though with extreme reluctance (for might not Rose have made another *rendezvous*?) to do what he ought to do. Nevertheless, there was still a bare chance that he might be able to follow up duty by pleasure, if he were quick: he hailed a taxi.

And it was so. At the flat he found, indeed, a note from Rose, written the previous night and unaccountably delayed in the post; but it clearly exonerated him from duty.

"George darling," it said in Rose's ample, generous writing (two words to a line, on an average), "I've a horrid headachey cold and it is going to be abominably worse before its better. Don't expect me to-morrow dearest but look out for me on Saturday as usual. Your wilted sorry Rose." (Yes, exactly like that; for Rose, being an artist, was all but impervious to the claims of what she lightly called "commas and things," the latter including spelling.)

George read this note with a relief that appalled him. But his being appalled did not for a single second deflect him from his purpose of pleasure. Even as he rammed the note into a pocket, he was on his way downstairs and making with dispatch for his taxi again. (He had kept it, on the chance.)

"The Excelsior Theater," he said firmly, and was borne thither.

He intended—he had a fierce ruthlessness of intention—to see Sylvia Thurston's "Medea." This was a thing that he had wanted for months to do, and that Rose had always avoided doing. "Of course I want to see her," Rose would protest whenever he expostulated, "but oh, George, if only it was in something else—or if only I didn't know it was such a frightful tragedy! I can't face it; really I can't. Why, if you wanted me to see it, did you go and tell me what it was all about beforehand?"

At this point it should again be remembered that Rose was not a fool but an artist: she might be blind or indifferent, as George was not, to most of the intimations of immortality in a poem or a play, but she was very much more alive than he to those same intimations in a portrait or a poster. Each of them, therefore, had been able to continue in full possession of that "respect for the understanding that keeps alive tenderness for the person."

Still, there it undeniably was; they had never been to the "Medea" together because Rose couldn't face it;

and George had never been alone because he couldn't possibly take more than two afternoons and evenings off in any one week preceding his marriage, and those two were always sacred to Rose.

But now he was going; now he had a chance to go, and nothing on earth should make him miss it. And after the "Medea". . . However, one thing at a time.

He was just not late; he managed (at a price) to get a seat; he enjoyed to their utmost limit his two crowded hours of tragedy and glorious solitude. When they were over he would have liked tea, but he would not allow himself to have it. Did he not have tea every Wednesday—with Rose? He, therefore, robustly had a whisky and soda instead and consoled himself, as he followed it up by a cigar, with the remembrance that, at any rate, he would have to dine early.

For in the evening he was going across the river to The Old Hal to see "Othello." He found that he was as immutably resolved upon this as he had been upon his afternoon's entertainment. It was not that he felt any special impulse toward an orgy of tragedy, for he would have gone if the play had been "Twelfth Night" or "The Merry Wives." No; in this case the basis of his obstinate determination was simply that it was The Old Hal.

The Old Hal was, unfortunately, as far as Rose was concerned, permanently nonexistent: there was not the slightest hope of ever inducing her to visit it again in order to see anything whatever. She had gone with him once, quite willingly; but by a lamentable chance, in the middle of that particular performance, a man sitting immediately behind them had had a fit. The circumstances of the seizure and of the man's removal from the theater had certainly been both pitiful and unpleasant, but they had been very brief; and they did not, George considered, justify Rose in regarding The Old Hal

for evermore as a place where such occurrences were likely to be more frequent than in other theaters—as, in fact, a sort of licensed premises for fits. Nevertheless, this was how she did regard it; and hence his steely purpose to gather the rosebud of The Old Hal, too, while he might.

He gathered it. Again he enjoyed to its ultimate second the bliss of drama combined with solitude; again he perceived (during the intervals) that his life lay about him in ruins, and that he must either marry Rose and break his heart, or decline to marry her and break hers. The choice between these two evils, however, he postponed until after the performance.

It was on the middle of the bridge, after the performance, that his better nature reasserted itself. Something about that keen, clean breath of the night river made him ashamed of himself. He no longer wondered whether he should sacrifice Rose or himself; he knew with certainty that he could not possibly sacrifice Rose. For Rose could not help it that he was a rotter. Rose had not changed by an iota. Rose was a dear. It was he—*he . . .*

Yes, but, all the same, what could he do—here in the middle of the night or thereabouts, and here on the middle of the bridge? He posed the question to himself half rhetorically, half derisively; but to his surprise it suddenly answered itself quite practically. "*Rose's drawings*," was the answer that flashed across his mind.

He clapped a hand to his breast-pocket and withdrew from it his notebook. At the next lamp he halted. Yes, the buff-colored slip of paper was still there—the printed form authorizing Rose to reclaim from The Midland Company's Left Luggage Office at St. Pancras the parcel of drawings that she had deposited there on the previous Saturday.

She had not wanted to deposit the drawings, he remembered; she had been doubtful of their receiving from The

Midland Company that space, care and general consideration to which (being her beautiful drawings) they were undoubtedly entitled. But, owing to complicated engagements in Hertfordshire, the details of which he had now forgotten, she had been obliged, in spite of her reluctance, so to deposit them. For he, too, had had an engagement, and therefore could not help her by taking the drawings to his flat.

"Oh, well, it's only till Wednesday," she had attempted to console herself, and had pressed upon him The Midland Company's acknowledgment of its obligations in the matter of the drawings. "Please take care of it for me, George," she had said. "Just ordinary care, you know. Because, when anybody gives *me* important things like this to take care of, I put them away so dreadfully safely that nobody finds them till I am dead and the next of kin (that'll be you, darling) goes through my remains. Whereas I *must* rescue these drawings on Wednesday."

So he had relieved her of the slip of paper, and here it was. Here, too, was Wednesday, and yet (owing to Rose's cold) the drawings remained unrescued, in peril of some indifferent or even brutal treatment at the hands of the Midland Company. Should he . . . ?

It was absurd, of course, but he did it; it was a relief to him to do it. Again he took a taxi. Even so, he realized, the Left Luggage Office might be shut for the night. But he didn't think it would; such places, he fancied, usually kept open until about midnight.

He was right. He secured the drawings at twenty minutes to twelve, and felt happier when they were under his arm; for they were a part of Rose, very much a part of her, and he wanted now to serve Rose by any means in his power, no matter how trivial. He began to walk briskly back down the almost deserted platform.

And there before him, coming toward him up the platform, quite near and quite unmistakable but mercifully with

her head half turned to study a poster that she was passing, was Rose herself.

His heart thumped, and he instantly realized that it was with apprehension. He couldn't let Rose see him—because he couldn't explain his presence here at this hour without explaining everything else as well. And for that he had to have time to collect his thoughts, time to cover up his tracks so that Rose would never guess how near he had come to sacrificing her. . . .

There was only one thing to be done, and in a single second he had done it. The platform afforded no shelter, but a train was ranged along the platform—Rose's train, the very last one of the day on her line, due to start at 12.5. He dived into the nearest carriage, and by good luck it proved to be both first-class and a smoker. Rose would not be making for either; she would be making, as usual, for the very front of the train, because that deposited her nearest the exit of her Hertfordshire station. All he had to do was to stand at the farther end of his carriage with his back to the platform, give Rose ample time to pass by, and then make good his escape.

It was not until he had carried out all but the last item on this program that there fell upon him like a thunderclap the thought that, not only he but Rose, was in an invidious position. The sense of his own guilt had at first swallowed up everything else, but now it receded, leaving room for her. What was *Rose* doing here at this time of night—Rose who should have been at home with a cold, but who (seen even with that brevity) had certainly worn, not an appearance of illness but her most joyous, holiday air, her buoyant, irresistible suggestion of being somehow an army with banners? He suffered a revulsion of feeling, and knew that he could not go home until he had confronted Rose with his bitter knowledge of her perfidy. Cautiously, he returned to the platform end of his carriage and peered out, expecting to see Rose's figure far ahead, near the engine.

But Rose's figure was not ahead at all. It was (although providentially with its back to him) directly in front of his carriage; and the suggestion which that figure somehow conveyed to him was one of uncertainty, even of hovering. . . .

The next moment he had arrived at the explanation of that. For, also directly in front of him—and therefore in front of Rose, too—was the Left Luggage Office. And it came to him with conviction that Rose had remembered her drawings; had remembered, moreover, that she was without the slip of paper officially entitling her to reclaim them; and that she was, in spite of this, meditating an unlawful, an utterly indefensible attack of charm on the young man behind the counter, with the object of securing her parcel. (Not, of course, that Rose's charm was deliberate or self-conscious; in that case it would not have been charm at all, but a pose. It was the authentic outward sign of her inward grace, and she herself called it nothing more ambitious than "being nice to people." Nevertheless, charm it was, and of a very high, an all but insurmountable order.)

George felt himself growing hot; his mental agility had now become terrific. He saw the course of impending events spread like a map before him. First, Rose would launch that attack of "niceness" on her unsuspecting victim, the Midland Company's young employee. Next, to the spell of Rose's disarming friendliness and perfect confidence in his noble nature, to the lure of her enchanting, musical, richly sympathetic voice, that young employee would succumb practically without a struggle. He would then defy his company's instructions and imperil his livelihood in his efforts to find Rose's drawings and prove (by bestowing them upon her) that he trusted her even as she trusted him.

But the drawings, naturally (since they were already under George's arm), would not be forthcoming. And there-

upon that hopelessly ensnared youth, searching what was left of his mind for the cause of their absence, would doubtless come at last upon the true explanation. Just such a parcel, he would explain eagerly to Rose, had he handed (with all legal ceremonies fulfilled) over his counter during the last few minutes. Yes, to a gentleman; yes, to a tall, dark gentleman, who, moreover, was at this instant to be found in that first-class smoking carriage over there. . . .

At this point George's mental agility became physical, too. Swiftly, noiselessly he left his carriage and took a few steps backward, in the direction of the station exit. But the very instant that he perceived Rose begin to turn her head in the consciousness of some one being near her, he stepped briskly forward instead of backward, and so gave her, as she first caught sight of him, the impression he desired to give—that of having been coming all the time up the platform toward her.

"Oh, George, you've got them!" So full was Rose, in that first moment, of the subject of her drawings that everything else escaped her. She fell upon him with commendations and joy.

"Yes. I've got them." He delivered his reply with a masterly absence of all expression that brought sudden recognition of her dilemma in a flood of color to Rose's face.

"Oh—George—?" she appealed helplessly.

Now Rose's helplessness was, even more than her charm, a thing justly celebrated. People who could keep their heads in face of her engaging friendliness, and even stand up against her delightful voice, went down like ninepins before her helplessness. For Rose, helpless, gave the most convincing, because sincere, impression that if you didn't instantly come to her help she was lost—oh, but lost eternally! George had often been down like a ninepin himself, but now he stood firm, supported by righteous indignation. "Yes?" he queried, with polite attention.

Rose made a feeble effort to help herself. "Well—what are *you* doing here, anyhow?" she demanded with a wavering laugh.

But he had had time to think that bit out. "Fetching your drawings," he replied, indestructibly courteous. "I remembered—though rather late in the day, I'm afraid—that you were anxious about them, so I came along and got them. I meant to take them home, but perhaps, as we've met, you'd rather have them at once?" His studied avoidance of all question or comment concerning that meeting was withering, and Rose duly withered before his eyes. There was no longer about her the least suggestion of an army, with or without banners.

"You're being a pig, George," she remarked dispiritedly after a moment, "but I suppose you're justified. "Yes, you are. Well—of course I've got to tell you."

"But not here," George said decidedly, for Rose was quite capable of that, and already, he perceived, they were objects of considerable interest to the young clerk at the Left Luggage Office and to the one porter on the platform—a mild, middle-aged man, the square acreage of whose face was much too large for the features that had subsequently been allotted to it. George therefore glanced back at the station clock, revolving possibilities of privacy. And, incredible though it might be, it was only a quarter to twelve: five minutes and no more had elapsed since he secured Rose's drawings, and twenty still remained before her train started.

"Where, then?" Rose inquired. She was helpless again; her eyes traveled forlornly up and down the platform, and she had every appearance of never having heard that it was possible to sit down in trains.

This time George, before he could check himself, had succumbed to her helplessness. He slid an arm, as usual, under hers from elbow to wrist, grasped the latter firmly between his fingers, and

propelled her by this means higher up the platform. "In here," he said, and opened a carriage door.

She entered with docility and sat down; but no sooner had he taken the seat facing her than she changed hers, sitting beside instead of opposite to him.

He said nothing, but his smile was a little grim. So she could not even look him in the face!

She could not. Her profile, dejected and wan, was toward him—and suddenly that began to do things to him. He knew quite well the things that it was doing, because it had done them before. And it was he now who was helpless. For Rose on the top of one of her waves of animation was bewitching; but Rose in a sea of troubles, Rose submerged, Rose *chastened*, like this, was simply irresistible. How long, how much longer would he be able to refrain from kissing that unconsciously wistful white cheek? And yet—the absurdity of that. Considering his thoughts, his actions of the last nine or ten hours, the incredible absurdity of his wanting to kiss her at all!

"You know—I'm not really a liar," he heard her telling him earnestly, as though it formed the climax of some tremendous argument between them.

"No, of course not," he agreed. "Only on emergency, like the rest of us. That's all right, Rose. The blow consists in finding out that *I* am already capable of being an emergency to you."

"Emergency?" She tried the word over doubtfully. "It—it just happened, George."

"Your note of last night—just happened?" He could not keep the touch of irony out of his voice.

"No, not that. That was—the truth."

He did not dispute it, but his lips shaped a whistle. Rose either saw or divined it, though she did not turn her head.

"George," she entreated, "couldn't you be—a little nice to me about it? I'd get on so much better that way."

"But I'm not particularly wanting to help you, Rose," he pointed out, "to present your facts to the best advantage. I'd just like the plain facts themselves. That is—if you want to tell them to me?"

"Yes. Of course," Rose said faintly. (She was obviously drowning now—going under without another struggle; but how could he help her?) "Well, George, the plain facts are perfectly awful; I know that. I've deceived you and—and, yes, in a way lied to you; and I suppose every thing's all up. Yes, of course; it must be. Because I'm not what you thought I was. In fact"—an adorably surprised note crept into her voice—"I'm not what I thought I was myself. You can't possibly, George, be more—knocked over by this than I am. If I'd had the least *idea* . . ." She gazed before her with startled, wide eyes, as though at some libelous new photograph of herself.

"The least idea . . . ?" he prompted presently.

She recalled her horrified thoughts. "George, I did start a cold yesterday. Honest Injun. And my colds always are worse before they're better. My note to you was really true—as far as I knew then. But when I went to bed last night Junty" (George recognized in the name Miss June Tydd) "gave me some wonderful new stuff for colds that she's discovered, and this morning—it was like a miracle, truly—I was quite well. My first thought, of course, was to wire to you to meet me, after all; but my second—" she broke off, inwardly marveling again.

"Yes? It's your second that really interests me, Rose."

"Yes. Well. It was such a heavenly morning, George, wasn't it?" Still there was that enhancingly young note of astonishment in her voice. "And somehow it made me think of the river."

"*The river?*"

"Yes," she confirmed guiltily. His stupefaction seemed to her only natural.

But she had mistaken its cause. Rose,

he was realizing, had spent her day exactly as he had spent his: in escape! How hopeless—so far as their getting married was concerned. Yet how extraordinary jolly, apart from that. That they should be so fundamentally *alike*!

"Those little steamers, you know," Rose was explaining humbly, "that you get into at Blackfriars or Westminster and are taken to Kew and Richmond and all the places with the nice river names. I've always wanted to go in one; don't you remember? And you've always got some perfectly excellent reason why we shouldn't. There isn't time or it's going to rain or there's half an hour to wait before the next boat. You do remember, don't you? Because, you see"—for the first time she glanced at him—"the real truth is that you don't *like* the river, George. Do you?"

"Well, no. At least, I suppose I haven't wanted to go on one of those boats, anyhow. No, you're right. I haven't."

"So you see! All at once I realized what a splendid chance it was for me to go alone, and I went. I came up this morning. Quite early. And by the time you were waiting to meet me I was—I expect I was eating Maids of Honor at Richmond. Yes, I'm sure it must have been about that time."

"The time you were having lunch?"

"Well, not exactly lunch, perhaps; not the sort that you and I have when we have it together. I mean, what I really had was more like—more what you would call, very likely, two teas."

"Rose!"

"Yes. I know. You'd never have let me. That's why I simply had to do it. Because, George—well, it wasn't *only* my wanting to go on one of those boats." She thought hard, with puzzled frowns. "No, not only that," she ratified slowly. "It was that I wanted—oh, but wanted most dreadfully—just to have the day to myself! I can't explain it any better than that. Or—yes, perhaps I can. George!"

"Well?" he responded dully, not look-

ing at her. For, although his mind saw plainly enough that, unless they wanted to invite utter disaster, they must part, his heart continued unreasonably to ache.

"Oh, but this is a bit you'll like!" She made a bid for his interest in the old, eager, charming way. "Really it is. Because it's about words! Once, when I was at school, George, a mistress snubbed me because I said I had enjoyed myself at a party. She said it was a very conceited thing to say, and that what nice people enjoyed was not themselves but the party. Well, I'm not a nice person, because that is exactly what I do enjoy: myself. Of course I enjoy you, too, dearest—oh, beyond all words! In fact, until to-day I thought that enjoying you had taken the place of enjoying myself. But it hasn't; it has only added itself to it. And so I was *hungry* for to-day—though I didn't know I was till it came—an absolutely free, solitary day such as I used to have. Before I knew you. Oh, I know that sounds as if I didn't love you! And yet I do. More, somehow, than ever. But, of course, all this seems nonsense to you? You can't understand it?"

He sat for a moment silent. "Yes. I understand it," he admitted reluctantly. "'Waving your tail. Walking the wet woods alone. Telling nobody.' Wasn't that what you felt you must do?"

"Darling!" Tears swiftly broke her voice. "To think that you should know—should put it so perfectly!"

"Oh, not I!" he repudiated. "Quotation marks."

"Is it? Well, it's *it*, anyhow. 'Alone . . . the wet woods . . . waving—'"

"Still," he protested, again on the note of irony that he had to use if he was to mask his pain, "you can't have been doing it, Rose, surely, till this hour?"

"Oh, no. Though I was rather late. The tide went wrong or something, and we had to wait."

"While they put it right?"

"George, you're laughing at me! Oh,

"I'm so glad you can laugh. But what have I said?"

"Nothing! Only referred to the tide exactly as though it were one of the fallible works of man, like the kitchen tap or the drains."

"Oh, George, don't dare to talk to me like one of your essays, or I'll do a caricature of you. Well, as I was telling you, I did get back to London at about seven; but I was rather hungry by then, so I went and had some dinner."

"For four and a half hours?"

"Of course not. But while I was having it it occurred to me—well, I just thought I'd better perhaps take the chance of seeing 'The Beggar's Opera' again, if I was ever going to. Because you know you wouldn't have gone a second time. I mean, you *didn't* like it as much as I did. You admit to that, don't you?"

"Yes. I admit to that, too."

"George?"

"Rose?"

"I don't know whether you're really laughing or really miserable?"

"Both. But the misery is likely to have the longer life. This is serious, Rose."

"I know."

"Much more serious, however, than you do know. Because every single thing you've said about your day applies to mine, too, except that mine has been only half a day."

"Yours has been . . . ?"

"Yes. When you didn't turn up by the usual train, I was delighted."

"George!"

"Delighted. I waited for the next, but I hoped you wouldn't be in it. And after that I was terrified of finding a message from you at the flat. When I had read your note I was happy again, and went straight off to enjoy myself."

"George!"

"Yes. First to the 'Medea' . . ."

"You *didn't*, George!"

"I did. And second to the Old Hal."

"George!"

"And thoroughly enjoyed them both.

And it was only after all that that I remembered your drawings and came here for them."

"George!"

"It's not a bit of use," he assured her with dreary lightness, "your George-ing me like a minute-gun. This isn't *pique* or rage or cruelty, Rose, but the plain facts—like yours. We've got to face them. You see, of course, where they lead? We're both (as we've half known all along, haven't we?) overcivilized, hypersensitive, ultra-individualized."

"George, I *won't* be an essay!"

"Sorry!—for this business of marriage. And so we've got to chuck it. Though, if you want to know, I've never loved you, either, as much as at this moment. Still, it won't do, will it? To-day has proved that neither of us can live without our liberty, and so we've each got to give it back."

"But, George—"

"Yes?" For the first time he perceived that the signals made by the minute-gun were not of distress: they were, indeed, so far from being of distress that Rose's face was now, however improbably, burrowing into his shoulder.

"Oh, George, you dear!" reached him from the burrow.

"What?" The train had given a premonitory jolt as she spoke, and the noise of it made him doubt the evidence of his ears.

"Perfect, *perfect* dear!" she reiterated, clinging to him wildly as the train strove, with repeated clashes and clankings, to jerk them apart.

His arm went round her as instinctively as if he were any Harry on a Bank Holiday, but he remained astounded.

"So that's all right, then," Rose was saying between rich chirrups of mirth. "I won't have my liberty back. Nor shall you. Duffer! Fancy your thinking even for a moment that it was *that* we'd got to give each other!" She sparkled more and more; she crested the wave of her thought with such rapture that she did not even notice that he was left behind.

Yet now the train had begun to move in earnest, so that he had to spring out of the carriage and be left behind on the platform as well. And Rose, smiling down at him from her window with that utter abandonment to joy, was like a goddess wreathed in the foam of her dancing billow. Her eyes called confidently upon him to share her ecstasy, although she had omitted to supply him with the cause of it. It was maddening! He walked, he ran beside the carriage.

"Rose—quick! What do you mean? If it isn't liberty we've got to give each other, then, for heaven's sake, what—what?"

"Oh, darling!"—Rose hung out of her window incredulous, contrite, mischievous, all in one—"don't you really see? But—why, only *rope*, of course!" She cupped her lips between her hands as he was obliged, by the ending of the platform, to stand still, and sent the laughing ripples of her voice back to him. "*Lots and lots—more—Ro-o-o-pe!*" She gayly waved; she diminished; she vanished.

He turned away—to find the porter, the middle-aged porter with the large, flat, plain face, standing within ten yards of him. The porter was staring at the point where Rose's head had last been seen as though the gods of the New Jerusalem had there swung wide for him: positively, he was open-mouthed with bedazzlement, with adoration.

And open-mouthed with bedazzlement and adoration was so exactly what George himself *felt* that there and then he loved the porter.

Their eyes met in a brief but perfect exchange of confidence. Then George smiled, and the porter remembered that the New Jerusalem was really St. Pancras. Nevertheless, he was still slightly under the influence of his late vision.

"Nothing wrong, sir, was there," he inquired shyly but anxiously, "with the lady's luggage?"

"Luggage?" George repeated, puzzled.

"Yes, sir." The porter's shyness increased, but he could not resist (though he deprecated) the liberty that he was taking, "I thought—didn't the lady call out something about rope?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" George agreed, considerably embarrassed. "No; nothing wrong, thanks."

"Beg pardon, sir—"

"Not at all. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

"And good luck!" On an overmastering impulse to celebrate his recovered happiness George thrust a ten-shilling note into the porter's unsuspecting hand.

The porter, staring at what his eyes revealed to him, was rendered entirely speechless by this fresh evidence that St. Pancras was, after all, the New Jerusalem. But the full strength of that evidence did not come home to George while it was time to pay for the last taxi of his day. Then he discovered that what he had given to the porter was not ten shillings but twenty.

"Oh, damn!" said George happily, and gave the ten to the taxi driver.

The Last Savage

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

OUR Berkshire cliffs contain numerous surprises. Indeed, the very cliffs themselves are a surprise to many persons, who think of the Berkshire Hills as wooded ridges, rolling rather gently up from the green valleys and imparting by their long horizontals an air of peculiar peace to the region. Such, indeed, they often are. But they break at times into abrupt precipices, or are eroded into wild, deep gorges, and give shelter to the last of our primitives, the savages of bird and animal and reptile life who are waging a losing fight against that most savage of all creatures, Man, but waging it with cunning and persistence and splendid courage. There was a time, for instance—if the aged inhabitants can be believed, which is not

invariably!—when rattlesnakes were plentiful on many of our hills. Stockbridge, indeed, boasts a Rattlesnake Mountain, though I have never discovered that even the most aged inhabitant ever saw a rattler thereon. We have at least two ledges, however, high, steep, and more or less inaccessible save to sturdy climbers, which are still well populated with rattlesnake dens. Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the New York Zoo, regards them both, I think, with an almost proprietary affection, so I will not disclose their exact position. Sometimes, on a warm day in spring, he has captured as many as eight or ten snakes in a morning on one or the other of these two ledges, and from one of them recently came the only



MONUMENT MOUNTAIN RISES OVER THE STATE HIGHWAY



OUR BERKSHIRE CLIFFS CONTAIN NUMEROUS SURPRISES

albino rattlesnake now in captivity. Nor is he the only one who hunts the snakes, to take them alive. We have our own rattlesnake enthusiasts. Once upon a time, indeed, close by one of these precipitous rock faces where the rattlers

den, dwelt a "hermit" (an old man who lives alone is always a hermit in the mountains), and in a rear room of his little house he kept I don't know how many live snakes he had captured. It is said that when he wished to be rid of an

unwelcome caller, he had merely to open the door to this rear room. If terror didn't do the work, odor did. On a hot day, indeed, it is almost always possible to detect the nearby presence of the snakes, as they lie out on the ledges of the southward facing cliffs, by their acrid, sickly smell. After the mating season is over, in June, they have a rather unpleasant habit of wandering off the ledges in pairs, into the adjoining mountain forest and scrub, in search of food, and it behooves berry pickers to wear high boots. By September they seem all to be back on their warm, sunny

ledges again. Year after year, in spite of the enthusiasts and the scientists who capture them alive with a forked stick and a gunny sack (when you ride in Dr. Ditmars' car, you often sit with your feet between a couple of sacks on the floor, each bulging at the bottom with many feet of coiled, astonished and angry venom), and in spite of the boys and other hunters who kill the snakes when and where they encounter them, the rattlers still persist, and apparently in undiminished numbers, on these two ledges, protected, no doubt, by the precipitous nature of the rocks, and by the deep, inaccessible cracks into which they can retreat for dens.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath morning in late May that a party had ascended the steep spur of the mountain above one of the snake haunts, and the hunters, with their forked sticks and gunny sacks, had dropped down the ledges from the top, looking for specimens. One man remained at the brink of the cliff. The voices had died out, fifty or a hundred feet below him. He looked far across the green valley to the blue wave line of hills beyond. Then, just behind him, in the storm-dwarfed jack pines of the summit ridge, he heard a sweet, thrilling call—the song of a hermit thrush. Turning back into the low woods, he sought the singer, and by a stroke of fortune found not the hermit, but its nest. Remote enough from man and all his ways, up here on top of a precipice 1500 feet above the valley, the



THE HAWKS' NEST WAS THIRTY FEET ABOVE THE TREE TOP



THE HAWKS' KINGDOM VIEWED FROM THEIR EYRIE

baby birds would be safe—so long as they remained in the nest or the trees. But by the time they would be learning to fly, the rattlesnakes would be searching for food. Let one of them fall to the ground, and if a snake were about, he would smell it out, glide over the gray rocks, the brown, dead leaves, with that silent, terrible swift grace that makes a

snake at once so beautiful and so abhorrent, lift and dart just once its cruel head,—and never would that young thrush learn the song which is like a horn of elfland on our mountain.

The man was musing on woodland ways, and this setting for a possible tragedy, when the rest of the party came back up the cliff. One of them

carried a sack which bulged at the bottom. He untied two pieces of string, and held the top open. Gazing in, the man saw the black and gray coils at the bottom, and a head lifted up with eyes that stared their angry hate straight into his own, and a mouth that opened ominously.

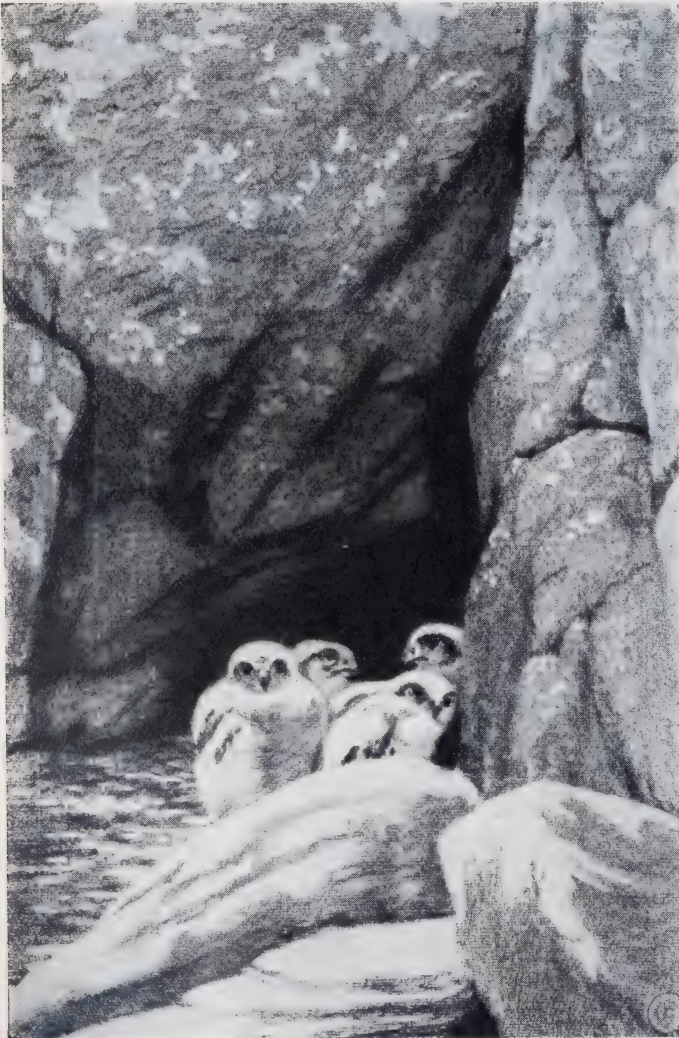
"One less chance against the bird," he said, and pulled his eyes away from the horrid stare of the reptile.

Meanwhile, on another and still steeper and higher cliff, some dozen miles away, two birds were rearing their young with little fear of any foe at all, but birds which were dreaded by almost

every other thing that flies for twenty-five miles around. They were a pair of duck hawks, and their nest was far up on the cliff face of Monument Mountain. Duck hawks, it is said, have had a nest somewhere on this same precipice for a hundred years, and probably for a much longer time, unless in earlier days the cliff was pre-empted by the eagles. In spite of the depredations they commit on bird life, the toll of slaughter they exact to rear their brood, the few daring enthusiasts who ever reach their eyrie are not likely to molest them. They are so superb in their flight, so dashing and aggressive in aspect, so rare now even in

our wildest hills, such lone survivors of wilderness savagery, that to destroy them or their young would seem to almost anyone, even the lustful and hardened hunter, an act of desecration. I hope and pray they will be safe for many years to come; and I am quite certain, at any rate, that the number of people who visit their nest in any season would not excessively crowd a fisherman's dory.

We made an ascent to the nest on the 31st day of May. There were four of us, two men and two women, one of whom, to the glory of her sex, had discovered the site earlier in the month, and made the climb alone, in part, she admitted, because after she had got half way up it was far easier to keep on than go back! We had three cameras, and a seventy-five foot alpine rope. The rope was not an absolute necessity, but proved a great comfort.



THE YOUNG HAWKS HUDDLED AT THEIR CAVE'S MOUTH



THE PARENT BIRD COMES WINGING FROM AFAR

The main cliff of Monument Mountain rises almost directly over the State highway; but though it is impressive as you drive past in a motor, it is extremely deceptive, too, like most mountain climbs. You do not get its full size and height until you have climbed up for a quarter of a mile through the woods and then over a great heap of tumbled boulders and rock fragments cascaded down from the precipice, and stand directly beneath the head wall. Then it towers for some two or three hundred feet straight up above you, and the task of climbing it, blithely embarked upon, suddenly becomes formidable. As we left the road and walked up the steep incline through the woods, the last of the azalea blossoms were gleaming pink, and the laurel was coming into flower. It was hot and still as midsummer, and the only noise was the ringing song of a hermit thrush. But when we emerged from the woods, and began to toil up over the cascade of fallen boulders, lichen-covered and some of them crowned with polypodies, we suddenly heard high

up a sharp, clanging, angry *kak-kak-kak-kak-kak*—and then a second battle call. The hawks had spied us from above, and both of them were now wheeling overhead, screaming their protest. Whether they would have done so if men had not climbed up to their nest at least twice before that season, I cannot say. But now they very evidently were alarmed by our presence, even though we were still two hundred feet below their young.

For the next half hour, we had little opportunity to observe the hawks, further than to note that one of them vanished, and one remained circling in the air. We headed for an oblique gully leading up from the base of the cliff for about a hundred feet, and holding the roots of a few laurel bushes in its crevices. The first of the party up this chute made one end of the rope fast at the top, and dropped back the other end to those below. At the top was a treacherous traverse, with one long step to make over nothing at all but space to the next upward leading ledge.

Here the rope made a sustaining outer hand rail. The new ledge led up for twenty feet or more, and then another fifty-foot climb up a sharp and steeply inclined razor-back of jagged rock brought us in behind a sort of rock spire, thrown out from the main precipice which still rose another fifty feet above us. Crawling along behind this spire, we came to the end of the crack on the northern side, and lying on a flat stone that had fallen from above and been wedged fast, we looked down about six feet to a little ledge ten feet long, and

not over a foot wide where it began in space, but broadening at the other end to about thirty inches, where it met the overhang of the precipice. Thus the broad end of the ledge had a sort of lean-to roof, and in the sheltered recess a tiny bush was growing, on a pad of moss and soil.

And there was the "nest"! Panting for breath, dripping with perspiration (the naked rocks in the full glare of the sun were blistering hot), we looked down directly into the upstaring, unblinking, inquisitive eyes of four baby duck hawks,

cradled on a precipice, and on very little else, except a bit of moss and a few broken sticks. Below them, the cliff dropped sheer for one hundred and fifty feet. No animal could reach them at all from below, and from above, the way we had worked around, only a mountain goat or sheep. No bird, of course, in this part of the world, would care to invite a contest with their parents. The young birds a week before had been entirely white, covered only with down feathers, but now, at the very end of May, they had begun to be mottled with brown and black. They were about the size of pigeons. At first they all four stared at us in astonished silence, and then three of them set up a raucous *kak-kak-kak*-ing, and huddled in as far as they could under the overhang. The fourth, however, which, though the smallest, seemed also the spryest on his feet, hopped to a better position to observe us, and



A GRANITE SPIRE, THRUSTING UP THROUGH THE PINES

kept his comical face uplifted, his gray-blue eyes fixed on ours.

Around these four infant birds was the melancholy record of their innumerable feedings—the bones and feathers of other birds. The whole space on the wider end of the ledge was covered with feathers, in fact, among them small, brilliant red feathers from red-winged blackbirds. The duck hawk (which, save for a few markings on the throat and head, is exactly the peregrine falcon of Europe in the days of chivalry) kills practically all of its prey on the wing, and naturally the bulk of its prey in our region is composed of song birds and pigeons, since we have comparatively few ducks and our other game birds keep well to cover. Many are the blackbirds, meadow larks, and flickers that must give their lives before a family of duck hawks can leave the nest and launch off from their lofty ledges. Indeed, the youngsters already, in late May, appeared to be living in a slaughter house rather than a nest. So far as a nest went, there appeared to be none save the little pad of moss and the now trampled and broken-down bush.

In our first thrill of excitement at looking down upon the young birds, we had almost forgotten the mother (if it was the mother; the women in our party insisted it was, because, they said, if either parent deserts the young in time of need, of course it is the male. As a matter of fact, so far as we could gauge its size, it seemed too small for the male). But she had not forgotten us. She was circling and swooping within easy gunshot range—I don't say she was an easy gunshot—and scarcely for an instant stopping that *kak-kak-kak-kak*, which now that it sounded almost in our ears was truly a terrifying sound. She would swing out from the precipice, a little above our heads, turn, and then come back and inward, rushing past us directly on a level with our faces, and hardly twenty feet away, at an almost incredible rate of speed. So fast she came, in fact, with wings as rigid as an *aéroplane*,

that the air sang and hissed as she cut by, with a sound much like that of a speeding motor when it passes you on the road. We ceased to watch the babies, fascinated by the speed and wonder of her flight, which we could see from her own level, or even at times from above. It is seldom that you have a chance thus to observe a bird in action, and it was worth the toil up the precipice. As she dashed by us, she was invariably dropping at about a twenty-degree incline, and the rush would carry her without a wing beat two or three hundred feet beyond us. Then, with astounding agility, she would suddenly bank so sharply that one wing pointed almost directly skyward, but not quite, the other downward, and that would stop her sharp and at the same time throw her around. Why, at the rate she was traveling, it didn't rip the wings from her body, was a problem. Once reversed—and, it seemed, in a space no larger than a big hearth rug—she would swing wide from the cliff face, make a few strong beats that carried her up fifty or a hundred feet, and back again to her starting point at the same time, and then once more come catapulting past us, as near to our heads as she dared, her powerful yellow legs and talons gleaming like gold under her body, her strong beak emitting its battle cry. When that marvelous engine of flight and fighting force tore by, it was enough to make a human nervous, and think of what would happen to his face if she once gathered courage to strike! What must be the sensation of a meadow lark when it hears suddenly the hiss of the wings above it? It is certain death catapulting from the blue.

When we lowered one of the party to the nest ledge, with a rope under her arms, and a camera in her hand, the mother bird screamed even louder, and now dashed in within a dozen feet of the photographer's head. As the photographer tried to set up a tripod on twenty inches of sloping rock above eternity, with an infuriated falcon

spreading a yard from wing tip to wing tip, swooping at her head, she admitted that the rope was something of a comfort.

While we were trying to get the picture, the mother bird performed one astonishing evolution. Her yellow-rimmed eyes intent upon the nest, she evidently miscalculated her distance, and almost crashed into a jutting spur of the precipice. Seeing her danger, she tipped the plane of her wings from horizontal to vertical, and actually, so far as we could see, did a back somersault in the air, which threw her out and away from the rock. It all happened so quickly that it was difficult to follow. Only once during the hour we spent at the nest did she alight, and then for but an instant, on a ledge halfway up the precipice a hundred yards to the north. The rest of the time she was circling past us, and, contrary to the statement in many accounts of this bird that it does not soar, she made both turns and one entire side of the eternal ellipses she was describing, without a wing beat.

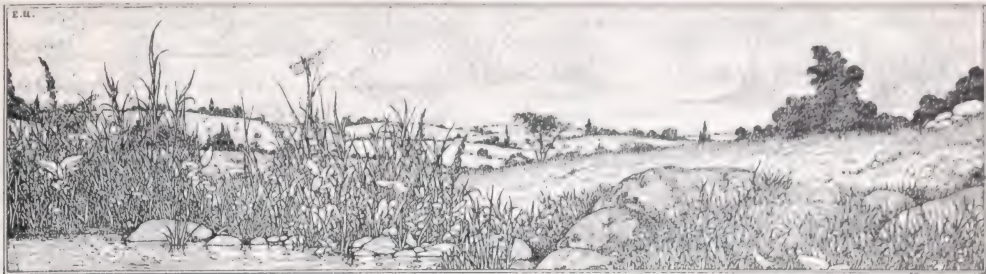
An examination of the nest, on this occasion and on an earlier visit the same year, and an examination of the refuse on a slaughter ledge not far off, where the parent birds evidently brought prey, disclosed the interesting fact that in addition to the flickers, red-winged black-birds, domestic pigeons, meadow larks, one ruffed grouse, and other birds of that sort (no barnyard birds, such as chickens, were found), this pair of falcons had slain no less than twenty carrier pigeons. Several aluminum bands shone in the nest, detached. Two were still around the uneaten legs. One was on a picked leg bone still attached to the major portion of the pigeon's skeleton. The duck hawk, it is said, is the only bird we have which can outfly the carrier. This pair certainly could. When carrier pigeons do not come home, their owners naturally speculate upon their fate. We were able to tell a number of owners where their lost birds went to. Five of the birds were identified by their bands as belonging to owners in eastern

Massachusetts, near Boston and New Bedford. The birds, released over two hundred miles from their coops, had been flying homeward across the Berkshires when the hawks swooped down upon them, and ended their careers.

When we left the nest at last, driven by thirst and the intolerable heat of the sun blazing down on the rock face, it was my task to bring down the rope after the rest had descended upon it. Facing inward, of course, and having all I wanted to manage with my footing, I had neither time nor inclination to observe the parent bird, as she still chided and wheeled and shouted around the cliff. But once I heard the sharp whistle of her wings, the rush of shattered air, it seemed hardly six feet from my head, and the white rock that gleamed not a foot from my face in the sunlight went dusky gray for a second as her shadow swept over me. It was curiously thrilling, more thrilling than the actual sight of her. But I clung firmer with my fingers for a second, before I lowered my feet to the next projection!

We slid rapidly down the gully on the doubled rope, and made our way over the boulder heaps at the base. As long as we were in the open, we could see the hawk circling above, and calling incessant alarm or defiance. But as soon as we entered the cool shadows of the woods, her clamor ceased.

It only remains to add that the four little birds survived all the perils of childhood in their long occupation of the "nest" (the young duck hawk grows slowly, and does not fly until some time in July), and though neither they nor their parents ever grew hospitable to human visitors with cameras, remaining angrily suspicious to the end, they launched off at last from their precipice when no one was there to see, and four more falcons have been added to the little band of savages who are fighting for survival against the odds of civilization. In spite of that pitiful pile of bones and feathers left behind on the ledge, I admit that I am glad.



Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I

SO she came back into his house again
And watched beside his bed until he died,
Loving him not at all. The winter rain
Splashed in the painted butter-tub outside,
Where once her red geraniums had stood,
Where still their rotted stalks were to be seen;
The thin log snapped; and she went out for wood,
Bareheaded, running the few steps between
The house and shed; there, from the sodden eaves
Blown back and forth on ragged ends of twine,
Saw the dejected creeping-jinny vine,
(And one, big-aproned, blithe, with stiff blue sleeves
Rolled to the shoulder that warm day in spring,
Who planted seeds, musing ahead to their far blossoming).

II

The last white sawdust on the floor was grown
Gray as the first, so long had he been ill;
The axe was nodding in the block; fresh-blown
And foreign came the rain across the sill,
But on the roof so steadily it drummed
She could not think a time it might not be—
In hazy summer, when the hot air hummed
With mowing, and locusts rising raspingly,
When that small bird with iridescent wings
And long, incredible, sudden silver tongue
Had just flashed (and yet maybe not!) among
The dwarf nasturtiums—when no sagging springs
Of shower were in the whole bright sky, somehow
Upon this roof the rain would drum as it was drumming now.

III

She filled her arms with wood, and set her chin
 Forward, to hold the highest stick in place,
 No less afraid than she had always been
 Of spiders up her arms and on her face,
 But too impatient for a careful search
 Or a less heavy loading, from the heap
 Selecting hastily small sticks of birch,
 For their curled bark, that instantly will leap
 Into a blaze; nor thinking to return
 Some day, distracted, as of old, to find
 Smooth, heavy, round, green logs with a wet, gray rind
 Only, and knotty chunks that will not burn,
 (That day when dust is on the wood-box floor,
 And some old catalogue, and a brown, shriveled apple core).

IV

The white bark writhed and sputtered like a fish
 Upon the coals, exuding odorous smoke.
 She knelt and blew, in a surging desolate wish
 For comfort; and the sleeping ashes woke
 And scattered to the hearth, but no thin fire
 Broke suddenly; the wood was wet with rain.
 Then, softly stepping forth from her desire,
 (Being mindful of like passion hurled in vain
 Upon a similar task, in other days)
 She thrust her breath against the stubborn coal,
 Bringing to bear upon its hilt the whole
 Of her still body . . . there sprang a little blaze . . .
 A pack of hounds, the flame swept up the flue!—
 And the blue night stood flattened against the window, staring through.

V

A wagon stopped before the house; she heard
 The heavy oilskins of the grocer's man
 Slapping against his legs. Of a sudden whirled
 Her heart like a frightened partridge, and she ran
 And slid the bolt, leaving his entrance free;
 Then in the cellar-way till he was gone
 Hid, breathless, praying that he might not see
 The chair sway she had laid her hand upon
 In passing. Sour and damp from that dark vault
 Arose to her the well-remembered chill;
 She saw the narrow wooden stairway still
 Plunging into the earth, and the thin salt
 Crusting the crocks; until she knew him far,
 So stood, with listening eyes upon the empty doughnut jar.

VI

Then cautiously she pushed the cellar door
 And stepped into the kitchen—saw the track
 Of muddy rubber boots across the floor,
 The many paper parcels in a stack
 Upon the dresser; with accustomed care
 Removed the twine and put the wrappings by,
 Folded, and the bags flat, that with an air
 Of ease had been whipped open skillfully,
 To the gape of children. Treacherously dear
 And simple was the dull, familiar task.
 And so it was she came at length to ask:
 How came the soda there? the sugar here?
 Then the dream broke. Silent, she brought the mop,
 And forced the trade-slip on the nail that held his razor-strop.

VII

One way there was of muting in the mind
 A little while the ever-clamorous care;
 And there was rapture, of a decent kind,
 In making mean and ugly objects fair:
 Soft-sooted kettle-bottoms, that had been
 Time after time set in above the fire;
 Faucets, and candlesticks, corroded green,
 To mine again from quarry; to attire
 The shelves in paper petticoats, and tack
 New oilcloth in the ringed-and-rotten's place,
 Polish the stove till you could see your face—
 And after nightfall rear an aching back
 In a changed kitchen, bright as a new pin,
 An advertisement, far too fine to cook a supper in.

VIII

She let them leave their jellies at the door
 And go away, reluctant, down the walk.
 She heard them talking as they passed before
 The blind, but could not quite make out their talk
 For noise in the room—the sudden heavy fall
 And roll of a charred log, and the roused shower
 Of snapping sparks; then sharply from the wall
 The unforgivable crowing of the hour.
 One instant set ajar, her quiet ear
 Was stormed and forced by the full rout of day:
 The rasp of a saw, the fussy cluck and bray
 Of hens, the wheeze of a pump, she needs must hear;
 She inescapably must endure to feel
 Across her teeth the grinding of a backing wagon wheel.

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IX

She had forgotten how the August night
Was level as a lake beneath the moon,
In which she swam a little, losing sight
Of shore; and how the boy, that was at noon
Simple enough, not different from the rest,
Wore now a pleasant mystery as he went,
Which seemed to her an honest enough test
Whether she loved him, and she was content.
So loud, so loud the million crickets' choir . . .
So sweet the night, so long-drawn-out and late . . .
And if the man were not her spirit's mate,
Why was her body sluggish with desire?
Stark on the open field the moonlight fell,
But the oak tree's shadow was deep and black and secret as a well.

X

Not overkind nor overquick in study
Nor skilled in sports nor beautiful was he
Who came into her life when anybody
Would have been welcome, so in need was she.
They had become acquainted in this way:
He flashed a mirror in her eyes at school;
By which he was distinguished; from that day
They went about together, as a rule.
She told, in secret and with whispering,
How he had flashed a mirror in her eyes;
And as she told, it struck her with surprise
That this was not so wonderful a thing.
Well, what's the odds?—It's pretty nice to know
You've got a friend to keep you company everywhere you go.

XI

It came into her mind, seeing how the snow
Was gone, and the brown grass exposed again,
And clothes pins, and an apron—long ago,
In some white storm that sifted through the pane
And sent her forth reluctantly at last
To gather in, before the line gave way,
Garments, board-stiff, that galloped on the blast
Clashing like angel armies in a fray,
An apron long ago in such a night
Blown down and buried in the deepening drift,
To lie till April thawed it back to sight,
Forgotten, quaint and novel as a gift—
It struck her, as she pulled and pried and tore,
That here was spring, and the whole year to be lived through once more.

XII

Tenderly, in those times, as though she fed
 An ailing child—with sturdy propping up
 Of its small, feverish body in the bed,
 And steadying of its hands about the cup—
 She gave her husband of her body's strength,
 Thinking of men, what helpless things they were,
 Until he turned and fell asleep at length,
 And stealthily stirred the night and spoke to her.
 Familiar, at such moments, like a friend,
 Whistled far off the long, mysterious train,
 And she could see in her mind's vision plain
 The magic World, where cities stood on end . . .
 Remote from where she lay—and yet—between,
 Save for something asleep beside her, only the window screen.

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XIII

From the wan dream that was her waking day,
 Wherein she journeyed, borne along the ground
 Without her own volition in some way,
 Or fleeing, motionless, with feet fast bound,
 Or running silent through a silent house
 Sharply remembered from an earlier dream,
 Upstairs, down other stairs, fearful to rouse,
 Regarding him, the wide and empty scream
 Of a strange sleeper on a malignant bed,
 And all the time not certain if it were
 Herself so doing or some one like to her,
 From this wan dream that was her daily bread,
 Sometimes at night, incredulous, she would wake—
 A child, blowing bubbles that the chairs and carpet did not break!

XIV

She had a horror he would die at night.
 And sometimes when the light began to fade
 She could not keep from noticing how white
 The birches looked—and then she would be afraid,
 Even with a lamp, to go about the house
 And lock the windows; and as night wore on
 Toward morning, if a dog howled, or a mouse
 Squeaked in the floor, long after it was gone
 Her flesh would sit awry on her. By day
 She would forget somewhat, and it would seem
 A silly thing to go with just this dream
 And get a neighbor to come at night and stay.
 But it would strike her sometimes, making the tea:
She had kept that kettle boiling all night long, for company.

XV

There was upon the sill a pencil mark,
Vital with shadow when the sun stood still
At noon, but now, because the day was dark,
It was a pencil mark upon the sill.
And the mute clock, maintaining ever the same
Dead moment, blank and vacant of itself,
Was a pink shepherdess, a picture frame,
A shell marked Souvenir, there on the shelf.
Whence it occurred to her that *he* might be,
The mainspring being broken in his mind,
A clock himself, if one were so inclined,
That stood at twenty minutes after three—
The reason being for this, it might be said,
That things in death were neither clocks nor people, but only dead.

XVI

The doctor asked her what she wanted done
With him, that might not lie there many days.
And she was shocked to see how life goes on
Even after death, in irritating ways;
And mused how if he had not died at all
'Twould have been easier—then there need not be
The stiff disorder of a funeral
Everywhere, and the hideous industry,
And crowds of people calling her by name
And questioning her, she'd never seen before,
But only watching by his bed once more
And sitting silent if a knocking came. . . .
She said at length, feeling the doctor's eyes,
"I don't know what you do exactly when a person dies."

XVII

Gazing upon him now, severe and dead,
It seemed a curious thing that she had lain
Beside him many a night in that cold bed,
And that had been which would not be again.
From his desirous body the great heat
Was gone at last, it seemed, and the taut nerves
Loosened forever. Formally the sheet
Set forth for her to-day those heavy curves
And lengths familiar as the bedroom door.
She was as one that enters, sly and proud,
To where her husband speaks before a crowd,
And sees a man she never saw before—
The man who eats his victuals at her side,
Small, and absurd, and hers: for once, not hers, unclassified.

Prelude

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

WHEN she was fifteen years old Selina Jo was doing a man's work in Pruitt's turpentine orchard; properly, though, her story begins earlier than this.

It was shortly before his daughter was born that Shug Hudsill brought his young wife, Marthy, to a sandy land homestead—twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad—in that section of the country which borders the Gulf of Mexico. There followed shortly the inevitable log rolling, at which the neighbors—mostly Hudsills themselves—contributed their labor. Shug furnished refreshments in the form of "shinny," an unpalatable, but unusually potent, native rum. Otherwise, his part in the erection of his future home was largely advisory. Despite this, though, the house, a two-room cabin of the "saddle-bag" type, was soon erected. Hand-split pine boards covered the roof and gave fair promise of keeping out the rain. An unglazed window and a door in each room, which would be closed with rough wooden shutters during inclement weather, served for ventilation and lighting. A stick-and-clay chimney at one end of the cabin gave outlet to the single fireplace which was to answer the dual purpose of cooking and heating.

By devious methods Shug accumulated two or three runty, tick-infested cows and a few razorback hogs. These were left, in the main, to shift for themselves. There were tough native grasses available and the cane brakes in Shoalwater River were close by. During severe weather such of the cows as chanced to be giving a few pints of thin, watery milk daily were fed a little home-grown fodder and corn on the ear. With proboscides inordinately sharpened for the

purpose, the hogs probed for succulent roots in the rank undergrowth of the nearby swamp. When hog-killing season arrived Shug would shoulder his gun and slouch away for his winter's supply of meat. Neighbors charged it against him that he was not always careful to see to it that they were his own shotes which he killed. Since it was a simple matter, though, to snip off the telltale ear markings of a dead pig, his pilferings, if a fact, were never proved.

Corn sprouted slowly in the thin soil; it grew up dispiritedly, and came to maturity stunted as to blade, stalk and ear. Sweet potatoes yielded generously in new ground; each year a fresh plot was cleared, broken and planted to these. A patch of sugar cane was always grown for molasses; a portion of this, it was generally conceded, was finally made into "shinny," since Shug was known to be an adept at its manufacture. Certain it is that he made frequent extended trips away from home with his wagon and yoke of oxen, never troubling to explain the reason for his absence.

It was amid these surroundings, sufficient in themselves, one would have said, to hinder physical, mental and moral growth, that the girl Selina Jo was born. The occasion was in no sense of the word an event with Shug and Marthy. Since all married people of their acquaintance had children, the baby simply represented, to them, the inevitable. With the birth of the child, though, Marthy became barren.

For the first eighteen months of her existence the baby crawled about the cabin unnamed. Then it occurred to Marthy that their offspring ought to be christened.

"Shug," she suggested casually, "seems to me we ort to be namin' that air young 'un."

Shug, lolling in the shade of a water oak, shifted his quid and spat disinterestedly. "I ain't objectin' none," he replied.

"How 'bout callin' her 'S'liny Jo'?" Marthy asked.

"Fittin' enough name fer her, I reckon," Shug yawned.

As the child grew up she came to accept her parents as they had long since accepted her—merely as a bald fact. There was never the slightest evidence of parental affection upon the one side or of filial attachment upon the other.

Once Marthy came upon Shug whipping the girl with a switch.

"What you whippin' her fer?" she asked. Her tone was one of simple curiosity, nothing else.

"All young 'uns needs it," Shug replied virtuously, as he tossed the switch aside. "Hadh't been my daddy usetah whale me powerful, I wouldn't a been nigh the man I am now; not nigh."

It was a matter for remark between the parents that, even at a tender age, Selina Jo rarely emitted any outcry under punishment. There burned in her sloe-black eyes, though, the flame of an emotion which she checked upon the surface.

One would have expected the girl to respond to the influence of heredity. Her parents, the cattle, the hogs, even the crops about her were stunted, half-starved in appearance. By contrast, Selina Jo, upon a daily ration made up almost exclusively of corn pone, molasses and home-cured pork as salt as ocean brine, defied all known dietary laws, and flourished amazingly. She was precocious, too. When she was only seven years old she could swear just as well—rather, just as wickedly—as could Shug himself. She learned early, though, that, as a source of information, her parents were practically *nil*. Thenceforth, the questions that had rushed to her lips were succeeded by a look of eternal interrogation in her somber eyes.

It was shortly after her twelfth birthday that a young school-teacher—the only one the community ever knew—came into the Hudsill settlement. Selina Jo was grudgingly allowed to attend the school. For six months the young man's enthusiasm held out. Then it waned and died. Few of the older people could either read or write, and the opinion among them seemed to be universal that what was good enough for them was good enough for their offspring. But before the school closed Selina Jo had learned the alphabet and a portion of the old-fashioned first reader.

She missed the school, and she always kept, close at hand, her thumb and dog-eared book, the only one that she possessed. The school-teacher had lighted the fires of ambition within her. She came to be troubled by the realization that her mental development was lagging behind her physical growth.

"S'liny Jo," she informed herself one day in a fit of musing, "you air as p'izen strong as a gallon o' green shinny, but you don't know skercely nothin'." A moment later she added dejectedly: "Ner ain't got no chancet o' learnin', neether; not nary par-tick-le of a chancet!"

Shoalwater River afforded her chief means of diversion. She never remembered when or how she learned to swim. Every day that the weather permitted she enjoyed a plunge in the river. Soon she noticed that no less pleasant than the contact of the water with her naked body was the comfortable after-feeling of cleanliness. Following this, came a feeling of repugnance toward her shiftless and slovenly parents.

She had long since begun to assist with the crops. With the manure scraped from the cow lot she made the beds for the potatoes. At planting time she pulled the slips and set them out. She hoed the sugar cane and thinned the corn. During harvest she did almost as much work as Shug and Marthy combined.

Before she was fourteen she had

broken a pair of young steers to the yoke. She split the rails and laid the fence for a new potato patch. Using for the purpose the young oxen which she had broken, she prepared the ground for planting. She was as tall as her father now, a slender, wiry creature, her symmetrical young body as free from blemish as the trunk of a healthy pine tree.

A vague unrest troubled her at times, though. Something occurred one day which intensified this. In a corner of the cabin she found a dust-covered photograph. Brushing it off, she gazed upon a face that was unfamiliar. She took the picture to Marthy.

"Maw," she asked, "who is this?"

Her mother glanced at it indifferently.

"Me," she answered listlessly.

"You?" Selina Jo gasped.

"Yeah. Ruther, it usetah be. Tuck when I married yore paw."

Selina Jo scanned the comely pictured face for some likeness to the slatternly creature who had given her birth. Wild resentment against something—she scarcely knew what—flamed in her heart. Suddenly she dashed the photograph to the floor and hurried from the cabin. As one reads the chronicle of her words, it must be remembered that her vocabulary was patterned after that of her father.

"Oh, Goddlemighty!" she burst out tempestuously, "I don't want to be like her! I ain't goin' to, neether!"

Her acquaintances were limited to the score of families, most of them relatives, and all of them mental and moral replicas of her own, who lived nearby. There was an almost abandoned church in the neighborhood where, at rare intervals, some itinerant preacher held services. Upon one occasion, though, Shug took the family to preaching in what was known as the Briggs settlement which was ten miles nearer the railroad. It was here that Selina Jo had it impressed upon her young mind just how people of her stripe were looked upon by those cast in another mold.

Shortly after they had seated them-

selves in the church, Shug, uncouth and unshaven on the men's side, and she and her mother on that reserved for her sex, Selina Jo heard one of the women whisper to her neighbor:

"Some o' that Hudsill tribe!"

As the girl caught the slur in the words her face flushed darkly. She began to notice the unfavorable looks with which the men of the congregation were regarding her father. Even the children stared superciliously toward her mother and herself. Puzzled, vaguely hurt, at first she wondered why.

Lingering just outside the church at the close of services, she waited, shyly hopeful that some one would speak to her. No one paid her the slightest heed. In a land where a lack of hospitality was the one unpardonable sin, this alone was enough to convince her that something was terribly wrong somewhere. But she held her peace until they had completed the tedious homeward journey.

"Maw," she demanded abruptly, as soon as they were alone, "how come we ain't like other folks?"

"What air you talkin' about?" Marthy intoned querulously.

"Them folks in that air Briggs settlement."

"Wa'l?"

"They looked slanchwise at Paw when we went in an' set down." Selina Jo waited a moment, her face clouding at the thought. "An' them li'l old gals looked slanchwise at me, too. Durn 'em!"

"How kin I he'p the way they looked at us?" Marthy whined. "Treatin' us thatta way just 'cause we air pore."

"T weren't that, neether," the girl insisted stubbornly. "Them men—most of 'em—was wearin' overhalls. The school-teacher said rich folks don't wear them kind o' clo'es to meetin'."

"Tryin' to git better 'n yore raisin', air you?" Marthy suddenly showed unwonted spirit. "Wa'l, gal, you kin just make up yore mind to be like yore pore maw an'—"

"I ain't goin' to be like you!" The

words shot out with sudden passion. "I ain't!"

"God ha' mercy!" Marthy's usually expressionless face showed a trace of surprise at this outburst. "But I've allus said seein' lots o' things gits notions inta young 'uns' heads what ain't good fer 'em."

"Ner that ain't all I seed, neether," Selina Jo retorted. "They didn't none o' them folks—not nary one o' 'em—ast us home to eat a Sunday dinner with 'em."

At the conclusion of the church service she had seen invitations to the noon-day meal being extended and accepted right and left by the Briggs settlement householders. Since it was the custom to include the veriest stranger in these, the fact that none had been offered her people left room for only one conclusion: the Hudsills were looked upon by their neighbors as being unworthy to receive one. Slowly the impression fastened itself upon her brain that her family was hopelessly low in the social scale—"poison low-down," she would have phrased it. This conviction gripped her. It stung—and it stayed with her.

Fortunately, something occurred about this time to divert her thoughts temporarily. Three miles from Shug's home, Pruitt Brothers, turpentine operators, established a woods commissary. Selina Jo's first visit to the store left her gasping with pleasure. Filled with the usual gaudy assortment carried in stock by the general country store, to the half-starved eyes and soul of the woods-bred girl, the place was a wonderland. Dress goods in loud patterns dazzled her sight; varicolored ribbons flaunted themselves tantalizingly before her gaze. But the one thing that charmed her, that held her spellbound, was a cheap, ready-made gingham dress. She made frequent unnecessary trips to the store merely to feast her eyes upon it. She would look from it to the faded homespun that she wore and sigh enviously. Once she even mustered the courage to ask the price. It was an insignificant sum, but the

thought struck her with sickening force that it might just as well have been a thousand dollars. She had never owned a piece of money in her life.

Slowly, as her yearning for the dress became almost unbearable, a plan formed in her mind. Coming in from her tasks one day, she found Shug, just returned from one of his mysterious periodical trips.

"Paw," she began timidly, "I—I got a hankerin'."

"S'posin' you have?" Shug's manner was more surly than usual. "A hankerin' never hurt nobody, yet."

"But, but I shore 'nough want sump'm."

"Wantin' an' gittin' is diffe'ent things. What is it?"

"They's the purtiest dress over to Pruitt's store," Selina Jo began eagerly, "an' it's made outen real gingham."

"Gingham?" Shug whirled about with a snarl. "What air you talkin' about, gal?"

Selina Jo's heart sank. "I ain't never had nary one," she offered placatingly. "An'—"

"Ner ain't never li'ble to, neether. Homespun's good enough fer yore pore maw an' it'll hatter be good enough fer you. I ain't goin' to be workin' myse'f to skin an' bone to be fittin' out no young 'un in fancy riggins'."

"But, Paw, it don't cost much."

"It costes just that much more 'n you're goin' to git. Shet up!"

It was then that Selina Jo unfolded her plan. "I'm goin' to git me that air dress," she announced dispassionately. "I'm aimin' to pay fer it myse'f, too."

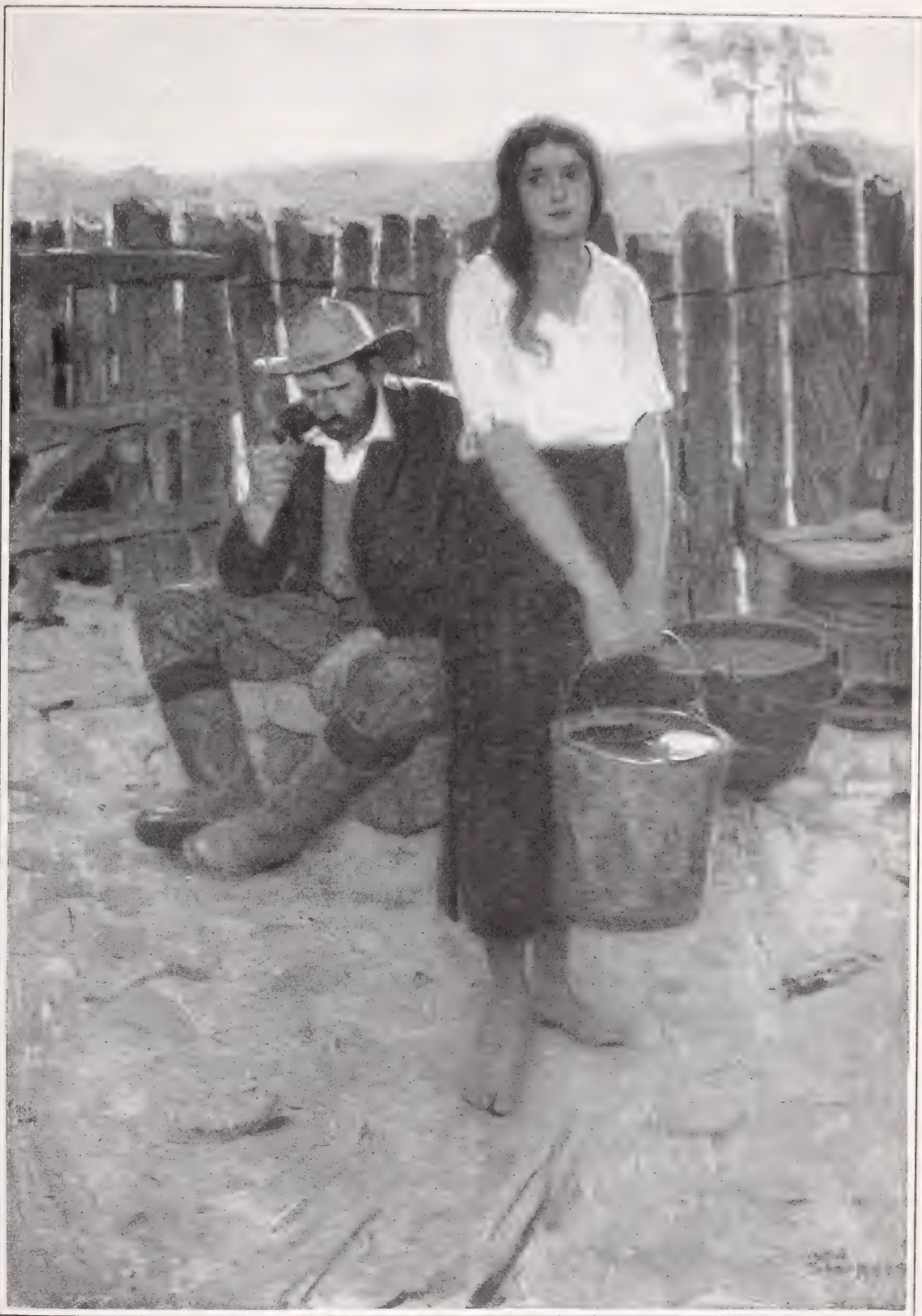
"How?"

"Yearnin' the money at public work."

"You?" Shug snorted derisively. "Whare'll you git any public work?"

"In Pruitt's turkentime orchard. They's a heap o' the work I kin do. I could do scrapin' er dippin'; reckon I could even do hackin'."

Shug had slumped into the one comfortable chair in the room. Turning his head, he glared at his daughter.



Drawn by Mead Schaeffer

SELINA JO FOUND THAT THE WORK WAS HARD

"You air not gôin' to work in no turkentine orchard," he rasped. "You air goin' to stay right here an' he'p yore pore maw an' me. I told you oncet to shet up!"

It struck Selina Jo suddenly that life was, somehow, terribly one-sided and unfair. Other girls in the community, who didn't work as hard as she did, were beginning to wear gingham dresses for Sunday. She thought bitterly that in return for her slaving she had received bed and board—nothing more. By everything that was right, she reasoned, she had earned at least one store-bought dress. Yet it was roughly denied her. Some of the thoughts which had been haunting her for months struggled for expression. Her soul cried out against what was a patent injustice. But she managed to speak calmly.

"Fer as I kin figger it out, Paw," she said, "I been doin' my sheer o' keepin' this here fambly up. I broke them last yoke o' steers, an' one of 'em you was afeared to tech. I've split rails an' laid fences; I've broke new ground. An' the fu'st time I ast fer anything you say I cain't have it."

She ceased speaking for a moment, but her steady gaze never left Shug's face.

"Now, I'm goin' to work fer Pruitt," she continued slowly, "till I git me the money I need."

Something must have occurred during Shug's recent trip—probably a hurried flight from officers—to increase his normal perverseness. He had risen from his chair. Taking a heavy leather strap from the wall, he started toward Selina Jo.

"You air, huh?" Advancing, he fondled the strap suggestively. "You'll git a larrupin', that's what!"

With the first evidence of her father's intention, Selina Jo's face had flushed a brick red. Now it paled suddenly. She had not even been threatened with corporal punishment for years. Wild rebellion surged within her. A carving knife lay upon the rude deal table beside which she was standing. One slim,

brown hand dropped down beside the knife. Her emotion visible only in the tumultuous heaving of her breast and the white, set expression of her face, she waited motionless, her dark, somber eyes gazing unwaveringly into Shug's face.

"Paw," she said evenly, "just you tech me oncet with that strop an', as shore as God gives me stren'th, I'll cut yore heart out."

An innate coward, Shug recognized a danger sign when he saw it. The hand which held the strap dropped to his side. He backed slowly away.

"You . . . you . . ." he sputtered and stopped.

"You an' Maw been sayin'," Selina Jo continued, "that I'm tryin' to be better 'n my raisin'. But I ain't forgot how them Briggs settlement folks looked at us slanchwise. 'T weren't 'cause we was p'izen pore, neether. They knowed, somehow, we was plumb low-down an' ornery. That's why they didn't none of 'em ast us to a Sunday dinner. They seed we was trash. Course I'm honin' to be better 'n that kind o' raisin'—an' I'm goin' to, too!"

Shug had retreated to the doorway, where he stood watching this new daughter of his with furtive, fearful eyes. The meanest of petty tyrants, when he held the whip hand, doubtless he expected that Selina Jo would exhibit the same trait. There was nothing of the bully in the girl, though. Threatened with what she considered to be undeserved punishment, she had simply acted upon the dictates of her immature mind and had seized upon the only means at hand to escape it.

It was several moments before Shug mustered courage to speak. "Sence you air goin' to do public work," he whined presently, "'t ain't nothin' but right you ort to pay fer yore bed an' board."

Selina Jo was glad to agree to this arrangement. When informed of it later, Marthy sullenly acquiesced. She would have to do the housework now, which was no more to her liking than the realization that Shug would permanently

pocket the money for their daughter's board.

It was the next day that Selina Jo sought out Lige Tuttle, woods foreman for Pruitt Brothers.

"I'm lookin' fer a job," she announced bluntly.

"Sorry," Tuttle answered brusquely, "but all our cooks are niggers."

"Cook?" was the scornful answer. "I ain't astin' to be no cook. I want shore 'nough work."

Tuttle smiled patronizingly. "What can you do?"

"Scrapin', dippin', er hackin'," was the confident answer.

"You?" Tuttle laughed softly. "Why, that's a man's work. It's hard."

"Any harder 'n breakin' bull yearlin's to the yoke? Er splittin' rails an' breakin' new ground?"

"Mean to say you've done all that?"

"I most bardaceously have!"

Labor was scarce at the time. Tuttle considered the girl's request carefully, asked a few more questions, and decided to take a chance.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"S'liny Jo."

"What else?"

It was the first time Selina Jo had ever been asked her surname; she felt the blood rush to her face.

"What's your last name?" Tuttle repeated.

The answer came almost inaudibly: "Hudsill."

"Shug Hudsill's young 'un?"

"How kin I he'p it?" the girl burst out passionately. "If you'd a been borned a Hudsill, you'd hatter be one, too!"

"Don't get mad, child." There was something in the spirit of this strange creature that Tuttle could not understand; but he respected it. "I wasn't aimin' to low-rate you none just because of your daddy. Come here to-morrow mornin', an' I'll try you out."

Selina Jo found that the work *was* hard. The dry, slippery pine needles underfoot made walking itself a task. She carried a heavy bucket into which

she dipped the raw gum, emptying the bucket, when filled, into barrels scattered about the orchard. From sunup till sunset, and later, she toiled; not once, though, did she grumble. She was too foolishly happy. What she was undergoing was the prelude to real existence, as she saw it. What better, she asked herself, could any strong, healthy girl desire than a steady job dipping turpentine for which she was paid real money?

Occasional passersby, strangers to the vicinity, amazed at seeing a girl engaged in such unusual work, would pause to ask friendly questions. The first flush of pleasure that this gave Selina Jo was quickly erased by the bitter after-tang of reflection: these people were kind because they did not know she was a Hudsill.

While with practice she developed skill, it was three months before she had saved the money she needed. The gingham dress had been laid aside for her. But her ambition had soared. A beautiful dress above a pair of bare legs and feet would never do. Then, too, since her only item of headgear was the sun-bonnet which she wore every day, she would need, besides shoes and stockings, a hat.

The day came at last, though, when she could make her purchases. With her arms filled with bundles, she started out joyously on her three-mile walk home.

A half mile from the commissary she paused indecisively at a crossroads. The right-hand road, leading to Shoalwater River, meant the lengthening of her journey a full mile; but the river, with its promise of a cooling plunge enticed her. As she stood hesitant, trying to decide, she observed a stranger approaching on horseback. She drew aside to let him pass, but he reined in his horse and hailed her.

"Evenin', little sister! Live hereabouts?"

"Down the left-hand fork a piece." Selina Jo bent her steady glance upon the stranger. "Who air you?"

"I'm Holmes—sheriff of the county."

Instinctively the girl drew back. "What air you wantin' o' me? I ain't done nothin'."

"Lord bless you, little sister," the sheriff laughed, "I'm not after you. Thought may be as you live round here you might tell me something I want to know."

It seemed that a murder had recently been committed in the bay-shore country ten miles distant. Circumstances pointed to the guilt of two men who had been arrested. Assuming that the murderers had passed through the Hudsill section en route to or from the scene of the crime, the sheriff was seeking evidence to prove this.

Strangers were enough of a rarity in the neighborhood to be remembered easily. Selina Jo recalled two men who had passed that way whose description fitted those charged with the murder.

Sheriff Holmes was elated. "Would you like a trip to Eastview?" he asked.

"Eastview?" Selina Jo's heart skipped a beat. "That's town, ain't it—where the railroad trains is at?"

"Yes. We'll want you there a week from to-day." The sheriff filled in a blank subpoena and extended it to the girl. "Look me up in the courthouse soon as you get to town."

Selina Jo's breathless announcement that she was going to court created a flurry at home until Shug learned why she had been summoned. Then he breathed easily.

It was decided that she could use the oxen and wagon for the trip, as Eastview was twenty-five miles distant. This method of travel, being slow, would necessitate an early start on the day before the trial. When that day dawned, though, one of the oxen was found to be indisposed. Selina Jo assembled a lunch of corn pone and side meat, filled a small bottle with molasses, and, dressed in her new finery, set out on foot.

Within an hour the new shoes began to pinch. She took them off, tied them together by their strings and slung them

over her shoulder. The stockings were rolled into balls and stuffed into her pockets.

Late in the afternoon she bathed her feet and legs in a brook just outside Eastview and donned shoes and stockings again.

It was dusk when she arrived at the sheriff's office. An overflow crowd at the single hotel necessitated her staying with Sheriff Holmes' family that night.

With the inborn timidity of the woods-bred girl, she remained there until summoned to court in the late forenoon of the following day. By the time her evidence was concluded, though, she had partially overcome her shyness, and was ready for sightseeing.

Wandering about the interior of the courthouse, she marveled at the white plaster walls. Then she watched several people using the sanitary drinking fountain. Presently she found courage to try it herself. The technic she found to be rather difficult, but after she had mastered it she became a frequent patron.

Later, she ventured outside the courthouse.

Sheriff Holmes found her during the noon recess. She had commandeered a small goods box which she was using as a seat. Her enraptured gaze was fastened upon a scene across the street. Three large, two-story frame buildings, painted a dazzling white, stood upon a lot which occupied an entire block. Beneath the branches of huge water oaks, scores of girls, dressed in white blouses and dark-blue skirts, could be seen.

Sheriff Holmes smiled understandingly. "Like it?"

Selina Jo did not even turn her head. "Whose is them air li'l gals?" she asked breathlessly.

"The state's—for the present," was the answer.

"Who?"

"The state. That's the reformatory for girls."

It was plain that the remark conveyed no information to Selina Jo. "Do which?" she asked.

"When girls—young ones, like you—break the law," the sheriff explained, "they bring them here to be reformed."

"What's re-formed?"

"Well . . . it's like this: before they let a girl go again, she has to prove that she's been changed for the better."

"Changed?" Selina Jo looked up with a quick indrawn breath. "They makes 'em diffe'nt f'um what they was?"

"Ye-e-es . . . that's about it, I guess."

"Do they learn 'em outhen books in there?"

"Oh, yes; they have regular hours for study."

"An' could—could a gal git in there what didn't know nothin' but a part o' the fu'st reader?"

"You don't understand, yet, child. It's only for girls who do wrong. Now, a girl like you never would go there."

Selina Jo sighed dejectedly. Her eyes caressed the buildings with their spotless white walls and wide-flung shutters, and the groups of girls scattered about the lawn.

Presently she pointed to a high iron picket fence which enclosed the lot. "What's the fence fer?" she asked.

"Why, if that fence wasn't there, little sister, half the girls there would light out before midnight," the sheriff answered.

"They'd run away?" Selina Jo shook her head incredulously. "F'um them purty houses?"

Since it would be impossible for her to reach home that day, she spent another night with the sheriff's family. In her dreams she saw white-painted buildings fashioned of real lumber. There was real glass in the windows, too; they weren't just yawning black holes in the walls. And the chimneys were of brick; so different from the flimsy stick-and-clay affair that leaned drunkenly against one end of the cabin at home. Home! She seemed to sicken at the thought.

Her dreams were peopled with girls in white blouses and blue skirts, thousands

of them, it seemed to her. They were all within an iron-fenced inclosure, beckoning to her to enter; and she was always just on the outside.

With morning came thoughts of her work in the turpentine orchard. Inexplicably, a vague dissatisfaction awoke within her. The idea began to burn itself into her consciousness that, though she might spend a lifetime in honest toil there, she would always be referred to as "one of that Hudsill tribe." Apparently there was no escape from that.

During breakfast she was unusually quiet and thoughtful. With a shy acknowledgment of thanks, she accepted the liberal lunch provided by the sheriff's wife and made her adieus. Two miles outside the town she left the highway. A hundred yards from the road she seated herself upon a log and grimly prepared to wait.

Darkness had fallen when she again entered Eastview and cautiously approached the reformatory from the rear. She scaled the iron fence with comparative ease. Crouching low, she crept toward a lighted window on the ground floor. Two girls of about her own age sat at a study table. Standing before the window, Selina Jo spoke.

"Kin I come in?" she asked softly.

One of the girls screamed slightly; the other, after her first involuntary start of amazement, seemed wonderfully self-possessed.

"Sure, Rube!" she invited cordially. "Step right in!"

Selina Jo climbed over the low window sill into the room.

"What you doin' here?" one of the girls asked.

"I'm j'inin' o' this here re-formin' place," was the unruffled answer.

"You're *wha-a-at*?"

Very simply Selina Jo made known her intentions.

"But you'll be caught, sure as shootin'," one of the girls objected. "In the first place you've got no uniform."

Naturally, Selina Jo expected to be discovered sooner or later; but she had

prepared for this eventuality—as she thought.

“Maybe we can fix that,” the other girl broke in eagerly. “There’s that old blouse of mine and your extra skirt. Gee! I wish we could put it over! Wouldn’t old Iron Jaw be wild?”

Between them they rigged a uniform for Selina Jo. At the nightly inspection she crept under the bed. Later, she slept on a pallet.

The fortunate indisposition of a girl across the hall solved the breakfast problem. Selina Jo, taking the vacant place in the formation, passed undiscovered for the moment.

Among the many contingencies which she could not have provided against, though, were the sharp eyes and keen memory for faces possessed by Mary Shane, the matron in charge. As the girls were forming for certain duties shortly after breakfast, Selina Jo felt a heavy hand upon her shoulder. She looked up into the stern face of the matron.

“What are you doing here?” was the curt inquiry.

“Me?” Selina Jo’s attempt at surprise was ludicrous. “I—I b’long here, ma’am.”

“You do? You ought to know me then. What is my name?”

Instinct told the girl that this must be the matron. “Old Iron Jaw,” she answered unabashed.

Mary Shane smiled grimly. “Come with me,” she ordered.

She led the way, Selina Jo following meekly, to her little cubby-hole of an office.

“Now, then,” the matron commanded sternly, “tell me the truth. How did you get in here?”

“I—I clumb that fence.”

“Why?”

“Just ‘cause, ma’am, I nacherly got to git re-formed,” was the perfectly serious answer. “I ralely b’long here. I’m so p’izen mean they ain’t no other place fitten fer me.”

“What’s your name?”

Now it came, not hesitantly, but proudly—even defiantly: “S’liny Jo Hudsill!”

Mary Shane knitted her brows thoughtfully: “Hudsill?”

“Yes’m. Them low-down, sneakin’, ornery Shoalwater River Hudsills, ma’am. Ever’body in the county knows ‘bout ‘em. They air the shif’lesses’ fambly that ever was borned. An’ what’s furdernore, I’m the hellraisin’es’ one o’ the intire gin’ration!”

“What are you trying to tell me, child?”

“Just how tarnation mean I am, ma’am.”

In her plans for forcibly entering the reformatory, Selina Jo had hit upon the idea of charging herself, when her presence should be discovered, with an assortment of crimes sufficient to insure her incarceration for an indefinite period. It seemed to her now that the moment for her confession had arrived.

“Last mont’, ma’am,” she continued earnestly, “I burned down three cow stalls. Right atter that I went into my own blood uncle’s cornfiel’ an’ pulled up ever’ smidgin’s bit o’ his young corn—pulled it smack up by the roots, ma’am. Ner that ain’t all, not nigh all. I almost hate to tell you this’n, ma’am. But last week I stobbed a li’l nigger baby to death. Killed him dead. Dead as—”

“Hush, child, hush!” the matron ordered. “You did none of those things. Now then: Tell me—the truth!”

It came then—the truth—a story haltingly told of a child’s scarcely understood heartache for self-betterment. Selina Jo didn’t want to stay in the reformatory long, she said; only long enough to learn all there was in the books. Then she would be willing to leave. She would change her name and go away off somewhere. Maybe the folks there, not knowing that she was a Hudsill, would invite her to a Sunday dinner when she went to meeting.

People, some of them, rather, said of Mary Shane that her long association

with the so-called criminally inclined young had rendered her immune to every human emotion. But as the recital progressed, the matron turned her back suddenly and strode over to a window.

Presently the story was finished.

"An' please, ma'am," a voice was asking hopefully, "I kin stay now, cain't I?"

Mary Shane did not reply for a moment. "I'm afraid not, child," she said presently. Few who thought they knew her would have recognized the matron's voice. "You—you've done nothing to be kept here for. You'll have to go home."

Then it was that Selina Jo's heart broke. She flung herself upon the matron.

"Oh, God, ma'am," she sobbed, "please don't make me go back! I *ain't* goin' back! I don't want to be one o' them low-down Hudsills all o' my endurin' days. I want to be somebody, like other folks is. I don't want to have a passel o' dang li'l old gals lookin' at me slanchwise when I go to meetin'. You don't know what it is, ma'am, to have a hankerin'. I want to be changed! I want to be made diffe'ent! Ma'am, I just *got* to git re-formed!"

Mary Shane had opened her mouth to speak, to check this outburst; suddenly her iron jaws closed with a snap.

"Come with me, child," she said. "We'll see the superintendent." A moment later she added: "Jim Wellborn generally runs this reformatory to suit himself, anyway!"

The matron was the one person connected with the institution who took whatever liberties she chose. When she wished to be particularly impressive, she addressed people by their full names.

"Jim Wellborn," she said brusquely, as she and Selina Jo entered the superintendent's office, "this girl wants to tell you something. You listen closely."

Wellborn, big and broad-shouldered, had glanced up as they entered. His quizzical glance had rested first upon the girl; now he looked at Mary Shane.

"When you've heard her story," the matron continued, "if you can't find some way to keep her here so she can learn to live the life that Almighty God has shown her that she's fitted for, why I'll undertake the job of looking after her myself and the reformatory can get another matron."

"Hm-m-m!" Superintendent Wellborn's gray eyes twinkled; but he did not smile outright. "Well . . . the reformatory is fairly well satisfied with its present matron. Good-day, Mary Shane! Sit down, little girl."

The matron closed the door and returned to her office. For nearly an hour she sat, idle, at her desk. It was the first of the month; there were statements to be prepared, reports to be rendered, bills to be checked. But it was patent that her mind was upon none of these things. From time to time she glanced up impatiently at some noise in the hallway. Presently there came the sound of hurrying footsteps. She whirled her chair about.

Selina Jo stood in the doorway. Questions, answers, were unnecessary. The flush in her cheeks, the flame in her sloe-black eyes, blazoned her happiness to the world. As she realized what the superintendent's decision had been, an answering light gleamed, momentarily, in Mary Shane's face. Characteristically, though, it was quenched upon the instant, as she slipped once more, automatically, into her habitual mask of granite.

But even a granite mask—since it is only a mask—cannot stifle a heart song; at best, it can only muffle it. For as she went about the prosaic business of acquainting Selina Jo with her duties, Mary Shane was well aware that, somewhere, deep within herself, a small voice was chanting, chanting over and over:

"For this one—just this one, Lord—who comes of her own accord to be changed, for this single one who wants to be made different, I thank Thee!"

Salvaging the Creators

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"HOW many of you," I asked a group of twenty-five young men and women, "would like to write a poem or a play, compose a sonata, paint a picture, do a figure in marble or bronze, or plan an attractive house or landscape?" One dark-haired young woman lifted her hand modestly. "I should like to be an interior decorator," she explained. The rest of the group shuffled in their chairs to see her, as though they had suddenly learned of some strange creature sitting unobserved among them. Then one of the men made a jocose remark to his nearest neighbors, there was an outburst of laughter, and then all—even the indifferent—joined in the general hubbub. I have met the group every other day during the four months that have followed, but the young lady has not again mentioned her enthusiasm for interior decorating.

This incident represents the environment in which the potential creators in America must struggle. They suffer not so much from the vague commercialism to which we are wont to ascribe every national ill, as from the one art which we have developed beyond all others—the art of campaigning, of "using the road roller." By means of this art our regular educational agencies have been converted into agencies of propaganda. We are always experiencing a "drive" of some sort. If it is not a drive against classicism or Semitism, it is sure to be a drive in favor of some foreign lady's particular method of educating four-year-olds, or Superintendent So-and-so's patented scheme of vocational guidance, or Mrs. So-and-

so's newly discovered doctrines of sex hygiene, or Doctor So-and-so's guaranteed plan of combating (or promoting) socialism, or the Honorable Mr. So-and-so's silver-tongued methods of making all of us at least one hundred per cent American. As soon as a policy or method is found to possess elements of merit, it must forthwith be organized for universal adoption. If it is good for one, of course it must be good for all.

This spirit is fatal to the creators. In order to join in a drive—or in a succession of drives—one must give up any outstanding enthusiasm of his own and lend himself to "the cause." For most persons this is not difficult, since most persons have no consuming enthusiasm of their own to give up. But the creator has. He has discovered, according to the degree of his maturity, that life is mysterious and eloquent and terrible and beautiful. Some little part of it he wishes to contemplate, to be at friends with, in his own fashion, and to interpret for himself and others. He cannot abandon his own discovery, his own enthusiasm, his own interpretation, for the rough-shod, made-to-order scheme of somebody else. He cannot be "lined up." He cannot be "lined up" even for art. If he is, he degenerates into an artistic charlatan. All that he requires—and he cannot survive with less or more—is an environment in which he is not too much bothered, in which his own highest instincts are recognized as valid, and in which he does not encounter too many practical difficulties in giving his conceptions expression. This environment he does not find in the educational procedure of the day.

Yet a wide interest in those who create would contribute to the character of our national life in at least three important ways. In the first place, such an interest would add to the beauty of the external world. And the beauty of the external world is a matter which we regard as worthy of our concern. This fact we tacitly accept, whether we hold to Whistler's professed doctrine that the public has nothing to do with art, or to Tolstoy's that the public has everything to do with it. In truth, we accept it even if we have no theory of art at all. We may even profess a disdain for artists; but every effort we make to provide ourselves with parks and gardens and handsome public buildings and colleges, the presence of which is designed somehow or other to refine life, is incontrovertible testimony to the fact that, whatever we may think of the artist, we attach importance to what the artist produces.

We need not raise the old question as to whether we have been doing much or little to beautify the earth. We need only to admit that the earth still possesses enough of "the glory of the imperfect" to provide work for the future. And this contention can scarcely be gainsaid. For the sons of men who are fortunate, for those who were blessed with being born in the right place or who are able to go at will to such places as invite them, there are countless objects of beauty to behold. But for "the great three-fourths" life is still positively ugly, or touched only with traces of a beauty which is standardized and superficial. If we will but travel extensively in any direction, and note how much money has been wasted in dwelling houses that are without individuality; if we will only visit the many distorted school buildings, with their hideous interiors, in which large numbers of children are still obliged to spend a large part of their lives; if we will but reflect upon the great preponderance of churches that are so ugly that

the All Beautiful must certainly desert them in favor of some fine railway station; if we but visit the places of amusement where tens of thousands go for "relaxation," and note the cheapness, the giddiness of everything there; if we go to all the places where man is supposed to be at his best and note to what an extent his surroundings are tawdry and without distinction—we shall there see that for a large number of people beauty is only a remote, academic subject.

The case might not be so serious if it were possible for us to live in a state of emotional neutrality. If we could only busy ourselves with grain elevators and foundries and irrigation dams so completely that we should never be impelled to turn away from them; if we could but concern ourselves with "big" "practical" ideas without respite, so that no emotional adventure were necessary—we might disregard the poet, the composer, the sculptor, the architect. But the emotional life of the people will be satisfied. Not only the "tired business man," but the housewife, the day laborer, the teacher who directs the young in the schools, and even the social worker who would save others from their sins, must sometimes turn aside from the exactions of duty, or be utterly lost. If they do not turn to a wholesome art they will glut themselves with an inferior kind, with any diversion whatsoever which chances to be at hand. As long as they may have cheapness for the asking, as long as they are provided with no opportunities for making contrasts, they are quite willing to let those who are commercially interested—movie managers, for instance—treat them as imbeciles in matters of taste. They will not discover how foolish it is to live on husks unless somebody helps them to the experience of living on genuine nourishment.

Of course no effort, however thoughtful, to give the young creators a fair chance will provide us by any sort of

magic with a more beautiful world; no one is naïve enough to believe that it would. On the other hand, if we have faith in the efficacy of any kind of human enterprise, we can have faith in this one. Out of all the possibilities of cause and effect, some objects well suited to refine and beautify life would result; new opportunities to contrast the cheap with the genuine would come to many. Even if we incline to think of beauty as something removed from such prosy business as education, we can hardly deny the importance of this opportunity to liberate man's spirit by giving him a more assuring world in which to live.

A more assuring external world, however, is merely the most obvious good which would result from a wide interest in the creators. Interest in them would be just as fruitful because of its certainty to help re-establish and perpetuate the creative habit of mind, the habit of putting one's soul, one's imagination, one's pleasure, into the work at hand. "We need so to view the world," we have been told, "as to combine an idea of wonder and an idea of welcome." Partly through the present tendency in industry, and largely through processes of education, we have made this point of view well-nigh impossible. We have taken the welcome out of one half of life and the wonder out of the other.

We have, for example, in our efforts to mark off life into over-distinct fields, taken the welcome out of labor. We have set aside a time for earning and for little more. Then with our earnings we try to buy recreation in the hours set aside for leisure. Millionaires who write autobiographies tell us that they even divide the entire span of their lives upon this basis; the period before fifty, let us say, for accumulation; the period after fifty for enjoyment. There must be no overlapping of the idea of enjoyment and the idea of occupation. And yet, ironically enough, the welcome is further squeezed out of labor by an

unintended overlapping of this kind. The unhappiest worker is not the one who toils in a mill where the least thoughtlessness on his part may result in his having a ton or two of molten iron dumped down upon him, but the one who goes monotonously through the motion of filing a casting three times as it passes him, with plenty of time to think about what he would do if there were no more castings in the world to file. He is forced into the self-torment of having his body in one place and his soul in another—any other. Work is something by means of which he, or any other man, may buy food, or clothing, or community prestige, or a college diploma. But as a thing in itself, how could it be interesting?

And leisure, what is leisure but a passive escape from more labor? The belief that leisure might be exalted into a glowing adventure seems to have found a place only in the hearts of a pitiful minority. Amusement must come without effort. We hire a team—whose team it matters little—to play for us; we cheer—when the leader tells us to cheer. We read about the champion and bet upon him, instead of having the fun of becoming, in some modest degree, a champion ourselves. We look at works of art—when somebody tells us they are good—instead of coloring our own lives by daily invoking the artistic spirit. We have no "wonder" in our leisure, for the simple reason that we do not wish to go to the trouble of looking for it.

Now the creators can offer something more satisfying than this labor and this leisure. They have learned through anxious, joyful experience that when a man puts his undivided self into his labor, both his labor and his leisure cease to be humdrum and colorless and circumscribed. John Butler Yeats once said: "There are only two people who are perfectly content—a woman busy in her home, and a poet among his rhymes. They have the secret; they share it between them; they break

bread together, they are of the company, even though the poet knows nothing of domestic life nor the other of rhymes." And Mr. Chesterton has observed, not only brilliantly, but truthfully, that "poets do not go mad; but chess players do. Mathematicians go mad, and cashiers; but creative artists very seldom." Such wholesome doctrine, nowadays seemingly left for promulgation to mental healers, to "inspirational" journals, and to retired bank presidents who see what they have missed, is "elementary information" for the creators. These really know of "work that does not tire," of "social kinship," and of "sanity." A wider revelation of their secret would do more to promote content among men than would any idle dream of settling matters by wage agreement or economic balance.

But a wide and thoughtful interest in those who create would result in a third great good—namely, the establishment of a right conception of art. Outside the larger centers, where art is looked upon more or less as an everyday kind of activity, one need make few inquiries in order to discover that "the people," those who need art most, regard it as something far removed from their lives—something which they may see in a city museum, if they ever go there and are willing to pay the admission fee. This conception, to be sure, has been fostered by the people themselves, but also by a type of artist who has assumed the role of high priest. Artists, he knows, are comparatively rare in most parts of the country. He is engaged in work which he can easily lead the public to believe is very mysterious. So the impression goes from him that only the elect are capable of knowing what art is, or what it is for when it is created. Add to his influence that of the art connoisseur who helps the public to believe that the value of art depends on whether the art object is an original or a copy, and the mystification of the public is complete. The layman sooner or later reaches the con-

clusion that the only thing he knows about art is that it is something he cannot "appreciate."

As a result of this wide chasm between the public that is "uninstructed in art," on the one hand, and the priestly type of artist and the art connoisseur, on the other, our entire habit of thinking about art has slowly been changed. Recently I went into the library of a higher institution of learning to find a book on the art of printing. I went to the stacks labeled "Useful Arts" and searched diligently. But I failed to find it. In my fruitless quest I learned, however, what the useful arts are. They are, to mention a few titles, *Coal Mining and the Coal Miner*; *United States Steel, a Corporation with a Soul*; *American Sewerage Practice*; *Irrigation Engineering*; *Poultry Culture*; *Corporation Accounting*; *The Theory and Practice of Advertising*; *The Potato*; *Utilization of Waste Products*; *The Elements of Marketing*; *Food for the Worker*. These things are essential; they are useful. But books on typography, beautifying lawns, planning driveways, building fine houses for everyday use, decorating the interior walls of a house so that our spirits may have peace, or purchasing furniture—which we cannot conveniently do without for five minutes—these belong in the land of mystery, along with discussions of Egyptian mummies, the art of Pompeii, the making of illuminated manuscripts of the poems of Sappho, and the detection of counterfeit Rembrandts.

Our immediate and ultimate need is a conception of art that will not treat the work of the creators as something detached. There must be respect for the legitimacy of good work, whether it happens to be "commercial art" or "practical art" or "religious art" or "fine art." Despite the misunderstanding between the public and the high priests, they are inseparable in their misfortune, and their salvation must be worked out mutually. It cannot be denied that Main Street needs the ur-

banity of spirit that art could give it. But Main Street has enough elemental good sense to know that it cannot thrive on the exotic nourishment that sustains Greenwich Village. Main Street suffers from a bilious kind of asceticism; but asceticism is possible also in New York or Paris or wherever men shut themselves together so closely that they lose contact with the emotional experiences of a great variety of other men. The provincial is in dire need of a quickened sense of humor; but his need is no more dire than that of those men and women who set themselves up both as creators and as judges of what ought to be good for him. Each holds a position as absurd as that of the other; and they can scarcely be brought together until they recognize this fact. The one must put away his pride in the belief that he knows nothing and cares nothing about art—the art of the other—and the other must admit that oversophistication is not necessarily a mark of superior taste.

Neither the artist nor the man in the street can lift himself unassisted to this conception. Each finds an obstacle in the other. The man in the street has his grievance; he will accept art only when it is human enough and great enough to satisfy. The artist in turn has his grievance. Ruskin observed, somewhere in an obscure corner of his published works, that "an artist can always paint well for those who are lightly pleased or wisely displeased, but he cannot paint for those who are dull in applause and false in condemnation." Of this the artist feels the full truth and draws away from his unintelligent public. Yet, if he is genuine, if he has taken on none of the priestly airs of the professional, he would welcome having the public know that his normal function is neither that of a pandering philanthropist nor that of a supercilious dilettante, but that of one man of character interpreting for other men of character the experiences and qualities which they possess in common.

The only reasonable course, then, if

we are to make any progress, is to go outside these established groups, these minds that have already found their groove, and begin work on those who are disinterested and unclassified. If we turn our attention to the quickened youths in many out-of-the-way places, and through their creative activity help their associates to take art for granted, we shall soon have a small public that will not feel obliged to choose between being a man in the street or a high priest. This small new public will be able to see, and to help others to see, that art is a very normal kind of activity. And when art becomes a normal activity, when the robust philosophy of interested, workaday people begins to find expression in things of beauty, the way of salvation will be open.

Now with the young creators constantly in danger, yet with the value of their work patent to anyone who will reflect, what is being done by existing agencies to ameliorate their condition, to rescue them for the delight of mankind? It may be said—it always may—that nothing need be done. It is always comforting to decide that things should take their own course. But so far as the young creators are concerned, things have not been allowed "to take their own course." Sweeping methods have been employed incessantly in behalf of a great variety of other interests. Perhaps up to a certain point such wholesome discouragement may not be a bad thing, since it presses aside those who are infirm of purpose. But beyond this point—and it is soon reached—we must encourage the sensitive, spirited youth, or his sensitiveness and his spirit will only lead him to self-torment and the final abandonment of his dreams. Yet how much thought are we giving? Is the state much concerned about restoring to him his birthright? Are our institutions of learning? Is the church? Are the independent private foundations?

The part the state is playing in giving him even a half chance may be put in few words. Recently I addressed a letter to the commissioner of education in each of the forty-eight states in the Union and asked him what prizes, if any, were offered by his state as an inducement to boys and girls to do creative work. Of the entire number, just one reported that his state offered any such inducements. Two others explained that private foundations within the state offered aid to artists who had already proved their capacity; another said that he believed some of the women's clubs of the state were "interested a little along these lines"; another said that his state offered annually one hundred dollars for the greatest contribution to knowledge that any student might make, and that this contribution might, of course, be expressed in art; two explained hopefully that they had plans for the future; and two or three others were apologetic in making their report. But in the main they were monotonously alike in their explanation that "this state does not offer any inducement to boys and girls who are interested in the activities you mention."

Prizes, in themselves, might not help the creators in the least. But the offering of prizes is a reasonably safe guarantee of a state's interest in a subject. Anyone, for instance, who is acquainted with the activities of states and state institutions of learning knows of the numberless inducements offered to boys and girls to encourage them to produce good corn, good chickens, and good pigs. "Seed-corn specials," "pig-club specials," and various other "specials" speed to every corner of the state to bear the glad tidings. And when one compares these countless activities with the paltry little that is done to encourage boys and girls to beautify and glorify life, one dare not say that the state, the official state, is much concerned whether the creators survive or perish.

It might be possible to find consolation in the belief that this condition reflected nothing more than political indifference, if the public school, the state's great contribution to the people, were making a serious effort to bring about a change. But in the overwhelming majority of schools there is nothing, either in the advertised courses of study or in the spirit of the school life, that reveals much inclination to save the creators from the latest organized rush in favor of some educational fad or "thrilling outside activity." In making this declaration I would not imply that nothing is being done. There are many admirable courses in drawing and household art. And there are many schools in which occasional teachers fire their pupils with an undying enthusiasm for some kind of creative work. But the official tone of the school—the quality which the sensitive, discriminating pupil feels, but which the passive pupil does not—is established beyond question by those who speak much "from a broad viewpoint" about "citizenship" (which they seldom define), "practical phases," "demands of the times," and "points on which all educational authorities agree." Next year we may have a wave of idealism or sentimentalism; but to-day, if one were to judge by the announcements of some public schools, one might easily reach the conclusion that it was the first duty of all educated citizens to become stenographers or bookkeepers. In any event, great numbers of school pupils come very logically to think falsely about the value of art—if they think about it at all—and those who would create are largely forgotten.

If corroboration of this fact were necessary, it could be found in the pupils who are lost from our public educational system. These may be fairly divided into three groups: (1) The mentally dull; (2) the able but indifferent; and (3) those who are so completely engrossed in some interest-

ing enterprise of their own that they find it irksome to give themselves over to the external—and to them artificial—discipline of the school. Through observation of a number of irregular institutions of learning, through connection with scholarship funds, and through personal study of many public schools—primarily for other educational purposes—I have found that the number of boys and girls in the third class is large.

As we have already seen, the explanation is not far to seek. The young creator is a creator because in certain definite directions he has attained to self-mastery. Often he will give up the advantage of external guidance rather than surrender the perfectly legitimate internal discipline of which he has felt the satisfying reality. He drops out of school and goes in search of an environment that will not force him to abandon his great dream. A zinc mill, a steel plant, an office, a farm, a mine in Korea, a lumber camp—anything, however exacting, is better than an application of external discipline which forces him to think falsely about the one thing that he knows is true. He struggles along to some lesser or greater degree of attainment without the support of "formal discipline," or he falls by the wayside unnoticed, because he has not learned, and has not been helped to learn, that discipline and freedom are of one kinship.

Nor do the state and non-state colleges do much to help lead the schools out of their difficulty. In so far as the official attitude of the colleges is concerned, one may learn just what it is by examining the catalogues and other authoritative publications that deal with courses of study. Courses in art, usually historical, will be found in considerable number. Yet when anyone compares these courses with the overwhelming number in banking, transportation, labor unions, applied chemistry, dairying, animal husbandry, Spanish, and advertising, he cannot be

hopeful. The "sprinkling" of art may touch refreshingly a small number of impressionable students within the colleges themselves, but it can scarcely be the source from which a current of fresh artistic life will flow out to the schools.

And the product of the colleges runs true to official specification. In some fields—in law, in medicine, in business—the college graduate is an aggressive leader. Even while he is in college he reveals potential leadership in these fields. But no one who possesses enough facts to justify a generalization can say that college students as a class reveal even an inclination to lead in the realm of the creative arts. In poetry and the drama there are hopeful stirrings, although many of these are extra-official. In music it has been fairly well established that the residents of the stockyards district in Chicago have as great an enthusiasm for masterpieces as has the usual college community. And as for leadership, how many college students have shown enough courage to try to establish, rather than to adopt, standards in music for dancing, to say nothing of the arts that are usually regarded as more serious? How many have even dreamed that they were in full possession of an artistic opportunity as great as any that ever came to the Greeks?

If such a vision once constituted the "objective" of colleges, it has been displaced or warped by such a variety of objectives that it is now rarely recognizable. How to acquire—how to possess—influence, prestige, political power, a reputation for "standing," a reputation for taste (which frequently means only a desire for things that most people cannot have)—this is education as many, many young men and women think of it. They are not without idealism; in fact, they are ready enough to enlist in any idealistic cause, once they are fairly cornered. But when they leave college they have little artistic background, little artistic momentum. They may by good luck be able

to save themselves, but the way would have to be exceedingly easy if they were expected to save others.

But are not the church and the independent foundations champions of art? As for the church, I can only say that I have never learned of a denomination in America that promoted art except through purchase. As for the foundations, one could only wish there were more. It is not difficult to see, however, that most of these foundations, as well as most beneficent individuals, concern themselves with art which already exists, and that that concern has only a remote bearing on our problem. It may not, for example, be at all encouraging to a potential architect or poet of fourteen or fifteen years to learn in his country-town newspaper in, let us say, western Kansas, that a Gainsborough has been acquired for three-quarters of a million dollars—if such information is ever printed in the newspaper he reads. It is true that some foundations give financial aid to promising artists, just as a few of our colleges and universities offer creative fellowships to poets and musicians. But the number that can be helped in this way is so small that knowledge of such sources of aid rarely penetrates the regions where it is needed most. And when all of this private generosity is added to the commendable little which is done by certain institutions of learning, we cannot say that we treat the young creators as though their function were comparable in significance to that of a chemist, or a lawyer, or a grocer, or a bookkeeper.

No one need feel pessimistic except about the past and the present. As soon as we turn our thought to the matter we shall accomplish something. As preliminaries we must accept two educational principles. The first of these is that the best educational ends are attained by relatively simple processes. The simple truth is that we have, in the main, been busy with complex and expensive educational machin-

ery, trying to do a great variety of things of uncertain value, when we might have been busy with inexpensive machinery doing something the value of which is unmistakable. We must recognize the essential falseness of the doctrine that the way to truth is always through a jumble of material activities which we cannot direct with any sureness. The progress that has been made in the field of architecture since architecture has been fostered by our thriving schools of technology ought to put at rest all grumblings that life is so complex that nothing definite can be done about things creative.

Secondly, we must attach greater importance to the principle of "provocation" in educational procedure. We must abandon the tradition that a student may become educated only by attending so many classroom lectures a week. Most pupils in school, most students in college, are not, first of all, in need of formal instruction. They are in need of a spiritual awakening that will enable them to discriminate between the cheap and the priceless. We are perpetually concerned with the business of providing courses in every subject in which a group of students hazily think they might be interested, when we ought to be developing a thirst for intellectual righteousness that would go far in satisfying itself wisely without much elementary direction of any kind. When we accept the fact that a soul set free may learn more in a month than another will in a year, we shall be in a position to lend specific and positive aid to the creators. Our method may not be that which is employed in promoting pig clubs; but it will serve the occasional youths who are "drunk with a passion for form."

Little need be said about the part the state might perform in salvaging the creators. The state can do what it will. It can give the creative arts the same recognition that it gives utilitarian enterprises. It can require the schools to take up the creators' cause. But since

the state is the people and the great majority of the people are not enough concerned about the matter to act of their own volition, it is not to be hoped that the state will do anything of consequence until after a leavening process has been set in operation by other agencies.

These agencies are at hand. What, for example, could the colleges of liberal arts do that would bring them nearer the original greatness of their calling than to espouse the cause of the creators? In fact, if they are not to lose their identity in the educational scheme, if they are not to be worn away between the encroachments of the high schools and junior colleges, on the one hand, and the professional courses of the universities, on the other, must they not espouse some such special cause aggressively? Among all the professors who teach every conceivable subject from Assyriology to poultry raising, ought not a given college find a place for one professor of the creative arts, whose joyful duty it would be to go out among the schools and find and encourage and, eventually, guide those who would create? He would have to understand and love youth, to be sure. He would have to be free from the academic incrustation which holds some men to the belief that creative ability in the young promises nothing unless it is grave and dignified. Moreover, both he and the institution that he represented would have to possess unquestioned intellectual honesty. They would have to be free from every trace of partisanship.

If colleges are zealous in the cause of unselfish service, where could they find a better opportunity? For here they would not even invite a youth to come to their particular fountains of learning, but would send him, as the case might require, wherever his special genius would best unfold. And while these favored youths were completing their necessary preliminary training in the schools, their "professor" could help

them to know of the existence of one another, to hearten one another, and to establish that community of spirit which stimulates youth not only to do good work, but to think new, high thoughts.

The practicability of such a plan cannot be questioned. The colleges card-index every potential athlete who enters high school, and they never lose sight of his movements until he is immovably established in some college. If more serious parallels were sought, they could be found in the work that research councils and similar scientific organizations are doing in their efforts to recruit promising men and women for their particular fields. Those who would create might not be quite so easily discovered, but there is no inherent quality in their character that need rob them of similarly fruitful attention.

And if the colleges of liberal arts afford a convenient medium through which the young creators might be reached, the church stands equally near at hand. In one essential respect the church and the college occupy a similar position—that is, neither has its boundaries so well established as it once had. The church endeavors to hold on by concerning itself with economics, with the promotion of social clubs, with basketball tournaments. In its efforts to find just where it belongs in the changing order, why should it not take up the cause of beautifying life—a cause which it openly declares to be one of its chief purposes, but which it subordinates to many things that are trivial?

Among all the religious denominations in America to-day, is there not one which has enough faith in the soundness of humankind, in the professed belief that the things of the spirit ought to prevail, to risk fostering the creative arts just because they are a good in themselves? How easily might one of the great denominations, with all of its existing machinery and with the employment of some special educational

representatives, bring together and direct unselfishly those who would enrich life by interpreting life! What an opportunity to develop a great religious drama, a great religious music, a great religious graphic or plastic art! And what an opportunity to render an even greater service by encouraging every creator to speak the highest truth within him, whatever it happened to be! Here is a definite avocation for the church that might in some degree supplant the perfunctory semi-social activities that make up the weekly routine in the great body of churches in most denominations. In what single undertaking could any church engage, apart from maintaining a place of worship and benefaction, that would help more to exalt the things of the spirit above the things of the flesh?

And, of course, much the same kind of service might be rendered by an independent foundation. We have foundations to support the study of disease, to promote economic investigation, to pension college professors, to award prizes to artists after they have struggled to self-respect, and to promote art by endowing museums and institutes. Why should we not have at least a few that would establish acquaintance with groups of boys and girls, see to it that they are not lost in successive waves of propaganda, help them, possibly, to bear financial burdens, and in all other ways assure them that what they aspire to do is legitimate and useful? No undertaking could be freer from political or social entanglement, from the dangers of personal bias; for it would seek only to set free, and start upon their own way, those who had caught a glimpse of the truth that freedom presupposes an ob-

jective and the power of self-direction. In a nation of millionaires who show a disposition to invest their millions in public enterprises, there ought to be some who would invest in the sublime business of helping sincere boys and girls to be themselves.

We shall not develop a race of geniuses overnight. Nor does anyone believe that we can bring the people to accept art by any scheme of promotion. Fortunately, we need to do neither. We need only to let the artistic impulse have a chance. It is strong wherever youth is found. No one may say that we have less of it in America than have other peoples. In truth, if we accept the judgment of Europeans who look in upon us occasionally and write books about us, we possess more than our share of the active kind of idealism, the lyrical qualities of enthusiasm and militant adventure, that might be turned easily into artistic creation. If it should become legitimate to try, if everyone who secretly wished were to try a little, occasionally the trying would be done by the one who possessed the magic. And whether the magic appeared immediately and in great abundance or not, we should be availing much. We should be helping both ends of a process that, we must remember, is mutual. In the words of a sensible critic who writes to-day, we should be providing the artist with a small public "who will encourage him to be an artist, to do his best, not his worst"; and in the words of another who no longer walks among men, we should be making an adequate effort to "get hold of all the good artistic faculty born in the country, and leave no Giotto lost among the hill shepherds."

The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART III

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

XIV

WHEN a whistle blew at five o'clock the hired men on the Quidmore place stopped working. As a son of the house, Tom Quidmore paid to the signal only enough attention to pile his carrots into a wheelbarrow and convey them to the spot where they would help to furnish the market lorry in the morning. In fulfillment of his promise to his adopted mother, he then went in search of Geraldine.

Of all the tasks that he liked at Bere he liked most going to the pasture. It was not his regular work. As regular work it belonged to old Diggory; but old Diggory was as willing to be relieved of it as Mrs. Quidmore of the milking. Brushing himself down, and washing his hands at the tap in the garage after a fashion that didn't clean them, he marched off, whistling. He whistled because his heart was light. His heart was light because his mother having been in the kitchen, he had escaped the necessity for giving her the medicine as to which he felt his odd reluctance.

Leaving the garage behind him, he threaded a tiny path running through the beet-field. The turnip-field came next, after which he entered a strip of fine old timber, coming out from that on the main road to Bere. Along this road, for some five hundred yards, he tramped merrily, kicking up the dust. He liked this road. Not only was it open, free, and straight, but along its old stone walls raspberries and black-

berries grew ripe in a tangle of wild spirea, meadow-rue, jewel weed, and Queen Anne's lace. He loved this luxuriance, this summer sense of abundance. To the boy who had never known anything but poverty, Nature at least, in this lush Connecticut countryside, seemed generous.

The pasture was on the edge of a scrubby woodland in which the twenty acres of the Quidmore property trailed away into the unkempt. Eighty or a hundred years earlier, it had been the center of a farm now cut up into small holdings, chiefly among market gardeners. In the traces of the old farmhouse, the old garden, the old orchard, the boy found his imagination touched by the pathos of a vanished human past.

The land sloped from the hillside, till in the bottom of the hollow it became a little brambly wood such as in England would be called a spinney. Through the spinney trickled a stream which somewhere fell into Horseneck Brook, which somewhere fell into one of those shallow inlets that the Sound thrusts in on the coastline. Halfway between the road and the streamlet, was the old home-place, deserted so long ago that the cellar was choked with blackberry vines, and the brick of the foundation bulging out of plumb. A clump of lilac which had once snuggled lovingly against a south wall was now a big solitary bush. What used to be a bed of pansies had reverted to a scattering of cheery little heartsease faces, brightening the grass. The low-growing, pale-rose mallow of old gardens still kept

up its vigor of bloom, throwing out a musky scent. There was something wistful in the spot, especially now that the sun was westering, and the birds skimmed low, making for their nests.

In going for Geraldine Tom always stole a few minutes to linger among these memories of old joys and sorrows, old labors and rewards, of which nothing now remained but these few flowers, a few wind-beaten apple trees, and this dint in the ground which served best as a shelter for chipmunks. It was the part of the property farthest from the house. It was far, too, from any other habitation, securing him the privilege of solitude. The privilege was new to him. At Harfrey he had never known it. About the gardens, even at Bere, there were always the owner, the hired men, the customers, the neighbors who came and went. But in Geraldine's pasture he found only herself, the crows, the robins, the thrushes singing in the spinney, and the small wild life darting from one covert to another, or along the crumbling stone wall hung with its loopings of wild grape.

He was not lonely on these excursions. Companionship had never in the Harfrey schools been such a pleasure that he missed anything in having to do without it. Rather, he enjoyed the freedom to be himself, to wear no mask, to have no part to play. It was only when alone like this that he understood how much of his thought and effort was spent in dancing to other people's tunes. In the Tollivant home he could never, like the other children, speak or act without a second thought. As a State ward it was his duty to commend himself. To commend himself he was obliged to think twice even before venturing on trifles. He had formed a habit of thinking twice, of rarely being spontaneous. By himself in this homey pasture he felt the relief of one who has been balancing on a tight rope at walking on the ground.

When he had climbed the bars Geraldine, who was down the hill and

near the spinney, had lifted her head and swung her tail in recognition. Not being impatient, she went on with her browsing, leaving him a few minutes' liberty. Among the heartsease and the mallows he flung himself down, partly because he was tired and partly that he might think. With so much to think about thought came without sequence. It centered soon on what he was to be.

Of one thing he was certain; he didn't want to be a market gardener. Not but that he enjoyed the open-air life and the novelty of closeness to the soil. Like the whole Quidmore connection, it was good enough for the time. All the same, it was only for the time, and one day he would break away from it. How, he didn't ask. He merely knew by his intuitions that it would be so.

He was going to be something big. That, too, was intuitive conviction. What he meant by big he was unable to define, beyond the fact that knowledge and money would enter into it. He was interested in money, not so much for what it gave you as for what it was. It was a queer thing when you came to think of it. A dollar bill in itself had no more value than any other scrap of paper; and yet it would buy a dollar's worth of anything. He turned that over in his mind till he worked out the reason why. He worked out the principle of payment by check, which at first was as blank a mystery as marital relations. When newspapers came his way he studied the reports of the stock exchange, much as a savage who cannot read scans the unmeaning hieroglyphs which to wiser people are words. He did make out that railways and other great utilities must be owned by a lot of people who combined to put their money into them; but daily fluctuations in value he couldn't understand. When he asked his adopted father he was told that he couldn't understand it, though he knew he could.

Long accustomed to this answer as to

the bewilderments of life, he rarely now asked anything. If he was puzzled he waited for more data. Even for little boys things cleared themselves up if you kept them in your mind, and applied the explanation when it came your way. The point, he concluded, was not to be in a hurry. There were the spiders. He was fond of watching them. They would sit for hours as still as metal things, their little eyes fixed like jewels in a ring. Then when they saw what they wanted one swift dart was enough for them. So it must be with little boys. You got one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow; but you got everything in time if you waited and kept alert.

By waiting and keeping alert he would find out what he was to be. He had reached this point when he saw Geraldine pacing up the hill toward the pasture bars. She was giving him the hint that certain acknowledged rites were no longer to be put off.

He had lowered the bars, over which she was stepping delicately, when he saw his father come tearing down the road, going toward Bere, with all the speed his shuffling gait could put on. Used by this time to erratic actions on Quidmore's part, he was hardly surprised; he was only curious. He was more curious still when, on drawing nearer, the man seemed in a panic. "Looks as if he was running away from something," was the lad's first thought, though he couldn't imagine from what.

"Is anything the matter?"

From panic the indications changed to those of surprise, though the voice was as velvety as ever.

"Oh, so it's you! I thought it was Diggory. What did you—what did you—do with that powder?"

The boy began putting up the bars while Geraldine plodded homeward.

"I couldn't give it to her. She was in the kitchen baking." He thought it wise to add: "She was making silver cookies for you. You'll have them for supper."

There followed more odd phenomena, of which the boy, waiting and keeping alert, only got the explanation later. Quidmore threw himself face downward on the wayside grass. With his forehead resting on his arm, he lay as still as one of those drunken men Tom had occasionally seen like logs beside some country road. Geraldine turned her head to ask why she was not followed, but the boy stood waiting for a further sign. He wondered whether all grown-up men had minutes like this, or whether it was part of the epilepsy he had heard about.

But when Quidmore got up he was calm, the traces of panic having disappeared. To a more experienced person the symptoms would have been of relief; but to the lad of twelve they said nothing.

"I'll go back with you," was Quidmore's only comment, as together they set out to follow Geraldine.

Having reached the barn where the milking was to be done, Quidmore was proceeding to the house. In the hope of a negative, Tom asked if he should try again to-morrow.

Quidmore half turned. "I'll leave that to you."

"I'll do whatever you say," Tom pleaded, desperate at this responsibility.

Quidmore went on his way, calling back, in his creamy drawl, over his shoulder: "I'll leave it entirely to you."

XV

Left to him, Tom saw nothing in the duty but to do it. He was confirmed in this resolution by Quidmore's gentleness throughout the evening. It was a new thing in Tom's experience of the house. As always with those in the habit of inflicting pain, merely to stop inflicting it seemed kindness. Supper passed without a single incident that made Mrs. Quidmore wince. On her part she played up with an almost brilliant vivacity in making none of her

impotent complaints. Anything he could do to further this accord the boy felt he ought to do.

He hung back only from the deed. That made him shudder. He was clear on the point that it made him shudder because of its association in his mind with the thing which had happened years before; and that, he knew, was foolish. If it would please his father he should make the attempt. He should make it perhaps the more heartily since he was free not to make it if he chose.

It was the freedom that troubled him. So long as he did only what he was told he had nothing on his conscience. Now he must be sure that he was right; and he was not sure. Once more he didn't question the fact that the medicine would do his mother good. The right and wrong in his judgment centered round doing her good against her own will. With no finespun theories concerning the rights of the individual, he was pretty certain as to what they were.

A divine beauty came over the evening when, after he had gone to bed about half-past eight, his mother, in the new blossoming of her affection, came to tuck him in, and kiss him good night. No such thing had happened to him since Mrs. Crewdson had last done it. Mrs. Tollivant went through this endearing rite with all her own children; but him she left out. Many a time, when from his bed beneath the eaves he heard her making her rounds at night, he had pressed his face into the pillow to control the trembling of his lips. True, he had come to regard the attention as too babyish for a man of twelve; but now that it was shown him he was touched by it.

It brought to his memory something Mrs. Crewdson had said, and which he had never forgotten. "God's wherever there's love, it seems to me, dear. I bring a little bit of God to you, and you bring a little bit of God to me, and so we have Him right here." Mrs. Quidmore, too, brought a little bit of

God to him, and he brought a little bit of God to Mrs. Quidmore. They showed God to each other, as if without each other they were not quite able to see Him. The fact suggested the thought that in the matter of the secret administration of the medicine he might pray.

One thing he had learned with some thoroughness while in the Tollivant family, and that was religion. Both in Sunday school and in domestic instruction he had studied it conscientiously, and conscientiously accepted it. If he sometimes admitted to Bertie Tollivant, the cripple, that he "didn't see much sense in it," the confession applied to his personal inabilities. Bertie was the cynic and unbeliever in the Tollivant household. "There's about as much sense in it," he would declare secretly to Tom, "as there is in those old yarns about Pilgrim's Progress and Jack and the Beanstalk. Only don't say that to ma or pop, because the poor dears wouldn't get you." On Tom this skepticism only made the impression that he and Bertie didn't understand religion any more than they understood sex, which was also a theme of discussion. They would grow to it in time, by keeping ears and eyes open.

Now that he was away from the Tollivants, in a world where religion was never spoken of, he dismissed it from his mind. That is, he dismissed its intricacies, its complicated doctrines, its galloping through prayers you were too sleepy to think of at night, and too hurried in the morning. Here he was admittedly influenced by Bertie. "If God loves you, and knows what you want, what's the good of all this Now I lay me? It'd be a funny kind of God that wouldn't look after you anyhow." Tom had given up saying Now I lay me, partly because that, too, seemed babyish, but mainly on account of Bertie's reasoning. "It's more of a compliment to God," was his way of explaining it to himself, "to know that He'll do right of His own accord, than

to suppose He'll do it just because I pester Him." So every night when he got into bed he took a minute to say to himself that God was taking care of him, making this confidence serve in place of more explicit petition. When he had anything special to pray about, he said, he would begin again.

And now something special had arisen. He got out of bed. He didn't kneel down because, being anxious not to mislead God by giving Him wrong information, he had first to consider what he ought to say. Stealing softly across the floor, lest the creaking of the boards should betray the fact that he was up, he went to the open window, and looked out.

It was one of those mystic nights which, to a soul inclined to the mystical, seem to hold a spiritual secret. The air, scented by millions of growing things, though chiefly with the acrid perfume of the blue spruces on which he looked down, had a pungent, heavenly odor such as he never caught in the daytime. There was a tang of salt in it, too, as from the direction of the Sound came the faintest rustle of a breeze. The rustle was so faint as not to break a stillness, which was more of the nature of a holy suspense because of the myriads of stars.

Seeking a formula in which to couch his prayer, he found a phrase of Mr. Tollivant's often used in domestic intercession. "And, O Heavenly Father, we beseech thee to act wisely in the matter of our needs." What constituted wisdom in the matter of their needs would then be pointed out by Mr. Tollivant according to the day's or the season's requirements. Accepting this language as that of high inspiration, and forgetting to kneel down, the boy began as he stood, looking out on the sanctified darkness:

"And, O Heavenly Father, I beseech thee to act wisely in the matter of my needs." Hung up there for lack of archaic grandiloquence, he found himself ending lamely: "And don't let

me give it to her if I oughtn't to, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

With his effort he was disappointed. Not only had the choice of words not taken from Mr. Tollivant been ludicrously insufficient, but he had forgotten to kneel down. He had probably vitiated the whole prayer. He thought of revision, of constructing a sentence that would balance Mr. Tollivant's, and beginning again with the proper ceremonial. But Bertie's way of reasoning came to him again. "I guess He knows what I mean anyhow." He recoiled at that, however, shocked at his own irreverence. The thought was a blasphemous liberty taken with the watchful and easily offended deity of whom Mr. and Mrs. Tollivant had begged him always to be afraid. He was wondering if by approaching this God at all he hadn't made his plight worse, when the rising of the wind diverted his attention.

It rose suddenly, in a great soft sob, but not of pain. Rather, it was of exultation, of cosmic joyousness. Coming from the farthest reaches of the world, from the Atlantic, from Africa, from remote islands and mountain tops, it blew in at the boy's window with a strong, and yet gentle, cosmic force.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind."

Tom Quidmore had but one source of quotation, but he had that at his tongue's end. The learning by heart of long passages from the Bible had been part of his education at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Tollivant. Rightly or wrongly, he quoted the Scriptures, and rightly oftener than not. He quoted them now because, all at once, his room seemed full of the creative breath. He didn't say so, of course; but, confusedly, he felt it. All round the world there was wind. It was the single element in Nature which you couldn't see, but of which you received the living invigoration. It cooled, it cleansed, it strengthened. Wherever it passed there

was an answer. The sea rose; the snows drifted; the trees bent; men and women strove to use and conquer it. A rushing mighty wind! A sound from heaven! That it might be an answer to his prayer he couldn't stop to consider because he was listening to the way it rose and fell, and sighed and souged and swelled triumphantly through the plantation of blue spruces.

By morning it was a gale. The tall things on the property, the bush peas, the scarlet runners, the sweet corn, were all being knocked about. In spots they lay on the earth; in other spots they staggered from the perpendicular. All hands, in the words of old Diggory, had their work cut out for them. Tom's job was to rescue as many as possible of the ears of sweet corn, in any case ready for picking, before they were damaged.

But at half-past two he dragged himself out of the corn patch to fulfill the dreaded duty. Nothing had answered his prayer. He had not so much as seen his father throughout the day, as the latter had gone to the markets and had not returned. The gale was still raging, and he might be waiting for it to go down.

Since the scene by the roadside on the previous afternoon he had taken a measure of his father not very far from accurate. He, Quidmore, wanted something of which he was afraid. He was too much afraid of it to press for it urgently; and yet he wanted it so fiercely that he couldn't give it up. What it was the boy could not discover, except that it had something to do with them all. When he said with them all he included the elusive Bertha; though why he included her he once more didn't know.

In God he was disappointed; that he did not deny. In spite of the shortcomings of his prayer, he had clung to the hope that they might be overlooked. He argued a little from what he himself would have done had anyone come with a request inadequately phrased. He wouldn't think of the manners or the

words in his eagerness to do what lay within his power. With God apparently it was not so.

There was, of course, the other effect of his prayer. He had only asked to be stopped if the thing was not to be done. If he was not stopped the inference was obvious. He was to go ahead. It was in order to go ahead that he left the corn patch.

The kitchen when he got to it was empty. Both the windows, that in the south wall and that in the west, were open to let the wind sweep out the smell of cooking. Creeping halfway up the stairs, he saw that his mother had closed her bedroom door, a sign that she was really lying down. There was no help now for what he had to do.

He stole back to the kitchen again. On the dresser he saw the brown teapot in which she would presently make her tea. He would only have to take it down, and spill the powder into it. The powder was in his waistcoat pocket. He drew it out. It was small and flat, in a neatly folded paper. Opening the paper, he saw something innocent and white, not unlike the sugar you spread on strawberries. Laying it in readiness on the table by the west window, at which his mother baked, he turned to take down the teapot.

The gale grew fiercer. It was almost a tornado. With the teapot in his two hands he paused to look out of the south window at the swaying of the blue spruces. They moaned, they sobbed, they rocked wildly. You might have fancied them living creatures seized by a madness of despair. The fury of the wind, even in the kitchen, blew down a dipper hanging on the wall. The dipper brought a clanging note into the deep tones of the hurricane.

There was now no time to lose. The noise of the falling dipper might have disturbed his mother, so that at any minute she might come downstairs. With the teapot again in his hands he turned to the table where he had left the thing which was to do her good.

It was not there.

Dismayed, startled, he looked for it on the floor; but it was not there. It was not anywhere in the kitchen. He searched and searched.

Going outside, he found the paper caught in a rosebush under the window, but the something innocent and white had been blown to the four corners of the world.

The rushing mighty wind had done its work; and yet it was not till two or three years later, when the Quidmores had passed from his life, that he wondered if after all his prayer had not been answered.

XVI

Of helping his mother against her will he never heard any more. When his father returned that evening he had the same look of panic as on the previous day, followed by the same expression of relief at seeing the domestic life going on as usual. But he asked no questions, nor did he ever bring the subject up again. When a day or two later Tom explained to him that the powder had been blown away he merely nodded, letting the matter rest.

Autumn came on and Tom went to school at Bere. He liked the school. No longer a State ward, but the son of a man supposed to be of substance, he passed the tests inflicted by the savage snobbery of children. His quickness at sports helped him to a popularity justified by his good nature. With the teachers he was often forced to seem less intelligent than he was, so as to escape the odious soubriquet of "teacher's pet."

On the whole, the winter was the happiest he had so far known. It could have been altogether happy had it not been for the tragic situation of the Quidmores. After the brief improvement that had followed on his coming they had reacted to a mutual animosity even more intense. Each made him a confidant.

"God! it's all I can do to keep my hands off her," the soft drawl confessed. "If she was just to die of a sickness, and me have nothing to do with it, I don't believe I'd be satisfied." He held the sentence there as a matter of precaution. "What do you think of a woman who all the years you've known her has never done anything but whine, whine, whine, because you ain't givin' her what you promised?"

"And are you?" Tom asked, innocently.

"I give her what I can. She don't tempt me to do anything extra. Say, now, would she tempt you?"

Tom did his best to take the grown-up, man-to-man tone in which he was addressed. "I think she's awful tempting, if you take her the right way."

To take her the right way, to take him also the right way, was the boy's chief concern throughout the winter. To get them to take each other the right way was beyond him.

"So long as he goes outside his home," Mrs. Quidmore declared, with an euphemism of which the boy did not get the significance, "I'll make him suffer for it."

"But, ma, he can't stay home all the time."

"Oh, don't tell me that you don't know what I mean! If you wasn't on his side you'd have found out for me long ago who the woman is. Just tell me that—"

"And what would you do?"

"I'd kill her, I think, if I got the chance."

"Oh, but ma!"

She brandished the knife with which she was cutting cold ham for the supper. "I would! I would!"

"But you wouldn't if I asked you not to, would you, ma?"

The knife fell with a despairing movement of the hand. "Oh, I don't suppose I should do it at all. But he ought to love me."

"Can he make himself love you, ma?"

The ingenuous question went so close to the point that she could only dodge it. "Why shouldn't he? I'm his wife, ain't I?"

The challenge brought out another of the mysteries which surrounded marriage, as a penumbra fringes the moon on a cloudy night. When his father next reverted to the theme, while driving back from market, the penumbra became denser.

"Say, boy, don't you go to thinking that the first time you fall in love with a pretty face it's goin' to be for life. That's where the devil sets his snare for men. Eight or ten years from now you'll see some girl, and then the devil'll be after you. He'll try to make you think that if you don't marry that girl your one and only chance'll come and go. And when he does, my boy, just think o' me."

"Think of you—what about?"

The sweetness of the tone took from the answer anything like bitterness. "Think how I got pinched. Gosh, when I look back and remember that I was as crazy to get her as a pup to catch a squir'l I can't believe it was me. But don't forget what I'm tellin' you. No fellow ought to think of bein' married till he's over thirty. He can't be expected to know what he'll love permanent till then."

It was the perpetual enigma. "But you always love your wife when you're married to her, don't you?"

The answer was in loud satirical laughter, with the observation that Tom was the limit for innocence.

Quite as disturbing as questions of love and marriage were those relating to the fact that the man who had done very well as a hatter was a failure as a market gardener.

"A hell of a business, this is! Rothschild and Rockefeller together couldn't make it pay. Gosh, how I hate it! Hate everything about it, and home worst of all. Know a little woman that if she'd light out with me . . ."

In different keys and conjunctions these confidences were made to the boy all through the winter. If they did not distress him more it was because they were over his head. The disputes of the gods affect mortals only indirectly. When Jupiter and Juno disagree men feel that they can leave it to Olympus to manage its own affairs. So to a boy of twelve the cares of his elders pass in spheres to which he has little or no access. In spite of his knowledge that their situation was desperate, the couple who had adopted him were mighty beings to Tom Quidmore, with resources to meet all needs. To be so went with being grown up and, in a general way, with being independent.

Their unbosomings worried him; they did not do more. When they were over he could dismiss them from his mind. His own concerns, his lessons, his games, his friends and enemies in school, and the vague objective of becoming "something big," were his matters of importance. Martin and Anna Quidmore cared for him so much, though each with a dash of selfishness, that his inner detachment from them both would have caused them pain.

And yet it was because of this detachment that he was able, in some sense, to get through the winter happily. Whatever might have hurt him most passed on the kind of Mount Olympus where grown-up people had their incredible interests. Told, as he always was, that he couldn't understand them, he was willing to drop them at that till they were forced on him again. As spring was passing into summer they were forced on him less persistently; and then one day, quiet unexpectedly, he struck the beginning of the end.

It was a Saturday. As there was no school that day he had driven in on the truck with his father, to market a load of lettuce and early spinach. On returning through Bere in the latter part of the forenoon, Quidmore stopped at the druggist's.

"Jump down and have an ice cream

soda. I'll leave the lorry here, and come back to you. Errand to do in the village."

The words had been repeated so often that for these excursions they had come to be a formula. By this time Tom knew the errand to be at Bertha's house, which was indirectly opposite. Seated at a table in the window, absorbing his cool, flavored drink through a pair of straws, he could see his father run up the steps and enter, running down again when he came out. Further than the fact that there was something regrettable in the visit, something to be concealed when he went home, the boy's mind did not work.

The tragedy of that morning was that, as he was enjoying himself thus, the runabout, driven by one of the hired men, glided up to the door, and Mrs. Quidmore, dressed for shopping, and very alert, sprang out. As she rarely came into Bere, and almost never in the morning when she had her work to do, Tom's surprise was tinged at once with fear. Recognizing the lorry, Mrs. Quidmore rushed into the drug store. Except for the young man, wearing a white coat, who tended it, the long narrow slit was empty. As he peeped above his glass, with the two straws between his lips, Tom saw the wrath of the wronged when close on the track of the wrongdoer. Wheeling round, she caught him looking conscious and guilty.

"Oh! So you're here! Where is he?"

Tom answered truthfully. "He said he had an errand to do. He didn't tell me what it was."

"And is he coming back for you here?"

"He said he would."

"Then I'll wait."

To wait she sat down at Tom's side, having Bertha's house within range. Whether she suspected anything or not Tom couldn't tell, since he hardly suspected anything himself. That there was danger in the air he knew by the violence with which she rejected his proposal to refresh herself with ice cream.

"There he is!"

They watched him while he came down the steps, hesitated a minute, and turned in the direction away from where they were waiting. Tom understood this move.

"He's going to Jenkins's about that new tire."

As she jumped to her feet her movements had a fierceness of activity he had never before seen in her.

"That's all I want. I'm goin' back. Don't you say you seen me, or that I've been over here at all."

Hurrying to the street and springing into the car, she bade the hired man turn round again for home.

What happened between that Saturday and the next Tom never knew exactly. A few years later, when his powers of deduction had developed, he was able to surmise; but beyond his own experience he had no accurate information. That there were bitter quarrels he inferred from the sullenness they left behind; but he never witnessed them. Not having witnessed them, he had little or no sense of a strain more serious than usual.

On the next Saturday afternoon he was crouched in the potato field, picking off the ugly reddish bugs and killing them. Suddenly he heard himself called. On rising and looking round he found the runabout car stopped in the road, and Billy Peet, one of the hired men, beckoning to him to approach. Brushing his hands against each other, he stepped carefully over the rows of young potatoes, and was soon in the roadway.

"Get in," Billy Peet ordered, briefly. "The boss sent me over to fetch you."

"Sent you over to fetch me—in the machine? What's up?" His eye fell on a small straw suitcase in the back of the car. "What's that for?"

"Get in, and I'll tell you as we go along." Tom clambered in beside the driver. "Mis' Quidmore's sick."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I'd'n know. Awful sick, they say."

When they passed the Quidmore entrance without turning in Tom began to be startled. "Say! Where we going?"

"You're not going home. Doctor don't want you there. Boss telephoned over to Mrs. Tollivant, and she's goin' to keep you till Mis' Quidmore's better—or somethin'."

The boy was not often resentful, but he did resent being trundled about like a package. If his mother was sick his place was at home. He could light the fire, bring in the water from the well, and do the score of little things for which a small boy can be useful. To be shunted off like this, as if he could only be an additional care, was an indignity to the thirteen years he was now supposed to have attained to. But what could he do? Protest was useless. There was nothing for it but to go where he was driven, like Geraldine or the dilapidated car.

And yet at Harfrey he settled down among the Tollivants naturally. No State ward having succeeded him, his room under the eaves was still vacant. Once within its familiar shelter, he soon began to feel as if he had never been away. The family welcomed him with the shades of warmth which went with their ages and characters—Mr. and Mrs. Tollivant overcoming their repugnance to a born waif with that Christian charity which doubtless is all the nobler for being visibly against the grain; Art, now a swaggering fellow of sixteen, with patronizing good nature; Cilly, who affected baby-blue ribbons on a blond pigtail, with airs and condescension; Bertie, the cripple, with satiric cordiality. If it was not exactly a home-coming, it was at least as good as a visit to old friends. He was touched by being included almost as a member of the family in Mr. Tollivant's evening prayer.

"And, O Heavenly Father, take this young wanderer as Thy child, even as we offer him a shelter. Visit not Thine anger upon him, lest he be tempted overmuch."

At the thought of being tempted overmuch Tom felt a pleasing sense of importance. It offered, too, a loophole for excuse in case he should fall. If God didn't intervene on his behalf, easing temptation up, then God would be responsible. And yet, such was the lack of fairness he was bidden to see in God, He would knock a fellow down and then punish him when he tumbled.

In the midst of these reflections a thought of the Quidmore household choked him with unexpected homesickness. The people who had been kind to him were in trouble, and he was not there! He wondered what they would do without him. He could sometimes catch the man's cruelties and turn them into pleasantries before they reached the wife. He could sometimes forestall the wife's complaints and twist them into little mollifying compliments. Would there be anyone to do that now? Would they keep the peace? He wished Mr. Tollivant would pray for them. He tried to pray for them himself, but, as with his effort of the previous year, the right kind of words would not come. If only God could be addressed without so much Thee and Thou! If only He could read a little boy's heart without calling for fine language! For lack of fine language he had to remain dumb, leaving God, who might possibly have helped Martin and Anna Quidmore, with no information about them.

Nevertheless, with the facile emotions of youth, a half hour later he was playing checkers with Bertie, in full enjoyment of the game. He slept soundly that night, and on Sunday fell into the old routine of church and Sunday school. Monday and Tuesday bored him, because for most of the day school claimed the children; but when they came home, and played and squabbled as usual, life took on its old zest. Only now and then did the thought of the sick woman and the lonely man sweep across him in a spasm of pain; after which he could forget them and be cheerful.

But on Wednesday forenoon, as he

was turning away from watching the Plymouth Rocks pecking at their feed, his father arrived in the old runabout. Dashing up the hill, Tom reached the back door in time to see him enter by the front.

"How's ma?"

He got no answer, because Quidmore followed Mrs. Tollivant into the front parlor, where they shut the door. In anticipation of being taken home, the boy ran up to his room and packed his bag.

"How's ma?"

He called out the question from halfway down the stairs. Quidmore, emerging from the parlor with Mrs. Tollivant, ignored it again. Bidding good-by to his hostess and thanking her for taking in the boy, he went through these courtesies with a nervous anxiety almost amounting to anguish to convince her of the truth of something he had said.

"How's ma?"

They were in the car at last so that he could no longer be denied.

"She's—she's—not there."

All the events of the past year focussed themselves into the question that now burst on Tom's lips. "Is she—dead?"

The lisping voice was sorrowful. "She was buried yesterday."

With his habit of thinking twice, the boy asked nothing more. Having asked nothing at the minute, he felt less inclined to ask anything as they drove onward. Something within him rejected the burden of knowing. While he would not hold himself aloof, he would not involve himself more than events involved him according as they fell out. His reasoning was obscure, but his instincts, grown self-protective from necessity, were positive. Whatever had happened, whatever was to be right and wrong to other people, his own motive must be loyalty.

"I've got to stick to him," he was saying to himself. "He's been awful good to me. In a kind of a way he's my father. I must stand by him, and see him through, just as if I was his son."

It was his first grown-up resolution.

XVII

Grown-up life began at once. His chief care hitherto had been as to what others would do for him; now he was preoccupied with what he could do for some one else. It was a matter of watching, planning, cheering, comforting, and as he expressed it to himself, of bucking up. Of bucking up especially he was prodigal. The man had become as limp as on the day when he had thrown himself face downward in the grass. Mad once with desire to act, he was terrified now at what he had done. Though, as far as Tom could judge, no one blamed or suspected him, there was hardly a minute in the day in which he did not betray himself. He betrayed himself to the boy even if to no one else, though betraying himself in such a way that there was nothing definite to take hold of. "I'm sure—and yet I'm not sure," was Tom's own summing up. He stressed the fact that he was not sure, and in this he was helped by the common opinion of the countryside.

Toward the bereaved husband and his adopted son this was sympathetic. The woman had always been neurasthenic, slipshod, and impossible. With a wife to help him, Martin Quidmore could have been a success as a market gardener as easily as anybody else. As it was, he would get over the shock of this tragedy and find a woman who would be the right kind of mother to a growing boy. Here, the mention of Bertha was with no more than the usual spice of village scandal, tolerant and unresentful.

Of all this Tom was aware chiefly through the observations of Blanche, the colored woman who came in by the day to do the housework.

"Law, Mr. Tom, yo' pappa don't need to feel so bad. Nobody in this yere town what blame him, not a little mite. Po' Mis' Quidmo', nobody couldn't please her nohow. Don't I know? Ain't I wash her, and iron her, and do



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

HE WONDERED WHETHER ALL GROWN-UP MEN HAD MINUTES LIKE THIS

her housecleanin', ever since she come to this yere community, and Mr. Quidmo' he buy this yere lot off old Aaron Bidbury? No, suh! Nobody can't tell me! Them there giddy things what nobody can't please 'em they can't please theirselves, and some day they go to work and do somefin' despe'ate, just like po' Mis' Quidmo'. A little cup o' tea, she take. No mo'n that. See, boy! I keep that there brown teapot, what look as innocent as a baby, all the time incriminated to her memo'y."

Nevertheless, Tom found his father obsessed by fear, with nothing to be afraid of. The obsession had shown itself as soon as they entered the house on their return from Harfrey. He was afraid of the house, afraid of the kitchen especially. When Gimlets barked he jumped, cursing the dog for its noise. When a buggy drove up to the door he peeped out at the occupant before showing himself to the neighbor coming to offer his condolences. If the telephone rang Tom hastened to answer it, knowing that it set his father shivering.

As evening deepened on that first Wednesday, they kept out of doors as late as possible, the boy chattering to the best of his ability. When obliged to go in, Quidmore tried to say with solicitude on Tom's behalf:

"Expect you'll be lonesome now with only the two of us in the house. Better come and sleep in the other bed in my room."

The boy was about to reply that he was not lonesome, and preferred his own bed, when he caught the dread behind the invitation.

"All right, dad, I'll come. Sleep there every night. Then I won't be scared."

About two in the morning Tom was wakened by a shout. "Hell! Hell! Hell!"

Jumping from his own bed, he ran to the other. "Wake up, dad! Wake up!"

Quidmore woke, confused and trembling. "Wha' matter?" His senses re-

turning, he spoke more distinctly. "Must have had a nightmare. God! Turn on the light. Hate bein' in the dark. Now get back to bed. All right again."

The next day both were picking strawberries. It was not Quidmore's custom to pick strawberries, but he seemed to prefer a task at which he could crouch, and be more or less out of sight. Happening to glance up, he saw a stranger coming round the duck pond.

"Who's that?" he snapped, in terror.

Tom ran to the stranger, interviewed him, and ran back again. "It's an agent for a new kind of fertilizer."

"Tell him I don't want it and to get to hell out of this."

"You'd better see him. He'll think it queer if you don't."

It was the spur he needed. He couldn't afford to be thought queer. He saw the agent, Tom acting as go-between and interpreter.

To act as go-between and interpreter became in a measure the boy's job. Being so near the holidays, he did not return to school, and freed from school, he could give all his time to helping the frightened creature to seem competent in the eyes of his customers and hired men. Not that he succeeded. None knew better than the hired men that the place was, as they put it, all in the soup; none were so quick to fall away as customers who were not getting what they wanted. When the house was tumbling about their heads one little boy's shoulder could not do much as a prop; but what it could do he offered.

He offered it with a gravity at which the men laughed good-naturedly behind his back. They took his orders solemnly, and thought no more about them. For a whole week nothing went to market. The dealers whom they supplied complained by telephone. Billy Peet and himself got a load of "truck" into town, only to be told that their man had made other arrangements. To

meet these conditions Quidmore had spurts of energy, from which he backed down gibbering.

Taking his courage in both hands, the boy went to see Bertha. Never having been face to face with her before, he found her of the type of beauty best appreciated where the taste is for the highly blown. She received him with haughty surprise and wonder, not asking him to sit down. Having prepared his words, he recited them, though her attitude frightened him out of the man-of-the-world tone he had meant to adopt. Humbly and haltingly, he asked if she wouldn't come out and help to stiffen the old man.

"So he's sent you, has he? Well, you can go back and say that I've no reply except the one I've given him. All is over between us. Tell him that if he thinks that *that* was the way to win me he's very gravely mistook. I know what's happened as positive as if I was a jury, and I shall never pardon it. Silence I shall keep, but that is all he can ask of me. He's made me talked about when he shouldn't ought to ov, ignoring that a woman, and especially a widow—" her voice broke—"has nothing but her reputation. Go back and tell him that if he tries to force my door he'll find it double-barged against him."

Tom went back but said nothing. There was no need for him to say anything, since his life began at once to take another turn.

School holidays having begun, he was free in fact as well as in name. It was on a Thursday that his father came to him with the kind of proposal which always excites a small boy.

"Say, boy, what you think of a little trip down to Wilmington, Delaware, you and me? Go off to-morrow and get back by Tuesday. I'd see my sister, and it'd do me good."

The prospect seemed to have done him good already. A new life had come to him. He went about the place giving orders for the few days of his absence,

with particular instructions to Diggory and Blanche as to Geraldine, and the disposal of the milk. They started on their journey in the morning.

It was one of those mornings in June when every blessed and beautiful thing seems poured on the earth at once. As between five and six Billy Peet drove them over to take the train at Harfrey, light, birds, trees, flowers, meadows, dew, would have thrilled them to ecstasy if they had not been used to them. For the first time in weeks Tom saw his father smile. It was a smile of relief rather than of pleasure, but it was better than his look of woe.

The journey wakened memories. Not since Mrs. Crewdson had brought him out to place him as a State ward with Mrs. Tollivant had he gone into the city by this route. He had gone in by the motor truck often enough; but this line that followed the river was haunted still by the things he had outlived. He was not sorry to have known them, though glad that they were gone. He was hardly sorry even for the present, though doubtful as to how it was going to turn out. Vaguely and not introspectively, he was shocked at himself, that he should be sitting there with a man who had done what he felt pretty sure this man had done, and that he should feel no horror. But he felt none. He assured himself of that. He could sleep with him by night, and work and eat with him by day, with no impulse but to shield a poor wretch who had made his own life such a misery.

"I've got to do it," he said to himself, in a kind of self-defense. "I don't *know* he did it—not for sure, I don't. And if nobody else tries to find out, why should I, when he's been so awful nice to me?"

He watched a steamer plowing her way southward in the middle of the stream. He liked her air of quiet self-possession and of power. He wondered whence she was coming, whither she was going, and what she was doing it for. He couldn't guess.

"That'd be like me," he said, silently, "sailing from I don't know where—sailing to I don't know where."

Ten years later he finished this thought, repeating exactly the same words. Just now he couldn't finish anything, because there was so much to see. Little towns perched above little harbors. Fishermen angled from little piers. A group of naked boys, shameless as young mermen, played in the water. On a rock a few yards from the shore a flock of gulls jostled each other for standing room. A motor boat puffed. Yachts rode sleepily at anchor. The car which, when they took it at Harfrey, had been almost empty, was beginning to fill with the earlier hordes of commuters. Soon it was quite full. Soon there were cheery young people, most of them chewing gum, standing in the passageway. Having rounded the curve at Spuyten Duyvil, they saw the city looming up, white, spiritual, tremulous, through the morning mist.

Up to this minute he had not thought of plans; now he began to wonder what they should do on reaching the Grand Central, where they would arrive in another quarter of an hour.

"Do we go straight across to the Pennsylvania Station, to take the train for Wilmington, or do we have to wait?"

"I'll—I'll see."

The answer was unsatisfactory. He looked at his father inquiringly. Looking at him, he was hurt to observe that his confidence was departing, that he was again like something with a broken spring.

"Well, we're going to Wilmington to-day, aren't we?"

"I'll—I'll see."

"But," the boy cried in alarm, "where can we go, if we don't?"

"I—I know a place."

It was disappointing. The choking sensation which, when he was younger used to precede tears, began to gather in his throat. Having heard so much from Mrs. Quidmore of the glories of Wilmington Delaware, he saw it as a city

of palaces, of exquisite, ladylike maidens, of noble youths, of aristocratic joyousness. Moreover, he had been told that to get there you went under the river, through a tunnel so deep down in the earth that you felt a distressful throbbing in the head. The postponement of these experiences even for a day was hard to submit to.

In the Grand Central his father was in a mood he had never before seen. It was a dark mood, at once decided and secretive.

"Come this way."

This way was out into Forty-second Street. With their suitcases in their hands, they climbed into a street car going westward. Westward they went, changing to another car going southward, under the thunder of the elevated, in Ninth Avenue. At Fourteenth Street they got out again, Tom recognized the neighborhood because of its nearness to the great markets to which they sometimes brought supplies. But they avoided the markets, making their way between drays, round buildings in course of demolition, through gangs of children wooing disaster as they played in the streets. In the end they turned out of the tumult to find themselves in a placid little backwater of the "old New York" of the early nineteenth century. Reading the sign at the corner Tom saw that it was Jane Street.

Jane Street dates from a period earlier than the development of that civic taste which gives to all New York north of Fourteenth Street the picturesqueness of a sum in simple arithmetic. Jane Street has atmosphere, period, chic. You know at a glance that the people who built these trim little red-brick houses still felt that impulse which first came to Manhattan from The Hague, to be fostered later by William and Mary, and finally merged in the Georgian tradition. Jane Street is Dutch. It has Dutch quaintness, and, as far as New York will permit it, Dutch cleanliness. It might be a by-

way in Amsterdam. Instead of cutting straight from the Hudson River Docks to Greenwich Avenue, it might run from a canal with barges on it to a field of hyacinths in bloom.

But Tom Quidmore saw not what you and I would have seen, a relief from the noise and fetidness of a hot summer's morning in a neighborhood reeking with garbage. When his heart had been fixed on that dream-city, Wilmington, Delaware, he found himself in a dingy little alley. Not often querulous, he became so now.

"What are we doing down here?"

The reply startled him. "I'm—I'm sick."

Looking again at the man who shuffled along beside him, he saw that his face had grown ashy, while his eyes, which earlier in the day had had life in them, were lusterless. The boy would have been frightened had it not been for the impulse of affection.

"Let's go back to Bere. Then you can have the doctor. I'll get a cab and steer the whole business."

Without answering, Quidmore stopped at a brown door, level with the pavement, in a big, dim-windowed building, with fire escapes zigzagging down the front. Jane Street is not exclusively clean and trim and Dutch. It has lapses—here a warehouse, there a dwelling tumbling to decay, elsewhere a nondescript structure like this. It looked like a lodging house for sailors and dock laborers. In the basement was a restaurant to which you went down by steps, and bearing the legend Pappa's Chop Saloon.

While Quidmore stood in doubt as to whether to ring the bell or to push the door which already stood a little open, two men came out of the Chop Saloon and began to mount the steps. In faded blue overalls the worse for wear, they had plainly broken a day's work, possibly begun at five o'clock, for a late breakfast. The one in advance, a sturdy, well-knit fellow of forty or forty-five, got a sinister expression from

a black patch over his left eye. His companion was older, smaller, more worn by a bitter life. All the twists in his figure, all the soured betrayals in his crafty face, showed you the habitual criminal.

None of these details was visible to Quidmore, because his imagination could see only the bed for which he was craving. To the boy, who trusted everyone, they were no more than the common type of workman he was used to meeting in the markets. The fellow with the patch on his eye, making an estimate of the strangers as he mounted the steps, spoke cheerily.

"I say, mate, what can I do for yer?"

The voice with a vaguely English ring was not ungenial. Not ungenial, when you looked at it, was the strongly-boned face, with a ruddiness burnt to a coarse tan. The single gray-blue eye had the sympathetic gleam which often helps roguery to make itself excusable to people with a sense of fun.

Quidmore muttered something about wanting to see Mrs. Pappa.

"Right you are! Come along o' me. I'll dig the old gal out for yer. Expects you wants a room for yerself and the kid. Hi, Pappa!"

Pappa came out of a dim, musty parlor as the witch who foretells bad weather appears in a mechanical barometer. She was like a witch, but a dark, classic witch, with an immemorial tradition behind her. Her ancestors might have fought at Marathon, or sacrificed to Neptune in the temple on Sunium. In Jane Street she was archaic, a survival from antiquity. Her thoughts must have been with the nymphs at Delphi, or following the triremes carrying the warriors from Argolis to Troy, as silent, mysterious, fateful, she led the way upstairs.

They followed in procession, all four of them. The doorstep acquaintances displayed a solicitude not less than brotherly. The hall was without furniture, the stairs without carpet. The

softwood floors, like the treads of the stairs, were splintered with the usage of many heavy heels. Where the walls bulged, through the pressure of jerry-built stories overhead, the marbled paper swelled into bosses. Tom found it impressive, with something of strange stateliness.

"Yer'll be from the country," the one-eyed fellow observed, as they climbed upward.

"Yes, sir," Tom answered, civilly. "We're on our way to Wilmington, Delaware, but my father felt a little sick."

"Well, he's struck a good place to lay up in. I say, Pappa," he called ahead, "seems to me as the big room with two beds 'd be what'd suit the gent. It's next door to the barthroom, and he'll find that convenient. Mate," he explained further, when they stood within the room with two beds, "this'll set ye' back a dollar a day in advance. That right, Pappa, ain't it?"

Pappa assenting with some antique sign, Quidmore drew out his pocket-book to extract the dollar. With no ceremonious scruples the smaller comrade craned his neck to appraise, as far as possible, the contents of the wallet.

"Wad," Tom heard him squirt out of the corner of his mouth, in the whisper of a ventriloquist.

His friend seemed to wink behind the patch on his left eye. Tom took the exchange of confidence as a token of respect. He and his father were considered rich, the effect being seen in the attentions accorded them. This was further borne out when the genial one of the two rogues turned on the threshold, as his colleague was following Pappa downstairs.

"Anythink I can do for yer, mate, command me. Name of Honeybun—Lemuel Honeybun. Honey Lem some of the guys calls me. I answers to it, not takin' no offense like." He pointed to the figure stumping down the stairs. "My friend, Mr. Goodsir. Him and me been pals this two year. We lives

on the ground floor. Room back of Pappa."

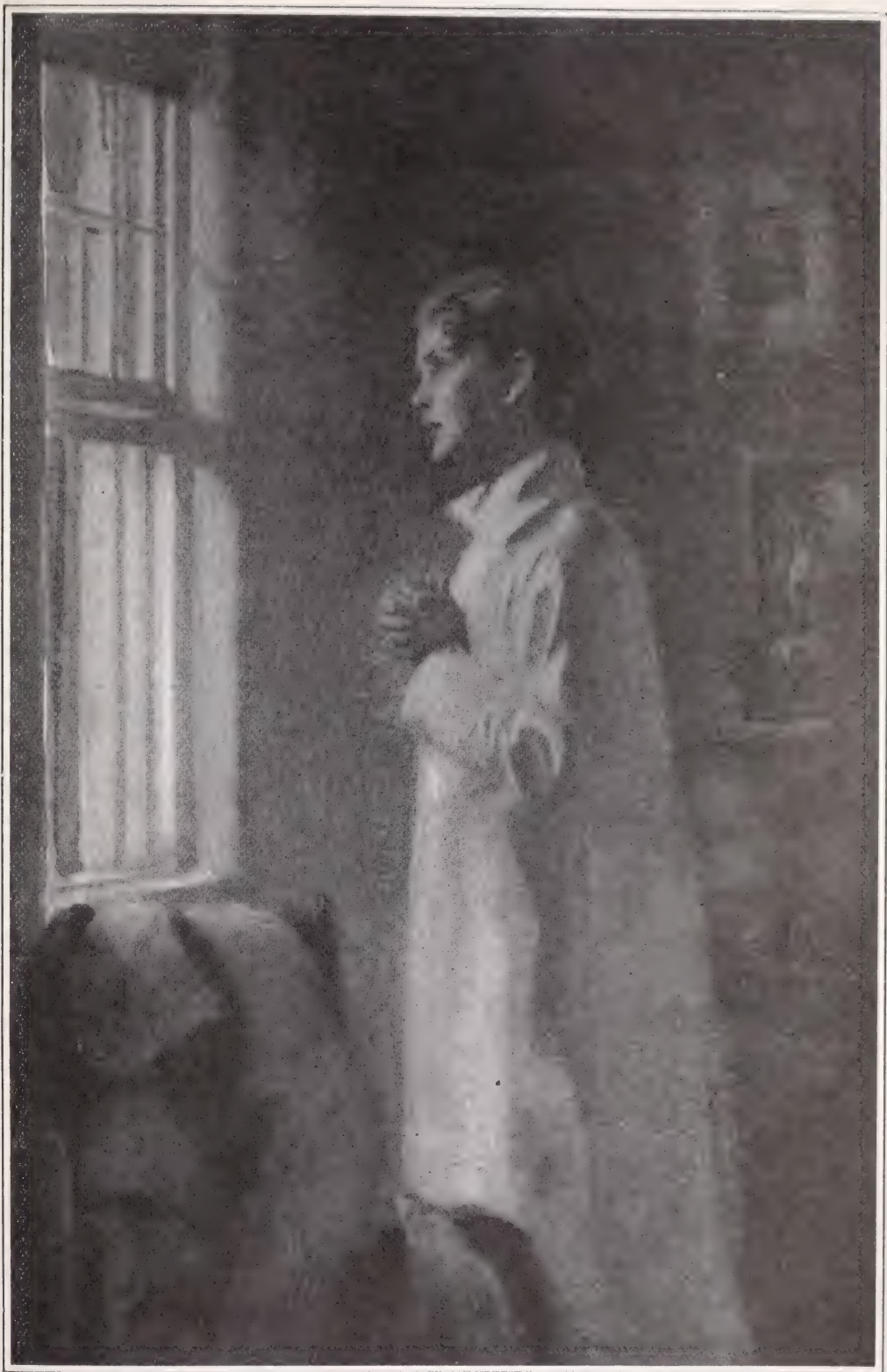
The door closed, Tom looked round him in an interest which eclipsed his hopes of the tunnel. This was adventure. It was nearly romance. Never before had he stayed in a hotel. The place was not luxurious, but never, in the life he could remember, having known anything but necessity, necessity was enough. Moreover, the room contained a work of art that touched his imagination. On the bare drab mantelpiece stood the head of a Red Indian, in plaster painted in bronze, not unlike the mummified head of Rameses the Great. The boy couldn't take his eye away from it. This was what you got by visiting strange cities more intimately than by trucking to and from the markets.

Quidmore threw himself on his bed, his face buried in the meager pillow. He was suffering apparently not from pain, but from some more subtle form of distress. Being told that there was nothing he could do for the invalid, Tom sat silent and still on one of the two small chairs which helped out the furnishings. It was not boring for him to do this, because he swam in novelty. He recalled the steamer he had seen that morning, sailing from he didn't know where, sailing to he didn't know where, but on the way. He, too, was on the way. He was on the way to something different from Wilmington, Delaware. It would be different from Bere. He began to wonder if he should ever go back to Bere. If he didn't go back to Bere . . . but at this point in Tom's dream Quidmore dragged himself off the bed.

"Let's go down to the chop saloon, and eat."

XVIII

He was not too ill to eat, but too ill when not eating to stay anywhere but on his bed. He went back to it again, lying with his face buried in the pillow as before. The boy resumed his patient



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"DON'T LET ME GIVE IT TO HER IF I OUGHTN'T TO"

sitting. He would have been bored with it now, had he not had his dreams.

All the same, it was a relief when about four o'clock, just as the western sun was beginning to wake the Red Indian to an horrific life, Mr. Honeybun, pushing the door ajar softly, peeped in with his good eye.

"I say, mate!" he whispered, "wouldn't you like me to take the young gent for a bit of a walk like? Do him good, and him a-mopin' here all by hisself."

The walk meant Tom's initiation into the life of cities as that life is led. Not that it went very far, but as far as it went it was a revelation. It took him from one end of Jane Street to the other, along the docks of the Cunard and other great lines, and as far as Eighth Avenue in the broad, exciting thoroughfare of Fourteenth Street. New York as he had seen it hitherto, from the front seat of a motor truck, had been little more entertaining than a map. Besides, he was only developing a taste for this sort of entertainment. Games, school, scraps with other boys, had been enough for him. Now he was waking to an interest in places as places, in men as men, in differences of attitude to the drama known as life. In Mr. Honeybun's attitude he grew especially interested.

"I don't believe that nothink don't belong to no one," Tom's guide observed, as the wealth of the city spread itself more splendidly. "Things is common propetty. Yer takes what yer can put yer 'and on."

"But wouldn't you be arrested?"

"Yer'd be arrested if yer didn't look out; but what's bein' arrested? No more'n the measures what a lot of poor, frightened, silly boobs'll take agin the strong man what makes 'em tremble. At least," he added, as an afterthought, "not when yer conscience is clear, it ain't."

Fascinated by this bold facing of society, Tom ventured on a question. "Have you ever been arrested, Mr. Honeybun?"

Mr. Honeybun straightened himself

to the martyr's pose. "Oh, if yer puts it that way, I've suffered for my opinions. That much I'll admit. I'm—" he brought out the statement proudly—"I'm one o' them there socialists. You know what a socialist is, don't yer?"

Tom was not sure that he did.

"A socialist is one o' them fellers who whatever he sees knows it belongs to him if he can get ahold of it. It's gettin' ahold of it what counts. Now if you was to have somethink I wanted locked up in yer 'ouse, let us say, and I was to make my way in so as I could take it—why, then it'd be mine. That's the law o' Gord, I believes; and I tries to live up to it."

Enjoying a frankness which widened his horizon, Tom was nevertheless perplexed by it. "But wouldn't that be something like burglary?"

"Burglary is what them may call it what ain't socialists; but it don't do to hang a dog because yer've give him a bad name. A lot o' good people's been condemned that way. When I'm in court I always appeals to justice."

"And do you get it?"

"I get men's. I don't get Gord's. You see that apple?" They stopped before a window in Horatio Street where apples were displayed. "Now, do yer suppose that apple growed itself for any one man in partic'lar? No! That apple didn't know nothink about men's laws when it blossomed on a apple tree. It just give itself generallike to the human race. If you was to go in and collar that big red one, and git away with it, it'd be yours. Stands to reason it'd be. Gord's law! But if that there policeman, a-squintin' his ugly eye at us this minute—he knows Honey Lem, he does!—was to pull yer in, yer might git thirty days. Man's law! And I'll leave it to you which is best worth sufferin' for."

In this philosophy of life there was something Tom found reasonable, and something in which he felt a flaw without being able to detect it. He chased it round and round in his thoughts as

he sat through the long dull hours with his father. It passed the time; it helped him to the habit of thinking things out for himself. His mind being clear, and his intuitions acute, he could generally solve a problem not beyond his years. When, on the morrow, they walked in the cool of the day down the length of Hudson Street till it ends in Reade Street, Tom brought the subject up from another point of view.

"But, Mr. Honeybun, suppose someone took something from you? What then?"

"He'd git it in the nut," the socialist answered, tersely. "Not if there'd be two of 'em," he added, in amendment. "If there's two I don't contend. I ain't a communist."

"Is that what a communist is, a fellow who'll contend with two?"

"A communist is a socialist what'll use weepsons. If there's somethink what he thinks is his in anybody's 'ouse, he'll go armed, and use vi'lence. They never got that on me. I never 'urt nobody, except onst I hits a footman, what was goin' to grab me, a wee little knock on the 'ead with a silver soup ladle I 'ad in me 'and and lays 'im out flat. Didn't do him no 'arm, not 'ardly any. That was in England. But them days is over, since I lost my eye. Makes yer awful easy spotted when yer've lost a eye."

"How did you lose it, Mr. Honeybun?"

"I lost it a-savin' of the life of a beautiful young lady. 'Twas quite a tale." The boy looked up expectantly while his friend thought out the details. "I was footin' it onst from New Haven to New York, and I'd got to a pretty little town as they call Old Lyme. Yer see, I'd been doin' a bit o' time at New Haven—awful 'ard on socialists they was in New Haven in them days—and when I gits out I was a bit stoney-broke till I'd picked up somethink else. Well, there I was, trampin' it through Old Lyme, and I'd got near to the bridge what crosses the river they've

got there—the Connecticut I think it is—and what should I see but a 'orse what a young lady was drivin' come over the bridge like mad. The young lady she was tuggin' at the reins and a-hollerin' like blazes for some one to save her life. I ain't no 'ero, kid. Don't go for to think that I'm a-sayin' that I am. But what's a man to do when he sees a beautiful young lady in danger o' bein' killed?" He paused to take the bodily postures with which he stopped the runaway. "And the tip of the shaft," he ended, "it took me right in the eye, and put it out. But, Lord, what's a eye, even to a Socialist, when yer can do somethink for a feller creeter?"

Tom gaped in admiration. "I suppose it hurt awful."

"Was in 'orspital three months," the hero said, quietly. "Young lady, she visits me reg'lar, calls me her life-saver, and every name like that, and kind o' clings to me. But, Lord, marriage ain't never been much of a fancy to me. Ties a man up, and I likes to be free, except when I'm sufferin' for socialism. Besides, if I was to marry every woman what I've saved their lives I'd be one o' them Normans by this time. When yer wants company a good pal 'll be faithfuller than a wife, and nag yer a lot less."

"Mr. Goodsir's your pal, ain't he, Mr. Honeybun?"

"Yes, and I'm sick of him. He don't develop. He ain't got no eddication. Yer can see for yerself he don't talk correct. That's what I've took to in yer guv'nor and you, yer gentleman way o' speakin'. Only yer needn't go for to tell yer old man all what I've been a-gassin' of to you. I can see he's what they call conservative. He wouldn't understand. You're the younger generation, mind more open like. You and me'd make a great team if we was ever to work together."

With memories of his mother in his mind, Tom answered sturdily, "I wouldn't be a socialist, not for anything you could offer me."

They left it at that. Mr. Honeybun was content to point out the historic sites known to him as they turned homeward. There was the house where a murder had been committed; the store where a big break had been pulled off; a private detective's residence.

"Might go out agin some day, if yer pop don't mind it," he suggested, when they had reached their own hallway. "I gits the time in the late afternoon. Yer see, our job at the market begins early and ends early, and lately—"there was a wistful note—"well, I feels kind o' fed up with the low company Goodsir keeps. Every kind o' joint and dive and—and—Chinamen—and—" Out of respect for the boy he held up the description. "You'd 'ardly believe it, but an innercent little walk like what we've just took, why, it'll do me as much good as a swig o' water when you wake up about three in the mornin', with yer tongue 'angin' out like a leather strap, after a three-days' spree."

Unable to get the full force of this figure, Tom thanked his guide politely, and was bounding up the stairs two steps at a time, when the man who stood watching him spoke again.

"If I'd ever a-thought that I'd 'a had a kid like you, it'd 'a been pretty near worth gittin' married for."

Tom could only turn with one of those grins which showed his teeth, making his eyes twinkle with a clear blue light, when adequate words for kindness wouldn't come to him.

XIX

The days settled into a routine. When they rose in the morning a colored woman "did" their room while they went down to the chop saloon for breakfast. Returning, Quidmore threw himself on his bed again. He did this after each meal, poking his nose deep into the limp pillow. Hardly ever speaking, he now and then uttered a low moan.

Tom watched patiently, ready to tell him the time or bring him a drink of

water. When the day grew too hot he fanned him with an old newspaper.

"Why don't we go home, dad?" he asked anxiously on the third day. "I could get you there as easy as anything."

"I'm not well enough."

"You don't seem very sick to me. You don't have any pain and you can eat all right."

"It isn't that kind of bein' sick. It's—" he sought for a name—"it's like nervous prostration."

More nearly than he knew he had named his malady. In his own words, he was all in; and he was all in to the end of the letter of the term. Of that moral force which is most of what any man has to live upon some experience had drained him. He had spent his gift of vitality. All in was precisely the phrase to apply to him. He had cashed the last cent of whatever he had inherited or saved in the way of inner strength, and now he could not go on.

"What's the good of it anyhow?" he asked of Tom in the night. "There's nothin' to it, not when you come to think of it. You run after something as if you couldn't live without it; and then when you get it you curse your God that you ever run."

Tom shuddered in his bed, but he was used to doing that. There was hardly a night when he was not wakened by a nightmare. If it was not by a nightmare, it was by the soft complaining voice.

"Are you awake, Tom?"

"Yes, dad. Can I get you anything?"

"No; I only wanted to know if you was awake."

Tom kept awake as long as he could, because he knew the poor wretch was afraid of lying sleepless in the dark. To keep him awake, perhaps for less selfish reasons, too, the soft voice would take this opportunity of giving him advice.

"Don't you ever go to wanting anything too much, boy. That's what's done for me. You can want things if you like; but one of the tricks in the

game is to know how to be disappointed. I never did know, not even when I was a little chap. If I cried for the moon I wouldn't stop till I got it. When I was about as old as you, not gettin' what I wanted made me throw a fit. If I couldn't get things by fair means I had to get 'em by foul; but I got 'em. It don't do you no good, boy. If I could go back again over the last six months . . ."

For fear of a confession Tom stopped his ears, but no confession ever came. The tortured soul could dribble its betrayals, but it couldn't face itself squarely.

"Look out for women," he said, gently, on another night. "You're old enough now to know how they'll play the Dutch with you. When I was your age there was nothing I didn't understand, and I guess it's the same with you. Don't ever let 'em get you. They got me before I was—well, I don't hardly know what age I was, but it was pretty young. Look out for 'em, boy. If you ever damn your soul for one of 'em, she'll do you dirt in the end. If it hadn't been for her . . ."

To keep this from going further, the boy broke in with the first subject he could think of. "I wonder if they'll remember to pick the new peas. They'll be ready by this time. Do you suppose they'll . . .?"

"I don't care a hang what they do." After a brief silence he continued: "I'd 'a left the place to you, boy, only my brother-in-law, my sister's husband, has a mortgage on the place that'd eat up most of the value, so I've left it to her. That'll fix 'em both. I wish I could 'a done more for you."

"You've done a lot for me, as it is."

"You don't know."

There was another silence. It might have lasted ten minutes. The boy was falling once more into a doze when the soft voice lisped again,

"Tom."

He did his best to drag himself back from sleep. "Yes, dad? Do you want

to know what time it is? I'll get up and look."

"No, stay where you are. There's somethin' I want to say. I've been a skunk to you."

"Oh, cut it, dad . . ."

"I won't cut it. I want to say it out. When I—when I first took you, it wasn't—it wasn't so much that I'd took a fancy to you . . ."

"I know it wasn't, dad. You wanted a boy to pick the berries. Let's drop it there."

But the fevered conscience couldn't drop it there. "Yes; at first. And then—and then it come into my mind that you might be—might be the one that'd do somethin' I didn't want to do myself. I thought—I thought that if you done it we might get by on it. We got by on it all right—or up to now we've got by—but I didn't get real fond of you till—till . . ."

"Oh, dad, let's go to sleep."

"All right. Let's. I just wanted to say that much. I was glad afterward that . . ."

The boy breathed heavily, pretending that he was asleep. He was soon asleep in earnest, and for the rest of the night was undisturbed. In the morning his father didn't get up, and Tom went down to the chop saloon to bring up something that would serve as breakfast. He did the same at midday, and the same in the evening. It was a summer's evening, with a long twilight. As it began to grow dark Quidmore seemed to rouse himself. He needed tooth paste, shaving cream, other small necessities. Sitting up on the bed, he made out a list of things, giving Tom the money with which to pay for them. If he went to the pharmacy in Hudson Street he would be back in half an hour.

"All right, dad. I know the way. I'm an old hand in New York by this time."

He was at the door when Quidmore called him back.

"Say, boy. Give us a kiss."

Tom was stupified. He had kissed

his adopted mother often enough, but he had never been asked to do this. Quidmore laughed, pulling him close.

"Ah, come along! I don't ask you often. You're a fine boy, Tom. You must know as well as I do what's been . . ."

The words were suspended by a hug; but once he was free Tom fled away like a small young wild thing released from human hands. Having reached the street, he began to feel frightened, prescient, awed. Something was going to happen, he could not imagine what. He made his purchases hurriedly, and then delayed his return. He could be tender with the man; he could be loving; but he couldn't share his secrets.

But he had to go back. In the dim upper hall outside the door he paused to pump up courage to go in. He was not afraid in the common way of fear; he was only overcome with apprehension at having a knowledge he rejected forced on him.

The first thing he noticed was that no light came through the crack beneath the door. The room was apparently dark. That was strange because his father dreaded darkness, except when he was there to keep him company. He crept to the door and listened. There was no sound. He pushed the door open. The lights were out. In panic at what he might discover, he switched on the electricity.

But he only found the room empty. That was so far a relief. His father had gone out, and would be back again. Closing the door behind him, he advanced into the room.

It seemed more than empty. It felt abandoned, as if something had gone which would not return. He remembered that sensation afterward. He stood still to wonder, to conjecture. The Red Indian gleamed with his bronze leer.

The next thing the boy noticed was an odd little pile on the table. It was money—notes. On top of the notes there was silver and copper. He stooped over them, touching them with his forefinger, pushing them. He pushed them as he might have pushed an insect to see whether or not it was alive.

Lastly he noticed a paper, on which the money had been placed. There was something scribbled on it with a pencil. He held it under the dim lamp. "For Tom—with a real love."

The tears gushed to his eyes, as they always did when people showed that they loved him. But he didn't actually cry; he only stood still and wondered. He couldn't make it out. That his father should have gone out and forgotten all this money was unusual enough, but that he should have left these penciled words was puzzling. It was easy to count the money. There were seven fifty-dollar bills, with twenty-eight dollars and fifty-four cents in smaller bills and change. He seemed to remember that his father had drawn four hundred dollars for the Wilmington expenses, with a margin for purchases.

He stood wondering. He could never recall how long he stood wondering. The rest of the night became more or less a blank to him; for, to the best of the boy's knowledge, the man who had adopted him was never seen again.

(To be continued)

THE LION'S MOUTH

LADY AND GENT

BY FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

HE put on his hat, tipped jauntily but true to the latest mode, slipped into an excellent sport coat, straightened his silk knitted tie and for a moment surveyed his figure—trousers' length, vest, shirt front—up to the alert, experienced face.

Walker's Cut Price Shoe Store was closing, and Jack Kelly, one of its salesmen, going home. Jack is as sophisticated in his way as any of the bald-headed, elderly gentlemen who occupy large chairs in the windows of the Knickerbocker Club. True, his experience has been nearer the East River than Fifth Avenue, and in Coney Island rather than Newport. Nevertheless, he looks out on life with the same aloofness which marks the socially satiated, and little escapes his cool inspection.

As a salesman, it is Jack's business to know the right number of eyelets, the width of laces, the nice difference in round, peaked, and pointed toes of calf and suede combinations. He understands the precise thickness of soles and the type of finish in both boots and customers. He can instantly suit the shoe to the foot, the pocket, the occasion—outing, wedding or business, with consideration for black, brown, tan, red, as the season requires. The price of every known style, high, low, pump, slipper, or brogan, at Walker's Cut Price Shoe Store or in the Elite Chain Stores, is ready on his tongue. For that he is paid.

Jack's understanding does not stop at shoes. He is strong on the advan-

tages of being well dressed and in style, down to the cut of B.V.D.'s. When they are wearing herringbone stripes, his suits have a little larger pattern, a little bolder design, but they are in herringbone. When trousers flare, his emphasize the dictum! When narrow, they pinch his ankles. Doctors and professors may slouch about in last year's rags; Jack wears "what the men are wearing" and a little more so, perhaps; turning each season's discards over to Einstein. The mysteries of the "gent" are his.

Nor must experience stop with mere purchase. It is the use of the thing which marks familiarity; the matter of the unbuttoned glove, the one-buttoned coat. Jack believes, too, in color schemes, royal purple hosiery to echo the lavender tie and delicately striped shirt and tinted handkerchief peeping carelessly from the breast pocket. There are outfits of green and of luscious blue, with black for rare and discreet occasions. Red and orange, never. Too loud.

Jack, we must comprehend, has no interest in clothes. All this, as a matter of course. To be correctly dressed is only a casual and everyday necessity, one of the accouterments of existence. Living is what counts—and Mamie Moriarty. These occupy his real attention and make the sum of experience. Jack has not marked off his twenty-eight years for nothing. Nor has Mamie.

The passing observer might classify Mamie as a flapper. But she would not accept the challenge. Flappers are common. Instead of bobbing her hair, she has a series of switches and wads, and her eyebrows have been picked up to

date by a specialist advertising "Ladies' Eye Brows Tinted and Arched—50 Cents." She carries a large powder puff with which she dusts her face vehemently, a mirror and a lip stick, used freely in the subway or other public conveyances. Nevertheless, nature was so lavish with Mamie that her prettiness shines through. Jack says that of all the girls who parade the Avenue at noon, not one, not even a lineal descendant of the original owners of Manhattan, has as much class.

Mamie and Jack are sweethearts on a fifty-fifty basis, and have been so for five years. As a skilled typist, she makes slightly the larger salary, though she doesn't get a bonus, as Jack does, twice a year. On Wednesdays it is she who buys the tickets for Rubbini's Dancing Parlor and pays for the refreshments. Friday is Jack's day. Sundays, when through the spring and summer they go to Coney, they divide the expenses of side shows, bathing suits, looping the loops, dancing, hot dogs, ice-cream sandwiches and the tasty peanut.

In ideals they are one: to make life a glorious good time, punctuated by occasional super-sprees which take their combined wages and force them into low gear for days after. Mamie conscientiously pays her share. When she has to make a series of large purchases, as for a winter suit and coat, or a ball dress, Jack helps her out. When he had to buy a complete outfit, dress suit, pumps, silk socks, stiff shirt, and all that goes to make a best man's attire at a wedding, Mamie advanced all her salary. Together they are saving money to buy a motorcycle, Mamie's vested interests to be in the side car. She pictures herself sitting proudly with automobile goggles and a veil floating out in the breeze. She has no use for khaki-knickered girls who ride behind the driver.

Lovers through the ages have experienced nothing so convenient as Jack's luck in having for his lady friend a self-sufficient, self-supporting modern young

woman. Barring this difference in the economic status of Mamie and ladies who live in the world of fashion, she and Jack have exactly as self-centered an existence. And they are not a whit more democratic. Both regard the masses of people outside their own group merely as a background—stage setting for their absorbing panorama. Jack likes to say, as a sort of punctuation to enjoyment:

"You're livin' only once, kiddo, and you'll be a long time dead."

To which Mamie nods emphatic approval:

"Sure, it don't pay to be a sad Jane. We won't be young but once."

When Jack has to work in the evenings or attend the business meetings of the Patrick J. Donovan Pleasure Club, a political association to which he is committed, Mamie sews and "visits with" her lady friend, Irene O'Shaugnessy. The girls are most congenial, agreeing about current topics, coming to the same verdicts long before the jury in sensational trials, the rights and wrongs of divorce actions, and peculiar happenings portrayed in the pictorial they study on the way to work.

Jack and Mamie are opposed to affection displayed in public. They think it "soft" to hold hands or kiss when spectators are round. Nevertheless, they are deeply attached to each other. Jack is Mamie's idea of all that a man should be; strong and assertive, but no cave man or heavy-handed disciple of labor. She hasn't any use for the extra-masculine type of man. Her father was one, and his roaring voice and gruff manner cured her forever. Yet Jack is no sissy. He plays a manly part on every occasion. When he holds her for jazzing her heart swells with pride at the feeling of his strong and protecting arm. But he never tries any "he" stuff or puts anything over on her. A man must be a square guy in his treatment of her, for Mamie has a strong sense of self-determination, and no Victorianism. She has been on her own

for ten years and beating a way up in a city like New York does not create a vine. For his part, Jack likes her pep. He isn't by nature a dominator. There are many years between his attitude and that of his day-laboring grandfather. A man who sells shoes is not prone to the assertive egotism and sense of power of one who daily conquers the earth with a pick.

When are Mamie and Jack to be married? The answer would be hard to discover. Jack broached the subject once. It was evening on a bench in Central Park, with Mamie nestled close, her cheek against his. Some strange sense of spring got hold of Jack. Suddenly he said:

"Let's you and me be married next fall and get a little bungalow out over the bridge, somewhere."

Mamie gave a jump and inspected him with surprise. "You want to live in one of those bungaloes? You want to go to the country?"

"Er-yeh," Jack stammered and a blush went over his face. "I'd like to, fine. I'll be getting a raise and we'll have a hundred per and I'd like to stop livin' in a buck joint and have a place with a nice piazza—and everything —"

"I get you," Mamie's voice was ironed out to a smooth line. "You want a Nest of Dreams like that movie you and me saw last week, and me doing the dishes and washing the clothes and running a go-cart round and round the block."

"Well, why not? You might do worse. Do you want to work in an office all your life?"

"If you're asking me, I do, just." Mamie's voice trembled with intensity. Marriage had no charm for her. As oldest of a family of nine children, she had watched her mother's struggles to feed them, clothe them, keep a roof overhead, and preserve the peace. Before Mamie had broken away to share rooms with her lady friend and escape the turmoil, she had assisted in the care of the whole brood. She couldn't

remember seeing her mother out of the kitchen. To her recollection she had never been dressed up—always wearing an old wrapper and broken-down slippers with her hair tightly screwed into a knot on the top of her head. She had never seen her neat, or cool or still. A distracted gray object, she seemed to move in a path around stacks of unwashed dishes, piles of clothes ready for the wash tub, cradles full of screaming infants, and noise and confusion everywhere.

At the word "bungalow" the picture of past home life cut in upon her, home life on the man's so much and not enough "per." Then the few years of her work and pleasure and the quiet of the rooms she shared with Irene O'Shaugnessey. She had no responsibilities, she was free and happy, and she had Jack. Why should she return to home life after all her effort to escape from it? She liked everything exactly as it was. Her hand went up with a gesture of disgust.

"Excuse me, I wouldn't be caught dead in one of those suburbs. What would I be doing all day?"

"You'd have the work, and then you could sit out on the cute little piazza-like in front and see the view—and I'd be coming home—"

"You'd be coming home and wanting to sit on the porch like a fine old man, would you, with your feet on the rail and a pipe? And we'd go to bed at nine o'clock and me never seeing a show or take in a dance—say, do I get you straight?"

"But, we're going to get old, some day," Jack said. A sense of the passing of time had come to him suddenly. Until a day or two before, he had thought of himself and Mamie as perpetually twenty-eight, young, happy, pleasure-seeking. Now he sat moodily, recalling Al Paine in Walker's Cut Price Shoe Store. Al was close to sixty and living in a rooming house, eating at bakeries and chop suey joints, approaching age with only memories as his savings. It made Jack

wonder if he too would go that way. Mamie broke the silence. For once, her thoughts differed from his own.

"So you want me to give up my twenty-seven-fifty a week and retire. You'd like to see me in a bungalow. Well, nothin' doin'."—Mamie powdered her nose vehemently—"where'd I come in? Like my ma? She was young like me once, and she had good wages and pretty clothes, and she worked with other girls, and then she got married, and she's never been out of the house since. It might have been all right for a few months, but now all pa cares for is to get off with some man that runs a still or knows where to get drink no matter what he has to pay. He don't care what happens to ma, or the kids either. That's what getting married does to folks—our kind of folks. They had a good time like we do, once. . . ."

Jack sat motionless. He knew Mamie meant it, with reason. He couldn't picture home life without her. Yet he wondered. He couldn't get over Al Paine, either. At the moment it was all too much for him. If anything happened to Mamie, he'd be like that—all by himself with no home and no kin. He thought of the large crayon of his mother and father in their front bedroom, with underneath a framed wedding certificate, decorated with flying cupids. In the back of his mind there had always been the picture of a little home, with his portrait and Mamie's, perhaps in their wedding clothes, his arm around her waist, her hand on his shoulder, and by and by a little Jack or Mamie, cute kids like the one he had seen in the Nest of Dreams.

And the beginning of the future lies in the now. It came over Jack solemnly. Some day he and Mamie would be too old to get married and they wouldn't have any money to buy a place in the Bronx or Queens. He felt baffled. Still, he couldn't blame Mamie. She had had her experiences. His mother was not like hers. His had been a cook

and perhaps she knew how to manage better. Anyway, she had been proud and happy to give up working and keep a home for Jim Kelly, and she always seemed contented, although there was plenty of hard work and fun had to be counted out, he knew that. Girls like Mamie had never cooked and they didn't like housework. He didn't know anything about the census, but he did know that most of the girls in his horizon were clerking or typing and few did anything that had homekeeping in it.

Mamie pinched his arm. "Come back, silly. Quit your mooning. I'll blow you to an ice-cream sandwich and we'll go to Rubbini's. There's prize dancing to-night, Irene's bringing Joe."

Jack came back with a start. Mamie in the flesh? The Nest of Dreams? Some lovely movie, but after all the hero was more like his father, and the heroine like Mamie's mother—old-timers, sure. He and Mamie were lady and gent.

ON WRITING JOKES

BY NEWMAN LEVY

A WELL-KNOWN authority on humor recently confided to the public that he is the author of fifty thousand jokes. By devoting merely two hours a week to this delightful occupation he has been able to acquire a princely income, a flock of high-powered automobiles, a yacht, and all the other evidences of wealth and luxury. It seems like an excellent business proposition, and furthermore, as he tells us, it's rather easy. It is our purpose to formulate in this article a few simple rules, so that anyone can learn to write jokes, and add to his income in his spare moments.

The first rule to remember is that a joke should be funny. If the beginner will keep this rule, so often forgotten by joke makers, in mind, it is almost certain that his efforts will be successful.

Jokes may be divided into certain well-defined categories. A few illustra-

tions will explain the method more clearly than would pages of exposition. For instance, there is the Society Joke. The characters may be a man and a woman, two men, or two women. In the case of the two men, the name of the first is always Knicker and his companion, Bocker. If the joke is illustrated the picture shows Knicker sitting in an armchair at the club; a bottle of liquor, a siphon of vichy, and a glass, stand on a small table beside him. Bocker is standing up, his hands in his trousers pockets, and a cigarette in his mouth. The formula then is something like this:

Knicker: . . .

Bocker: . . .

The point of the joke—the laugh, is, as you can see, in Bocker's reply. Sometimes Bocker is there with the snappy comeback and Knicker makes the introductory remark. Both of the boys have a pretty wit.

When a female character is introduced into the joke her name, generally, is Miss Cayenne. Her humor is of the biting, devastating kind, especially when she condescends to converse with Mrs. Newlyrich. Miss Cayenne's other favorite victim is Mr. Staylate. He pulls out his watch and remarks that it's half past ten. That's where Miss Cayenne, stifling a yawn, comes across with a wallop.

The student should practice these examples fully. He should try to write about a dozen jokes in which Knicker utters the bright retort. When he feels that he has become sufficiently adept at this, he can then try his hand at a dozen or so with Bocker in the principal role. He will then be ready to take up the next class of jokes—The Child Joke.

There are several formulas that should be memorized. This is the Johnny-Father Type:

Johnny (aged three): "Father, what is a *Johnny* Tariff?"

Father: "A protective tariff is—"

Father tells him what a protective tariff is, and the reader is convulsed. The converse, or Father-Johnny Type goes like this:

Father (severely): "Your mother tells me you were very rude to the minister to-day."

Johnny (aged three): "Well . . ."

The Teacher-Johnny Type is quite effective, and goes like this:

Teacher: "Give a sentence using the word 'psychoanalysis.'"

Johnny: "My sister Mary has a beau who . . ."

There is also the Two-Children Joke, which is quite popular, particularly in fashion magazines and religious periodicals. Two illustrations will suffice:

Tommy: "My father can . . ."

Johnny: "That's nothing. My father can . . ."

And there you are!

Mother (coming into the nursery): "Why are you making your little sister cry, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Well, we were playing Noah's Ark, and . . ."

Johnny's naïve explanation is always uproariously funny. These examples should be studied and practiced diligently until the student feels that he is proficient. (In the last example, "Father" may be substituted occasionally for "Mother").

The Teacher - Johnny Joke may require a bit more effort than the other types but the result justifies it. Many musical comedies have been built around less.

The limits of this article do not permit an exhaustive study of the subject. We wish we had space to discuss the Bucolic Joke, which deals with the droll replies of Farmer Corntassel to the City Boarder; and the Suburban Joke, founded upon the humor of Mr. Suburb's struggles with the furnace, and his adventures with the five-thirty train. The illustrations we have given above belong to the Dramatic or Snappy Dialogue Class of Jokes. There is also the Narrative or Anecdotal Class, which begins, "It seems there was an Irishman—" But this brings us to the more advanced branches of joke-making, such as Dialect Jokes, and the Politico-Theatrical Celeb-

rity Joke. "A funny story is going the rounds at Washington about Senator Dusenberry, who is noted for his brilliant repartee" and "Miss Gladys Heimerdinger, who is starring in *The Bartender's Bride*, is very fond of cats. Last week . . ."

The student should confine himself, at first, to the elementary branches of joke-making, and not try to be too ambitious.

A bright pupil, reading what we have written, should learn to be an accomplished jokesmith in an hour. It is a delightful profession and a remunerative one. And think how it can amuse the kiddies during the long winter evenings when the radio is busted!

BALLADE OF THE DERBY HAT

BY GELETT BURGESS

LORD, but they strike one as queer and crude,

The quaint old fashions of yester year!

Gone is the dandy, and gone the dude,

Belles and beaux have to disappear.

And short skirts—merely a souvenir!

Bobbed hair's now only found on brats;

This I know, but I can't see clear—

Where are the canes and the derby hats?

Gone is the ancient, virginal prude,

Mark how flappers do gibe and jeer;

Murderous women wage endless feud;

Painted girls in low necks are freer.

Horses and carriages now seem queer,

Restaurants change into automats;

All this is simple; but tell me, dear,

Where are the canes and the derby hats?

Every home has its own home-brewed,

Gone, all gone is the five-cent beer;

Movies are censored by unco guid,

Books are banned, and the cabarets drear.

Gas has gone, and Milady's ear;

There used to be forty-five dollar flats;

I should worry. But just see here—

Where are the canes and the derby hats?

Kids, don't think that I'd interfere,

All things must change, and I'm not austere.

But, speaking of sideburns, suspenders and spats,

Where are the canes and the derby hats?

SCHOOL AHEAD—GO SLOW

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

TOUSLEHEAD came breezily into the study just at the acme of one of my most delicately adjusted sentences, and announced that he had to "make a report" on Daniel Boone. If he had demanded the price of the movies, he would have been unanimously ejected. But I pride myself on the neat little historical collection in the northwest corner of the study almost as much as on the turn of my sentences. To be sure, I have never recaptured the first fine careless calculation of the one he shattered, but I should rather lose it forever than send a boy of mine to school with a bunch of withered encyclopedia stuff on a topic like that. So Touslehead and I spent a happy afternoon and evening (at least I was happy) rummaging among my almost unique pamphlets and maps. I managed to slip in a suggestion of my highly original theory about George Rogers Clark and Simon Kenton and a few other good old scouts, and sent him off next morning with a very spiffy little report such as no other boy in his class could have turned out—unless he had come to me for it. Of course, in the Carter Brown Library and there is—an almost unknown collection in Worcester—however . . . I could hardly wait—till Wednesday to hear how his report hit the class. I even meditated trying to slip into the room just to see that history teacher's face.

On Wednesday afternoon I found him working over a drawing board, his arms to the elbows subdued to what he worked in, namely, colored inks. When I asked him about the report, he said they hadn't had any history that day because it was Fire Prevention Week, and they had been listening to lectures from members of the Fire Department on how much it cost the insurance companies every time there was a fire. I was a little disappointed at first, but I suggested that the delay was not wholly

unfortunate since it would enable us to add evidence to show that Cresap was not responsible after all for the murder of Logan's family. Touslehead said that—aw—the report was all right; anyway he had to make a colored poster to show what happens when you light a match to see whether there is any more gasoline in the tank. I looked over his shoulder. The cartoon was rather crude, but it was vivacious and highly colored. I suggested that if he were to add an "awk!" or a "glub!" or words to that effect, tied to the victim's nose with a string, he might sell the drawing to a Sunday supplement. He explained with some heat that an explosion which was quite harmless in the supplement was deadly during Fire Prevention Week, and retorted by pointing out that my desk was a fire risk which menaced the community. I had to admit that it is piled pretty high with papers, but I reminded him that I can always draw out a slide to write on, and it always keeps itself clear because it dumps automatically when you shove it in; besides, all my ash trays are fireproof, and I can always tell anyway when the papers get on fire because they smell so different from tobacco. I don't think he heard my defense; he was too busy adding glories of orange and yellow to his towering flames. "Gee, Dad," he remarked, "I wisht there would be a fire like when the lumber yard burned down—only with people jumping out of the windows. Did you ever see one with people jumping out of the windows?"

By the following Wednesday my eagerness had somewhat abated, still, as soon as I decently could after I heard Touslehead come in, I strolled casually into his room and found him at work over his desk, which swam before my eyes as a vague welter of raffia, putty, toothpicks, and tinsel string. It seemed that there had been no regular lessons; all the pupils had been busy making "these things"; he had not finished, and had brought the

work home. His concept of the work was that he was to reinforce a lump of putty with toothpicks and swathe it in raffia wrapped and interwoven with tinsel string. His explanation of the use of the finished product was that it was "to give to an orphan asylum." It appeared that Mrs. Orra Kidwell wanted ten thousand of them because she was driving a campaign to put one in the hands of every orphan in every asylum in the state. My memory told me nothing of Mrs. Orra Kidwell save that she was the president of the Women's Club, but I learned from the paper that evening that she had been "prominently mentioned" as a candidate for the presidency of the State Affiliation of Women's Clubs.

The next week was "Buy a Prune Week." This year the Amalgamated Prune Producers did not succeed in making it a national affair, but another time they expect to have every school child in the United States live mentally on prunes for a week, and physically if possible. As a state affair, the newspapers declared the week a success. In science, each child dissected a dead prune and learned the most intimate secrets of its anatomy. There was a debate in the High School auditorium as to whether the prune was the tree of knowledge or the tree from which Adam and Eve made their (alleged) fig-leaf clothes. The affirmative proved beyond a reasonable doubt that a prune diet was a short cut to wisdom, but the negative won by a striking demonstration of prune-leaf clothes on living models. In history classes, the children traced the uses of the prune in boarding houses of all ages and races from the dynasty of Thotmes III to Tipton, Indiana. In English class, each child received a prune and wrote an essay on how best to use it. With all this the children were too much occupied to learn anything, so I did not so much as ask Touslehead about Daniel Boone.

I had no better luck the next week either. It was "Own Your Own Home

Week." Touslehead told me that "conspicuous realtors" were delivering lectures in all the schools. From their talks he gathered that if, when you are nine years old you pay ninety-nine cents down, and thereafter pay nine cents a day, when you are ninety you will find yourself the proud possessor of an option on a lot either in the Hopewell Addition or in the cemetery, he wasn't quite sure which. I don't know exactly what a "realtor" is, and, I have no dictionary young enough to tell me, but I infer that he is a promising sort of person whose mind is rather hazy about all terms except financial ones, for he naïvely confuses the idea of owning a home with that of buying a house.

By that time we had passed the middle of October, and for a week all lessons were suspended to prepare for the important festival of Halloween. Half the children in the city schools spent the week cutting figures of cats and witches out of black paper and pasting them on orange paper. The other half cut figures from orange paper and pasted them on black paper. The amount of paper destroyed must have been enormous. I haven't mathematics enough to calculate what it would have done if placed end to end, but it must have contributed hugely to the deforestation of the continent, and added another figure to the fortunes of paper manufacturers. Also, there is the destruction of sheets and pillowcases to make costumes for the evening exercises, the destruction of pumpkins in the attempt to make lanterns and the ultimate purchase of imitation pumpkin lanterns, the destruction of gates, fences, signs, and other movable property, and the sale

of useless dewdads in black and orange from the window displays of the small retail merchants. When I think of all this, I can see clearly that the Halloween agitation in the public schools as measured in hard cash by hard citizens is worth more than history and spelling. But I do not see clearly what the connection is between black cats and All Souls, and Touslehead was so absorbed that week in the work of destruction that I hadn't the heart to ask him.

For the rest of the calendar year the children were working too hard with preparations for Thanksgiving and Christmas to do anything with formal lessons. Besides, the paint manufacturers came along with a "Save the Surface Week" in which the pupils learned that the beauty of a building is only skin deep, and if you use up enough paint on the outside, the plumbing will take care of itself. Then the plumbers came back with a "Plumb to the Bottom Week" and the doctrine that good digestion is better than cosmetics, and the house whose plumbing is open and aboveboard need never be painted. So it was not until Christmas vacation that I had a chance to ask Touslehead about Daniel Boone. He looked at me blankly, and asked, "Who's Daniel Boone?"

There was once a time when the schoolboy of tender age was taught to proclaim at suitable intervals that his heart was God's little garden. Does the Gardener walk there still in the cool of the evening? Or is the garden now given over to propagandists and other advertisers for an experiment station? If so, I think I must take a hand myself, and teach the young idea how to shoot in self-defense.



Overcrowding the Colleges

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

PERHAPS a college education, as now afforded, isn't so indispensable as people have thought. It would bring relief to many minds if more people could be brought to think so. Conspicuous among the minds so relieved would be that of Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Corporation and the Carnegie Foundation. Dr. Pritchett's employment, as every educationist knows, is to give away money. The money was provided by Mr. Carnegie and there is quite a lot of it. Dr. Pritchett, who is the head of two boards that give it away, finds the task very difficult. Somebody, he says, must sweat blood with gift money if its effect is not to do more harm than good. He does not say so, but it can be said with truth that one of the best exploits of the Carnegie money has been to direct the mind of Dr. Pritchett to the subject of disbursement for educational purposes and to give him the means to publish from time to time his comments and conclusions in such a fashion that they get attention. It has been observed this long time that money talks. Dr. Pritchett, in a way, is money talking. He and his brethren of the two boards are not asking for anything material or pecuniary. In those lines they are supplied and begin to feel that they are oversupplied. The need they feel is the need of knowledge and wisdom. How can we give away this money, he says, so that it shall not do more harm than good?

Really it is not to be wondered at that this problem should be so difficult.

The rule for humanity, for human progress, is that what man learns he must learn for the most part by his own effort, and that his conduct must be determined by his own free will. He will be helped, to be sure, if he can find out how to get help, but clearly the intention is that he shall earn his bread, that he shall earn his knowledge, and that he shall make his character by effort. We think of God as all powerful and able to have made the world a great machine in which human life could have gone along without sin or much friction and in which people could have had everything they needed and could have been good. We can think of that as a possibility, but can anybody think of results from it? Can anybody think of progress in such a world? Can anybody think of attainment, or justification of living, in such a world as that?

Well, these Foundations that Dr. Pritchett represents are in a way, and at a respectful distance, in the position of the Almighty. They have a great deal to give and they are open to the prayers of all the needy, but their problem is so to give as not to hinder evolution but to aid it. They want to help make men wiser and better and abler. They want to bring health to human life, and not the feebleness that comes from too much unearned support.

Dr. Pritchett grumbles a great deal, but always in a good spirit, the spirit of a man who wants to make things better. He assaults the present school and college system of the United States. He observes and discusses the rising cost of

it with something approaching dismay. He does not mind the cost, enormous though it is, if the results are worth it; but he does not think that at present they are. He does not think the country is getting its money's worth for what it spends on what it calls education. "Universal education," he says, "is perhaps the most generally accepted obligation among the American people, and rightly so, but popular opinion goes much farther and assumes that education such as the schools give is not only a cure for all social and political disorders, but that such education is almost the only open door to usefulness, to happiness, and to position." He refers several times to this opinion—that education such as the schools give is the cure for all disorders and the open door to what everybody ought to want. He does not think so much as all that of organized education as we have it. He thinks the over-regard for that kind of education keeps in schools great numbers of pupils whose intellectual endowment is ill-suited for formal study, but who may have a marked ability in other fields of action and who should get to work in those fields as early as possible. He thinks the schools try to teach too many things and in attempting too much, do it badly. Instead of being thorough in the essentials, they spread out over an impossible variety of subjects. He thinks the high schools, intended originally to provide advance teaching for pupils who did not expect to go to college, have turned into feeders for the colleges, with the result of an over-emphasis on going to college, and a greater army of youth pressing into colleges than the colleges can deal with efficiently. The colleges have tried to meet this demand. They have raised quantities of money in the struggle to do so. That effort, Dr. Pritchett says, has gone far to transform the American College President into a soliciting agent. He does not like the change. Neither do the college presidents like it. He

seems to think that the remedy is not in efforts to raise more money, but in a drastic revision of ideas as to what the mass of pupils should be taught. There are two questions involved. One is, how much teaching can the taxpayers afford to pay for? The other is, how much teaching can the average pupil afford the time to take? Dr. Pritchett seems to feel that the taxpayer is already paying for more than he should, and that the average pupil is wasting a lot of time in receiving poor instruction or instruction that really does not get him anywhere. The teaching that the taxpayers can afford to pay for and the pupils can afford to take is only such teaching as is worth the money and the time.

Then you run up against another question. What is teaching for? It is to make men better able to live well. And what will most help men to live well? Henry Ford, who is a very remarkable person and has contributed to a very interesting book about himself, seems to think it is the increased production and distribution of commodities. That is to say, more Ford cars, more tractors, more groceries, more of everything. He thinks that would help, and perhaps it would for a while. Ford cars have changed life a great deal. As far as they go, they have improved it. A better material world better furnished is desirable always. If you cure men and make them good they will have it, but merely to have it will not cure them and will not make them good. Making them good is a spiritual job and you do not accomplish it by material means, though you do have to try, and you do accomplish something by your efforts. You cannot save a world even by mental means. Dr. Pritchett seems to see that. His reference, as quoted above, to the popular opinion that education such as the schools give is a cure for everything, makes one think so. He seems to know better. He probably knows that education such as the schools ought to give would not

be a cure for everything. No amount of material apparatus or of purely mental or intellectual education would do the necessary job for mankind. The effort to make it do that job runs into impossible exertions and impossible expenditures. Dr. Pritchett points out how it is going that way in organized education.

The other day on Ward's Island in New York a State lunatic asylum burned down and twenty-two insane men were burned up. The next week the Governor appealed to the Legislature for fifty million dollars to build fireproof lunatic asylums in New York State. That is the way it goes. And even if fifty million dollars were spent on asylums, the New York lunatics would still be only imperfectly happy.

The mails of thousands of people in New York are littered up every day with advertisements from people who want to sell them something and with appeals for gifts to one or another organization for taking care of people who cannot take care of themselves. The world just now abounds enormously in such people. The great funds of which Dr. Pritchett is the managing distributor do not ordinarily concern themselves with charitable disbursement. That is not what they are for, but the taxpayers are concerned about it and so are the great body of givers to charities. This current American community has quite a tender heart and a pretty long pocket. It wants people in general to have what is necessary, and it is willing enough to give freely toward providing them with it. But if the need of provision is outrunning the capacity to provide, it is a hard case. Dr. Pritchett says it is a herculean job to bring down schooling to the level on which it belongs. It might be done, and probably will be done, if the money pinch is bad enough, but to reduce the cost of caring for lunatics and incurables and incapables is even more difficult. The way out of that is to cure them, to cure their lunacy or their incapacity, and that is the real job that

Dr. Pritchett and his Foundation and the great Rockefeller Foundations and other considerable ones are all on. They want to cure incapacity so that the great mass of people in the world can take care of themselves and live progressively. Modern governments are on the same job, but the great machine contrived to accomplish it is the Church. The first and almost the only errand of the Church is to make people good and teach them how to live.

And yet as one looks on, the best hope for new light and the accomplishment of that purpose comes, as usual, from outside of all the organizations, from the increase of knowledge about the nature and powers of man. Knowledge increases, especially nowadays, about things that are called occult, which is a name that carries with it a great accumulation of distrust. It is about spooky things, about things a little beyond the perception of our five senses, about things revealed—when they are revealed—not so much to the intellect as to the soul, about things that the positive and sure-enough people, who cling to "realities" perceptible by the bodily senses very much distrust and deprecate. Some of these things are important. They are the real background and basis of religion. They have to do with the invisible world and its inhabitants. They have to do with immortality, that is to say, the continuation of life after death. They have to do with the government of the will and with the influence that one person has upon another, and also with cures and diseases. Coué in his use of faith of the will to cure the sick, touches the occult. So do the Christian Scientists. So do the faith healers of all kinds. They all deal with the invisible forces still obscurely understood. They all recognize more or less that there is something more to man than his body, something more than his mind. But knowledge about these matters has not been teachable in the schools of organized education like most other scientific knowl-

edge. It has been a dangerous exploration, and people who have followed it have been unfavorably regarded. Organized education has been contemptuous of it. The churches as a rule have discouraged it. A few centuries ago they were inclined to burn people who dived in these investigations. It may be recalled that Joan of Arc was burned as a witch because she said the spirits talked with her. But if everybody in our day who thinks that spirits talk to him were burned we should have a very imposing lot of bonfires with a great many respectable characters furnished to them as fuel, with Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to lead the party.

But knowledge in these curious, obscure, and disreputable matters is really accumulating. It does not come from the inside of science or from the inside of churches, nor is it promoted by Dr. Pritchett or his organizations or by the Rockefeller Institute that studies medicine. It butts in from the outside, to the scandal of all the priesthoods—that of ministers, that of doctors, that of scientists. But this is usually the way with new knowledge. Any really great idea has to fight its way into human comprehension against all the efforts of the authorities who have charge of the human mind to keep it out. No considerable thing was ever done easily and with approval of observers. Back of it there always has to be faith and a kind of desperate courage.

The spiritistic matter that we most hear about just at this time of writing is the stuff called ectoplasm, which comes out of mediums and does very curious things like making spirit photographs, and is visible to some people sometimes and can be photographed. The substance has been known and written about for at least fifteen years and probably more. Its existence has been disputed and is still disputed, but it persists. The evidence about it accumulates and, one would say, was in a fair way to be accepted.

But what good if it is accepted?

This much good. That it attests new properties in the human body. That it shows up man as a less simple creature than he has seemed. That it is an answer to Hamlet's cry "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt!" That it works in the direction of making the soul visible and the proving of immortality. That it adds to knowledge in a way that presently may be useful in the medication of human infirmities. The more we know about man and how and for what he is contrived, the better qualified we should be to live ourselves and to promote a better life.

Dr. Pritchett, in discussing the overcrowding of the colleges, does not touch upon the possibilities of relief for them from the incursion of unexpected numbers of Jewish pupils whose presence, when there are enough of them, seems to operate to make the classic shades less acceptable to Gentile students and so, if not checked, may be expected in the end to reduce the pressure on some of the larger Eastern universities. It is very interesting, this crowding of young Jews in the colleges. The mass of the Jews in this country live in the great cities, about half of them in New York. They seem to look upon college education as the best bargain offered by American civilization. The more aspiring ones, rich or poor, flock to the colleges, the rich to those that look best to them, the poor to the one most accessible. Once there, they seem to do the thing that college authorities have always wanted students to do, to wit, they devote themselves to studies and competition for scholarship, to the neglect of athletics, clubs, and all the cluttering maze of side activities which take up the time and energies of students to the detriment of their pursuit of knowledge. The prospect that this Jewish incursion will impair the popularity of the colleges and reduce numbers is excellent. Nevertheless no college welcomes it and even Dr. Pritchett does not recommend it as a cure for what he thinks is wrong.



Barcarole

BY ARTHUR GUTERMAN

ON the winding ways of Venice
Where there's little chance for tennis,
But spumone, zabaione
And chianti sweetly cheer,
Went a roving Yankee Doodler
(A canoedelling canoedler)
With a shambling, gambling,
Rambling, scrambling,
Gondolling gondolier.

Past San Marco's gorgeous duomo
Where the local *genus homo*
Works at guiding, thus providing
For his wives and children dear,
Past the Palace of the Doges
With its loges and gamboges
Rowed the shyly smiley,
Highly wily,
Gondolling gondolier.



Through the narrow canaletti
 Where they hang the fresh spaghetti
 For the savor and the flavor
 Which pervade the atmosphere,
 Through the redolent Rialto,
 Singing tenor and contralto,
 Oared the chanting, ranting,
 Gallivanting,
 Gondolling gondolier.

Then across to view the Lido
 Where the universal credo
 Is, "We need you and we bleed you
 And we're here because we're here,"
 On the azure Adriatic
 In his cockle-shell piratic
 Steered the dashing, plashing,
 Crimson-sashing,
 Gondolling gondolier.

At the hour when rising Luna
 Silvers all the calm laguna,
 When the pasti and the asti
 On the festal board appear,
 Where the gondole are stranded
 Was the stranger safely landed
 By the daring, flaring,
 Earring-wearing,
 Gondolling gondolier.

"Give-a lire hundre'-twenty
 For da trippa longa plenty!"
 In such argot to his cargo
 Spake that licensed buccaneer.
 "Why, you darned Venetian boodler!"
 Cried the wrathful Yankee Doodler
 To the overcharging,
 Fee-enlarging,
 Gondolling gondolier.

But the boatman swore, "Sapristi!
 I go tella da Fascisti!"
 So the rover forked it over
 Using language quite severe
 As he blustered, "Call me Dennis,
 But I'll stay and warn all Venice
 Of the thieving, reaving,
 Archdeceiving,
 Gondolling gondolier!"



BUT I'LL STAY AND WARN ALL VENICE

So the Yankee, never flitting,
On the Molo still is sitting,
Objurgating, comminating
That aquatic profiteer,
Who inhales his vermicelli
Singing scandalous stornelli,
Oh, the shameless, tameless,
Fameless, nameless,
Gondolling gondolier!

Two by Two

IN a Sunday-school class in a Western town the young woman in charge asked:

"And how did Noah spend his time in the Ark?"

"Fishin'," was the suggestion of a boy pupil.

"A very reasonable suggestion," said the teacher.

"But," continued the boy, "he couldn't have caught much."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because," answered the lad, knowingly, "because, you see, he had only two worms with him."

A Concise Report

LILLY BROWN, a "yaller" girl whose complexion matched her name, returned to school after an absence with the following excuse:

"Dear teacher,

"Please excuse my Lilly. She has spells and she had one."

Presence of Mind

THE office-boy had told his employer the old tale about his grandmother's death, but it had worked, and he started gayly for the baseball field. Just as he was about to pass in the gate, he saw his boss, who caught sight of him at the same moment. With rare presence of mind, the boy pretended not to see him, but turned to the gatekeeper and asked in a loud voice:

"Will you please direct me to the cemetery?"

Conjugal Faith

SEEING a colored man of his acquaintance starting off on a fishing excursion, a gentleman thought it an excellent time to reprove him for his laziness.

"Tom, you old loafer," said he, "do you think it's right to leave your wife at the washtub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassah, colonel; it's all right. Mah wife doan' need any watchin'. She'll shorely wuk jes' as hard as ef I was dere."

An Opinion, Indirectly Expressed

HAROLD, aged four, was a lonely only child, so he begged his father for a little dog to play with. But papa put him off. They were expecting the stork to visit them soon, and he asked if a little brother or sister wouldn't be a nicer playmate than a dog. Harold agreed to wait. A few days later his father took him upstairs to see the new little brother who had just arrived. Long and earnestly the child gazed at the red, wrinkled, flannel-wrapped mite, and then lifted sorrowful eyes to his father.

"Papa, buy me the dog," he said.

Space for Decoration

TWO young ladies in Washington were discussing a foreign naval officer who has received many medals and decorations.

"But," said one of them, "isn't he becoming awfully fat?" He seems to be putting on flesh every day."

"What can you expect, my dear?" replied the other. "The poor man must find room somehow for his medals and decorations."

Revised Physics

"YOUR Honor," said a lawyer in a trial of a case in a Southern court, "the argument of my learned friend is lighter than vanity. It is air; it is smoke. From top to bottom it is absolutely nothing. And therefore, Your Honor, it falls to the ground by its own weight."

In Honor of the Occasion

IN the English and American colony of business exiles at Tientsin, China, the visit of the Episcopal bishop is an outstanding social event. Not long since his eminence did a certain household the honor to dine in its company. The Chinese cook was duly impressed with the importance of the occasion and stimulated to do his best. He responded nobly. The menu was all that the most exacting ecclesiastic could have desired, but the top notch of achievement came with the dessert, the *pièce de résistance* of which was a magnificent frosted cake on the surface of which the chef had embossed these words: "Hurrah for God!"



Our Own Travelogues

Huntsmen trying to surprise a cheese in the Forest of Limburg

Too Familiar

AN officer of our Army who saw service in France tells an amusing story of a burly and bristling German captain who was included in a bag of prisoners taken by American soldiers just before the signing of the armistice. The German was indignant, to say the least, and his indignation intensified as he was marched back to the intelligence officer, who is the one that tells the story.

He had not heard the questioning officer speak more than six words of German before he burst into the conversation.

"In the United States Army," he asked, "do you allow privates to address officers by their first names?"

"Why?" asked the American officer.

"Well, this frightful person, who is no soldier at all either in appearance or demeanor," explained the German, "called me Heinie every time he addressed me."



Domestic Couéism—Try It

M. COUÉ TO COOK: "Now say after me twenty times, and do so every day,

*'I'm not going away,
I'm going to stay.
I like it better and better.'*"

He Knew His Size

MRS. FILKS usually did the marketing, as Mr. Filk's memory was not of the best, and he was subject to what she called "dreamy spells." But one morning she was ill, and asked her husband to telephone from his office the orders, which she had carefully written.

He read from the list to the market man briskly. The last item on the list was a head of cabbage.

"Large or small head?" asked the market-man before Mr. Filks had time to hang up the receiver, but not before his thoughts had wandered.

"Eh?" he said, vaguely, and the market-man repeated his question.

"Seven and an eighth," replied Mr. Filks.



Uncrowded Occupations

Statistical designer striking an average for ready-made trousers



THE PROFESSOR: "Will this path take me to the village meadow? . . . Oh, I beg your pardon"

Mistaken Identity

A NEGRO went to register for military service.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," the negro replied.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No, sah; I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh on to a year."

Self-Expression

A PHILADELPHIA man not long ago became interested in a typical street gamin so diminutive in stature that the passer-by stopped to question him.

"Where do you get your papers, son?" asked the man.

"Oh, I buy 'em in the alley by this newspaper's place."

"What do you pay for them?"

"Two cents."

"What do you sell them for?"

"Two cents."

"Then you don't make anything at that?"

"Nope; but it gives me a chance to holler."

Dorothy's Deduction

THE class was engaged in answering oral history questions when the teacher came to Dorothy.

"Now, Dorothy, tell me how many presidents the United States has had up to the present day," requested the teacher.

The little girl thought for a minute or two and said: "I believe there were eighteen."

"Dorothy, I'm surprised at you!" came back the teacher. "Why, when I was your age I could name every one of them!"

"I shouldn't wonder. There were only three at that time!" said Dorothy amid roars of laughter from the other pupils.

A Cynical Friend

MR. JACKSON, a Mississippian, can never remember anything, nor keep anything to himself. He is aware of his vice of inattention.

"Things that I hears goes in at one ear an' out at the other," he remarked to his friend, Mr. Johnson.

"No, suh," said Mr. Johnson, "they goes in at one ear an' then out at yo' mouth!"

A Fight for Reputation

A MAN going along a lonely road was set upon by two highwaymen. He fought desperately but was finally overcome and searched. All that the bandits found was a dime. "Search him again," said one. "He would never put up a fight like that for a dime."

They searched again but could find no more.

"Now tell me," asked the spokesman, "why you fought so we nearly had to kill you."

"Well," answered the victim, "the truth of the matter is I didn't want my financial condition exposed."

Practice Makes Perfect

"HANNAH," queried a white woman, "what is the matter with your boy that he cries so?"

Hannah, who was hard at work over the washtub, wrung another garment with a vim and replied:

"He's hongry—he wants a piece o' bread."

"Well, why don't you give it to him?" questioned the woman indignantly.

"'Cause I's tryin' to teach him to do without it." She let fall the garment that she had intended to wring, and leaning on the side of the tub she earnestly explained: "You see, ef the high prices lasts much longer he won't have nothin' to eat, an' so I's jes' tryin' to git him used to it!"

Luxury in the Raw

AN old farmer in Virginia had, by hard work and thrifty habits, got together a little fortune, and decided that the time had at last arrived when he was justified in ordering a family vehicle.

His friends urged him to buy a motor car but he went instead to a carriage builder (there are, it is said, still such to be found) and described in detail the sort of carriage he wished to buy.

"I suppose you want rubber tires," said the carriage man.

"No," said the old farmer in tones of resentment. "My folks ain't that kind. When they're riding, they want to know it."



"It's going to be a tight squeeze to send Henry through the medical school; but we've simply got to have some one in the family with authority to write a prescription"

Down Maine

A MOTORIST and his wife traveling over a familiar road came to a sign pointing to Bangor. The reversed arrow pointed to Monroe.

"That sign is exactly reversed," said the driver to his wife. "Bangor is the other way."

"I guess the sign is more apt to be right than you, Fred," answered his wife, with conjugal emphasis. "Go right in and inquire at that farm house."

Fred obeyed, and the farmer answered: "Yes, that sign ought to be over on this side the road, but when we tried to set it, we struck a laidge, so we stuck her over there."

"But," remonstrated Fred, "it makes the directions the wrong way around."

"I know it does," said the farmer, "but anybody knows enough to git to Bangor."

A Mathematical Problem

SMALL Elizabeth came to school one day in a state of suppressed excitement. Going straight to the teacher's desk, she

exclaimed exultantly, "I've got a new little sister!"

"How very nice," replied the teacher.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but this is only a half-sister."

"Why, that doesn't make any difference does it?"

"No, but I never can understand where the *other* half is."

Too Full Measure

IN a rural community of Kentucky a family was in desperate circumstances as a result of continued illness.

The church board and the preacher met to plan for their relief. A deacon, called on by the preacher to pray, waxed eloquent.

"O Lord," he prayed, "help us to act as Thy messengers here on earth to these poor people. Help us not only to pray for them but to supply their need of food, O Lord. Put it in our hearts to carry them a barrel of flour, a barrel of pork, a barrel of sugar, a barrel of pepper—oh hell, that's too much pepper!"



THE GOLFER: "Well, move those cows off the course, clean up the fairway an' put a putt'n' green under the trees an' maybe I'll consider it"

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, as all HARPER readers will remember, is the author of "The Land of the Free" published in the January issue. No article in any American periodical in recent years has created so great an amount of discussion. Her contribution in the present issue will, in the opinion of the Editors, equally challenge the interest of all thinking Americans. **Edwina Stanton Babcock** has contributed many stories of unusual distinction to HARPER'S. "Mr. Cardeezzer" in the present issue is perhaps her most remarkable achievement to date.

Doctor Harlow Shapley, formerly of Mount Wilson Observatory, was appointed Director of the Harvard College Observatory in 1921. His researches as to the size and structure of the stellar universe have attracted widespread attention among astronomers. He has perfected methods of measuring star-distances photometrically, and in applying these methods to the problem of the distances and structure of the great star-clusters he has demonstrated that the stellar universe in volume is at least a thousand times larger than it has been thought to be.

Stephen Leacock this month directs his shafts of good-humored satire at a type of dramatic performance which many HARPER readers at one time or another have probably had inflicted upon them. **Arthur Sturges Hildebrand**, in his adventurous voyage, "South, for Blue Water," which began last month, passes Gibraltar and enters the Mediterranean. A full account of his voyage is to appear in book form. **Miss V. H. Friedlaender** continues to send from her home in England stories which find a popular audience among HARPER readers. **Walter Prichard Eaton** is another old friend of the Magazine, who has written frequently and with delightful originality of the wild life in and around his Berkshire retreat.

Edna St. Vincent Millay was introduced in this column last month. The sequence of sonnets published in this issue must be accounted among the great poetic achievements of the year. **Edgar V. Smith**, of Birming-

ham, Alabama, is a new contributor to HARPER'S who is soon to appear again in these pages. **Rollo Walter Brown**, professor of English at Carleton College, Minnesota, is spending a sabbatical year at Harvard. He will be remembered as the author of "Educational Unevening," which appeared in the May, 1921, issue, and which has been widely reprinted.

Florence Guy Woolston is welcomed once more to the "Lion's Mouth," which her humorous philosophy has often brightened in the past. **Gelett Burgess's** earliest claim to fame will always be associated with his memorable lines anent a "Purple Cow." **Robert Palfrey Utter**, formerly professor of English at Amherst, is now at Stanford University. **Arthur Guiterman** is the author of several volumes of humorous poems. His "rhymed reviews" of new books are always eagerly looked for. In response to the suggestion that he compose a rhymed review of himself he has produced the following:

The subject of this little sketch
Is famed as metricist and scholar;
His very autograph will fetch
A dime, the tenth part of a dollar.
His class was that of Ninety-one,
A noble class as all acknowledge;
He had a fair amount of fun
Through five athletic years at college.
Among his works are, "Chips of Jade,"
"The Laughing Muse," "The Mirthful Lyre."
His Car of Song can make the grade,
But sometimes needs an extra tire.
Oh, he can be as light as cork
Or grave as old *Memento Mori*!
His Balladry of Old New York
Is sure to win undying glory.
For songs of days that were and are,
"A Ballad-Maker's Pack," remember:
And don't forget "The Light Guitar"
Which makes its entry this September.
He's fond of rhymes aloof and shy,
Especially the rhyme for "window;"
And if you ask the reason,—why,
His wife's sweet name is "Vida Lindo."
He loves the wooded mountain camp,
He loves a set of tennis dearly,
He loves to skate, canoe and tramp,
And signs his letters, "Yours sincerely."

With this issue HARPER'S MAGAZINE completes the seventy-third year of its continuous publication. It has been read by three generations of Americans, but the first of these has not wholly passed away. Once a reader of HARPER'S always a reader of HARPER'S, is a statement borne out by the testimony of the Magazine's subscription lists. And the younger subscribers are quite as constant as the old. An informal tribute from one of the Magazine's very oldest friends comes to us from Tacoma, Washington:

DEAR HARPER'S—Of the seventy odd years of its existence my recollections go backward nearly sixty years, when the Magazine was a regular visitor in my home; and I can recall asking about the bubble-dispensing allegorical figure upon the cover.

Quite naturally, the bulk of what has appeared in HARPER'S during this lengthy period has necessarily escaped the most retentive memory. But a few things stand out in bold relief. In 1881 appeared a biographical sketch, with portrait, of Thomas Blanchard, crediting him with the invention of the gun-stocking machine, as first known, the pattern-following lathe, or the last-turning machine, as it still exists in its earliest and simplest form. The very simplicity of this mechanism has perhaps contributed to the minimizing of its importance. But the fact stands that this invention was the one thing which ended the era of the shaping of tools and all manufactured articles by hand and inaugurated the machine-made, interchangeable-parts method in manufacture. Blanchard's name stands in imminent danger of oblivion. It should stand first among inventors of all climes and ages. His career is inadequately set forth in some works, omitted in several encyclopedias, and only in HARPER'S and the local history of the unimportant Massachusetts town of his birth are the complete facts presented.

A special feature of interest in the Magazine of a half-century ago was the appearance serially of the works of leading English novelists, filling a period previous to the rise of American writers to a point of equal interest. Among the last to appear were Thomas Hardy and Du Maurier. But it is in the department of short stories that progress is most manifest, and especially in the work of women writers.

This letter was instigated by the desire to record my appreciation of John Burroughs' own account of his childhood. Its simple, unaffected style and vivid description of personal experiences and the living conditions of that period and locality render it more than biography and of the highest order of literary quality.

F. W. PROCTOR.

Another friend of the Magazine, "seventy years a resident of Oregon," writes of his first acquaintance with this Magazine:

The first HARPER'S MONTHLY I read was the February, 1856, number—in August of that year, when I "tuk sick" and was unable to work in the harvest field. I sneaked into a barn full of "new-mown hay" and read the number through.

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The temptation to publish still another of the many communications from readers of Mrs. Gerould's "The Land of the Free" leads the Editors to close the discussion by printing the following letter. It bears the all but anonymous signature "G. B." of Shoshone, Wyoming, and while the Editors do not wholly share the writer's views, his—(or her?)—viewpoint is interesting:

SHOSHONE, Wyom.

DEAR HARPER'S—May we not congratulate poor America on being still the home of the brave, if not the land of the free, as witness Mrs. Gerould's article, and your courage in publishing it?

Yet, what a difference the viewpoint makes in our appreciation of the unhappiness of others!

Out in a cabin in the Rocky Mountains, where distances are measured by the number of snow drifts to be crossed, and time by the intervals between blizzards, it is hard to rouse the proper sympathy with those well-bred, highly cultured and home-protected people, who are forced to deny themselves the light wines and delicate liqueurs that add sparkle to minds already keen.

I do, however, feel the same pity as for the little, children in a mission kindergarten in Chicago, long before prohibition fell alike on the high and low.

They came drooping in, one morning, complaining,

"Oh, Miss T., the cops got Tony Martinelli for killin' and we couldn't get any beer for breakfast!"

Here where we have learned that tea is a better stimulant against the cold than stronger drinks, and several things safer antidotes for snake-bite, it seems more important that the wishes of a large majority of our own people should have a careful trial, feeling sure there must have been a serious underlying need; and that this trial should be given without bitterness, and without giving to lawbreakers, and foreign envy, the encouragement of our discontent.

Still my viewpoint may be narrow, even as others.

As to free speech, one wonders what more Mrs. Gerould wished to say but didn't dare!

Somehow I am inclined to think some of the "Little Cousin Jaspers" from Canada have been irritating Mrs. Gerould, that she is driven to paraphrase,

"Wisht our town ain't like it is!"

G. B.

The Editors are glad to give place to the following tribute, from a Boston lawyer, to Gamaliel Bradford's series of "Damaged Souls," concluded last month, since it expresses very much their own feeling regarding these notable biographical portraits:

DEAR HARPER'S—I cannot help expressing to you my intense interest in, and profound admiration for, the articles which you have recently published by Gamaliel Bradford on "Damaged Souls." It seems to me that in these articles Mr. Bradford has reached the very pinnacle of his marvelous power of character portrayal.

I do not think Mr. Bradford's contribution to history has been properly recognized. Every one appreciates the literary quality and the marvelous analysis in his portraits, but is he not doing something more? Is he not making a great contribution to history? He is making the master minds live as human beings. By studying their character we arrive at their motives and come to recognize the impelling forces of history.

The old historians dealt with kings and wars, the next school dealt with peoples, and now comes Gamaliel Bradford as a leader in a new school of history dealing with the souls and motives of those who really made history. I am inclined to think that eventually he will come to be recognized as the greatest of American historians.

May the pages of HARPER'S never be without his magic and inspired touch.

Very truly yours,

EDGAR J. RICH.



An interesting article could be compiled from the letters to the Editors which accompany manuscripts. The opinion still seems stubbornly to persist that manuscripts are not read by editors, and the ingenuity of the as yet unknown writer is therefore put to the test of devising some sort of individual appeal which will catch the Editor's jaded attention and stir his interest.

Here is one method of approach—a letter addressed to the Editor in person—and we

leave it to our readers to judge for themselves whether it accomplished its purpose:

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

Good mawnin', Mistah Wells! Is yo' all in one piethe, thisser mawnin'?

'At's good!

Aw, Mistah Wells, we seen Mistah Harper's li'l BROTHERS shootin' craps out on de conch lot, as we come by. We up 'n' ast 'em would dey read some tories of our'n. "Naw," de li'llest one snapped, as he t'rowed a pair o' deuces, "take 'em in to Tom—he fixes de sentences—he's de chap-lyin' in ouah rejectment o' volunteers!" Will yo', Mistah Wells?

Aw, Jeanne, ain't 'at nithe!—Mistah Wells says he'll read 'em! . . .

Come up closh, honey-bunch—Quit twistin' yo' pigtails!—Mistah Wells he won' bite!—He's paid to show his teef 'ataway! Lemme hol' yo' han'! There, now, say: "Fank yo'-all, Mistah Wells!" . . . 'At's a dood dir!

Aw, Mistah Wells, doos yo'-all buy tories—or, NAMES on tories? Huh?

Look at Mistah Wells, Jeanne! Ain't he a nithe lookin' man? Bet he's ver' sweede to his-all's fambly!—Allus smilin'!—Nevah says ONE word, nevah.—Has good manners—nevah speaks till he's spoke to—and NOT THEN—on 'AT subject! Aw, Jeanne!—mebbe he's lak ouah frien' Dan Anthony?—Susie's li'l brother—Huh? Thaf feller said "if a man's big 'n' fat 'n' good lookin' 'n' will keep his-all's mouf shet

—he can BLUFF ANYbody!" We uster to play poker wiv Dan. BUT, we heerd him say 'at—afore WE got in de game. Oh, of cou'se, we lent him back enuff o' his clothes to wear home! Suttinly!

Oh, get out of the way here, you blatherin' li'l niggahs, and let James R. take a peek at the game through that knothole:

Do you know, Mr. Wells, how much it costs the magazines of this country to read unsolicited manuscripts?

Do you know what the authors of this country would amount to if magazines did NOT read unsolicited manuscripts?

Do you know what the magazines of this country would amount to if it were NOT for unsolicited manuscripts?

We need each other. There is no fight in this family because of a rejection slip. Just plain business—nothing literary about it. We have something to sell—you are in the market for what you



ROSE WILDER LANE

want to buy. You buy enough **BIG NAMES** to keep up your subscriptions, and enough **LITTLE NAMES** to keep down your expenses: **BUT**, you don't **BUY AWFUL LITTLE NAMES**. You let somebody else bite first. When the author has built up a following—then you can begin to measure the potentialities of the author's followers—when reading his stories in **YOUR** publication.

We are practical people—we sat in the game for twenty years. A magazine is organized for commercial purposes. It must have a definite policy. The physical overhead is not met by the price received for the magazine, unless volume—**CIRCULATION**—rescues the deficit—and **ADVERTISING**. Vide: the babies printed on newspaper-paper, that carry few, if any, advertisements—depending solely on **CIRCULATION**—based on the lowest possible cost of physical production, including the minimum paid for material published—and did you ever notice them blow up—like a flock of wild toy-balloons?

The savage thinks in symbols—hence your cover design. He will look at ten pictures to one story he will take time to read. Our dear old friend, Doctor Esenwein, may pother all he pleases about the age-old: "Tell me a tory, muvver." Give the brat a chromo, set it down on the floor with a thud—and—"Not another word **OUT** of you!" And as a rule that happens.

We do not deceive ourselves—an established name is an asset—not only of the publisher but of the author. The unestablished writer is very much like the youthful Chauncey Depew's coach-dog—beautifully covered with black spots—and purchased in a Hebraic pet-shop. Chauncey's dog was caught out in a violent thunder shower, and arrived home, washed of everything save the fact that it was an ordinary white cur. Chauncey sought recourse of the dog-dealer, who almost wept: "Dot vas too badt! Too badt! I forgot! There vas an umprella vent mit dot dog!"

The story of the **NEW WRITER** needs the **UMBRELLA** of A **NAME**. We are going to raise our umbrella! Watch us-es!

We are going to try you out on four stories—now. Later—we shall sell you a batch of 'em! The first one, **PUBLICITY**, you will receive Tuesday. Very cordially, X. X.



The O. Henry Memorial Award for 1922 has been publicly announced and the volume of Prize Stories issued. This collection represents the selection of a Committee of five judges who read critically all the short stories which are published in the magazines of standing in America.

The award for 1922 is particularly gratifying to the Editors of this Magazine. Out of the sixteen stories finally selected to comprise the volume of "Prize Stories of 1922" four have been chosen from **HARPER'S MAGAZINE**. In other words, one-fourth of the stories adjudged the best of the year in American fiction appeared originally in this Magazine. The committee reads and makes its selection from over one hundred periodicals which publish fiction.

Of the two special prizes awarded for super-excellence among this group of stories, one falls to Rose Wilder Lane in recognition of the merit of her story entitled "Innocence," which appeared in the April, 1922, **HARPER'S**. The committee have the following to say regarding Mrs. Lane's story:

Although the mere facts of "Innocence" are of sufficient eventfulness, yet through Mrs. Lane's presentation they become charged with dimly revealed horror. Mary Alice, through whom the author transmits her material, sees through a glass darkly; she understands only in part. That the adult reader—the tale is meat not for little people or for fools—may get the truth back of the child's groping becomes the artist's problem. Not once does Mrs. Lane swerve from her firm grasp of Mary Alice's limitations; not once is the reader in doubt. The story is a perfect instance of unification through character, and more minutely of the character's point of view. "Innocence" is sure to find strong sympathy and equally strong indifference. But the fact cannot be side-stepped: whether you like it or otherwise, the method is perfect.

